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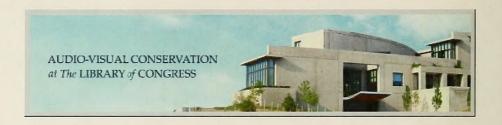


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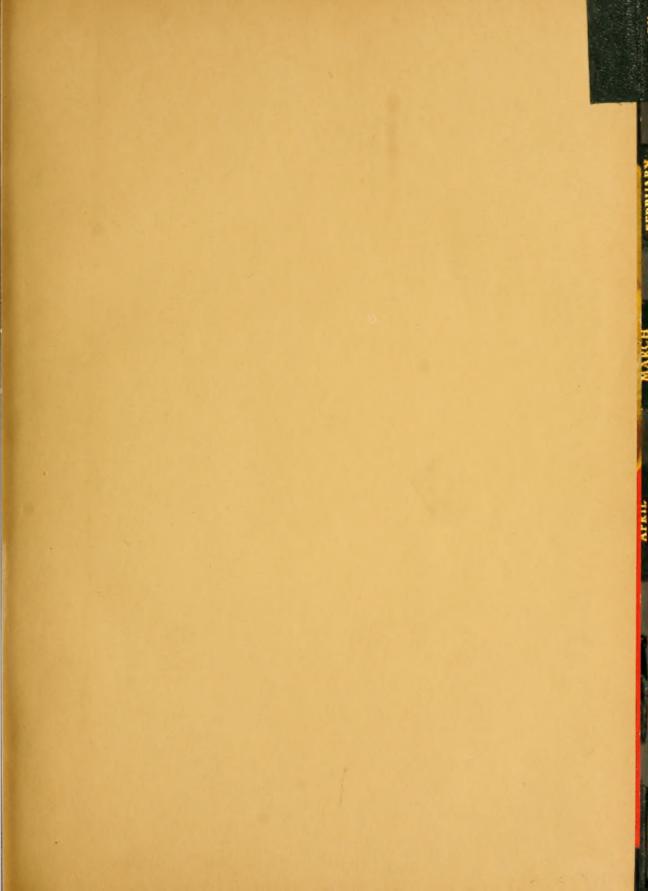
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Isnit It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE - AND A DANCE FLOOR - BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH !



Julie sits a borse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Juliel



Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



oung men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



I fonly Julie would look into the mirror and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage...



I wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her guns would be frimer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

PERHAPS you have been a P'Julie"-and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil with 2pana and Massage!

"pink tooth brush" to spoil
your teeth and your smile.
Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get
IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only
clean your teeth with it—but each
time put a little more Ipana on your
brush or fingertip, and massage it

directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become

flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed — because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage — with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning

hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis. Vincent's disease, and pyor-

the gums back to healthy

rhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth. Ipana is a good tooth paste—and

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS Publisher HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

The Most Fearless Expression of Opinion in Any Film Magazine

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NEW PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE AND WHY

Your Dependable Guide to the Films of the Month By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Advance News of New Films in the Making By Franc Dillon

Cover Design by Clarke Moore

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OFFICERS
Catherine McNelis, President
John P. McNelis, Vice-president
Theodore Alexander, Treasurer
Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary

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Eddie Cantor, giving his own unique in-terpretation of The New Movie Magazine's star reporter of unconsidered trifles, Nemo.

Ву NEMO

OLLYWOOD'S fortunates are having their troubles with a real menace. The motion picture community is infested with racketeers who are exerting their best efforts to discover ways of divesting high-salaried personalities of their bank balances. Run out of New York and Chicago by the law or the depression, the lads who live by their wits, or worse, have flocked to Hollywood in droves. No one knows just what they have done, to what extent they have carried their depredations, because those who have suffered won't talk about it. And no one blames them.

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

The New Movie Magazine's Man-about-town gives you all of the latest gossip from the movie colony

Not so long ago it was rumored around Hollywood that Charlie Chaplin had been kidnaped by "snatchers" and had paid a large ransom to obtain his freedom. Other names have been mentioned in connection with similar occurrences. The police have no record of any attempt at kidnaping a picture celebrity. There have been threats, how-ever, and many of the high-salaried ones now have to go about amply guarded.

There is scarcely a star's home in Hollywood or Beverly Hills or a producer's, in which there are children, that is not guarded day and night. There have been numerous robberies of picture people which bore the mark of the racketeer and in which

the "finger" figured.

Warner Brothers even made a picture called "The Finger Man" which stars Jimmy Cagney as a former gangster who comes to Hollywood and becomes a big picture name. In case you don't savvy the term, the "finger man" of a mob is the fellow who points out the victim and the location to nab him. Mae West, Betty Compson and one of the many Marxes are only a few of those who are reputed to have had the "finger" put on them at various times.

THE most talked about achievement of the gangsters among those who discuss the lowdown in more or less certain terms is that which concerned a well known eccentric comedian. A former night club entertainer who made good in the movies went back to New York last year to appear in a musical comedy. These who profess to know all about it declare that the comedian didn't want to go back to New York at all but that only fear of bodily injury or even death was the impelling motive. True, he got a good salary but throughout the run of the play there was never a moment that he did not realize the menace which hovered over him.

Funny about Edward G. Robinson, who has won undying fame portraywho has won undying fame portraying the role of gang leader. As "Little Caesar," following his tour as the Chicago gangster in "The Racket," Eddie made nearly everybody in the country believe that he was the real McCoy. Again, as "The Little Giant," he was a sure-enough gangster. Just shows what a swell actor he is, because Eddie is as in actor he is, because Eddie is as ignorant of gangland as his six-months' old baby. He knows even less about firearms, if that is possible. Yet he is just what everyone

(Please turn to page 8)



Busby Berkeley, dance director, goes to New York to sign eight of the most beautiful girls picked as contest winners. Here they are: Grace Moore, Blanche McDonald, Diana Bourget, Marie Marks, Claire Augerot, Jane Vance, Rickey Newell, Marjorie Murphy.





looking for New Ideas on Food!

RACTS? Lots of them! Ideas? Scores of them! Interest in every line. Everyone who wants something new and novel and not at all difficult to prepare can find it in Tower Magazines' handy reference library of food books. Every housewife or like-to-be housewife ought to have them. Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars; Reducing the Right Way; 44 Easy, Economical Dinners.

Let's turn the pages first of Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars. Half the fun of knowing about Fredric March's recipe "Ham With Cucumbers" is seeing the accompanying picture of handsome "Fredric" at a cozy home meal. The other recipes have equal interest.

The best part of Reducing the Right Way is the fact that it makes reducing so sensible, so easy, so sure. The right exercises help the right food to keep your figure right in line for winter frocks.

Forty-four Easy, Economical Dinners save all the fuss and flurry of last minute planning. They give you a menu a day for forty-four blissful, carefree days. All you have to do is follow it page by page and you'll know what's good to eat and good for you!

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Photo by Wide World

Wally Beery, in London, hobnobbing with Hollywood friends—Laura LaPlante and Raquel Torres, both in England working in British films.



Mae West on the set, with Cary Grant, Romayne, secretary to Wesley Ruggles, the director, and William LeBaron, who is credited with having sponsored the stardom of both Miss West and Bing Crosby.

Hollywood chatterers have been frantically endeavoring to link the names of Sari Maritza and Sam Katz, the theater magnate, formerly one of the heads of Paramount. Here you see her in her latest picture, Ann Harding's "The Right to Romance."

(Continued from page 6) believes a boss racketeer should be in real life and it is doubtful if he will ever be accepted as anything else.

Recently he was starred in a picture of the Chicago stock-yards, called, for some reason or other, "I Loved a Woman" and critics generally agreed that he was woefully miscast.

W HAT threatened for a time to develop into one of the pepperiest scandals Hollywood has been afflicted with in years accompanied the arrest of a couple of young Eastern gangsters charged with the robbery of John Warburton, an English actor who came out to play in "Cavalcade." One of them made a confession in which he stated that they were hired by Sidney Bartlett to beat up the Britisher and disfigure him. Alice White's name was dragged into it. They've been writing pieces in the



papers about Alice and Si Bartlett for many moons.

Well, the horrid fellows from the courthouse had Alice and Si go down and visit the grand jury. Alice told 'em that she didn't know a thing about anything and Si refused to tell 'em anything about anything. As a result the two gangsters were indicted for robbery and no official notice taken of the alleged conspiracy to muss up the Englishman's fea-

Hollywood day by day



Lilian Harvey is still subject to some of the influence of her almost-native Germany. For instance, she drives a big German car, a Mercedes. The California motor vehicle authorities, just as star conscious as we lesser mortals are, have given her license plate No. 1A-IIII.

tures so he'd only be good for Boris Karloff parts thereafter.

THE big literary captive of the season is Emil Ludwig, the famous biographer. Warner Brothers brought him to Hollywood from Switzerland to work on a treatment of his Napoleon biography which is to star Eddie Robinson. By the way, Napoleon was something of a racketeer himself, so Eddie ought to do a good job on him. Ludwig, who is a German Jew, has lived in Switzerland for some years because of discrimination against his race in Hitlerland. He is regarded as the foremost writer of biography of this era and is a leader in the anti-Nazi movement.

GERMAN actors in Hollywood are more than a little agitated by the Nazi activities. Most of the picture producers are Jewish and several of them are heavy contributors to the movement to offset anti-Jewish machinations abroad.

Naturally, the actors known to be in sympathy with Herr Hitler's views aren't getting a great deal of consideration and the chief indoor sport among the Teuton Thespians is to write letters to the producers telling them that the other actors are

(Please turn to page 10)



John Barrymore, in real life Hollywood's proudest father, now at work, paradoxically, on the dramatization of G. B. Stern's popular novel, "Long Lost Father." Later on he is tentatively scheduled to do "Break of Hearts," with the dynamic Katharine Hepburn.



Photo by Wide World

Peter Bennett, four-year-old adopted son of Constance Bennett. This is one of the first pictures ever published of the little blond, blue-eyed boy because, hitherto, Connie has refused to permit it.

This is the first introduction to the camera of Miss Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, shown for your inspection by her proud mother.

Photo by Wide World

(Continued from page 8)

Hitlerites. That good old fellow countryman spirit.

Ernst Lubitsch was one German who got a laugh out of newspaper stories that he, among others, was being recalled to Germany to make pictures which would add to the glory of Deutschland. Ernst is a Jew, and about the last person Hitler wants to see making pictures for UFA or anybody else in the Vaterland. Besides Ernst is on the way to becoming an American citizen.

AND, while discussing the Teuton situation, the fair Marlene's name was also mentioned as one of the wanted expatriates, but there is little likelihood of die Dietrich ditching the U.S.A. Not unless Mae West gets her goat. Of course, that was mostly publicity—that feud between Mae and Marlene—and pretty good press agent hooey at that. The famous old Negri-Swanson feud was raked up and warmed over for the benefit of the present generation and

the public was almost convinced that Mae was ready to take aim at Marlene, or vice versa, at the very first time they got within a mile of each other. But at this writing there have been no fatalities.

BET you never knew that Jean Harlow was a Hollywood school girl. Yep, she once attended the very exclusive Hollywood School for Girls which was located on LaBrea just a block off Hollywood Boulevard. She was about twelve then and among her schoolmates were Milton Sills' daughter and the tw odaughters of Louis B. Mayer.

And maybe you'd be surprised to learn that her hair wasn't any darker than it is now. But they called her a "cotton-top" then instead of a platinum blonde. Only two boys ever attended that school, and who d'ye suppose they were? Young Doug Fairbanks and Joel McCrea! Honest! Cross my heart!

THE latest Hollywood garment is the "earthquake pajama." You see, there is no telling when old Mother Earth does a shimmy out here—by the way, why not call the gaudy suits "shimmies?"—and no



self-respecting picture star wants to dash out on the street or into a crowded hotel or apartment house lobby attired in an unattractive outfit. So they have the deluxe garment handy to slip on when the house starts to shake, and any old-timer can make the change between the bedroom door and the hall, without losing a step.

Hollywood day by day

"H OOPLA," which is the latest Clara Bow vehicle, is "The Barker" which first brought Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert to the attention of film magnates while the play was running on Broadway some half dozen years ago. Later it became a First National picture, starring the late Milton Sills. It was while playing on the stage in this play that Claudette met Norman Foster and married him.

THERE was a unique reunion at the opening of Mae West's newest opus, "I'm No Angel," at Grauman's Chinese. Cary Grant, Mae's leading man, made a personal appearance with other members of the cast. On the prologue bill was a troupe of stilt walkers and it was immediately Old Home Week. Cary ran away from home to join a circus when he was a kid and became a stilt walker, and this was his old gang.

BY the way, Mae is now working on her new contract by the terms of which she gets \$100,000 a picture. They also say that the curvaceous one also gets about half that amount again for providing her own story and, be it known, Mae won't stand for anybody's writing stories for her pictures but Mae.

Well, it's quite an achievement, and you must hand it to Mae. Not so long ago, she came to Hollywood with ominous prophecies echoing in her ears. The smart fellows on Broadway opined that she could never get into a studio, let alone get herself a lucrative contract.

They figured that, because of those ultra-sexy things she did on the stage. Will Hays would frown upon

(Please turn to page 12)



Jack L. Warner, Jr., following in his successful father's footsteps, strolling with Ricardo Cortez on the Warner Brothers' studio lot. "Rick," beginning his new Warner contract, is first seen in "The Shakedown."



Photo by Wide World

Paramount conducted an international beauty contest in Great Britain, and here are the four answers, en route to Hollywood—Loretta Walker, of Ireland; Lucille du Toit, from far-off South Africa; Gwenllian Gil, of Scotland, and Nita Harvey, of England.

Frances Drake, the little English actress, just signed by Paramount and rushed to Hollywood. She'll be up for your inspection soon.

Jacqueline Wells, stage ingenue, playing her first leading role in Paramount's "Tillie and Gus."



The new star, John Lachlan Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown. Who calls him a star? You just ask Papa Johnny and Mama Cornelia Foster Brown, and you'll soon find out.

Wini Show was a torch singer in a Cleveland, Ohio. nig't club when Lenore Ulric and Arch Selwyn, the theatrical and movie producer, heard her. They rushed her to New York for a Fox contract. You'll see her soon in Fox's Movietone Follies.





Recent recruits in the movie producers' world-wide search for beauty and talent—and one new star



Photo by Wide World

Jack LaRue, Paramount's professional menace —if George Raft doesn't get the part—and little Margie Lucille, dancer of the stage. Maybe so, maybe not—as we go to press.



Photo by Wide World

The bride and bridegroom go out stepping! Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett, at a Sunday night dance at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel. Just to look at them you'd never suspect them of being honeymooners, would you? Oh, certainly not.



Photo by Wide World

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee "went and done it." And everyone's been saying for months that Joel was "just a big brother" to all the girls. Hollywood



Photo by Wide World

Harry Joe Brown, Hollywood producer and director, and his bride, Sally Eilers. Their marriage contained every element of surprise for Hollywood, first because it followed so quickly Sally's secret Mexican divorce from Hoot Gibson, and, second, because the bridegroom, quiet, unassuming, greatly admired and respected in a community that strives for the spectacular, was never suspected of romantic tendencies.

(Continued from page 10) her cinema ambitions sufficiently to wilt them. Instead, Mae started a vogue that will net her a fortune before they get tired of her so-called "restricted" talents.

All Hollywood has been wondering about the ultimate fate of Sylvia Sidney, who walked out on a Chevalier picture before it was finished. She is now at home again. To Hollywood, walking out on a picture is the unforgivable sin.

AND did Hollywood laugh about the elopement of Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez who came back from Nevada admitting that they had invested in a marriage license but protested that it wasn't used. Just wanted something to frame and hang on the sun-porch, no doubt. But later they decided they couldn't keep up pretenses any longer and confessed.

THREE Hollywood celebs were in auto wrecks in one night—a producer, a director and an actor. The latter, Lyle Talbot, was the most seriously injured. "Woody" Van Dyke the director, was badly bruised in a collision which cost the life of the

other car's driver. The producer, Jack Warner, miraculously escaped after a small car had crashed into his Rolls-Royce, wrecking both cars.

AL JOLSON is going to try for a Come-back in a screen version of his last stage success, "The Wunder Bar." And it will be on the lot where he first won fame in pictures. The famous Mammy singer touched top and bottom in the pictures quicker than any star in the history of the industry. "The Jazz Singer," first feature picture to have sound and which revolutionized the cinema game, played to a gross of \$2,000,000 in the very limited number of theaters that could play talkies. A short time later when many more theaters had been wired for sound his next opus "The Singing Fool" did a gross business of \$5,000,000, an enormous figure. Just a few pictures later a Jolson talkie played to little more



Photo by Wide World

The latest post-divorce picture of Carole Lombard and William Powell. Her "friendly" divorce was just that, because you'll see them everywhere together, just as attentive to each other as ever. Perhaps Barbara Stanwyck was right when she said that they are still madly in love with each other.

than \$200,000 a big loser for the producer. Show business has its eyes on Al. The wise ones repeat the old adage: "They never come back."

POOR little Renee Adoree, the little French girl of "The Big Parade." She finally gave up the uneven strug-gle and her ashes are now mingled with the blue waters of the placid Pacific. That was her wish. A victim of tuberculosis, Renee might-have beaten the white plague but the battle was too much of a strain. She left the Arizona sanatorium much improved but far from cured more than a year ago. She hungered for the lights of Hollywood and familiar faces of its people. The doctors told her that any attempt to live the old life would end fatally but she just laughed at them. She had faced death so long that she had lost her fear of it and she wanted another

Hollywood

fling at life before she bowed to the inevitable. But Hollywood will always remember her and the game fight she put up.

CHRISTENING parties are the latest in Hollywood. Of course, the first requisite is a baby and emulators will have some difficulty in keeping up with the pace started at the first one when there were two.

The dual christening was given at Bing Crosby's newly built home at Toluca Lake when the crooner's first-born shared honors with the son of the Dick Arlens. It was quite an affair and most of the babies of film-dom and their parents were there.

Bing has just moved into his new house which is a short distance from

that of the Arlens.

LOOKS very much like a palpitating public is going to be deprived of a look at Huey Long's life on the screen. For something like six months writers at First National have been trying to write a screen story which would provide entertainment, disclose the life of the stormy Louisiana statesman—so-called—and at the same time be acceptable to the subject.

Here's the pathetic gent who sticks his head out at you at the carnival shows, and you throw baseballs at him. But this time it's Ed Wynn in "The Chief." The sign reads, "Sock him!" You get an Ed Wynn giggle for every sock.



They started out with a title "The Kinghish" and when one sectorial was completed to the satisfaction of the studio, central was had with Huey for his okay. He pave it with reservations. They couldn't have anything in the picture which would reflect on the senator and he'd have to initial the shooting script.

That provided something of a problem. Nearly everything Has has done has reflected on him, according to his critics. Again a script was prepared and Semator Long was given a slant at it. He said it was pretty good but he wasn't going to give it his sanction because he had just sold to another producer the Please tarp to page 16:

Mary Boland, who crashed smack into picture fame in "Three Cornered Moon" and "Mama Loves Papa," in "Four Frightened People." Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall and William Gargan are the three others who are scared.



Phono by Wide World

George Barnes, cameraman, and his wife, Joan Blondell, chaperoning Dick Powell and the girl friend from the old home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Mary Lou Tucker.



A villain at work and at play—or scenes behind the screen in Movieland



The comedy villain in "What? No Beer?"

But when John Miljan takes off his make-up and goes home—what a difference! Here he is shown crooning to John, Jr. He is an enthusiastic gardener and a great lover of flowers. One of the most contented, home-loving actors in Hollywood, off-stage he is a complete paradox of his screen self. Yet, strangely enough, he prefers roles of villainly and dastardly deeds, and, believe it or not, his fan mail is enormous, particularly from women. They seem to like 'em bad these days.





Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richeo

What is your verdict on Dorothea Wieck? Is she a new star? Tell us what you think of her in the new Paramount-made "Cradle Song." Do you like her as well as you did in the German-made "Maedchen in Uniform"?

Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 13) screen rights to a book he was going to write about himself, so Warner Brothers might as well forget "The Kingfish." They won't do the picture but it's going to be hard to forget the Kingfish and all the dough he cost 'em.

ACCORDING to O. O. McIntyre, Jack La Rue of the Paramount payroll carries a toothbrush in his vest pocket. Of course he really would carry it in the band of his hat except for his inherent modesty. He doesn't like to be a show-off.

ROLAND HAYES, famous negro tenor, has written a story glorifying his race and friends are trying to interest producers in it. With Paul Robeson making a hit in "Emperor Jones," it is not unlikely that someone will follow it up with the Hayes story. The negro concert star is now staying in Santa Barbara.

THE Writers Club on Sunset Boule-vard is again showing signs of life after a long period of inactivity and the old timers are glad to see it because the club is the pioneer social organization in Hollywood and the only one that has anything like a tradition. It is perhaps the only place where Charlie Chaplin ever performs before anything like a public gathering and those who attended are still talking about his stunts at the recent dinner in honor of Walt Disney.

Charlie had 'em in stitches with his bullfighter impression and then topped that with a French triangle in which he played all of the three angles. Funny thing about it is that the comedian speaks neither Spanish nor French but only a person familiar with those languages would have discovered it.

The Disney dinner was followed by one tendered to Emil Ludwig. So it looks like the good old Writers is in for a fine revivication. A feature of the Disney affair was the appearance in person of the three girls who provided the voices for the "Three Little Pigs" and the composers of the famous, "Who's Afraid of etc."

Oh yes, almost forgot to mention the fact that Will Rogers was there in all the glory of a light brown suit against a background of tuxedos and he had a lot of fun, closing his remarks with a parody on the wolf song. And the photographer men took a lot of pictures of Charlie and Paulette who accompanied him.

THE 1934 Harold Teen of the screen will be Hal LeRoy, the clever young dancer who knocked 'em



Photo by Wide World

And this, for the romantically inclined, is the latest close-up of Lupe Velez, and her biggest heart-throb—and husband—Johnny Weissmuller. When Lupe was first accused of having married Johnny, she laughed and said she was having a lot of fun fooling the newspaper reporters.



cuckoo in New York during the last two seasons. Young LeRoy made a



Shirley Williams, twenty-one, hitch-hiked to Hollywood, with her dog, Tobyhanna. Ar-riving, she crashed the studio gates by giving imitations of animals for the benefit of the doormen. Now she's under contract to the sound recording department of Paramount. You'll hear her in "Duck Soup."

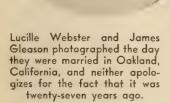
Marlene Dietrich, back from her German vacation, and at work again. Her first picture is "Her Regiment of Lovers," the Komroff story about Catherine of Russia.

number of shorts for Warners and was unanimously selected by the casting officials after an inspection of various candidates. No relation to Mervyn LeRoy, the young director who is marrying into the Warner family.

JEAN HARLOW'S marriage to Hal Rosson, her cameraman, made her (Please turn to page 18)

WEDDING BELLES

Digging into the Old Family Album





(Above) Elsa Whitmer and Neil Hamilton at the time of their marriage ten years ago. Neil is togged out for one of his stock company parts.

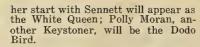
Mr. and Mrs. Ken Maynard, from a snapshot taken ten years ago, at the time of their wedding at Arrowhead, where Ken was working on location. Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 16) a member of one of Hollywood's pioneer film families. For about twenty years the Rossons have been identified with the pictures. Arthur, the eldest, is a director. He was with Doug Fairbanks for years. Dick was an actor for a long time and is now also in the directorial end of the game. He was once married to Vera Sisson, a star of more than a dozen years ago. Gladys is secretary to C. B. DeMille, a position she has held for about sixteen years and Helen Rosson used to play leads for the old American Film Studio.

ROWLAND BROWN, who is slated by the gossips who are in the know as Jack Dempsey's successor in the marital career of Estelle Taylor, was a lowly gag man and technical advisor on gangster stories before becoming a director. Brown has been a sort of stormy petrel of the stu-dios and rarely finishes a picture that he begins. However he did complete "Blood Money" for Twentieth Century, thereby confounding a host of prophets.

FORD STERLING, once famous as Keystone comic, returns to the screen after a long absence as the White King in Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland." He will have company. Louise Fazenda who also got

Dorothy Mackaill, back on the screen again —and luck to you, Dot—with Ed Wynn in "The Chief."



TIRING of Westerns, pretty Cecilia Parker who left a Hollywood convent to join the Fox company, has joined the comedies. She is now Andy Clyde's "daughter" in Educational laugh reels.

ADMIRALS, senators and congressmen and their wives were guests of honor at one of the most lavish Hollywood luncheons ever given. Jack L. Warner, who was chairman of the Los Angeles mayor's committee to entertain the visitors was the host and the scene was one of the big stages on the First National lot. There were thirteen admirals at the speaker's table, three United States senators, twenty members of Congress, one mayor and Will Rogers. Will's most quoted wisecrack, and he emitted plenty of them, was that the reason there were two congressmen







Photo by Will Walling, Jr.

Do you remember Leon Errol of the Follies, Leon of the rubber legs? Now you see him as Uncle Gilbert in "Alice in Wonderland."



What a thrill for Spanky! Borrowed from the Hal Roach comedy company to play with Richard Dix in "Forever Faithful," he im-mediately met up and became pally with Max Baer and Primo Carnera, appearing in
"The Prizefighter and the Lady."

seated between two admirals was so that the former could observe the tools used by the navy men in doing away with the food. "After a boy has spent four years at Annapolis, said Will, "he at least has learned how to eat properly."

Ruth Chatterton acted as hostess for the wives of the admirals and statesmen and the next day Mary Pickford entertained them at tea.

IFE at college after a spectacular career as a child star isn't at all a bed of roses. Jackie Coogan has found that out. Recently a columnist unkindly remarked that Jackie was not so popular at Santa Clara where he is in his sophomore year. So his (Please turn to page 101)

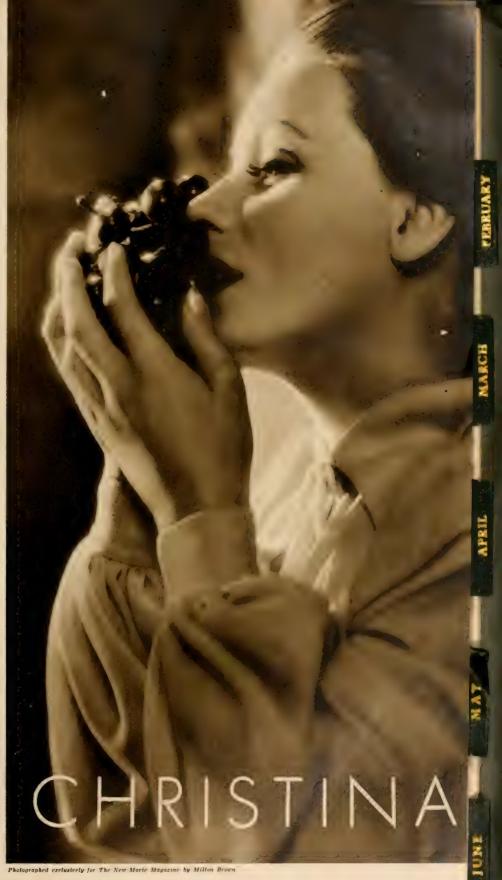


May Robson celebrates her fiftieth anniversary on the stage and screen. Here she is shown with Polly Moran, a friend of many years, and Lionel Barrymore, whom, long ago she knew as "that naughty Barrymore child." She first appeared on the stage in 1883 as *Tilly* in "The Hoop of Gold." She has appeared in more than one hundred different plays, played some 38,000 performances, entertained some four million persons, and has traveled more than 38,000 miles on tour in the United States and Canada alone.

THE
NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS

Garbo, as the Swedish queen who was crowned "King," who abdicated her throne to marry the man she loved—Garbo, the Magnificent. This is her latest portrait, the first one made of her in more than a year.





CONSISTENT

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle

Clive Brook, star of "Cavalcade," one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood, now in "Family Man." This is the latest portrait of the English actor who is rated as one of the most consistent performers on the screen.



You never see Katharine Hepburn in a conventional pose. This, her latest portrait, is no exception. With "Morning Glory," this unique and eccentric actress definitely established herself in stardom. Now she comes with the most exacting role of her career—as Jo in "Little Women." It is difficult to imagine her in the part but she's marvelous.

UNUSUAL

EDWIN C. HILL, radio's star reporter, interviews-The WONDER WOMAN of PICTURES

The most remarkable interview that Marie Dressler has ever given, which presents in a new light the woman who has been in the spotlight for forty-four years — and is today the biggest boxoffice bet of pictures.

OU know, my dear," said Tugboat Annie, crossing her legs and setting fire to a cigarette, "there are three kinds of ladies in this world. There are ladies, perfect ladies and ladies, by heck! Me, I'm a lady. And I can prove it."
"Not in the least necessary," I replied, all of a

"Not in the least necessary," I replied, all of a chuckle inside as I studied that map of Ireland face which owes not a thing in the world to the Auld Sod. "Oh, yes, it is," said Annie. "When a woman weighs as much on the hoof as I do, proof is required every little now and then. And here's my proof: any fat woman who can stand on her head in a perfectly decent, self-respecting way is a lady, me lad!"

And she laughed, that grand old girl, Marie Dressler,

until her sides shook in her stays, until her cheeks, cheeks pink as those of a young girl, were distended with the

gusty vehemence of her mirth. Glowing and blooming with health regained, looking not a split second over forty-five—so help me by the Book! although she is crossing her sixty-second birthday, America's girl friend, the greatest star of the chattering tintypes, was talking to me about this and that



Two poses of Marie in her sixty-second anniversary picture, "The Late Christopher Bean."

Above, with Lionel Barrymore. . . "The fact that I was never a beauty," she says, "has actually been an asset."

"You know," Miss Dressler said to Mr. Hill, "I had to learn to laugh, for I had hard going when I was a girl, mighty tough sledding, and it was a case of keeping my chin up and laughing out loud or taking the count."

and is herself again. I wish I could tell you the story, but it's all tied up with a secret and a pledge and I have to keep mum until the world is ready for the secret to be released—the secret, mind you, which will save thousands of the doomed and bring to ten thousand homes unbelievable happiness.

S HE paused for a moment, looking off into space, her mind for the moment going out along those dark and mysterious roads her gallant spirit so narrowly avoided. The living room of her suite was heavy with the scent of flowers-the loot of half-a-dozen hot houses, poured in upon Marie Dressler as a tribute from a score of devoted friends. She caught my eye

as it wandered from vase to vase.
"What fools atheists are," said Marie Dressler. "I haven't any special religion-any denomination or sect, I mean. I accept all religions as the spontaneous effort of the various races of mankind to acknowledge the existence of God, whether we call him God or Jehovah or Allah or Buddha. Who could look at a flower without sensing the existence of God? But this is no theological discussion. .

"I was about to say that I am a happy woman for two big reasons. One is that I have got my health back again and ought to be good for another thirty or forty years (I expect to lead some poor deluded male to the altar about the time I'm seventy, but no hurry, no hurry!), and the other is that I can do

something for my country in these tight, tense days.

"You know, I'm one of those folks they call a patriot, and I don't mean maybe. For me_it's my country, right or wrong, but my country. Pacifists make me sick. Every time we get into trouble we have an awful time getting out of it because those damned pacifists have hamstrung us with their mincing ways. Hell with 'em! Where was I?"
"You were talking about the NRA and what you

could do to help." "Oh, yes, so I was. Here's what I mean. The big thing about this whole recovery business is to get people to believe; to help them regain confidence, not only in their country and in their government, but in themselves; to get them to understand that the old American 'varsity has a star quarterback handling the ball. If he can't send (Please turn to page 102)

NOTHING but the TRUTH

CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

EDDIE CANTOR, SAMUEL GOLDWYN, B. P. SCHULBERG, WILLIAM
C. DeMILLE, E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, CLARA BERANGER, R. H.
COCHRANE, AND FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I CHALLENGE THE PRODUCERS!



EDDIE CANTOR

T is my belief that the producers and their representatives in Washington who instigated the demands for a salary control board on actors' salaries used it merely as a smoke screen to stop a senatorial investigation of their ways and means of dissipating the stockholders' money. These major producers know, or should know, that you can

never set a maximum salary on creative talent.

Some actors are overpaid if they receive fifty dollars a week, others are being underpaid at five thousand dollars a week.

One star's name in front of a theater will pack the house. Another name will not only keep the people out, but the ushers themselves won't show up.

The producers who squawked the loudest recently in Washington are the very ones who voted themselves large salaries and fat bonuses and gave their stockholders such a raw deal that it makes Wall Street and its methods a Sunday School picnic.

As president of the Screen Actors' Guild, I have pledged myself to fight these unscrupulous individuals with everything at my command. It goes without saying that the entire membership and the honest producers in Hollywood stand back of me.



YOU CAN'T MEASURE GENIUS IN DOLLARS!



SAMUEL

I BELIEVE in a free market. It is only in a free market that a man can get paid what he earns. I'd much rather pay a man one hundred thousand a year if he earns it than to pay a man one thousand a year who didn't earn it. I don't see how any law or any code can make it a crime, either.

We've just seen the effects of a prohibition law that didn't prohibit. Nor did it make a crime of drinking. The motion picture industry—and through the industry, entertainment—suffers not from actors who get paid too much, but from factors which laws of the United States have already taken into account.

I think that anyone who wants to help us find an economic salvation will first show us how to prevent in the future any repetition of the stock manipulation, real estate speculation and reckless expansion, and the wholesale waste and extravagance in overproduction, usually on pictures that the public never sees.

If they think that good pictures are going to help

us, they'll assist us in finding more of the Jackie Coopers and the Baby Leroys, the Marie Dresslers and the Wallace Beerys, who so fully earn all that they get out of it. They do us no harm.

Samuel House of

WHY MUST THEY LOOK BEAUTIFUL?



CLARA

No matter in what rôle or situation a Hollywood heroine finds herself, her beauty is undisturbed. She may play a scene
in the fields, on the desert, on the
sea or in the jungle wilds, but always her hair is set in even waves,
her eyebrows plucked, her lashes
beaded, her nails and skin perfectly
tended, as though she has just

stepped out of a beauty parlor—as, in fact, she has. This emphasis on the necessity for personal beauty in every situation takes the truth out of characterizations and destroys all sense of realism.

For instance, in the first sequences of "The Song of Songs," when Marlene Dietrich was supposed to be a simple country girl, she wore country clothes, arranged her hair in peasant fashion, but made up her face as no country girl would or could make it up—even to artificial eyelashes. Her standard Hollywood make-up killed an otherwise good characterization.

French and German pictures are 'way behind us in technical development, but are 'way ahead of us in the realization that honesty of character portrayal is more important than camera angles of standardized beauty. A comparison of "Mäedchen in Uniform" with Hollywood's "Zoo in Budapest" will illustrate my point. In both pictures there were girls wearing uniforms of an institution. The German girls had on no theatrical make-up; they looked like regular school girls. The American girls, with the usual Hollywood garnishing, looked like a chorus. The heroine of the German picture was a simple, natural young-girl type. Loretta Young, the Hollywood heroine, was the immaculate beauty, even after she had been immersed in the lake (although the mascara did drip down her face).

Let us have more real faces and fewer beautyparlor masks, and you'd be surprised what a difference it would make in giving reality to the characters and truth to the whole picture.

Clara Berarger.

The first editorial forum in any film magazine where you can read the unbiased facts by writers who dare to tell the truth. The editors have told the contributors that there will be no blue pencil on any opinions they desire to express. New Movie will be glad to receive any contributions for this forum designed for the free expression of honest thought and conviction.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE MOVIE CODE?



'WHO'S afraid of the big bad wolf?"

The big, bad wolf is the new NRA code which is to govern the motion picture business during the next eighteen months or more.

Like everybody else in the motion picture business, I was afraid of anything new, especially a new code drafted under a new law by a

Congress which acted in a hell of a hurry.

So, when I went to Washington with other men of the movie industry, including representatives of all branches of it, I wondered whether I could come home with a whole skin or none at all.

For nine weeks, like everybody else, I fought shadows. I argued hither and yon, back and forth, and even to and fro, about things which might happen under the new code. Like my old pal, Shakespeare, I died a thousand deaths anticipating the one which I will eventually die.

So did the actors and the producers and the distributors and the poster makers and the women's clubs and the pottery makers (because pottery makers make pots which theaters give away as souvenirs)—and so did their cousins and their sisters and their aunts.

I argued at the top of my voice, because I discovered long ago that in the motion picture business the man with the loudest voice and the man who interrupts most frequently wins the greatest number of arguments.

And what came out of weeks of arguing and yelling and code-fearing? Nothing but a mouse in the form of a code which won't hurt anyone but the crooks of the business.

The new motion picture code is bad for the unethical; bad for the dishonest; bad for the trickster. For any decent man with decent instincts, it contains nothing but protection.

The code is not a big bad wolf, but just a decent, respectable code of ethics for ethical men. All others can go to hell and probably will.

Cochrane

A KANSAS HICK ON TRAILERS!



E. HALDEMAN JULIUS

Not that it's important to you, but it happens that I live down in southeastern Kansas, in a town of only 2,600 people. Good roads stretch in all directions—north to Kansas City, south to Tulsa, west to Wichita, and east to—well, the Atlantic Ocean. Being a hopelessly lost movie fanatic, I find those roads useful, for I think

nothing of driving a hundred miles to see what I hope will be a good picture.

Naturally, I have to depend a good deal on such things as trailers.

The publicity department of a movie studio must give a great deal of thought and effort to these trailers. They are supposed to bring the customers back for more. But I'm here to say that such is not always the case. In my experience, it frequently happens that a trailer will warn me, in all seriousness, to stay away.

If only the publicity department knew how dangerous a thing it is to let the public take a free look into a few scenes! If I were connected with the industry I'd be careful to give pre-views only of those pictures that are very good and then ballyhoo the bad ones with adjectives and loud-sounding phrases.

Language can deceive, but pictures can't.

Here are some sure-fire means of deciding me against a film:

A trailer that shows a woman (or a man, for that matter) shouting, "Get out! Get out! Get out!" That's supposed to be very dramatic. It makes me positively ill. When the director can't think of anything else with which to close a scene, he has his slave yell: "Get out! Get out! Get out!" That means, to me, just one thing—"Stay out! Stay out! Stay out! Stay out!"

A trailer that shows any kind of a dressed-up mystic moaning: "I see that which will give me power over the world—"

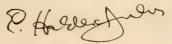
A trailer that shows a child prodigy bawling real, real tears. (I was wrong once about this, but that doesn't mean there's nothing to what I say.)

A trailer that has more than one "OK." in it.

A trailer that emphasizes the "problem" theme—What should a wife do if—What would you do if your husband ? Should the wife tell about her single mistake?

Yes, trailers are a great help in advising me what pictures not to see.

Well, I must stop now, because my car is ready and I must leave for a forty-five-mile drive to Joplin where I am to see the new Mae West picture.



SOMETHING FOR NOTHING



WM. C. DeMILLE

A ND so Washington is investigating the high salaries of movie stars!

It is saddening to think of a

It is saddening to think of a wealthy, powerful and well-managed corporation like Paramount being wrecked by the grasping little hands of Baby Leroy. The mind whirls in contemplating proud Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staggering

from a financial punch administered by the cruel, merciless fist of Jackie Cooper.

Is the Government powerful enough to protect helpless producers from such doughty foemen? For

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

The Most Fearless Expression of Opinion in Any Film Magazine

in one short year, it is said, Baby Leroy has reached the earning capacity of the President of the United States. We must remember, however, that when the President was one year old there were no motion pictures and so Baby Roosevelt was denied a similar opportunity. That, if you like, is injustice, but that is the price we must pay for the progress

At any rate, let us by all means have a law to curb generosity of the producers; let the Government come to their aid and check their uncontrollable impulse to pay artists more money than they

are worth.

Most of the actors, writers and directors who draw down big Hollywood money are not trying to hold up anybody; so there can be no doubt that their over-payment is entirely altruistic on the part of the executives.

It is evident, too, that if the artist should be deprived of a competitive market for his services it would help convince producers that actors, writers and directors don't really make the picture at all and should not be considered as part of the cost.

In this year of grace, if a goose has the rare ability to lay a golden egg the poor bird finds itself in possession of illegal metal and in danger of arrest for hoarding, and yet by all the laws of nature the egg is primarily the property of the goose.

The question in the motion picture world today is not only whose is the egg, but who owns the goose?

At any rate, if the purpose of Washington is to effect a complete redistribution of the nation's wealth, I can think of no surer, quicker or more complete method than to give it all to the actors. They can use it!

Ailliany Cae Helle

IS THE ACADEMY WORTH SAVING?



THERE are some people in Hollywood-and I don't need to mention names, because everybody in the industry knows who they are!-who have been putting the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences on the spot.

It isn't any ordinary spot. It is a spot red with the blood of movie martyrs.

Strong men founded the Academy. Other strong men have guided its destinies. In their hands, it has performed many useful services. But these strong men have retired from the movie wars-and in their place has grown up a race of pygmies.

I remember the meetings of the Academy back in the days when the so-called wise men of the industry were saying that this new-fangled talkie thing was just a fad. I remember Conrad Nagel, the actor, and William DeMille, the director, getting up in the one forum that was open to them and telling the industry where it got off.

Somebody-perhaps not an actor or a director; perhaps a producer-ought to get up in that same forum today and tell the industry where it gets off.

Instead, thanks to a cunningly conceived plan to demoralize and discredit the Academy, the men and women who should be fighting the common enemy are now fighting among themselves.

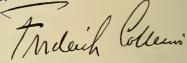
In 1928, the frank and open discussions at the Academy saved the motion picture industry millions of dollars which might otherwise have been frozen

forever in unwanted silent films.

Today, in this crisis of salaries and codes, the lack of this same frankness and openness, and the presence of sniper warfare from separate camps which has succeeded it, will cause the loss of many more millions-and this time, the motion picture industry cannot afford to lose anything.

The men and women who have left the Academy should come back. If their usefulness as leaders is over, they should be glad to serve in the ranks.

The Academy was the first-it is still the onlysymbol of unity in the motion picture industry. It must be saved!



A PRODUCER SPEAKS HIS MIND

HE actors and writers who have protested against the desire and purpose of the New York producing heads to limit the salaries of their Hollywood employes have overlooked entirely the fact that a great army of mediocre talent has always been excessively overpaid.

This is the secondary layer of Hollywood personnel composed



neither of great artists, great directors, nor of creative executives. And this is where we must go if we want to stop the huge Hollywood waste which should properly go either to the creative artists or to the greatly underpaid hard-working studio help.

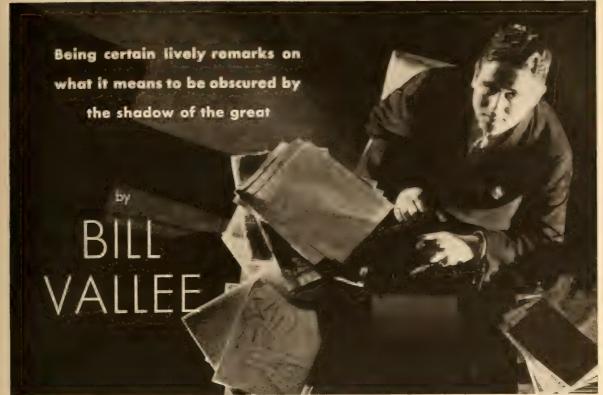
Certainly it is true that the great creative artist, whether he be actor, writer, director or production executive-and I distinctly include studio producing executives among the creative branches of the industry-has as much right to earn excessive salaries as great lawyers, great doctors, great engineers, great bankers or great industrialists.

It is my opinion that, if producing companies seek, by taking a technical advantage of the code, to give their important creative employes less than they are worth, the latter will revolt and form their own

companies with their own financing.

If this happens, the large companies will have to absorb them on a basis that will restore to the creative employes, whether player, writer, director or executive, what they justly should earn. As for those who are not great-they, like their mediocre brothers in every other walk of life, will have to be content with less.

BV Selveling



Brother of a Celebrity

UCH has been said, both pro and con, of the delights of being a celebrity's brother. It is, I'm afraid, the common or garden variety of opinion that such is the nearest approach to a heaven on

this earth. Other and more plethoric individuals (mostly in skirts) have the notion that the mere fact that you are the brother of a celebrity carries with it, per se, inestimable joy. May I from this rostrum deny the joys so easily visualized by Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Public?

Since these simple words will perhaps go a long way toward making my life simpler and happier, may I establish my right to speak on this subject by explaining that I am the brother of one Rudy Vallee, an air personage? Perhaps it is best here at this point that I explain that there is naught of personal rancor in this monograph. That I respect, admire, nay love, the individual is beyond all doubt. That, however, I resent being cast as the brother is, or will be, equally beyond all doubt. With everything so carefully established may I proceed?

I^T is hardly necessary to outline the career of R (Rudy, to me). Anyone who has read this magazine is quite familiar with the rise and continued success of Charley Vallee's boy, Hubert. What you didn't know was my side of the case, but after you finish reading this, there won't be any more of that!

To start with, let's take yesterday. Early in the morning the phone rang. Beating the butler to the instrument, I listened to a pleasant voice. The pleasant voice asked for R. Sorry, but Mr. Vallee

Bill Vallee himself. If you don't ask him about Rudy, he may tell you about himself
—that he was born in Maine, took a shy at amateur theatricals, went to New York to study art, then tried Fordham and Columbia universities, graduating into the advertising business.

ably sleep late today. Was there anything I could do? Who was this? Why, his brother, just his brother (in the meek tones I affect for such

wasn't awake. He had worked late last night and would prob-

emergencies). Yes, the new program was good, quite good, in fact. Was it true . . . the pleasant voice started to say, and the talk gurgled off to the com-monplace remarks used by the majority of callers. What was wrong with this picture? Nothing except that I knew the caller and would have been quite satisfied if he had only asked me how I was!

The morning papers held several misstatements and a columnist had called him a dirty name. Both required several calls in the interest of fair play, and so, of course, my hot breakfast became cool. Pardon,

I mean cold and quite cold.

LEAVING the apartment I stumbled over a mega-phone. Picking myself up, I quit the domocile hastily. The lobby held a girl who searched my face eagerly and then snapped her autograph book closed.

The office produced several inquisitors who managed without any apparent aid to think up several questions

Q. What does he like best? Ans. Well, he's very fond of eating.

Q. Does he breathe from the chest or the abdomen? Ans. From both; he's quite impartial.

Q. What does he dream about? Ans. Food. Thick steaks a la Mannie.

Q. Does he take dope? Ans. No, but apparently I am taking one seriously. (Please turn to page 85)

MEN I HAVE LOVED

HERE have been thirteen men in my screen life. Thirteen film lovers, each one completely different from the others. And, when you count Laurel and Hardy, my very first lovers, it makes a grand total of fifteen. But you could scarcely call the amorous antics of those two gentlemen, the small and meek and the fat and coy, serious love-making. They belong in a class by themselves.

However, you can't discount the importance of Stan and Babe. I can't imagine a more educational course in screen love-making than that afforded

by these two gay Lotharios. I learned about timing from them—just how long to hold each gesture, each motion, in order to build laughs. A short time ago, when Lee Tracy and I were doing a rapid-fire comedy scene in "Bombshell," I remembered the serious Stan Laurel's wise words: "Don't rush your laughs. Time each action carefully to build a climax."

Laurel and Hardy remained only a short time in my life. But I shall never forget them and the Hal Roach Studio with its friendly, homey atmosphere. It didn't seem like a picture manufacturing plant. It was more like a continual family reunion where the members

discussed one topic only--gags.

A new gag could bring a light to the eyes of Stan and Babe which no love scene could ever produce. They weren't very satisfactory lovers, as screen lovers go. I always had the feeling, when they held me in their arms, that they were mentally counting the clicks of the camera in order to be sure that the timing was perfect.

With the passing of Laurel and Hardy, Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall entered my life. They were grand boys and experienced at love-making. But they were casual and friendly. They fairly exuded brotherly interest. I knew that I was but a passing phase in their busy young lives.

In the first place, I was sort of a protegee of the

two. They discovered me, when I was working in an obscure comedy scene at the Christie Studio. They literally took me by the hand and led me to the office of Howard Hughes, with the announcement that they had found the right girl for the picture, "Hell's Angels." I felt the same unsureness that Mr. Hughes Angels." I felt the same unsureness that Mr. Hughes looked. But he gave me a test. When I was given the role in that so-much-talked-about picture, Ben and Jimmy were as proud as peacocks of their "discovery.

Then, having dragged me out of my short comedy career and launched me in the feature class, they devoted their time and attention to helping me make good. They had been working in "Hell's Angels" for three years. Finally, it had been completed.

Then along came the talkies and most of the picture had to be re-made with sound. Greta Nissen, who had been the girl in the silent version, was tied up with other contracts and couldn't re-make the picture.

So I was given my chance. Now, if there's anything not conducive to romance, it's a brotherly interest. And two brotherly interests complicate matters still further. The only time either boy dropped that protective attitude was when the actual "shooting" was taking place. Then they were ardent enough to please any girl. But, the minute the cameras stopped, they became my serious advisors and instructors.



Photo by Wide World

If you had had thirteen men make devoted love to you-love-making witnessed by millions—what would be your emotional reaction?

Jean Harlow and her bridegroom, Hal Rosson.

For the first time, a famous star's revelations of what she thinks of some of the great Lotharios of the films

Naturally, I was terribly nervous and excited about the picture. It was my first big chance. The boys knew and understood. And they were almost as nervous and excited as I was, trying to help me. I hope some day to make another picture with Ben and Jimmy, now that I'm more used to the camera and microphone.

WHEN we finished "Hell's Angels," I felt almost like a veteran. Then I met Lew Ayres and we worked together in "The Iron Man." He was so young and so sort of naïve, the kind of sweetheart every high school girl dreams about.

I liked to watch him smile. His whole face seemed to glow. He and I were bound together by the bond of a mutual desire to please everyone. He took away from me all the sophistication which I thought I had gained in the torridness of "Hell's Angels."
We used to talk between scenes, long and seriously,

about our hopes and ambitions, as very young people do. And there was a serious, youthful intensity in his love-making, a far cry from the smooth experience of Ben Lyon or the exactly-timed buffoonery of Laurel and Hardy.

Then Lew's youthfulness faded to make a place for the more mature strength of Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy was riding at that time on the crest of the wave of sock-'em-on-the jaw popularity. In his whole-hearted laughing, Irish way, Jimmy made fun of that popularity. He was about as "tough" off the screen as Wally Beery, who was to come into my life many times

Working in "The Public Enemy," with Jimmy, was one never-ending round of fun. Jimmy's sense of humor is as potent as his fist. In the midst of the most dramatic scenes, he would murmur some fool remark under his breath, without moving a muscle of his face. The rest of us weren't so skilled in the art

of keeping a poker-face.

But, like all laughter-loving Irishmen, Jimmy had a sentimental phase. And he possessed a great sense of the dramatic. All of us, who worked with him, could feel an electric vibration when Jimmy really threw himself into a dramatic scene. He was the strong, conquering lover—the kind so many women with gentle, considerate husbands and sweethearts secretly dream about. His was an unpolished force, completely masculine.

N EXT came "Goldie" and Spencer Tracy. step from the brusqueness of Jimmy Cagney to Spencer's slower, more deliberate love-making was a breath-taking one. Almost every girl, at some time in her life, has known a man (Please turn to page 82)

on the SCREEN

By JEAN HARLOW

As told to Eleanor Packer



Clark Gable



James Cagney



Chester Morris

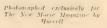


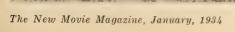
Lee Tracy



Wallace Ford

Some of the men who have made love to Jean Harlow in the movies.







After a Continental concert tour that amounted virtually to a continuous ovation, the gorgeous, golden-throated Jeanette MacDonald comes to the screen again, first in "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Ramon Novarro and Nelson Eddy, and next—or so the story goes as we go to press—with Maurice Chevalier in the beautifully melodious "Merry Widow."

Meet the PUPPETS!



I'M here to tell you about a crowd of movie stars, who took an old-fashioned house and completely remodeled and furnished it, practically without cost, making new furniture out of old, dressing tables out of orange crates, beautiful flower gardens from a weedy field—and above all, an old Western saloon from a two-car garage.

Well, step right up and meet the Puppets, Hollywood's newest club made up of filmland's younger stars. They have formed this club in a common interest—to enjoy themselves at the least cost.

Anita Louise and Tom Brown decided, one bright day, that it would be a swell idea if all the "kids," like themselves, who knew each other back East, could get together, form a club, rent a club-house, give shows and have a good time. It would keep them all together and give them a place to go in the evenings after work, and during the days when they weren't busy on a picture.

Tom and Anita presented the idea to the Durkins—Junior, Grace, and Gertrude—and to Joseph DePew, Helen Mack and William Janney. All of them went to school together, acted in the same plays, and enjoyed the same parties in New York. They thought the idea a great one, and those eight became the charter members of the Puppets Club.

"N OW, here's the idea," said Tom. "We'll draw up a constitution, but instead of having it in the same old cut-and-dried form, we will make all the rules and regulations in picture language. Instead of having a president, vice-president, secretary and treas-

Sixteen members of the Puppets, posed on the club grounds. Front row: Anita Louise, assistant director; Tom Brown, director; Helen Mack, script girl; Earl Blackwell, Gertrude Durkin, chief cook and waitress; and Ben Alexander. Standing: Frank Losee, Grace Durkin, Henry Willson, author of this article; Dianne Axzelle, Tex Brodus, Kathryn Lee, Bob Horner, Maurice Murphy, Patricia Ellis and William Janney.

Hollywood's younger stars put some odds and ends together and—presto!—they have a club house. By one of them—HENRY WILLSON

urer, we'll elect a head person, who will be the director of the club. Then we will elect an assistant director, script girl and cashier."

Tom was elected director, Anita Louise, assistant director, Helen Mack, script girl, and William Janney was voted cashier.

No sooner said than done! A constitution was drawn up, dues set, initiations for new members planned—and the Puppets Club was on its way to fame. The charter members decided to get about fourteen new members right away, then choose a clubhouse.

"After that," suggested Anita Louise, "let's give a show, invite all the picture stars and give the proceeds to charity."

"Swell, but let's get the new members and decide on a clubhouse," suggested Helen Mack. "Then we can talk about the show."

So Patricia Ziegfeld, Ben Alexander, Maurice Murphy, Patricia Ellis, (Please turn to page 78)

NEW PICTURES You



With this issue New Movie Magazine begins the most frank and fearless review of current motion pictures ever published by any film magazine. They are written by Frederic F. Van de Water, noted author and critic, but they were not written from the angle of the professional critic but from the angle of the audience. The editors will be glad to hear just how much you agree with Mr. Van de Water's opinion of the new pictures

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

PICTURES this month reach back as far as the Sixteenth Century for their source material and range, geographically, from the Arctic to the pampas of South America. They include two films either of which, by itself, might be hailed among the best of the year—"The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Berkeley Square." Among them, too, are several that lack only one ingredient for conspicuous success. "The Bowery," "I'm No Angel," "My Woman," "S.O.S. Iceberg" and "Before Dawn" are finely photo-

"S.O.S. Iceberg" and "Before Dawn" are finely photographed. They have competent direction and most of them are weighed down to the loadline with excellent actors. Every one of them suffers from story trouble. It is possible that some day Hollywood will wake to the realization that if you haven't anything worth shooting, it's better not to open fire at all.

Charles Laughton has humanized many monsters of fiction and history. In "The Sign of the Cross," he clothed *Nero* in mortal flesh. His lusty, lustful Henry VIII is a great achievement.

Story trouble hampers Wallace Beery in "The Bowery", story trouble hurts a magnificent Arctic exploration picture, "S.O.S. Iceberg." No month that sees both "Berkeley Square" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" can be in the red, however, and, besides these two great pictures, "Night Flight," "Ever in My Heart" and "Saturday's Millions" are worth seeing.

The Private Life of Henry VIII—AA

Directed by Alexander Korda. Released by United Artists

ALEXANDER KORDA, who has directed this magnificent picture has been chiefly remembered for

his calamitous film version of John Erskine's best seller. "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." If Mr. Korda's first "Private Life" were better forgotten, his second is memorable. In it he has accomplished all those excellences that people have come to expect only from German superfilms, and has done them better.

Whether the Lord has laid an inspiring hand on Mr. Korda, or whether his "Henry VIII," being made in England, was immune to those importunate hands that guide directors in Hollywood, is a problem for others to solve. This much is certain: Mr. Frank Lloyd will have to move over a little on the seat of the exalted and make room for Mr. Korda.

Charles Laughton has humanized many monsters of fiction and history. In "The Sign of the Cross," he clothed Nero in mortal flesh. His portrayal of the lusty and lustful Henry of England is a still greater achievement

Here is a picture, superbly directed, splendidly photographed and played by a British cast who wear their costumes not like fidgety guests at a fancy dress party, but as though they had lived their lives in such raiment. Through this brilliant host lurches and blusters the bulky figure of England's marrying monarch who, despite his hobby for collecting wives, was a great king.



Leslie Howard's performance as the bewildered, then wistful, then heartbroken victim of time, in "Berkeley Square," is one of the finest the screen has reflected.

Should See and Why

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF **CURRENT FILMS**

(AA—Outstanding) Berkeley Square The Private Life of Henry VIII

(A-Good) Ever in My Heart Night Flight Saturday's Millions

(B—Fair) The Bowery I'm No Angel My Woman

(C-Average) S.O.S. Iceberg Before Dawn

Flashes of that greatness burst through Mr. Laughton's portrayal. Disappointed by Katharine of Aragon, betrayed by Anne Boleyn (Merle Oberon), Henry waits, fuming and fretting, for the cannon signal from London's Tower that will free him to wed Jane Seymour (Wendy Barrie). Jane dies in childbirth and Henry turns from domestic products and imports her successor, Anne of Cleves, played by Alice Lanchester who in private life is Mrs. Charles Laughton.

Before Anne arrives, the king's roving eye is caught

by Kathryn Howard (Binnie Barnes), who weighs the love of Thomas Culpeper (Robert Donat), lord-in-wait-ing to the king, against her dangerous longing for a

How Kathryn gains the diadem only to lose this and her head is the major theme of a picture that glows in the gusty flame of a great king's personality-whimsical, lustful, peevish, comic but blazing, when occasion demands, with majesty and power.

Mr. Laughton has deserted the films temporarily. He joined an English repertory company at \$100 a week, for he feels his acting needs improvement and background, which only proves that some fifty million film

fans must be wrong.

High Spots: The face of Anne Boleyn, stark against the sky beneath the bitter line of the headman's blade; Henry, forgetting Jane Seymour's death in bubbling joy at his son's cradleside. . . . Laughter at the king's jest spreading slavishly through the whole palace. . . . Henry, trying to explain the facts of life to Anne of Cleves . . . the old and failing monarch bullied by Wife No. 6 (Everley Gregory).

Berkeley Square—AA

Directed by Frank Lloyd. Released by Fox

THE young antiquarian, Peter Standish (Leslie Howard) inherits an old house in London's Berkeley Square. Thither, one hundred and forty-nine years before, the Continental army captain, Peter Standish, has come to wed his kinswoman, Kate Pettigrew

(Valerie Taylor). The twentieth century Peter steps back through the years and takes the place of his

eighteenth century ancestor.
Out of this fantastic situation, Frank Lloyd and Mr. Howard have made a lovely and tragic story. Peter, whirled into the past, finds himself in love, not with Kate, whom his ancestor married, but with her intuitive younger sister, Helen (Heather Angel). Eight-eenth century London first laughs at Peter's blunders. then dreads him as devil-possessed; but Helen recognizes him as a wanderer from another century. After brief happiness, time's stream sweeps Standish back into his own era.

This is a theme that is as delicate and difficult to reproduce as moonshine, but it has been made into a picture of great pathos. A second laurel wreath, quite as large as Mr. Lloyd's, should adorn the bald brow of Jesse L. Lasky. "Berkeley Square" was a stage hit years ago. Its film rights have been long on sale with no bidders. Only Mr. Lasky, of all the story-destitute film chiefs, had the foresight and the courage to purhase and produce it.

chase and produce it.

Mr. Howard's performance as the bewildered, then wistful, then heartbroken victim of time, is one of the



"Night Flight" features Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Lionel and John Barrymore, Myrna Loy and Helen Hayes (above).

finest a screen has ever reflected. The cast that surrounds him is scarcely less able.

High spots: Sir Joshua Reynolds' (Olaf Hytten) alarm when Standish speaks familiarly of pictures the artist has not yet painted.... The dawn of comprehension on Helen's face as she watches Peter's blunders.... The Duchess of Devonshire's terror when Standish speaks of her as one long dead.... The noise of today breaking in upon the quiet of the Eighteenth Century as Peter's dream fades.

I'm No Angel—B Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Released by Paramount

THIS month may also mark the beginning of Mae West's slide down from her current peak of popularity-unless she does something different. In "I'm No Angel," she repeats the formula that brought her such immense original success. No trick is quite so good the second time it's played, and Miss West's

formula has been simple.

By all fictional traditions, stage, screen and print. the life of the light lady has always been simply terrible. Her wages of sin have been bitter and paid a hundred and ten cents on the dollar. The daughter of joy never has had a break. Miss West has turned tradition hindside before and has given her a break.

. NEW PICTURES YOU

Her "fallen woman" has let men fall while she has triumphed. To an audience, the novelty of the situation has been delightful. The pursued rabbit has turned around and bitten a mouthful out of the dog.

The trouble with novelty is that it doesn't bear repetition and Miss West, this time, has merely recited her formula again. Furthermore, she has weakened



Lucian Cary's novel, "Saturday's Millions," has been turned into one of the better football films that centers less upon the game than the racket behind it. Robert Young and Leila Hyams are featured.

her performance by moving her scene out of the Nine-

ties into the present.

The woman she plays was grampaw's type, not his grandson's. Miss West in "I'm No Angel" simply isn't the character of which men of 1933 and 1934 give their all, or a negotiable fraction thereof.

Mae West in her second self-written starring vehicle has taken off her stays and marred her performance. She has shifted her scene from the Nineties into the

present, but her technique is still that of the Tenderloin.

Something has gone out of Miss West's art along with the fulsome curves that sent the gynecologist's convention at Chicago into professional raptures. The chief fault with her present role is that, as she plays it, it is doubtful whether she could lure a third-rate

Tira, in "I'm No Angel" is a lady of double-barreled professions. One of them is lion tamer. The film traces her rise from the job of sideshow star to a place in New York society, secure, though not blessed by the Social Register.

During her progress, *Tira* skips from man to man with the deftness of a "Tom Show" *Eliza* on the ice. The best sequence is the courtroom scene in which she

manages her own breach of promise suit.

Miss West's slurring voice, her continual exemplification of the physiology textbook's insistence that the hip is a freely movable joint, her end-of-the-lastcentury toughness simply doesn't belong in a film laid in the present. Men aren't like that. Neither are women.

Fine photography, expert direction, a good cast, excellent backgrounds and lighting-and a sour story.

High spots: Tira spraying the bare back of a rival with a mouthful of liquor. . . Tira discussing her amatory technique with a quartet of negro servitors.

Night Flight—A

Directed by Clarence Brown. Released by M-G-M

PELLERIN (Robert Montgomery) brings the San-I tiago mail plane across the Andes through a spawning cyclone. Fabian (Clark Gable), who flies the mail up across the pampas, is blown out to sea and death by the same tempest. Despite this disaster and the anguish of *Madame Fabian* (Helen Hayes), and the protests of his board of directors and the qualms of his subordinates, Riviere (John Barrymore), manager

of the line, sees that a plane departs on time for the company's pioneer trans-Atlantic flight.

That is the story of the twenty-four hours spanned by "Night Flight." Upon the film has been spent a profligate amount of talent. Gable and Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore and Myrna Loy have bits. Helen Hayes, save for one hysterical scene, has little more. The picture centers on John Barrymore, the ruthless line manager. He holds the enterprise greater than any of its parts. He believes that individuals are of small account in mankind's struggle toward further empire. His performance, sound, stern, impressive, is matched in drama by the background of the play.

Shots of tempest and storm-buffeted planes and the wild confusion of cloud and sea alternate with scenes in the line offices where mechanisms work with un-

moved certainty.

John Barrymore, as *Riviere*, has added another fine portrait to his growing list of characterizations. He has appreciated that a man's face and his worth as a film idol sag together. Intelligent, able, he has switched from his profile-displaying roles of a few years ago to character parts, unlike the broken actor he plays in "Dinner at Eight."

High spots: The Santiago plane fighting its way over the Andes, a tiny, crawling spot between cloudy mountains and mountainous clouds. . . . The flare dropped from Fabian's ship to reveal, not the sought-for land, but storm-lashed occan. . . . The serene beauty of moonlit clouds when Fabian uses the last of his gasoline to soar for a moment above the tempest.

The Bowery—B

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Released by United Artists

THIS item is funny in spots but it doesn't make much sense. Wallace Beery is turned adrift once more in a not-so-good story. Not even the expert aid of George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray and a host



Clara Bow in "Hoopla," her latest Fox picture in which she promises again to reveal some of the old-time Bow dynamite.

of others can make "The Bowery" anything but an implausible comic strip.

Half the story seems to have been taken from a Horatio Alger novel; the rest may have been made up as the company went along. The plot deals jerkily, when it moves at all, with a feud between *Chuck Con*ners (Wallace Beery) and Steve Brodie (George Raft)

which is patched up for no particular reason by the gutter waif, Swipsey (Jackie Cooper).

"The Bowery" asks you to believe that in 1897-8 fires in New York City still were being put out by your property of the property of volunteer hose companies; that people then were singing "The Good Old Summer Time"; that a youthful John L. Sullivan was engaging in saloon backroom prize fights; that Carrie Nation was raiding Manhattan. This is an evident attempt to recapture the pop-

SHOULD SEE AND WHY

ularity of Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ." George Raft and the rest of the cast do their best. The direction is good. Even all these merits can't get along without a story.

High spot: A street fight between volunteer fire companies with flailing barrel staves and hurtling ashcans, while Chinese in a burning house yowl for help,

Ever in My Heart—A

Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by Warner

BARBARA STANWYCK and Otto Kruger, in his first important cinema role, lift what otherwise might have been a routine picture into tenderness and beauty. Sentiment turns sour easily on film, or else-



Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Bellamy in "Ever in My Heart," in which these two-and Otto Kruger-lift what otherwise might have been a routine picture into tenderness and beauty.

where, but its presence in "Ever in My Heart" will

pluck at yours.

There is human blood in Miss Stanwyck's and Mr. Kruger's screen shadows. The plight of Mary Archer and Hugo Wilbrandt has been suffered by thousands.

Mary, scion of a patrician New England family, marries before the war. Wilbrandt, a young German professor, her husband, becomes a citizen. Then the conflict closes about them. One by one, their friends drop away and, after the Lusitania sinking, the witchfrom their first meeting in the garden of Mary's

home to the picture's bitter ending in France, the love

of the man and woman, warms the film.

Barbara Stanwyck actually has experienced both the suffering and the wedded happiness this film displays. An orphan, her rise to stardom, was rough and thorny. Her marriage to Frank Fay has been a permanent

romance in a land of brief unions.

High spots: Wilbrandt's cradle song breaking off as his little son dies. . . . Mary, her husband and her cousin, Jeff, (Ralph Bellamy), trying to talk of other things while a paper, headlined "Lusitania Torpedoed," lies on the table. lies on the table.... Mary, recognizing the back of her spy husband's head in a French army canteen.

Saturday's Millions—A

Directed by Edward Sedwick. Released by Universal

UCIAN CARY'S Saturday Evening Post serial has been turned into one of the better football films that centers less upon the game than the racket behind it.

Reporters and radio announcers; photographers and commercial agents seeking endorsements for their

wares, trail Jim Fowler, (Robert Young), Western University's star halfback, like a comet's tail. Cash pours into his receptive pockets. His roommate, And (Andy Devine), is really secretary-treasurer of the one-man industry that is Fowler.

Campus, locker room and stadium scenes of "Saturday's Millions" have fidelity. Mr. Young looks and acts like Robert Montgomery and seems well launche. on a similar path to popularity as a juvenile. Jim Fowler's sleek, cocksure insolence has probably been duplicated in a thousand colleges this fall. Fowler's regeneration under the sting of scandal furnishes a smart climax for a deft film.

High spots: The beaten team, jittery and exhausted in the locker room. . . . Jim Fowler broadcasting an opinion on the morrow's game from a typescript just

furnished by the radio announcer.

S. O. S. Iceberg—C

Directed by Tay Garnett. Released by Universal

LOVE and sin have been replaced in this film by less human substitutes—geography and refrigeration. As a serial set of iceberg portraits, it is magnificent. As a film play, it could have been just as magnificent but it isn't.

Hans Schneeberger and Richard Ernst, cameramen, are responsible for most that is best in this picture. That is a good deal—shots of huskies on the sledge line; of bears on ice pinnacles; of whirling snow clouds, avalanches, bergs and polar seas. There's more than enough to make a tremendous travel film, but these remarkable scenes have been strung together on a thread of plot that is weak and short.

Carl Lawrence (Rod LaRoque), while exploring the far North, is marooned on a drifting berg with his Their radio summons aid. Lawrence's wife party. (Leni Riffenstahl) cracks up her airplane in which she has responded, on the iceberg's side. Later a

second plane finds and saves them.

Rod LaRoque might have chosen something better for his return to the films. Despite stage training. despite stardom in the silents, he went into eclipse when the talkies arrived. Through most of "S.O.S. Iceberg" his action is limited to sitting ill and semiconscious in an ice cave. Though the rest of his party has grown great whiskers, he emerges beardless.

Other mysteries of this opus: Why does the marooned party let the villain (Gibson Gowland), run berserk with a knife, drive a fellow castaway over a cliff to his death and attempt assault upon Mrs. Lawrence with only the mildest objections? Why is one member of the group permitted to start to swim for shore—four miles away—in all his clothing and hobnailed shoes?

High spots: The birth of monster bergs at a glacier's crumbling rim. . . . Eskimo Kayaks scuttering out to sea like a flock of startled ducks.

My Woman-B

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Released by Columbia

THIS is the old reliable, dusted off and used once more. In books, plays, earlier pictures, you must have met the devoted wife whose wit guides a useless husband to success. You must have seen her, too, cast off for lighter, less worthy loves and have witnessed how, always the husband, broken and penitent, creeps back for forgiveness.

Connie Rollins (Helen Twelvetrees) prods her shallow mate, the vaudevillian, Chick (Wallace Ford), into success and wealth as a broadcasting star. After a lot of (see preceding paragraph) the reconciliation and fade-out occur together in the Panama dance hall from

which the couple set out toward fame.

Here, again, is everything (Please turn to page 106)



Ph. t. r. phrd. ex inc. oly to The New Mills Man ne by L. t. t W. C. turn

It's Mae day in the movies. First, Mae West, the year's sensation. Not so spectacular, not so flamboyant, but Mae Clarke's coming, too. Not beautiful, not theatrical, but one of the best actresses in Hollywood. The hard-luck girl who won't be beaten. Don't miss her in "Finger Man"

Along Came Bill!

The story of Boots Mallory the girl who found herself through poetry

HE latest emotional cataclysm to send Hollywood spinning has to do with the inspired and miraculous Tia Juana elopement of Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney, brother of James.

By JOHN JAMES

"Inspired." I say, because it was immediately after wolfing a chop broiled by Bootsie herself that Bill decided he couldn't wait another month as she had insisted . . . the miraculous element entering into the matter when you consider that Boots actually cooked a meal, and furthermore, the chop wasn't burnt.

Fortunately, the romance proper is fraught with no such complicated psycholcgy. Briefly, it was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

William Cagney, Jimmy's kid brother, and his bride, Boots Mallory, photographed shortly after their Tia Juana wedding.

Both happened to be working at the business calling for pattering hearts, soft music and sighs; and had they never met, both very likely would have continued devoting 168 hours a week to their business. It so happens, however, they met; they sizzled; they burst into flame. And since neither could gain an advantage, they compromised.

The crisis passed with

the affair of the chop; precisely at eleven-thirty P. M. on Friday, September the 22nd, 1933. After the first meditative swallow Bill gave a little start of surprise. Gradually a light of determination began to glitter in his eyes. He peered across at Boots. Then he made up their minds. "Listen, darling," he begged, "I see no good reason for putting it off until your birthday! Let's do it now!"

putting it off until your birthday! Let's do it now!"

They drove to Tia Juana, dragged the Justice of the Peace from his early morning tennis game, got themselves all mixed and intermingled at the altar and returned to Hollywood. And how the jangle of the Mallory-Cagney wedding bells blazed through the country's press! Happy? Boots is wild about Bill! And vice versa. According to them, they are the first couple in the world to discover the real joy of true, lasting love! And when you read the tragic, poignant story of Bootsie's life up to the time she met Bill Cagney, you'll agree that such happiness is truly deserved.

I T was only a few months ago that weakened by continued illness, shocked by suddenly discovering legal technicalities about her former marriage, and faced with a major operation, (Continued on page 105)



TEARS

Tears falling like soft rain on green leaves At eventide.
Tears like early morning dew,
Misty, cooling, comforting your soul.
Tears coursing down your cheeks
Like raindrops on a window-pane.
Tears from anger, hurt, happiness,
Trickling, splashing, spilling sadness.
Slow bitter tears, stinging, burning,
Salty tears.
Hot, sticky tears,
Leaving their traces on your cheeks.
Drowning your lashes.
Splashing tears.
Soft, silent tears like April showers
Falling on purple violets
Caressingly.
Sweet tears like a lover's kiss
Promising comfort.
Tomorrow's hope, today's pain.

BOOTS MALLORY.

Elsie Janis Discovers

"I chuckle now as I remember how sorry I used to feel for him," confesses the famous stage star.

Bing and his first swordfish, caught off Catalina Island, after a forty minute battle. But, because it didn't weigh more than 200 pounds, he didn't wir the Tuna Club gold button. But win it he will.

T changes most people, that "Ole Davil Success," but I have never seen anyone grow more consistently charming, interesting and human with the mounting of each rung of the ladder of fame than has Bing Crosby.

Having fallen under the spell of that voice long before it echoed around the world, I sit back today and smile smugly at the doubters to whom I said way back in 1927, "Watch this boy Crosby!"

Some of them did. They now join me in a chorus of "I told you so's."

Many others, less credulous, probably don't even realize that the young man who has just signed a new contract with Para-

mount Studios, which will bring him two hundred thousand dollars in less time than it would take them to learn to croon,

is the same lad who was permitted to sing a chorus now and then with Paul Whiteman's band six years ago.

When I say "sing," I mean sing. The word croon was still identified with mothers and lullabies. Crooners were as non-existent as the depression—personally, I think they were a

great help to each other.

Bing has survived both. Paul Whiteman also, since he took his losses in pounds. In 1927, when Whiteman's name on a phonograph record was magic, young man Crosby sang proudly, gratefully, without acclaim and probably at a salary which would pay for the postage on one day's fan mail addressed to the Bing of 1933.

Last night I heard a radio announcer saying, "And now, at the request of many listeners, we will play Bing Crosby's latest song hit, "The Old Ox Road" as recorded by Paul Whiteman." Bing, himself, was not singing, but the fact that he had sung the song made it important enough for a Whiteman arrangement.

THE Bing of 1927 was not the calm, well-poised Bing of to-day. He had an arresting personality, aside from the Godgiven, microphone-developed voice. His tones said clearly, "It is my heart that is singing to you," but his long dreamy blue to throw myself around for anybody."

His expression wasn't sad. It wasn't bored. It just wasn't

"among those present."

I chuckle now as I remember how sorry I felt for Bing. I wanted to do something for him. He was, no doubt, perfectly happy, though I didn't bother to inquire, but only the fact that I was sailing for Europe saved him from being adopted, promoted, managed, or perhaps kidnaped.

All of the time I honestly believed it was because I wanted

to help him. Right there we have the real reason for his world-



Bing Crosby's new house at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, one of the swankiest in the film colony. It has just been finished. Be sure to read about the housewarming in "You Must Come Over," in this issue.

Bing Crosby's Secret

wide appeal. Sympathy! For example, take the records that have made him. "Stardust," "Just One More Chance," "I Surrender, Dear," "Now That You're Gone," "Faded Summer Love" and so on into the thousands of records. Always sad, sweet songs.

While the world has been going hi-di-hi-di, Bing has been doing half of the love making in it, by proxy. My own romance was a Crosby production—a lover's spat, a sad farewell, a turn of the radio dial, Bing singing "Just One More Chance" and I would bark my shins in my dash for the telephone to recall the young man who is now my husband.

No one can listen to Bing as he listens to Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas or any of those great voices which thrill you and leave you saying, "Boy, what a voice! He certainly can knock 'em for a loop!"

With them you feel that you are just a little listener, privileged to hear the glorious notes. You can almost visualize those big boy baritones, slapping the microphone on the back as they leave the studio, saying, "Thanks, Mike, old thing. I'll be seein' you, and you'll be hearin' me!"

With Bing it's a personal thing. He seems to be singing just for you and with one or two exceptions he always demands sympathy. Even when he asked the world to "Learn to Croon" via the screen, radio and records, it was much more of a request than a bit of advice.

LEFT America for England in 1927 without helping Bing, the caressing Crosby quality (later to be called a croon) ringing in my ears. Months later an English friend of mine who apparently met the incoming ships from America to get a corner on all the latest American gramophone records, said to me, "I say, have you heard those Three Phythm chaps? They're topping! Listen to this recording."

The needle dropped and we were into "Mississippi Mud," as recorded by the Three Rhythm Boys. I listened to the trio, feet tapping, eyes snapping, three voices with but a single rhythm. Suddenly my ears stood right on their lobes as I heard the solo bit, "For I Left My Sugar Standin' in the Rain and My Sugar Melted Away." "That's Bing Crosby," I cried. "It couldn't be anybody else." Well, it was, of course. Life became one unending search for other Bhythm.

Life became one unending search for other Rhythm Boys records and, above all, one where Bing would sing more alone. I still felt sorry for him, still wanted to help him. By the time (Please turn to page 99)



Photo by Wide World

Bing, holding his newborn, at the son's christening recently. Others in the group are Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Dick Arlen and their son, Richard Ralston Arlen, and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby). The babies were christened tagether.

YOUTH

LOOKS AHEAD

At twenty, Loretta Young, already a star, thinks of the time when she'll retire and become a mother

By FRANC DILLON



AS SHE THINKS

"I want a lot of romance in my life—and a lot of children... I want success, then leave it all and live my life... When I retire I want to live in Europe, because it is so different from Hollywood... It's funny to think of myself, as I am now, as just so much stock, just an investment. But that's what I am."

AT twenty, Loretta Young is an investment. Her life is in the control of strangers. At twenty, she can look back on a full life, more filled with events than that of the average woman of fifty. But Loretta doesn't look back.

She is too busy looking forward.
What does the future hold for

What does the future hold for Loretta? One can't, as she admits, go any higher than the pinnacle. One can't do better than be a success in one's particular field. But Loretta is looking further ahead than her immediate career. She is looking forward to the time when, career over, she can retire to a normal, happy married life.

"Of course, I want to marry again," she told me quite frankly. "Being married is the only normal way to live. During the past year my life would have been empty without my work. I'm often terribly depressed. I think it's silly for people to commit suicide, but there have been many times when I could understand a person's reason for doing such a thing. I know I should simply die without my work!

without my work!

"Acting is my profession," she continued. "I want to achieve success. And then I want to leave it all and live my life. If I can I'd like to work eight or nine years longer and then go to Europe,

marry and have lots of children.

"I want to give up my work entirely when I do quit. If I stayed in Hollywood, I couldn't. I'd have to keep right on acting. I'm sure Europe is the place I want to live because it is so different from Hollywood. I want to cut myself off completely.

"And I think I ought to be able to find a husband when I'm twenty-nine years old," she added, naïvely. "Perhaps my career won't last that long. Think of all the stars you know. Few of them have maintained their positions as stars for more than five years—even three years. So, when I say I hope to work eight or nine years longer, I know

there's just a chance.

"It's a case now of fighting to retain my present position and that, in a way, is out of my hands. It depends upon proper stories, good direction and excellent casts. But I don't have to get gray-haired over those responsibilities because I'm an investment to the studio, and the studio's going to look after me as it would guard an investment in the stock market. It's funny," she said in her husky voice, "to think of myself as just so much stock. But that's what I am."

W HEN Loretta was fourteen and still in school, her sister, Polly Ann Young, was a contract player at First National. Polly Ann was wanted at the studio one day for a retake, but she had gone out of town on a vacation. So Loretta was sent to the studio to take her place. The sisters looked so much alike, that, dressed (*Please turn to page 74*)

"I should be able to find a husband when I'm twenty-nine years old, shouldn't 1?" Loretta asked, naively.

Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World



Karen Morley's screen career, halted briefly by her role of mother, in real life, begins anew. After "Dinner at Eight," you will see her in a succession of pictures. . . . Here you see her in the garden of her Hollywood home.

SPEAKING of MONEY



Just imagine what might happen if the code epidemic were to break out in the movies.

DON'T see why Hollywood actors were criticized for wiring the President their complaints of the movie code. They couldn't very well wire General Johnson—a five-thousand-a-year man. Too, too embarrassing! For that matter, the President gets only \$68,500 since foolishly cutting himself ten per cent. Wonder how he feels being told that one's pay is determined entirely by one's popularity. Smaller than Mickey Mouse, I guess.

STARS say their names draw business, therefore they earn the money. Names like Standard Oil and Ford also bring cash, but no one ever argued they were self-made.

Most players come to Hollywood as rookies to the army. If they show talent, they are taken in hand by directors, photographers, costumers, make-up artists, publicity perfumers. They're done over so their best friends wouldn't recognize them and, for that matter, they don't always recognize their best friends.

Doubles perform dangerous stunts, doubles stand in while lights and cameras are trained, doubles even sing for them if occasion requires. When at last the "name" is a draw, little star yowls

When at last the "name" is a draw, little star yowls for a thousand a week more and usually gets it. The builder-uppers go right on at the old wage.

Proof that stars are synthetic: Give them bum stories, poor lighting, bad direction, inexpert photography and punk publicity, and see how long the "name"

draws. Don't take my word. See "Bombshell," Hollywood's own version of a star.

I SIDE with the actors in feeling that if cuts are to be made, they should start with the big-bonus executives. This attempt to limit salaries has brought the inevitable shriek, "Communism!" This, in turn, must bring ironic smiles to the capitalists who have lost some five hundred million in movie stocks during the past three years and to the bankers who have cancelled fifty-five million in loans. From where they sit, Hollywood must look redder than Moscow.

PERSONALLY, I don't think anyone should be cut. Instead, I think everyone's salary should be raised to equal Garbo's . . . well, anyway, Baby LeRoy's. Didn't those monstrous Technocrats claim we could all be making twenty thousand a year under a Square Deal? That wouldn't be bad for a start.

AND I don't mean to say that all stars are entirely synthetic. Mae West, f'r'nstance. Mae gives her heart, her soul, her everythin'. Conceives her stories, writes her lines, sings her songs herself and has such a way with reporters that Paramount has had to substitute bouncers for press-agents on her set.

And, while others were wiring complaints to the President, Mae was wiring a plea to the Governor of South Carolina to pardon a technician of the company

The Hollywood Boulevardier—HERB HOWE—takes the President's investigation of movie salaries to heart, and then goes for a stroll



who broke jail ten years ago and has been a good boy since. It's all I can do to keep from wiring General Johnson to exempt Mae. I mean no blanket code should cover Mae!

The Governor of Kentucky has made Mae a colonel. That should calm those who worry about defense. In case of war, with Mae as Colonel, you'd never have to conscript us boys.

WHEN screen history is written it will be recorded that the Golden Age of Art began with Mae West and the Three Little Pigs. It took Mae's "cumup'n see me s'm'time" to bring Prosperity around the corner into the theaters. "I'm No Angel" was appropriately premiered at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York.

I tried to join the Navy and see Mae, but didn't get by, because sailors are now required to have a high school education. Nevertheless, I did drive down to the Institute, hoping to see the Admiral whose life I saved in the Long Beach earthquake by sharing a pint. No use! The defenders of our land overflowed the auditorium. All I got was the critical comment of a gob who hurtled forth, screaming: "Am I drunk and is she handsome!"

P.S.—Don't be surprised to find Mae's head on your sailor boy's chest. Latest fashion in tattoo!

DIRECTOR LEWIS MILESTONE went to Russia to film scenes for "Red Square." The thing that amazed him about the Russian film studios was the

hearty coöperation of all workers, the absence of envy and "politics" that render Hollywood studios chaotic. Recently, it has been reported the Russians will install the star system. Good-bye cooperation; hello envy!

PRODDED into line by twenty-four cops, frightened stiff by four mounted Cossacks, all but crushed by a spectacled female tractor suspiciously resembling the old-time reformer, I finally got into the Paramount Theater and saw "I'm No Angel."

But I'm soured on New York's Broadway movie palaces. Even when you succeed in getting in, the battle is not over. Big palooks keep charging up and down the aisles, the screen is blotted out by others passing in front of you, and the toes are turned to ragout by fat ladies treading heavily to seats in the same row.

I've turned Bolshie. If television doesn't arrive pretty soon, I'm going to Moscow, where you can dance in the foyers of the theaters while waiting for seats, listen to concert orchestras, gnaw on caviar sandwiches, have your photograph taken and your hair cut. T''ll with entertainment in this land of rugged, individual shoving!

O NE abuse the NRA movie code should slap down is voice dubbing for songs. Peacocks who sing with the voices of nightingales should get the axe. One of the worst examples was in "Too Much Harmony"—and I don't mean Bing Crosby. I see some art in picking a man's pocket but none in lifting his talent. Here's an example of the (Please turn to page 80)







new Movie's

Lilyan Tashman, "Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman," passes the compliment on to Norma Shearer

! think Norma Shearer is the best-dressed woman, both on and off the screen. Miss Shearer is not only well dressed, but she is always beautifully groomed. In fact, to my notion, she is the best-groomed as well as the best-dressed woman in pictures.

Norma's hair and nails always look so perfectly done. She has always that scrubbed, immaculate look. She dresses in a grand, conservative, luxurious style and looks as though she uses care and thought in buying as well as in wearing her clothes.

—LILYAN TASHMAN.



SQUARE NECK-LINES

Are featured in these dresses worn
by Alice White for both afternoon
and evening wear





Red wool embroidered with gold blocks brightens the landscape when worn by Miss White. It's a practical dress made with a becoming square neck-line, ruffles at the top of the sleeves, and kick pleats at the front of the skirt. The small black hat sports a diminutive black veil.

Photos by Freulich,

Alice White, appearing in Universal's picture, "Kid Gloves," is a good fashion pattern for the petite blonde. She is dainty and slender, yet well formed, and she wears clothes that neither accentuate nor conceal her graceful figure. Black, brown, green, red and violet are all included in her autumn wardrobe, and they are all equally becoming. The dinner gown shown at the left is made of violet colored crepe with low-cut neck and flattering cape sleeves.



The New Movie Magazine, January, 1934

Hollywood SLAVE



Illustrations by Earl Blossom

FEAR I looked far from "divine" as I eased myself out of Fritz Stresseman's roadster—late that night after a wild, vain ride to Fresno and return—and battered at the locked door of my little sidestreet Hollywood hotel. I had driven a good deal in my life; otherwise, I should not have dared the trip; but never so far or so long; and never recently. I was stiff and lame and tired and hungry—and I had a broken heart.

IV

I might have known that Travis would not have gone to Fresno, that he would have scorned to profit by the generosity of Fritz Stresseman—the price, as I am sure he thought, of my desertion and deceit. But when I reached our little room that Sunday noontime, after a none too carefully driven dash down the wide circling grade of Stresseman's hill, and found that he had gone without leaving a note or even a message with the hotel people, I didn't know anything except that I must find him.

Fresno! That was the one word in my mind, the one clue. So, breakfastless, hatless, brainless, I slipped again into the driver's seat behind the big wheel and

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MOLLY, the little girl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of lies to become "the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Molly in vaudeville, ignorant of the role in life and in films that his wife is to be required to play.

FRITZ STRESSEMAN, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—provided she will place herself completely in his hands.

started the high-powered machine on a journey which could have no end. Luckily I had in my bag my half of the last week's salary. It sufficed to buy gas and oil, and later, when fatigue brought me perilously near to collapse at the wheel, it bought ham and eggs and good hot coffee. It is amazing how healthy an eighteen-year-old girl can be—even when her heart is crushed.

The anonymous confession of a famous movie star who risks her soul for a strange career



Of course, he wasn't there. Apparently he had telegraphed the San Francisco office of his withdrawal, for a replacement had come down on the morning train to fill his spot on the bill. It was like Travis to do that: he never let anybody down. He wasn't letting me down. He was just letting me out. I didn't blame him. I simply made up my mind to devote my life to finding him, to getting him back. First, though, I must return Fritz Stresseman's stolen car and I must gather up my belongings in the little room—my stage costumes, which I would need if I were to keep soul and body together while I searched for my man. It was for this that I had come back to Hollywood.

There was no answer to my battering from inside the hotel; but the noise had evidently awakened someone in the all-night parking place next door, for I could distinctly hear the unlatching of a car door, and the murmuring of masculine voices, followed by the switching on and off of headlights. Finally, two sleepy, disheveled figures appeared around the corner of the building. One I recognized at once as the usually impeccable chauffeur, who, I had already learned, answered to the first-class movie name of Claude. The other was the man, Sam, who had called me "baby" and "kid" and had warned me that little Isadore preferred blondes.

I DIDN'T know what to say to these men. Did they come as friends? Or as jailers? I decided to wait and see. They were in no hurry, either. They were evidently still half asleep—the tall man, Claude, especially still half asleep—the tall man, Claude, especially to the head-DIDN'T know what to say to these men. Did they cially. Sam managed to stagger sleepily to the headlights of my car, and stick one hairy hand and wrist into their piercing rays. I was standing near enough to see the hands on his heavy gold wrist watch. They said two o'clock.
"Well, baby," he said, turning to me with a not un-

friendly smile, "how'd'ye like the buggy ride?" "All right," I said. I wasn't in the mood for humor.

"We've been waitin' for yer." "Yes, I see. Mr. Stresseman wants his car, I sup-

pose."

"Sure he wants his car! 'Sam,' he says, 'you bring back that car, dead or alive-an' if you find any Egyptian goddesses hidden away in the rumble, bring them back, too.' "

"Dead or alive?" I laughed. Sick and tired as I was,

I couldn't help liking Sam.

"Well, wha'd'ye say, baby, will you drive yerself or will yer ride in style with Claude?"

"Thanks, Sam—and you, too, Claude—it was swell of you boys to wait up for me. But I've had enough of what you call 'buggy-riding' for one day. You take the car back to Mr. Stressman with my apologies and thanks. It's filled with gas just as I found it. I'll go upstairs and get a little sleep."

"Sorry, kid, but the house is full. Ther' ain't a vacant bed in the place."

"But my things!" I cried. "My costumes."

"Don' worry about yer things, baby. They're all

"But where?" I was now genuinely alarmed; for all that I had in the world was what was left of last week's salary check, and I couldn't buy costumes with that.

"Oh, up there in the old ancestral castle," answered Sam, with a lordly gesture toward the hills. "I tucked 'em away meself, just as cute as a pea in a pod."

WONDERED if Sam's duties, which seemed to include everything from the work of an upstairs girl to the rescue of strayward ladies in distress, extended also to the artistic arrangement of clothes over the backs of Spanish chairs—(Please turn to page 94)

TED COOK'S MOVIE COOK-COOS

Wise and otherwise comments on the Picture Parade

ALF a dozen universities are offering courses in "Motion Picture Appreciation." Over in Edinburg, Scotland, faculty groups invite working girls to c'mon up one night a week and talk about the movies. Distinguished sociologists have issued one report, and are preparing another, to show just how pictures shape public attitudes in this broad land. Which brings us smack up to Topic A—Mae West.

In Hollywood they speak of Mae West and Payamanny's hope sheet.

West as Paramount's hope chest.

But she's bigger and broader than that, if we may be permitted to say so. We do say so, and thanks for the loan of the hall.

Of course Mae doesn't know it— and neither does Paramount—but in some circles she's considered a wholesome influence. (Yes, you are, Mae—and don't talk back to the Professor.) We said Mae doesn't know it. We did not say Mae doesn't know

MAE'S characterization of the big, bad she-wolf (in silver fox trimmings) is teaching Americans to come right out and laugh loud and hearty at sex. Of course, we're not saying that you can laugh sex right off the agenda of the oh! so human, race. But we're saying-and we speak for the moralists—that she makes people laugh at the way fancy ladies undo the big, strong chumps.

Indeed, it might not be a bad idea —or it might not be a good idea, for that matter—if Mae West pictures were shown at every board of directors' meeting, as a matter of regular business. The Mae West showing could be scheduled in place of the routine exchange of smoking compartment stories which so often delay a vote on resolutions to pass a dividend.

WHILE touching on smoking-room stories, did we ever think to tell you that Mae supplies practically all the laugh lines for her own pictures—not to mention a lot of laugh lines that are too peppery to handle. Then it must have been someone else who told you. Say what you will about Mae West's acting, she knows her lines. She not only knows her lines, but has an excellent memory, because the lines that get the big laugh in "I'm No Angel"

"When I'm good, I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad I'm-better.'



Drawing by the author

Why not show a Mae West picture at every board of directors' meeting? It could be scheduled in place of the routine exchange of smoking compartment stories which so often delay a vote on resolutions to pass a dividend.

AND, speaking of Mae West's lines there is actually a Mae West, listed in the Los Angeles telephone directory, who is a corsetiere. And the Mae West who sells corsets complains that her phone rings at all hours of the night. Drunks think it is fun to call up and ask if they can c'mon up some time. One call came long distance from Arizona.

At this point we pause gracefully to ask why it is that most musical pictures show so many legs and so little promise.

And an advertisement in a Waterville, Maine, paper says:

If You Are Going to the Movies You Can Leave Your Clothes To Be Cleaned and Pressed Just at the Left of the Lobby.

Be that as it may, we will never have much faith in human nature until it stops applauding movie-house organists.

PREVIEWS are now being scouted by cough detectors, whose business it is to spot scenes during

which the audience starts coughing. All of which is a result of some wide-awake executive's quaint whim-

He has deduced that the audience cough is a definite reaction to the feeling of boredom caused by an

overacted scene.
Of course, if overacted scenes made people cough audiences would have blown down all the theater walls by this time. And the so-called silver screen would look like the tat-tered sails of the good old schooner Hesperus.

There isn't an actor or a director who can prevent some of us old habitual coughers from coughing. For that matter, there isn't a cinema artist who can make pictures good enough to prevent ladies sitting in the next row back from discussing yesterday's bridge game.

> A movie-taught dogma That's current as sin Is: The worst of the gals Get the best of the men.

"THERE are too many present-day wives playing bridge, at-(Please turn to page 93)



Photographed exclusively for The New Morie Magazine by Jack Freulich

Do you remember Pearl White, the serial queen, and her Pauline of the perils? And only a few yoars ago, tool . . . Here you see the 1933 version of Pauline—Pearl brought up to date by Evalyn Knapp. And, in addition to the Peril series, you'll find Evalyn in Universal's new "Beloved."

Hollywood's

Blanche Sweet, still slim and romantic looking, is seldom heard of or seen in pictures.



After many tragic episodes, Helen Lee Worthing is in a sanitarium.

The strange story of Whitley Heights, where glamorous ghosts gather, rising high above the common world

HERE is a hilltop in Hollywood s

people who are still alive.
There is an insidious charm about this spot possessed by no other residential district in the environs of Hollywood or Los Angeles. Stand on a balcony on Whitley Heights some deep blue, velvet night, when the perfume of orange blossoms and roses mingles ever so faintly with the fragrance of burning eucalyptus logs,

where glamorous ghosts gather

and Hollywood stretches before you like a handful of jewels waiting to be scooped up, and you will know what I mean.

Bel-Air, Brentwood, Beverly Hills

and the Los Feliz estates have dignity, beauty, stability. Malibu offers fun, freedom and relaxation. But Whitley Heights has the ecstatic quality of impermanence. The

but whitely Heights has the ecstatic quality of impermanence. The houses cling perilously to the hillside. Bedrooms may be downstairs and kitchens upstairs. There is a profu-

sion of flowers and foliage. Red roses hang over small green gates. Hibiscus blossoms line the winding paths. Bright-colored birds dart from tree to tree, and when it rains you can watch the rain drops falling on the roofs below. People on the way up the ladder of fame live here, and people on the way down.

Real estate men will tell you, and tell you truly, that on a clear day you can see a shimmer that is the Pacific, and that on summer nights your ears will be regaled with snatches from the symphonies in Hollywood Bowl.

But the real estate man doesn't know that if you listen ever so carefully you may hear the eerie whine of Valentino's specially-built foreign roadster as it creeps up the steep hill that leads from Hollywood. The roadster lies in a junk heap somewhere, and Valentino, greatest of screen lovers, in a crypt, not even his own, a short distance from the foot of the hill.

And, late at night, the fog creeps in from the sea to clothe the hill in silver and to enfold with loving fingers the graceful wraith of the too-beautiful Barbara La Marr, who traveled so far in the eight miles that stretch from the shabby cabaret on Main Street to the odd little pink house that still clings trustingly to the hillside.

And if your ears are tickled by a vagrant refrain from a song you have almost forgotten . . . "Wally" Reid lived not far away, and impromptu orchestras composed of his friends were his chief delight. And strange unhappy fates overtook others who were beautiful, gay and gifted and who looked triumphantly down on Hollywood from this picturesque hill-top.

TEN or twelve years ago so many celebrities lived on this one hill-top that a sightseeing bus laden with tourists made the almost precipitous climb every afternoon.

Valentino lived there then in the blue honeymoon house to which he brought the exotic Natacha Rambova. Valentino, who in his brief career, enjoyed an adulation accorded no other actor in the history of the stage or screen.

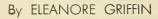
But the darling of the gods died at the age of thirty-one. Rioting lines, blocks long, waited to view his casket. Women all over the world wept. Two girls who had never seen him except



Photo by Wide World

Wallace Reid loved the hilltop, too. Memories of gay parties and Wally's Pan-like pranks still abound. . . . Above, one of the last pictures taken of Wally, with Wallace, Jr.

Wanda Hawley lived in the house next to Eugene O'Brien—Wanda, blond and dimpled.





HAUNTED HILL







Falcon Lair, the honeymoon house, where Rudolph Valentino took his exotic bride, Natacha Rambova, and still visited by countless sight-seers. . . . At right: Rudy who, in his brief career, enjoyed an adulation occorded no other actor in the history of the stage or screen.

on the screen, girls he didn't know existed, committed suicide. The blue honeymoon house still stands, and curious fans continue to ring the doorbell and humbly request that they be allowed to go through the house. The present tenants are amazingly gracious about it. Perhaps Rudy, who died at his zenith, will be the screen's only immortal.

And children who are now grown up remember begging their nurses to take them walking by the pink house where Barbara La Marr lived, because Barbara was so beautiful she seemed to them like somebody out of the pages of a fairy tale . . . Barbara, who crowded the adventures, the tears, and the joys of several lifetimes into her pitiful twenty-nine years. She loved the hilltop and the glittering lights below her.

Wally Reid loved the hilltop, too. Memories of gay parties and Wally's Pan-like pranks still abound. Everyone loved Wally, who looked like a young god, and who died waging a glorious but futile battle.

Scoff, if you will, but is it not strange that three individuals, each one glamorous, beloved and gifted, (Please turn to page 88)

An airplane photograph of Hollywood. In the circle marked No. 1 is Grauman's Chinese Theater, where Hollywood holds its swankiest openings; 2, the Roosevelt Hotel, center of much movie gayety; 3 and 4, Levy's Cafe and the Brown Derby, respectively, where the stars dine; 5, Sardi's restaurant, a comparatively new social center; and 6, the hilltop known as Whitley Heights.



Eleanor Boardman lived up here when she was considered one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger actresses.



Gloria Stuart and John Boles in Universal's new costume musical, "Beloved."

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

Ву

JOHN EDGAR WEIR

What's new and best in melodies in the movies and on the records

BIGGEST HITS

"It's Only a Paper Moon," fox trot—played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"By a Waterfall," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" vocal sung by Ethel Shutta. (Columbia)

"The Day You Came Along," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby, (Brunswick) T'S ONLY A PAPER MOON" played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra start things off this month, and I think this is the best dance record that Whiteman has turned out in quite some time. In fact, it's so good that it doesn't even sound like Paul. All of the phoney over-arranging and fifty fiddle effects are pretty well done away with in this one, and you get just what you want in a dance record: rhythm and licks and a good vocalist. In fact, Peggy Healy, who does the vocal work, deserves a good deal of praise, as she does plenty to put the record over. However, this is my idea of the King of Jazz at his best.

The other side is also played by Mr. Whiteman. This time it's a tune from the Paramount picture "Take a Chance." "Night Owl" is the name of this one, and it will get by but only through the vocal work of the Rhythm Boys. Not that you can blame Whiteman though, for this is an insipid tune if there ever was one. Even good arranging can't disguise that fact. (This is Victor Record No. 24400-B.)

"BY A WATERFALL" is the title of the next, and now it's Guy Lombardo we're listening to. This is from the Warner Brothers film, "Footlight Parade," and when you hear this record, you'll think that the tune must have been written just for Lombardo. I think it's impossible for Guy to record a bum tune and this just goes to prove it. Of course, Carmen Lombardo sings the vocal refrain.

Another number from "Footlight Parade" is on the other side, called "Shanghai Lil," also played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. However, if your memory reaches back a couple of years you'll easily recognize this one as "Cryin' for the Carolines" with very little change outside (*Please turn to page* 89)



Herbert Marshall's back — and how! You'll remember the smash hit he made—and then left us. "The Solitaire Man" was his last appearance in American films, but now, again, you see him in Cecil B. DeMille's "Four Frightened People," featuring Claudette Colbert, and Honolulu-made.

Photographed exclusively for The New Moore Magazine by John Engstead



If Ruby Keeler says her eyes are set on a bassinet instead of top billing, that she would rather have a baby than a new contract, she is being honest. She's not just talking; she means it.



About marriage, Ruby says: "Al and I just enjoy being together not doing things together, but just being together. You know, the way you like to have someone around, someone you really like."

THE

Fairy Princess OF THE FILMS

By HESTER ROBISON

LL of her life—and she is now twenty-three years old—Ruby Keeler has snapped her fingers at things that seem all-important to other people. She has snapped her fingers in defiance—and she's happier than most girls are at her age.

That is why, in the near future, she expects to snap her fingers at her movie career and give it all up to start having a

family.

Certainly, it is not publicity!

Ruby Keeler never jokes about things as sacred as marriage and babies. Didn't you hear about the time she walked out of Ziegfeld's "Whoopee," and the reason for it?

EDDIE CANTOR, who was the star, was using the Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler marriage as the basis for a joke that got a lot of laughs. Now, if there is anything more marvelous to Ruby than Al and her marriage to him, she hasn't disclosed it. When Cantor went on using the joke, little Ruby just up and walked out of a leading role and went to Hollywood to join her husband.

and went to Hollywood to join her husband.
So, when Ruby says she may quit the movies just when she has started her career, at a time when she is kicking her toes against the top rung of the ladder of fame, she isn't just saying it. She is being sincere. If she says her eyes are set on a bassinet instead of top billing, and that she would rather have a baby than a new contract, she is being honest and not looking for publicity.

BACK in Halifax, N. S., where Ruby was born, people usually say what they mean, and Ruby never talks unless she knows what she is going to say. If being born in the atmosphere of rugged honesty that characterizes the folk in Halifax hadn't given Ruby the courage to respect things other than fame and money and a career, then her training in Catholic convents would have done it.

She was only five when she moved to Long Island, New York, with her family. Her mother put her into a Catholic school right away. Don't get the idea, however, that little Ruby was always pampered and petted until she was spoiled. She was one of six children—four beautiful sisters and

RUBY KEELER whose only thought in her stardom was "to take care of the folks"—and her Prince Charming

a younger brother—and she took pot-luck in most things with the rest of them. It is true that she had a little the advantage of them, being the oldest.

a little the advantage of them, being the oldest. When she was a little girl she spelled her name Rubye Keeler, but she dropped the extra "e" when she became known around Broadway as a "grand little hoofer." Her kid sisters, who used to cut out clippings about her and keep scrapbooks to show off to their friends, teased her about changing her name from Rubye to Ruby. They pretended that she must think herself a grand person to do it. All the time they were saying to her face that she wasn't so good as a dancer, they were boasting about her beind her back. A prophet is without glory in his own country.

A T the age of six Ruby was attending a Catholic Adancing school. She made other children look like clumsy oafs when she danced. She was so conspicuous by her grace that a teacher, who came once a week to train the little girls in their school "drill," singled her out for attention.

"This little girl," she predicted, "will be famous

some day."

In those days Ruby was a serious-eyed child, deeply religious. Her religion came first, then her dancing. It was not because she decided Ruby should be a

It was not because she decided Ruby should be a dancer that Mrs. Nellie Keeler sent her child to a dancing teacher at the Metropolitan. It was done merely because it seemed the natural move for a child

who adored dancing.

Gradually, though, it became obvious to Mrs. Keeler that there was more to it than mere love of skimming around the floor of a dance studio. She understood that Ruby loved dancing more than anything else she did; that it was something deeply rooted, as love of painting or writing is deeply rooted in other children.

Understanding, Mrs. Keeler sought advice from Ruby's teachers. She was told that Jack Blue (the man who taught Marilyn Miller and other famous dancing stars) could do wonders for her child. Whether it was as a result of her innate talent or the training she received from Jack Blue is hard to tell; but shortly after she entered his classes, she became a professional dancer.

It is said by those who knew Jack Blue that sometimes he was harsh with his pupils. But with the child, Ruby, he was as gentle as a lamb. All of her life Ruby has had the same effect on persons supposed

to be too hardened.

SHE was only thirteen when she took part in a play, "The Rise of Rose O'Reilly." At this play Mrs. Keeler met other mothers whose children were professionals, and one of them advised her to enroll her daughter in the Professional Children's School.

In the school with Ruby was a titian-haired little girl named Lillian Roth; a dark-haired, statuesque girl named Marguerite Churchill, a youngster named William Janney and a tall blond youth named Gene

Raymond.

Of them all, Ruby was the quietest. She was different from the other children in her serious outlook on life; she knew, young as she was, that on her success depended the welfare of her family. They staked everything on her and she had to make good.

She worked like a little slave. At fourteen she could out-dance anyone her own age or older. She could make professionals look awkward and amateurs hide with shame. She was a "dancing fool" who loved her work. She could stand in the middle of a floor and drum out more taps to the second than any other girl tap dancer around Broadway.

That reason, and the fact that she was fourteen



Ruby Keeler, as she appeared in her latest smash hit musical production, "Gold Diggers of 1933."

and a soft-eyed little beauty, led Texas Guinan to take her on as a dancer in her Three Hundred Club.

THERE have been all kinds of stories about what a hard-boiled person Texas of the night clubs is, and Miss Guinan herself does nothing to soften the reports. Yet Texas would have slain any man who tried to paw Ruby. She would have torn the man to shreds who cracked a joke about Ruby's religious medal which she wore even when appearing in the middle of the night club in the scantiest of costumes. Texas loved Ruby and Ruby, who stayed in her show for three years, adored Texas Guinan.

Ruby danced all night and slept all day; but on Saturday nights, she and Texas went swimming or

attended prizefights.

Texas saw to it that Ruby's mother was waiting in Ruby's dressing-room every night, or else she wouldn't let Ruby leave the club to go home. In those days Ruby shared a dressing-room with another dancer who called herself "Princess White Deer."

(Please turn to page 90)



Ralph Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, refresh themselves after a strenuous game of tennis



Ken Maynard goes without lunch when working-between pictures he lunches with his wife outdoors.

BREAKFAST AT SEVEN

By MARGARET SPENCER

F you're going to Hollywood—with serious intentions—be prepared to get up early. Looking at rushes, waiting for retakes—any number of incidents—may delay a player from half an hour to two hours at luncheon or dinner, regardless of the importance of the engagement. Hollywood hostesses have learned to accept that situation calmly. They try to plan menus that will wait without spoiling. You cannot count on luncheon or dinner hour, but on working days, breakfast is usually served at seven or earlier.

will Rogers, who always rises early, believes that meal times are six A.M., twelve o'clock noon and six P.M., although his wife declares that breakfast is the only meal he attends on time. He is always the first one at the table for that meal. When it is noon the director might just as well (Please turn to page 76)



Gary Cooper doesn't feel hurt when he breakfast's alone.

No such thing as regular dinner or lunch hour in

Hollywood—but breakfast is served early

YOU MUST COME OVER

TO THE PARTY

Let's go along with GRACE KINGSLEY,
The New Movie Magazine's Hollywood
Society Reporter

HOLLYWOOD gone Bowery! Can you imagine that? Also gone Gay Nineties.

It was a picture, that Vendome Cafe, turned into a Bowery dance hall, with all sorts of characters there—even "Anna Held," in the person of Jeanette MacDonald, buge picture hat and all

Jeanette MacDonald, huge picture hat and all.

On the walls pictures of fighters and of burlesque queens of a bygone day, while the famous ones, in all colors and styles of dress and character danced the old-fashioned dances, sat and chatted, stood about in colorful groups, or went down to the bar to refresh themselves and listen to the old-fashioned quartette

sing old songs.

Here Sally Eilers as a Salvation Army lassie danced with Richard Dix as a Bowery slicker, cigar and all. (And the cigar, he admitted, was making him awfully ill; he never smokes at all!) There Jean Harlow in a bathing suit which covered her from neck to ankles. She sported a skirt as well, not to mention bathing shoes and stockings, romped through an old-fashioned waltz with Jimmy Gleason, who was a bold, bad gambler. Ginger Rogers, gorgeous as a Floradora Girl, hobnobbed over a glass of ginger ale at the bar with Sidney Lanfield, the director, who had a handorgan and a monkey. The monkey took a fancy to Fay Wray, who was dressed like a sweet-sixteen Bowery miss, but Fay, remembering "King Kong," didn't care for the animal, so she just simply wouldn't dance with Sidney.

Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz were our hosts. Mrs. Zanuck was a vision in a pink silk Floradora costume with a big picture hat, Zanuck was the tattooed man, and Mr. Goetz was a Rough Rider. Mrs. Goetz was charming as a Mae West type.

E DWARD G. ROBINSON came in an old-fashioned dress suit, with pink silk vest and a huge diamond. And Eddie was amused, because he kept catching glimpses of costumes worn by him in various Bowery and Gay Nineties pictures, including one worn by no less a person than Jesse L. Lasky himself!

Mrs. Robinson wore one of the most charming costumes, and, with her blonde wig, looked like Lillian Russell. Her dress was a white embroidered linen, with a peek-a-boo waist! It had belonged, she said,

to her mother.

Cute as a bug's ear was little Shirley Mason Lanfield, dressed in a Jackie Cooper "Bowery" costume. Louis B. Mayer considered himself sufficiently living up to costume by wearing an old-fashioned derby.

ing up to costume by wearing an old-fashioned derby. George Bancroft was "Chimmie Fadden." Mrs. James Gleason was "Mrs. Thomas Whiffen," antedating the gay nineties, and being dressed in early Victorian clothes, and displaying a twenty-inch waist!

clothes, and displaying a twenty-inch waist!

Dorothy Mackaill came dressed as "Oliver Twist."
Ricardo Cortez was the handsomest Bowery-ite of them all, clad like a Bowery gambler. He brought Ginger Rogers. Blossom Seeley wore a Mae West

costume.

One of the most amusing costumes was that worn by Arline Judge. Her pretty face was framed in an old-fashioned bonnet, and her costume was all right—Bowery and silk—down to the waist, when it went suddenly and amazingly wrong and changed into

Photographs by Wide World

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



Karen Morley and her husband, Charles Vidor, at the Bowery party.

Richard Dix, as the gambler of the Gay Nineties, cigar and all.



ordinary silk pants! She sported a small black silk parasol which she said had been given her by Louise Closser Hale, and which she prized highly.

Richard Barthelmess was a Flora-

dora boy.

dora boy.

But the pay-off happened when a bicycle built for two spun up to the door, and off hopped two "Black Crook" queens, clad in tights, "fats" and all. The wearers, we made out, were Benn Levy, the playwright, and his wife, Constance Cummings.

Charlie Chaplin came with Paulette Goddard, but not in costume.

Goddard, but not in costume.

There were any number of Bowery dudes—Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, George Bancroft, Sid Grauman, Sam Goldwyn, Jimmy and Bill Cagney, Harry Beaumont, Gene Raymond and Lyle Talbot-who was badly hurt in an automobile accident on his way home from the party.

Raymond Griffith was a sailor. Archie Mayo clad in tights, wore across his vest front the label, "Flying Trapeze Artist." Ruth Selwyn was lovely as a sort of sweet-sixteen Bowery miss.

Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) was a burlesque queen, tights and all. And could she have gone into the front row!

When the bugle sounded, our host, Darryl Zanuck, made an announce-ment. He said it was time for the grand march, and the best couple would be awarded William Goetz as the first

WE are going rather continental in Hollywood on our christenings. Instead of making them ultra solemn occasions, they are being followed by gay parties.

A joyous combination christening and house-warming party was that given by Papa and Mama Bing Crosby and Papa and Mama Richard Arlen, at the beautiful English Colonial was a control by Ring in the mansion just erected by Bing in the Toluca Lake District near Hollywood.

Huge crowds were there, overflowing the white drawing room with its green and white chintz curtains and its gorgeous big bouquets of flowers, and parading the terrace overlooking the sunken garden with its barbecue oven

and rustic chairs.

We left the crowd to go upstairs, where we found still another crowd, to look at the youngsters sitting quite tranquilly in their nurses' laps. Only the little Arlen heir seemed a bit peevish. But he is the darling of the world, with his rosy cheeks and his long dark eyelashes!

And, oh, that dainty baby suite! There is a great closet devoted to the Crosby infant wardrobe-tiny hangers and everything. And there is a little nursery with flowered paper on the walls and the loveliest pink silk, unrockable cradle. And a tiny bathroom

and bedroom, too.

The whole house is early American, with fresh, dainty wall-papers and suitable furniture. Jetta Goudal and her husband, Harold Grieve, who attended the party, were rightly taking the credit for the beauty of its furnishings and drapes.

ALL the young papas and mamas were there-Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, Bessie Love and William Hawks,—and even Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, but not together, Sue had come with Ken



Photo by Wide World

Charlie Chaplin, always keen for literary celebrities, gives a dinner party for Emil Ludwig, the famous German biographer. Left to right: Rupert Hughes, the American novelist, Paulette Goddard, Charlie himself, and Herr Ludwig, who is in Hollywood assisting in the dramatization of "Napoleon," to be played by Edward G. Robinson.

Murray. Later I spied them feeding each other bits of sandwiches!

Ken Murray was friendly with both! I saw him and Nick off in a corner talking like two old buddies.

Then there were the romantic, or, at least possibly romantic, pairs—Esther Muir and Sam Koslow, Russ Columbo and Sally Blaine, Barbara Weeks and Big Boy Williams, Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, Hoot Gibson and June Gale. Fifi Dorsay was to have come with Lyle Talbot, but he was in the hospital, following his accident of the night before.

Fifi explained sadly that he had "contortion of the brain," meaning con-

cussion. So Fifi came alone. Other guests were Jack Oakie and



Photo by Wide World

Hollywood, so recently devastated by an epidemic of divorces, has now taken a turn about demic or divorces, has now taken a turn about and become highly romantic, what with mar-riages everywhere. Richard Cromwell, young screen idol, and Katherine DeMille, pretty daughter of Cecil B. DeMille, are the latest to get within Cupid's range.

his mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albertson, Richard Hemingway, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Rusell Medic Lee Crayes Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mack, Joe Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Sutherland, and a score of others.

And the clothes were lovely. Fifi Dorsay wore a black velvet dress with short tunic and skirt, silver fox furs and a small black satin hat with tiny flaring veil. Helen Twelvetrees wore a black velvet dress, princesse, with muffs at top of sleeves and rhinestone buttons down the back. Arline Judge wore a pebble crepe, simply made, with big rhinestone buckle on the belt and a small black toque. Mrs. Edward G. Robinson wore a chocolate colored satin Maggy Rouff model from Paris, skirt and tunic, and a little chocolate color antelope skin hat with Mercury wings. Mrs. Skeets Gallagher wore a black velvet princesse gown trimmed at the neck in white ermine.

Lola Lane came with Al Hall. She wore a black corded silk dress with belt, a buckle of rhinestones, and a white corded silk yoke, the sleeves consisting of short drapes over the shoulders, also of corded white silk. Her costume was completed with a little black velvet hat. Barbara Weeks wore a green silk afternoon gown, tight fit-ting and plain. June Collyer wore a white corded silk dress, with rhinestone buckle on the belt, and a tiny hat of the same material.

Sue Carol was clad in a black taffeta, belted, its long collar flowing over the shoulders and trimmed with narrow white taffeta silk pleats, and a little white hat to match.

Jobyna Ralston Arlen wore a suit of pale blue flannel, slacks and jacket. We chatted with Frank Craven and (Please turn to page 102)



YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN BEAUTY

"When I was making a small salary
I always managed to have one goodlooking outfit."

It's almost the most important thing in a girl's life," Jeanette Macdonald told me, "and it's every girl's duty to look her best on every occasion, to be well groomed and to make the most of her good points and try to cover up the bad ones."

I was walking across the studio with Jeanette and as the sun shone on her bare head it brought out all the lights in her red-blond hair. I noticed her lovely skin, her well-groomed appearance, her general air of healthy exuberance and I said to myself: "Why shouldn't she be lovely? She has money, maids, everything done for her. What does she know about the beauty problem of the average girl?" Aloud I said: "What advice would you give the girl who hasn't all your opportunities?"

"I'd suggest going on a beauty budget," she said.
"The very first day of the year every girl should sit right down in front of the mirror and honestly take stock of her appearance—her clothes, her hair, her face, every phase of her personal appearance. And then plan her campaign to make the most of every advantage she possesses.

"Many girls fail to give their hair proper attention," Jeanette told me as I lingered in the studio while she ate her light tray luncheon.

Jeanette has the loveliest hair. When you are talking to her you can't keep your eyes from wandering to it.

"Light hair like mine," she told me, "has to be washed more often than dark hair to photograph and look well.

"Sometimes in the middle of a picture it is impossible to get a shampoo, so I dry clean it. I take a thin layer of absorbent cotton and push it well down into my hair brush and give my hair a good brushing.

"I keep my nails pliable and the cuticle healthy by putting liquid vaseline or cream on them and going to bed wearing a pair of white cotton gloves

two or three nights a week.

"When I was making a small salary I always managed to have one good-looking outfit. If I had to make my choice now I would prefer one really smart outfit to ten ordinary ones. Accessories are my passion. They make or ruin an outfit in my opinion. And it's such fun to wear a new set of accessories with an old dress and have everyone think you have a new outfit. The hat is most important, I think. When anyone tells me I am looking particularly well I always think to myself that it must be my hat.

"When you step out of a car your feet are the first thing anyone sees. When you are walking away from anyone, your feet are conspicuous, so it is important to have good looking shoes and nice stockings. And I don't try to save money on stockings. I don't buy the sheerest ones because I think that is extravagant; but I buy good ones.

"It depends on where a girl lives whether a fur coat is a necessity or a luxury. In California a fur coat is purely a luxury, but in a cold climate it is almost a necessity. There is nothing nicer than a good cloth coat with a good fur trimming, however. If you can afford it, invest in a good piece of fur that can be used on different coats or suits for years. If you can't afford good fur, don't have fur at all, for while cats and bunnies make nice pets they don't stand up very well under hard wear and nothing looks cheaper than cheap fur.

"In fact, I think the best of everything is the most economical in the end. I like the best of everything in my home, too. Years ago, before I could afford to buy many things I chose a sterling silver pattern for my flat tableware. I told all my friends the name of the pattern and hoped for the best. Before I knew it I had a complete set.

"I like to live well. I think everyone should live

"I like to live well. I think everyone should live as well as he can. I always have, but—and this is very important—I have always saved ten per cent

of my income first!'





(Above) Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in "I Am Suzanne," produced by Jesse Lasky for Fox Films. Included in the picture are the Piccoli Marionettes, the Yale Puppeteers and sixty of the Lasky dancing girls.

(Left) Spencer Tracy and Glenda Farrell in Columbia's "A Man's Castle," directed by Frank Borzage, one of Hollywood's megaphone aces.

(Below) Anna Sten in "Nana," which Samuel Goldwyn is producing for United Artists. In the cast are Richard Bennett, Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill.

Advance News of New

All of the latest facts from Hollywood about the movies in production and those planned

BY FRANC DILLON

EVEN before it is finished, Greta Garbo's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Queen Christina," seems to be the most important production of the month. Not only because it marks the reunion of Miss Garbo and Jack Gilbert, but also because of its lavish costumes and settings and its peek behind the scenes during one of the most interesting periods of Swedish history.

The story concerns Christina, who succeeded her father, King Gustavus Adolphus, to the Swedish throne. She was crowned King of Sweden instead of Queen, and loved to disguise herself as a boy and ride about the country alone. Although she loved to wear boys' clothes, she was really a very feminine woman and had many suitors.

While in Sweden recently, Miss Garbo obtained much authentic material—old prints, pictures, histories and data from historical societies. Not

one full-length picture could she find, however, of the beautiful young queen. For that reason you will see Miss Garbo in costumes that are exact copies to the knees, but from there down they are guess-work. But, so far as anyone knows, Adrian, the costume designer, may have guessed right. And who is going to worry about the hom

signer, may have guessed right. And who is going to worry about the hem of Miss Garbo's garment, anyway?

The most dramatic scene in the picture comes when the beautiful young queen (or king) throws off her royal robe and tells her people she is abdicating her throne. The crowd has gathered, the people think, to hear her accept the proposal of marriage of Prince Charles, their war leader. After the first shocked silence an angry protest arises. And then, like a crowd protest arises. And then, like a crowd of Hollywood fans, they rush forward to snatch a piece of her royal robe for



But the scene the Garbo-Gilbert fans will like is when, disguised as a boy, she meets Gilbert at a lonely inn, where she had arrived before him and engaged the last vacant room. It was necessary for them to share the room

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in one of the most effective scenes in "Queen Christina." the most-talked-about picture of the season in Hollywood.



(Above) Loretta Young in the first of her pictures under her new five-year contract with Twentieth Century, "Born to Be Bad."



Films in the Making

and John discovers that the young boy is a woman.

LIZABETH YOUNG, a young actress who has won her spurs on the New York stage but is new to pictures, gets a great break in this picture. Lunching at the Paramount Studio, where she is under contract, she was startled one day to have Rouben Mamoulian rush over to her with outstretched arms shouting: "My Ebba! After two months I have found my Ebba!"

Miss Young had never heard of Ebba, but she had heard interesting tales of the goings-on in Hollywood and thought the man must be insane. He quickly explained that Ebba was the lady-in-waiting to Queen Christina and he wanted her to play the part. She is the only woman in the cast with Miss Garbo.

She was thrilled, she admits, and adds, "Miss Garbo and I have become great friends. I like her very much."

And so Elizabeth is now a member of the S. N. A. G. S. (Say Nothing About Garbo Society), whose membership is so small, the desire to tell what they know about the mysterious Garbo being almost too strong for most people to resist.

"And how do you like Miss Garbo?" we asked little Cora Sue Collins, who plays the Queen as a little girl. "She's nice," giggled little Cora Sue. "I took my false teeth out and showed them to her and she laughed." Cora Sue, aged six, is minus two front teeth, so she wore a tiny plate for her scenes in the picture.

THE Garbo set, as usual, was closed to all but the people actually working on it. There is one school teacher at the studio and it was necessary for both Romeo, the little Eskimo boy, and Cora Sue to have their lessons together. For Cora Sue's convenience, the school room was moved temporarily into the Garbo set, and it fell to the lot of Romeo to be dragged unwillingly into this sacred territory.

Miss Garbo's schedule during production never varies a minute. You could set your watch by the entrance of her old limousine through the front gates each morning at seven-forty-

She spends an hour studying her lines and being made up. At nine o'clock on the dot she arrives on the set. At nine-thirty, the first scene rehearsed or made, she disappears within her portable dressing-room and has

fruit juice and tea—her breakfast. At twelve-thirty she goes to her dressingroom and has lunch alone and is back on the set promptly at one-thirty.

on the set promptly at one-thirty.

Usually at five o'clock, never later than six, she calls it a day and goes home. If it looks as if the company will continue working, her colored maid appears with a glass of water in her hand. That is the prearranged signal that it is time for the Great Garbo to go home. And she goes.

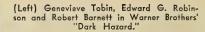
Garbo to go home. And she goes.

With Lewis Stone as her faithful adviser; Ian Keith as her jealous exlover and Reginald Owen as the war leader, Prince Charles, the cast is practically perfect. You may not be interested in Swedish history or in the love-making of Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert, but even so this picture must certainly win you for its sheer pictorial beauty.

M AKING motion pictures may be just a "Bed of Roses" to Constance Bennett, but to Lilian Harvey it seems to be a series of broken toes, torn ligaments and black-and-blue spots. When I saw her dance onto the set of "I Am Suzanne" and go gravely from one to another—director, cameraman, prop men, chorus men—and shake hands with each one, I wondered









Clive Brook and Irene Dunne in Radio's "If
I Were Free."



Joe E. Brown and pretty Jean Muir in Warner Brothers' "Son of a Sailor,"

(Left) When James Cagney finds that Mae Clarke is in the same compartment with him, California-bound, he decided to make the best of it, in "The Finger Man."

if that was a daily occurrence. But I was told that she had been home for a couple of days nursing her bruises which she got in a dance number for the picture.

the picture.

Anxiously she stood in front of the camera and asked, "Do my black spots show?"

They did, so a make-up man was summoned to cover them up with grease paint and powder. Some of the spots were four or five inches square. Or round. So you can understand how Lilian suffers for her art.

"Toboggan riders, make your ascension!" sounded suddenly out of a loud speaker, and up the miniature mountain went the riders to the top of a real toboggan slide. The whole set, a copy of St. Moritz, was covered with snow and ice—only it is a composition of hypo-sulphate. And the trick skaters told me it was very difficult to skate on.

Soon the whole stage was crowded with dancers, skaters, toboggan riders and spectators dressed in gaily colored costumes of wool, silk, velvet, fur, cloth of gold, silver brocade and satin. How would you like to go for a sleigh ride wearing a satin blouse and crepe

de chine bloomers? It might not feel so good at St. Moritz, but in the huge sound stage at the Fox Studio such a costume is just dandy.

THE story is by Rowland V. Lee, who also directs the picture, and Edwin Justus Mayer gives you a peep behind the scenes of a puppet show where Gene Raymond works; and a musical revue next door where Lilian Harvey is the star. It takes years to learn to manipulate a puppet, but Gene did so well in a few days that he was offered a job, which he did not accept.

There is comedy, romance and pathos. The scenes in the children's hospital where Gene takes his puppets to amuse the tiny invalids in order to pay the doctor who attends Lilian when she is injured, will wring tears from the hardest-hearted person. But the next minute you will be laughing at the antics of Georgia Caine, comedienne from the New York stage, who is a lot like Charlotte Greenwood.

The Teatro dei Piccoli Marionettes, famous in Europe, and the Yale Puppeteers, well-known in this country, will be seen. The Yale Puppeteers do a review number in miniature just as Lilian does it in the St. Moritz scene. One of the chorus men in this number, "I Want to Build a Snow Man," is Gilbert Wilson, who is Elsie Janis' husband. He is getting experience and learning the business for future ventures.

Leslie Banks, who was so frightening in "The Most Dangerous Game," menaces Lilian in this picture, and sixty Lasky girls, all chosen for exceptional beauty, add to the pictorial values. I left the set humming the music and you'll leave the theater doing the same thing.

ing the same thing.

Lilian continues to be Hollywood's most popular star. I mean, with the people who work with her day after day. With more energy than most people she works her director nearly to death, but is always gracious and charming. I overheard a reporter asking for an interview, but the director said that every minute of her time was taken. "Well, can you come over to my house at seven-thirty tomorrow morning?" Lilian asked him. When the reporter was convinced that she was in earnest he promised to try and be there.

Every Monday morning she hands the head prop man a twenty-dollar bill to be used for sodas for the crew on the set. She never forgets anyone. What a gal!

"DON'T collapse now," said Director Norman McLeod to 17-year-old Charlotte Henry, "but you are going to be Aisor." And so Charlotte promptly collapsed. When she had finished collapsing she cried and cried and cried. And then she felt just dandy.

Even if you are more than seventeen years old, you can imagine the thrill of winning a role that was sought by 7,000 girls from all over the World. Blonde Ida Lupino came all the way from London to put in her application for the part and although she didn't get it, she did win a contract with Paramount.

Charlotte was the very last girl to apply for the job. In fact, the director had decided not to make any more tests, but changed his mind when he saw Charlotte, who thinks that prayer had a lot to do with his decision. That is, her prayers, of course. Now she is about the happiest little girl in Hollywood, "or anywhere," she says. Even when they kept her in a tank of water for two days, her ardor was not dampened and she is thrilled that many stars whom she has worshipped from afar for years are actually working in the picture with her.

THE very first day on the picture she collapsed again, which makes her a regular collapser, but Louise Fazenda did, too, which makes it all right. It all happened because everyone was very nervous and when a rubber tire, which Louise was wearing underneath her costume, exploded with a loud bang, both Louise and Charlotte fell on the floor in a heap of hysteria.

Her mother won't come near the studio. Says she doesn't want to be a stage mother, and Charlotte, left unchaperoned for the first time in her life, goes on a regular spree of ham sandwiches and sodas every day for lunch. You'll see the picture Christmas week. Charlotte goes to New York to make personal appearances with it. Her salary is a modest one, but her contract calls for more money soon. She's young, healthy, pretty and hasn't a teaspoonful of temperament—yet.

All the characters of the book will



Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi in a scene from
"By Candlelight," produced by Universal,
one of the most delightful stories of the
year. Esther Ralston, Nils Asther and Dorothy
Revier are also in the cast.



Rochelle Hudson, Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts in "Mr. Skitch."



The eight beautiful girls in "Eight Girls in a Boat," the Paramount production directed by Richard Wallace.

be seen in the picture—the White King (Ford Sterling); the White Queen (Louise Fazenda); the White Pawn (Billy Barty); the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher); Mouse (Raymond Hatton); the Dodo Bird (Polly Moran); Caterpillar (Ned Sparks); Frog (Sterling Holloway); the Duchess (Alison Skipworth); Cook (Lillian Harmer); the Cheshire Cat (Richard Arlen); the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton); the March Hare (Charles Ruggles); the Dormouse (Jackie Searle); the King of Hearts (Alec B. Francis); the Mock Turtle (Bing Crosby), who sings "Soup, Soup, Beautiful Soup"; the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver); Tweedledee (Jack Oakie); Tweedledum (Roscoe Karns); the Queen changed into a sheep (Mae Marsh); Humpty Dumpty (W. C. Fields); the White Knight (Gary Cooper)—they're all there, and I imagine when you see the picture you'll imagine you are seven again!

If you like your pictures a riot of confusion and noise and laughs, don't miss "Hollywood Party." With Jimmy Durante going at his usual pace, to say nothing of Lupe Velez after him with a knife, Polly Moran

and Jack Pearl adding comedy, you will be lucky to emerge from the theater in a sane condition.

The picture moves so fast you can't possibly keep up with the plot, written by Howard Dietz and Arthur Kober. But when you can sit and laugh, why bother about plots?

June Clyde and Eddie Quillan furnish the love interest; Ben Bard is Sharley to Jack Pearl's Baron Munchausen, and Richard Carle and Tom Kennedy also appear in important

Richard Boleslavsky, who ordinarily makes drawing-room pictures, directed this one.

Every morning before she went on the set Lupe Velez would rush up to someone and ask: "What is that director's name?" and then when she had to address him, having already forgotten his name, would say, "Oh, you bowl of sumpteeng!"

One day Lupe forgot her lines. Over and over they took the scene and every time Lupe forgot. Suddenly she looked up and saw Johnny Weissmuller watching her. "Now I know what ees the matter. You watch me. I make meestake. You go 'way!" Lupe ex-



claimed. And Johnny ran off that stage faster than he ever swam in his

ANY picture with Jimmy Cagney as the star must be interesting, if for no other reason than because he is in it. In "The Finger Man," an original story by Rosalind Shaffer, you see Jimmy first as an usher in a movie theater, then a thief, next as a rack-eteer, a bum and then doing extra work in motion pictures, which eventually leads to stardom.

Someone had a brilliant idea to use scenes from Jimmy's pictures to show his rise from extra to star. "Which would make it look as if the picture was a story of my life," said Jimmy, who thinks, and yelled his head off until the fellow who thought that up disappeared in the direction of the Thousand Islands. Or was it Toluca Lake?

Mae Clarke plays the girl who lives in sin and comes to no good end when Jimmy grabs her by the hair and throws her out into the night. They had quite a time deciding just how Jimmy should manhandle Mae, because Jimmy has his public to think of and just must manhandle a woman in every picture.

Remember how he rubbed grape-fruit in Mae's face in "Public Enemy?"

Margaret Lindsay is the good little girl who gets her reward—Jimmy, of course—but she also has to put up with animals of all kinds. Jimmy had just arrived at the stardom stage when I visited him on the set and I heard Margaret screaming: "They're in the bedroom, in the bathroom, in the

The first airplane musical to sing and dance on the screen is RKO's "Flying Down to Rio," with a rhythmic cast containing Dolores with a rhythmic cast containing Dolores Del Rio, Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond and Fred Astaire. Above is a rehearsal in progress, with Miss Rogers and Fred Astaire at the rear right. This photograph is particularly interesting because it is typical of the "waiting time" so little understood by the layman who is permitted inside a studio. The actual "shooting time" is frequently not more than ten minutes out of the day's work. The remainder of the day is consumed with rehearsals and waiting time—waiting for lights to be arranged, for the microphone to be adjusted, for missing "props" to be found and for other innumerbale, unforeseen delays.

ice-box—everywhere. I simply can't stand it . . . " But just at that mostand it . . . But just at that moment she was interrupted by the butler. "I beg pardon, ma'am," he said. "There's a man at the door with an elephant." And it was only monkeys that Margaret was complaining about so bitterly, thirty-six of them. And Margaret was delighted when six of them were lost one day on location.

In an exciting chase when gangsters are after Jimmy and the police are after the gangsters, a scene was taken that had never been written into the script. Speeding down the road at better than fifty miles an hour, Jimmy ran into a bit of wet pavement at the same time a car coming from the op-posite direction reached the spot. Both cars spun around and stopped a few inches apart. Jimmy looked up at the driver of the other car. It was his brother, Bill.

"Have a heart, Jim," said Bill. "Remember I've been married only two days.

Roy Del Ruth is directing this picture and it looks and sounds like a natural for Jimmy Cagney's fans.

"B UT I don't want to carry an accordion. I want to carry a fiddle. I can play a fiddle."

It was Will Rogers, arguing over a scene for his current picture "Mr

scene for his current picture, "Mr. Skitch." The script called for an accordion; dialogue had been written about an accordion and so Director James Cruze won the argument that day and insisted that Mr. Rogers carry an accordion.

But when it came to an argument over letting Mary Rogers work in the over letting Mary Rogers work in the picture—well, that was a different story. Mr. Cruze made tests of her. "She was perfect for the part and I wanted her," he said. But Will Rogers said, no. He didn't want people saying that his daughter got a job through her dad's influence of the work her dad's influence.

saying that his daughter got a job through her dad's influence.
"And after all," Mr. Cruze explained, "Mr. Rogers can be head man in his own family."
So Will won that argument and Rochelle Hudson, who has been seen too seldom recently, fell heir to the role. Good-looking Charles Starrett plays opnosite her. plays opposite her.

WILL ROGERS, who has been just about everything in his pictures, is seen as an extraordinary tourist in this story by Anne Cameron. Most of the settings for the picture are auto camps, so you can imagine the oppor-tunities for the good old Rogers' touches.

Harry Green, as usual, wrote his



own dialogue and there are some very amusing situations between him and Will Rogers. Both of these comedians ad lib a lot, which caused James Cruze to tear his hair even though he had to laugh.

Florence Desmond, that clever little English girl who impersonates everyone of importance, plays herself in the picture. She has added an impersonation of Rogers to her collection and it's funny how people—even famous people-like to see themselves imitated.

ZaSu Pitts is also in this picture, just to complete an already perfect cast. Mr. Rogers calls her "Bazoo." "She's different from other Hollywood girls," Rogers said. "She looks dumb but she's really smart."

The script called for twin girls about ten years old. A search was begun and lots of twins submitted to Mr. Rogers, but to each pair he said, "No." "I don't want beautiful little made-up girls," He finally said. "I want little girls that look like little girls." search ended when Glorea Jean and Cleora Joan Rubb were given the job. And they weren't twins at allbut cousins!

BETTER than good enough" is the way Samuel Goldwyn described "Nana," the setting for his new Russian star, Anna Sten. And he has spared no expense to make it perfect.

A year was spent in teaching Miss Sten to speak English and not until her teacher pronounced her ready, did Mr. Goldwyn make preparations to

Mr. Goldwyn make preparations to present her in a picture. When the picture was half finished he declared it was "not good enough."

He scrapped every bit of the film, hired a new director and cast and started all over again. Two hundred

and fifty thousand dollars at least thrown into the ash can. "But 'Nana' must be good enough to guarantee Miss Sten's future on the screen," Mr. Goldwyn explained; and with a hand that is as infinitely patient as it is lavish, he is spending a fortune on it.

Willard Mack and Harry Gribble adapted Emile Zola's bitter romance of the streetwalker who became an actress and a fine lady, with the circuscolored, gas-lit Paris of 1870 as a setting. And Dorothy Arzner, the only successful woman director at present, is in charge.

Lionel Atwill and Phillips Holmes are the brothers with whom Nana has her final fling; Richard Bennett is the Greiner who pilots her destiny in the theater. Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirk-land are always at her side as the Satin and the Mimi of the story

Mae Clarke, who is suing Phillips Holmes for damages she received when riding in his car which he ran into a curb, has ardent love scenes with him in this picture. The suit didn't seem to affect their ardor, however, and apparently they are still the best of friends.

W HEN it was announced that Dorothy Arzner would direct the picture, she received many telephone calls from her friends begging her not to undertake the job.

"That Sten girl is the most tem-peramental woman in the world. You'll ruin yourself and only get wrinkles, they said. But Dorothy, who has had experience directing many of Hollywood's stars, told me after three weeks on the picture that "never in all the years of my experience have I known a less temperamental woman. She is simple, direct and without affectation." Which, you must admit, is quite a statement.

Miss Sten gets quite worked up be-cause writers continually refer to her

as a German.

"I'm not a German. I never was a German. I'm a Russian and lived in Germany for two years. Now I'm a naturalized American citizen and, more than that, I'm a Californian."

Lionel Atwill, who replaced Warren

William in the cast when Mr. William could not be spared from his own studio long enough to appear in the new version of "Nana," has curly hair and therefore didn't have to suffer the agonies of having his hair permanently

waved as Mr. William did for the role.
Samuel Goldwyn pictures always maintain a high standard; you can't go far wrong in seeing them all. And Nana," as a setting for Miss Sten's American debut, promises to be very interesting. There is a friendly feeling in the company that augurs well for the success of the picture.

THE presence of Ann Harding in a The presence of Ann attachment picture always makes that picture important to this reviewer, and, too, the fact that she considers "Gallant Lady" a good story and that she is surrounded by an excellent cast, make this picture one to be put on your list of pictures to see.

Gilbert Emery, who wrote "Tarnish" and many other successes, with Douglas Doty, wrote the original story, and Sam Mintz made the screen adaptation. Gregory La Cava directed.

I was watching them make a scene on a pier. The huge sound stage at United Artist looked like the inside of a pier without any alterations, and when a gangplank was built just out-

(Please turn to page 104)

The PEOPLE'S Academy

Fundamentals: Films are being emasculated by the new standard of taste which abject snobbishness has erected.
Is it "sophisticated?"

Neither story nor dialogue nor character stands a chance unless it comes under that head!

Unless, that is, it is shallow, affected

or sexy.

I suppose it is no use pointing out that the greatest literature and drama means by directly oppohas been made great by directly oppo-site qualities—by depth, simplicity and naturalness.

Was "Romeo and Juliet" sophisticated? Was "Faust" affected? Was "Adam Bede" shallow or "Ivanhoe"

Hollywood! Get down to funda-mentals!—Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs, Eng-Hollywood!

Remakes in Sound: Since producers are having more and more old silent films made into talkies, why can't we have some of the old "kid" films remade? Jackie Coogan's pictures, for instance, especially that child classic, "The Boy of Flanders." We all loved that picture back then and, since our tastes haven't changed so much in a few years, we'd all adore it now. With Dickie Moore in Jackie's role, the film would be perfect. Another film I'd like to see with the addition of sound is "Ben Hur." I hardly think it needs to be remade (in my opinion the acting and filming couldn't be improved upon), but with the addition of sound it would be superb—what a thrill seeing those two pictures again would bring!—Mrs. Effie Myers, Williamsnort. Ind Jackie's role, the film would be perfect. Myers, Williamsport, Ind.

Let Bruce be Himself: Who started this "he looks so much like Clark

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

1-Best all-around feature picture -Best performance (actress)

3-Best performance (actor)

-Best musical picture

5-Best human interest picture

6-Best mystery picture

7-Best romance 8-Best comedy

9-Best short reel picture

10-Best news reel picture

11-Best direction 12—Best story



"We'd like to see more of Robert Mont-gomery and Madge Evans as a team. They balance and complement each other perfectly, we think."



'How about William Powell and Janet Gaynor in a picture together?'

Gable" idea? Good grief! why don't they let Bruce Cabot be himself, instead of typing him? He's really good. It's about time he got a big chance. Clark Gable—poof! Why, Bruce can run rings around him any day. And while we're on the subject, who is dissatisfied with Adrienne Ames? Is it her fault that she looks as she does? Give the girl a break. Crawford is Crawford; there's no doubt about it; so let Ames be Ames. Even if you don't like her looks, there are others that do. Maybe you've never looked in a mirror. Maybe you've never looked in a mirron. Here's to Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, and I'll stand up for them any time.—Dorothy Bel Cranston, 1145 A Madison, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Here's a Prediction: In anticipation of the coming Garbo picture I wish to make a prediction about John Gilbert. He will be a tremendous success. Why shouldn't he be, in the choicest male snouldn't he be, in the choicest male role of the season, opposite the one and only Greta Garbo? With this grand opportunity as a weapon he will gallantly fight his way back into your hearts as only John Gilbert can. He has the acting ability—the screen personality—and the manly vitality to win the admiration of everyone.

I am anyiously waiting to see "Opposite the screen personality waiting to see "Opposite the one and only great grand provided the screen personality waiting to see "Opposite the one and only great grand provided the screen personality waiting to see "Opposite the one and only great grand only grand opposite the one and only great grand opposite the one and only great grand opposite the one and only grand opposite the opposite th

I am anxiously waiting to see "Queen Christina" and take a bow to Greta Garbo for her selection of John Gilbert as her leading man.—Albert S. Weiman, 4002 York Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Come on, Joan: Instead of razzing Joan Crawford all the time, give her a break. I am tired of hearing fans criticize her since her divorce. What if she did divorce Doug? That is her own personal affair and you can be sure she had a good reason and didn't do it just for publicity. Come on, Joan, keep your chin up, square your shoulders and let's see lots of you. I loathe a weak woman. P. R. C., 101 Cornelia Street, Pittston, Pa.

Jean Not Herself: In all the pictures Jean Not Herself: In all the pictures
I've seen Jean Harlow in, she acts
divine!—but I don't believe it is really
herself. Why not put her in a role that
is really Jean? I'm sure she would
make a hit—and we fans would love
to see what she really is!

You don't need to tell me that Myrna Loy is beautiful!—such perfect lips, nose and eyes! But why not give her some big roles soon?—Dixie Alice Franck, Route 2, Box 61, Denton,

That Mysterious Allure: My hat is off to that mysterious, handsome actor, none other than the incomparable Nils

There's an actor who has that mysterious allure which makes him create an impression without uttering a word. Besides that, he has that certain something which shines forth from no other screen actor. I never miss any of his pictures and I enjoy 'em tremendously. I wish they would team him with Greta Garbo again and I wish the fans would discover him the way they discovered

her.
Nils is too wonderful for words—
Marie B. Gutierrez, Albuquerque, N. M.

"You All" Are Wrong: I just want to know where you get that "you all" stuff when the actors and actresses are speaking to one person? You certainly couldn't have been South.

Jack Oakie did it in "Too Much Har-mony." That negro did it in "Wild Girl," and I've seen it quite a number

of other times.

That expression grew out of our southern hospitality, meaning to include everyone all of the time. We never use it to mean one person; not even the negroes do that. And I (quite first them have expressed the same a few others have expressed the same opinion) think you are over-doing it. You just show that you don't know the first thing about the southern people.— Mrs. Blanche L. Solomon, Savannah Beach, Ga.

Middle Age in the Movies: Why do young movie actresses think middle age

is finis to their careers?

As I thrilled to "Lady for a Day," I thought I would rather play the part of "Apple Annie" than any other. It was a grand role and May Robson acted it superbly.—Mrs. C. D. Palmer, 2513 Northway Avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Which? The Garbo Influence vs. The West Habit: We are creatures of habit and how quickly we can form one! We, members of the great movie mob,



"Why is it we all like Aline MacMahon? Because she is natural, and not affected, as most stars are."

see a glamorous, glittering, slender and appealing lady, illusive and with the mysteries of the universe in her fathomless eyes-and we all want Garbos on the screen henceforth. Nothing less will satisfy us. We have formed the Garbo habit; it's the Garbo influence

at work.
Then along comes an "inviting" (c'm up 'n see me some time), sexy, curvy lady, who is no angel and has done him wrong—ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mae West! And now, what have we? A little more fat here, a few we? A little more fat here, a few more curves there, hips to the right of us, busts to the left of us, every mother's daughter trying to develop. A million "inviting" little Maes, acting like no angel ever acted, are all about us. We now have the Mae West habit. I'm biding my time 'till that thar Queen Christina flashes across the screen. Will we shed our Mae West habit and return to the Garbo influence? We shall see.—Kay Newton, 201 E. 24th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

C'mon Over Santa: I wish to contribute my little thought to your magazine. Dear Santa Claus:

Dear Santa Claus, I don't want much, Just one gift or two; For a while I'll be content With Bennett's eyes of blue.

Then, for a while, if you don't mind, I'd like another gift; This time I think it shall be The figure of Mae West.

Then last of all, but far from least, A present to make me content, A present to make the content,
I'd live my life over, if I could have,
The look of ZaSu Pitts.

Bernice Gregory, 1805 Washington
Street, Wilmington, Del.



"Whether you agree with me or not, I think Miriam Hopkins is the best young actress in the movies." . . . Here you see Miss Hopkins entertaining an old-time pal of the New York stage, Peggy Conklin. Miriam is now in the oft-planned and oft-delayed "Chrysalis."

Give us more of Franchot Tone. He will surely be a great star. I liked him so much in "Midnight Mary" that I can the picture four times. Girls, i saw the picture four times. Girls, i'you're looking for an ideal man, se-how you like Franchot Tone.—Doroth Black, 7648 Sagamon St., Chicago, Ill.

Powell and Gaynor: How about the liam Powell and Janet Gaynor in a picture together? It may sound impossible—but Powell is so worldly wise to the company of and Gaynor so "delicious:" . . Why not?—Gwendolyn Woodward, 427 N. 18th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Suggestions: What is all this tosh about Nils Asther being the "male Garbo?" The handsome Swedish gentleman must either be sadly lacking in finesse or he has an exceptionally stupid press-agent. Possibly both.

Doesn't Asther know that such publicity will be actively resented by both Garboites and anti-Garboites? That the pros will want to boil him in oil for stealing the Great One's very special thunder, and the antis will heartily dislike him because he purports to be the masculine equivalent of what they most detest in the feminine original?

Puh-lease, Mr. Asther! Be yourself -an intriguing, exciting, fascinating, spectacular screen personality. (Who cares what you are off the screen?) And if you simply must go for those famous long, lonely walks in the rain—at least, take along an umbrella. Garbo may not catch a cold, but you might



"And when he rolls those eyes, why, my heart just seems to stand still. Who?—why, you know it's Baby Leroy."

contract pneumonia. All Swedes can't stand the California climate!—Irene M. Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.

Encore! Encore! Katharine Hepburn—the very personification of individuality. That is my opinion of her. She has straight, perfect, white teeth; her nostrils have a cultured cut; her voice comes from the screen, so unexpected, but still, after a word or two, so satisfactorily. Her face and body are shapely and thin, but not bony, and she wears her clothes to perfection. Miss Hepburn certainly is "the year's outstanding star." Here's to her superb acting in "Morning Glory" and may we see more of her!—Miss Ruth Walker, 17 Plover Road, Quincy, Mass. Encore! Encore! Katharine Hep-

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE POYS one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Simply Natural: Why is it we all lik. Marie Dressler, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell, and Aline McMahon? Because they act natural, not affected, as most stars do. They are like people you know in real life, and that is the way they are in reel life.

All the world abhors artificiality in any form, so why make movies where

the actors and actresses do not act like human beings? I am sure that much of the depression in the Hollywood studios could be traced to this one fault — artificiality.— Lucille Hanson, 2630 N. 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Slapstick Condemned: Some misguided movie critics have condemned "Tugboat Annie" as being pure slapstick, cheap comedy and unadulterated

hokum. It must be something they ate!

If "Tugboat Annie" be pure slapstick, then I'm quite willing to make the most of it; quite willing to see a few more similarly slandered pictures. It is at least a picture that makes a fellow laugh ... and that's something

fellow laugh . . . and that's something.
Call it slapstick, cheap comedy or
hokum . . . if it tickles the risibilities
it has achieved at least one definite
purpose. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the main purpose of a pic-ture is to entertain. Surely if it sets





Douglass Montgomery, winning one of the prize roles of the year—Laurie in "Little Women"—is up and coming. You'll hear a lot about him during the next few months.

you into a rollicking gale of laughter it has entertained. And how could "Tug-boat Annie" do otherwise than entertain when Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are teamed up together? Ask me another!—Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

What Do You Say? We'd like to see more of Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as a team. They balance and complement each other perfectly. Together, they are doubly effective. And Miss Evans has the most beautiful femining voice in the movies—Mys. feminine voice in the movies.—Mrs. Thomas Lockington, 109 West Mercer, Seattle, Wash.

Why Waste Montgomery? Ordinarily, Robert Montgomery is very clever and can steal a picture from the best, but in "Another Language" he was so weighted down with jealous characteristics that he could not carry any laurels. Anyone who heard him broadcast several weeks ago has to admit that he is in step with Hollywood's best. Why place Montgomery in such a role as the one he played in "Another Language?" Most Columbus fans disliked him and it will not take many pictures like this one to ruin him. Helen Hayes climbs a little closer to perfection with each picture she gives us.—Kathryn L. Uhrig, 310 South Burgess Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Varied Tastes: For real cultured entertainment, I liked "White Sister" best. "State Fair" was as good as a visit to the folks back home, whereas "42nd Street" was just what I needed to make me forget hard times. My favorite artist is Marie Dressler, though I like them all.

With millions of movie fans and varied tastes, there's room for much talent. But judging from some fan letters, they can't please everybody.

Personally, I can't see any sense in knocking those I don't happen to fancy, because the stars we are goofy about somebody else no doubt considers all wet—and there you are. I figure they have to be good to get where they are and the artist is not always to blame for a poor picture. However, I find that I must first re-

spect a person before I can appreciate

his talent, otherwise I lose interest. And I cannot tolerate snob stuff or sex pictures that remind me of cheap carnival side-shows.

I like The New Movie Magazine because it is chock full of interesting material and priced so that we can afford to read it.—Mrs. Bessie G. Royce, 1203 South Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dimples Galore: He's got the sweetest smile I ever saw and dimples galore! And when he rolls those eyes, why, my heart just seems to stand still. Here's to the cutest and most captivating little kid on the screen—who? Baby LeRoy!—Lovina Spaulding, 128 S. Broadway, Redonda Beach, Cal.

Unhappy Endings: I wonder when the producers will decide that we have had enough tragedy for a while and give us a few pictures with happy endings. For the past year or longer the pictures of the highest ratings have been stories of grief and woe. Is it necessary to have death scenes in order for the players to show their best work? I centainly hope that future pictures will include at least a few more of the more pleasant type.

I should like to have more singing in the movies. There is plenty of talent, why let it go to waste? John Boles acts well enough and is certainly good to look at, but since he is endowed with to look at, but since he is endowed with a golden voice, why not let the public have a chance to enjoy it? Because of John Boles' singing, "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" are immortal in my memory. I plead for more on the same order.—Frances B. Lilly, Box 504, Welch, West Virginia.

Those Chronic Annoyers! Can't something be done to kill or cure the chronic peanut-eaters, sack rattlers, perpetual conversationalists and self-appointed vocal and foot accompanists to musical scores who spell absolute ruination to



Lupino, sixteen-year-old member of the English stage family which has been prominent theatrically for more than three hundred years, traveled six thousand miles to Hollywood to take tests for the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland." She didn't get the part, but she did get a contract— and you'll be seeing her in this and that Paramount picture, if not in "Alice."



Photo by Wide World

Pola's back, Pola from Poland. Her first venture is a New York stage play, then, perhaps, another adventure into American movies. This is her latest, and assures you that she is the same dashing creature.

an evening's entertainment?

It is amazing, the number of people who go to the movies for a lap picnic! The point of an entire picture may be lost when, at a highly dramatic moment, one's thick-skinned neighbor plunges into the depths of a sack after a chocolate caramel, starting a rattle like that of a tin roof in a rain storm!

—G. Ann Shelberg, R. 1, Nelson, Minn.

How About Africa? Gable—I admit! He's all you say and more-tall, dark and handsome-and a regular fellow!!! But when it comes to good looks, Raymond has it all over Clark like a

tent. We want more pictures with Gene Raymond and Carole Lombard. What a couple!! What a couple!! We also want some new and entertaining "Betty Boops" and "Mickey Mice..." (I guess that's right—plural of mouse is mice). of mouse is mice.)

I can truthfully say that the suggestion for more animal pictures didn't appeal to me and a number of my friends.

We've too many animal pictures as it is. Give us a good drama and leave the animals in Africa.—Lily Schure, 212 Division Street, Amsterdam, N. Y. Answers, Please: All these actresses

that have been before the public for the last three years doing the same old stuff, over and over again . . . For instance, Janet Gaynor, Karen Morley, Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy. never seem to change, always the same old poker faces who make one feel they are only acting to please themselves, and in a very indifferent way, too. Hollywood is full of good people who can ACT, with variations, at least. Why not give them a chance? They'll work for half the outrageous salaries, I'm

I am very much relieved to find that Paramount has at last found some poor soul to play "Alice," in "Alice In Wonderland." (I can't see what they want to make that picture for, in the first place.) And the girl they picked (Charlotte Henry) is one who has been in pictures before. I thought they were looking for that "New and Different Type."—Bryan Waller, 222 So. Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.



KAY FRANCIS' TEN RULES

SMARTNESS

- 1 Study your figure carefully and wear only the liner that set lit off to the best advantage.
- 2 Insist on good materials; to buy rhead ones is false economy.
- 3 Be sure that everything you wear fits perfectly. An extra fitting will pay high dividends in smartness.
- 4 Never buy anything unless you are positive that it "suits your type." I have few rules about what I wear and what I will not wear, but as soon as I put a dress on I know instinctively whether it is my dress? or not
- I know instinctively whether it is imy dress or not.

 Again, when buying, be practical. Don't let fads or the gargeousness of some model make you forget for what purpose you want the garment.
- 6 Pay especial attention to accessories. They make or ruin a costume. They may match or contrast, but they should be carefully assembled, in not more than two colors, one of which should match the dress or coat.
- 7 Select fashionable colors of the moment only if they are becoming to you. For instance, if eel gray makes you feel and look depressed, don't wear it, even if you do see quantities of it in every shop window.
- 8 If you are above medium height, never wear low heels to make you look shorter. They are in good taste only with sports clothes and costumes designed for walking. With dressy or formal clothes, flat heels only serve to call attention to your height, thus defeating your purpose in wearing them.
- 9 Watch your carriage. Gowns immediately take an added distinction if you stand and walk erect.
- 10 Never attempt the exotic. Bizarre, fantastic, extreme effects may attract attention—but, if you wish to be colled truly smart, it is not the attention you want.

FASHIONS

DIRECT FROM THE STARS

Here is a new sort of fashion service for the New Movie Magazine Reader

HO is the best dressed woman in Hollywood? That's a question that is so much easier to ask than to answer. In a way it's a little absurd to try to answer it with any intention of finality, because to do so would indicate a single standard of perfection in dress. And the real charm of fashion depends on variety, on personality and individuality. Your opinion on this subject would depend on your own personality and your own style in dress. You may especially admire the style of some woman whom you resemble in some way or another or you may be attracted by one who is your complete opposite.

Possibly there is no place where it is so difficult to settle this question of first place in fashion as in Hollywood because there is no place where one finds so many beautiful women with the good taste and money needed for perfect dressing.

Lilyan Tashman, one of Hollywood's best dressed women, has nominated Norma Shearer, while Lilian Harvey, another exquisitely dressed woman, decides in favor of Kay Francis. Other stars, whose names are most frequently mentioned when this topic of smart dressing is up for discussion, are Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Lilian Harvey, Miriam Jordan, Helen Twelvetrees, Sari Maritza, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow.

One of Mary Lane's correspondents wrote to ask her whom Lilian Harvey considered the best dressed woman in Hollywood and Miss Harvey names Kay Francis because: "She wears clothes that any lady could wear."

"I don't feel qualified to say whom I consider the bestdressed woman in pictures," Miss Harvey goes on, "because I'm a comparative stranger in Hollywood. But I think Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise' was the most gorgeously dressed woman I have ever seen.

"Her clothes are never theatrical and are always in perfect taste. Any lady could wear Kay's clothes. She is never sensational in her clothes; she never tries to be exotic. She wears her clothes beautifully and adds to her attractiveness by carrying herself well and not slouching as many tall girls do."

"But I don't like it," says Miss Francis frankly, "I don't want to be known as a clothes horse. I want to be known as a good actress."

But because we insisted, Miss Francis gave us ten rules that she follows when buying clothes—rules which she believes will cover the problems of any woman in any profession or walk of life.



MARY LANE

To help readers of the New Movie Magazine choose their autumn wardrobes, Mary Lane has obtained autumn color schemes shown in the new wardrobes of four different actresses of different types. This has been arranged in a circular which will tell you the smart colors and color schemes for street, sports, formal evening and informal evening wear. If you would like a copy of this circular please send your request to Mary Lane, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Rochelle Hudson gives us a glimpse of the smartly tailored lingerie she chooses for daytime wear.

HOLLYWOOD STYLE FOR YOU

You can make the new lingerie designed in Hollywood with the aid of our New Method Circulars

By FRANCES COWLES

T seems like a simple trick to design slips and stepins, combinations and nightgowns in keeping with the prevailing mode. But actually it's not so easy, and nowhere are young women so exacting about the design of their underthings as in Filmland. They must provide a perfectly smooth foundation for the new form-revealing clothes, yet there must be nothing tight or uncomfortable about them.

Strictly tailored lingerie should be worn with tailored or sports clothes while the more elaborate lace trimmed or finely embroidered garments may be worn with afternoon, evening and light summer dresses.

Rochelle Hudson chooses strictly tailored things for daytime wear. They are made of the finest quality silk, but they are so simply designed that it's no trick at all to copy them. Hand-made French lingerie with just a bit of fine embroidery are chosen by other stars while for evening wear, lace is often used with a lavish hand.

Lovely fine material can be had at moderate prices in soft shades of pink and blue or white if you wish. Why not start the New Year by replenishing your lingerie supply. You can make it yourself by hand or by machine in spare moments and it will have that individual touch that you do not find in ready-made lingerie.

Our New Method Circulars this month give diagrams from which you can replenish your own supply of dainty lingerie. Here they are:

Ja. 274. Hollywood combination made with a smoothly fitting top and side pleated lower portion.

Ja. 275. Hollywood step-ins with side pleats to give smooth straight line at the hips.

Ja. 276. The new nightgown

Ja. 276. The new nightgown with diagonal seams to give admirable waist-line slimness.

Ja. 277. The new four-piece slip with diagonal seaming.

Ja. 278. French panties with flat hipline—with directions for embroidery trim-

Ja. 279. A new style combination that may be altered to suit the figure by means of the diagonal side seaming.

To obtain diagram circulars please turn to page 93.



Photographed exclusively for The New Monte Magazine by Liver Fiver

Mary Astor seems to grow lovelier every day. Each new portrait endows her with added charm. You see her now as a new Warner star, lately in "The Kennel Murder Case," and last in "Convention City," in which she dazzles with Adolphe Monjou, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

Youth Looks Ahead

(Continued from page 40)



Dorothy Short, M-G-M's newest discovery, with Maureen O'Sullivan. Her first picture will be "Tarzan and His Mate."

in Polly Ann's costume, the substitu-tion of Loretta was not noticed. It was Loretta's opportunity, and she rec-ognized it. Soon after that she was given a contract, left school and began her career as an actress.

It was about this time that she went to see "Seventh Heaven." She saw her-

to see "Seventh Heaven." She saw herself as a great star. The next day she rushed into Jack Warner's office.

"I've found a director," she said breathlessly. "If you get Frank Borzage to direct me I'll be as good as Janet Gaynor."

Recently six years later the

Janet Gaynor.

Recently — six years later — she worked under Frank Borzage's direction for the first time in "A Man's Castle."

Elevated to stardom during the past year, Loretta has, nevertheless, played several supporting roles recently. "It several supporting roles recently. "It doesn't matter whether I'm the star or not," she explained. "All I want is good parts. And I'm not sure I want the responsibility of carrying a picture

by myself."
Sound logic, surely, and worthy of a person older than Loretta. But, at twenty, Loretta Young has an amazing maturity, as if she had seen all there is to see and done most of what there is to be done. Yet she has lost few of her illusions and she looks forward to the future with all the eagerness of a college girl.

"I probably appreciate what life has to offer more than the average girl of my age," she said, "because I have the comparison with what it has already

WHAT life has given Loretta since the day she doubled for her sis-ter, Polly Ann, includes: one marriage, one divorce, a period of separation from the family that is a passion with her, featured roles and, finally, stardom. And, of course, there has been ro-

mance in plenty.
"I'd hate to live if I thought the future didn't hold lots of romance for

me," she said, frankly. "Some people think my unsuccessful marriage made me cynical. That isn't true. I want to keep my illusions. I don't want to become cynical because I think it become cynical, because I think it would show in my screen work, and it would make me an impossible person, too. My marriage gave me an appetite for the sort of beautiful romance that I know must exist. It didn't mar my illusions one bit. I realize that older persons have the idea that my marriage ruined my life. Mother says if I had been older I would have felt it more deeply—the failure of it, that is—and my life would have been permanently affected."

Loretta would have you think she wasn't deeply affected, but it isn't true, for though she was young at the time of her divorce—just eighteen—she was deeply hurt. It is a part of her gay, queeply nure. It is a part of her gay, young courage to pretend a frivolity she doesn't really feel. She was sincerely in love, but aside from that fact, failure in anything is not a part of Loretta's scheme of things. When she found her marriage was a mistake, she ended it by getting a di-vorce. She put the whole thing behind her and out of her mind as much as she was able. That's the way she does things-quickly.

"One mistake doesn't fill a lifetime," she said, with an air of imparting something new. "And I'd hate to think my life wouldn't be as full as my mother's."

Loretta looks toward her mother as the ancients looked toward the oracles. And, indeed, while Loretta is popular with the younger set and is continually being reported engaged to first this one and then another of the Hollywood swains, her real friends are mostly older people. That is, people much older than Loretta.

"I like the companionship of older people because they talk sense to me. I learn from them. I know they have nothing to gain from me, so I am sure their friendship is sincere," she explains.

Loretta's adoration of her family isn't a wordy sort of affection that makes itself felt in compliments and



Photo by Wide World

Perhaps you've been wondering what hap-pened to Louise Brooks, one-time Paramount star, who disappeared into comparative oblivion when the talkies came. Here she is as the bride of Deering Davis, Chicago society man, aviator and polo star.



Photo by Wide World

In Detroit, the Scarab Club holds, annually, a "fake" art exhibition of take-offs on old masters. The portrait shown here is known as "Mona Beery," a burlesque of "Mona Lisa," the famous art classic. Its creator, Floyd Nixon, is shown beside his masterpiece.

sweet nothings. She does things for them; for the two beautiful sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blaine; for the brother, Jack, now in college, and the baby sister, Georgianna, who is too busy with her dolls to think of a career; for the mother who sacrificed her youth to them after they were deher youth to them after they were deserted by the father. Recently she built a fourteen-room, Colonial house for her family. The only thing she fears for the future, she says, is the loss of some member of the family.

"I think I could bear almost anything but that," she said passionately. "I'd rather lose my stardom. No one knows what it has meant to me to have an understanding mother. I don't know

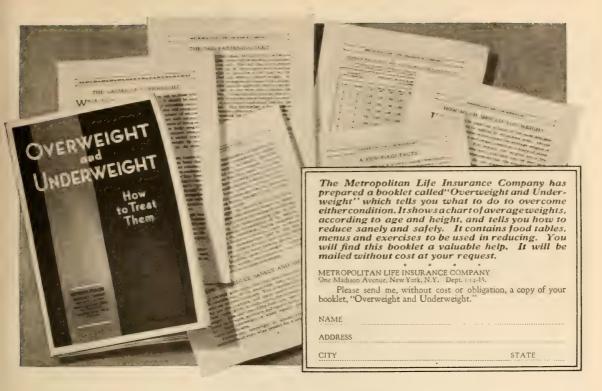
an understanding mother. I don't know what I would have done without her. She keeps my feet on the ground.

"I'm not trying to give the impression that I don't like the glory that comes with stardom. I love it! It pleases my ego. But I realize that I'm very young and that makes me reckless. That's what is so wonderful about being young. If I were older, I'd be afraid to be reckless. Youth makes me superior to older people.

me superior to older people.

"The most important thing I have to look forward to now is my work, my new contract with Twentieth Century, which is for the next five years. After that I look forward to marrying After that I look forward to marrying again. But who can tell what may happen before that? I'm not in love with anyone now but I can't promise I won't be tomorrow. And if I should fall in love tomorrow, I would immediately give up my work. From my own experience and also from observation. I do not think a girl can have a own experience and also from observa-tion, I do not think a girl can have a successful marriage and work at a career, too. Marriage, when and if I marry again, is going to mean more than that to me.
"I want to make more money. When

I was making fifty dollars a week I wanted two hundred. When I was making two hundred I wanted five hundred. Now I'm hoping for thousands. I want to be terribly rich so I can travel, educate myself, so I can have all the freedom and all the children I want!"



Overweight is Dangerous

T is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much—and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"—that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death-rate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by

disease of the glands of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much food and exercising too little.

You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier

and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Breakfast at Seven

stop working because his star will have disappeared in the direction of the restaurant by twelve-fifteen. And when it is quitting time at night Mr. Rogers simply asks, as he walks toward the exit: "What time tomorrow?" At lunch, in the studio cafe, he always grabs all the lunch checks. He usually lunches with men.

Doug Fairbanks is nearly always up at five o'clock in the morning and by six has read the papers. He breakfasts not later than seven and reads everything in sight before, during and after

his meal.

Miriam Jordan always has her breakfast of fruit juice, toast and coffee at seven. If you wish to reach her by telephone you must call her before eight-thirty because she always gets out of the house by that time and some-

times before that time. When Mary Pickford is working in a picture she has three meals a day at the studio in her bungalow. She has breakfast at seven and at eight she consults her press agent and others on business while she is being made up. She usually invites her director or some of the company to lunch with her at noon, usually one o'clock, and then works steadily all afternoon. If there are children or a lot of extras working, the California laws stop work after an eight hour day, but by the time Mary is ready to stop, has looked at the pre-vious days' rushes and is ready for her dinner it is at least eight o'clock. And she has guests and talks business during her dinner, and often long after

dinner.
When Mary is not working she has her breakfast about nine o'clock. Some actors say that the habit of getting up early to go to work is one that they can't get rid of when they aren't workings. Others say they are so tired of getting up early to go to work that they are glad to sleep late when they have an opportunity and take full advantage of it until they start work on

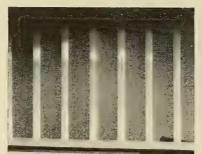
a new picture.

George Arliss always rises at six o'clock, has his breakfast, reads the papers and his mail and takes a long walk before going to the studio to work. He eats a light lunch, tea and pound cake at four and dinner at seven.

Work never interferes with Mr. Arliss's afternoon tea. When he first came to Hollywood his directors objected. "It is all nonsense," they said. "Stopping work in the middle of the afternoon so an old man can have his tea!" But they objected and snorted in vain. Mr. Arliss had his tea regardless and it wasn't very long until the di-rectors were saying that it was a good idea, resting for a few minutes; that it pepped them up for the rest of the day. So Mr. Arliss can be credited with starting a new custom in the studios. Gary Cooper doesn't feel hurt when

he has to eat his breakfast alone. He is very resourceful and doesn't feel it is necessary to have company at every meal. He reads everything and thinks a lot. When working in a picture he has lunch at the studio cafe, talks to everyone and usually sits with a group of five or six men who are working on a picture with him. He often takes the director or a script writer home with him for a quiet dinner and entertains about twice a week with a small group of friends. His guests are asked for

eight o'clock, which is his usual hour. Elissa Landi likes to eat outdoors and whenever possible has her meals served on the veranda or in the patio of her beautiful Brentwood home. One of her favorite desserts is hot apple dumpling and coffee. Elissa is one





English girl who isn't addicted to the afternoon tea habit. Her dinner hour is seven.

Ken Maynard never eats lunch when he is working in a picture, but be-tween pictures he goes on picnics with his wife, eats three squares a day and even has tea with her sometimes. The Ralph Morgans, New York stage

folk, have adopted the elastic dinner hours of Hollywood. They set dinner for seven-fifteen and get to it as near that time as possible. Mr. Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, are tennis addicts and usually serve tea to a four-some in the late afternoon which is very refreshing after several strenuous

Claudette Colbert likes an early dinner whether she is working or not. She likes French cooking, of course, and always has breakfast in bed when she is not working. She eats a light lunch, tea in the afternoon and a substantial dinner.

Marlene Dietrich, a true Continental, enjoys food and makes a ceremony of a meal. Her afternoon tea is coffee. She brought her cook with her from She brought her cook with her from Germany and is very proud of the pastries made in her own kitchen. "You'll not get these anywhere else, I'm sure," she said to me when she offered me a very special German pastry one afternoon at her home. It resembled a date tart with whipped cream on it. When she serves tea to guests there is a decanter of rum on the tea tray and if the guests wish, she adds a little rum to each cup of tea.

Lilian Harvey never stops eating, or so it seems to her friends. When she is not working she has breakfast in bed after sleeping late. But when she is working she has a well-developed appetite by noon which she doesn't mind appeasing. She eats anything she likes and as much of it as she likes. When I had lunch with her one day she finished her dessert, a deep dish apple pie with ice cream on top, and said: "I think I'll have another one just like it. Will you have another?" When she inished her second dessert she said, "Now, I feel fine." She is so active that she keeps her slender figure regardless of how much or what she eats. She does not drink.

If you want to reach Regis Toomey at dinner time, it will do you no good to call him then. The Toomeys eat at seven o'clock but the servants have been trained to say that Mr. Toomey is at dinner and cannot be disturbed.

The only time I ever lunched with Paul Muni he asked the waitress to bring him a bowl of sour cream, a dill pickle and some fresh radishes and green onions. He cut the pickle, radishes and onions up fine, added them to the cream and ate the mixture with great gusto. I was so fascinated that couldn't say whether he ate anything else or not.

To obtain this month's food circulars please turn to page 92.

Photo by Alex Kahle

(Left) Ralph Bellamy at the door of his new home, built on the California hacienda style. The doorway in which he stands opens on a large patio.

To avoid Wrinkles treat your Under Skin

When Dryness bothers treat your Outer Skin

OUTER SKIN

which roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up-which tend to dry out its natural moisture.



UNDER SKIN

which shrinks when thry glands fall, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here you help these glands to work properly.

WHAT causes wrinkles? What causes dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness Romance!

Today we know the answer to these old riddles.

How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness . . . Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into folds. Little lines form. Eventually, dreaded wrinkles!

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the under skin. Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream,

your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—instantly! Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is the thoroughest cleanser as well as beauty builder.

How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the Outer Skin! That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure, it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the Outer Skin. It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughnesses in one application!

Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your makeup beautifully, and holds it for hours.



The TWO-SKIN
TREATMENT society
women use as told by

MRS. THOMAS
CARNEGIE, JR.

- 1 "At night I cream face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and the day's dirt with Pond's Tissues. A second cleansing tones my skin deep down.
- 2 "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream—so much better than sticky creams. It takes away roughnesses, dryness... and it's so delicious to use!
- 3 "In the morning, and in the day, Pond's Cold Cream again. Then Vanishing Cream to prepare for make-up and prevent chapping or drying. This 2-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling alive and glowing."



Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr. Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde

skin the Pond's way...Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.



MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

I enclose 10¢ (to cove Two Creams and six sh	Dept. A, 127 Hudson St., New r postage and packing) for sample ades of Pond's new Face Powder.	
Name		NRA
City	State	X

Tune in on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

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WRINKLES START

Meet the Puppets

(Continued from page 31)

Earl Blackwell, Richard Cromwell, Violet and Helen Axzelle, Henry Wadsworth, Virginia Howard (Sam Goldwyn's sister-in-law), Bob Horner, Tex Brodus, Frank Losee, Marion Lessing, Kathryn Lee and Jimmy Bush were taken into the club. Soon after that Mary Kornman, Jacqueline Wells and I were also made Puppets.

A day was set aside to go house hunting. All twenty-two of us packed in cars and scoured Hollywood. We found a house in Laurel Canyon, and signed a lease. But the girls' mothers decided it was too dangerous a place to reach at night in cars-so that was out. But another twenty-four hours found the Puppets delighted with a little onestory, five-room dwelling on Beechwood Drive—two blocks from Hollywood

Boulevard.

Then the fun began. "Now that we have the house, what will we use for furniture?" asked Billy Janney.

Well, we could always buy some-if we knew what they were using for money," wisecracked Ben Alexander.

"Listen, kids," suggested Tom. "Let's all go home and see what we can dig out of the cellar and attic. Any old stuff. Tell your families it's just to get started."

"Very good idea. We have an old bedroom chair," shouted Grace Durkin. "I think I know where there's a discarded day bed," yelled Pat Ziegfeld. "And we have an old couch that the bottom's falling out of," said Patricia Ellis. "And we"

THEY'RE off! Two hours later saw the greatest collection of odd-looking furniture that anyone ever hoped to see. But the Puppets were thrilled to death and said they'd be all fixed up in no time. One look at the potpourri of odds and ends made one wonder. There were no curtains on the windows, and the glass was filthy; the floors were dirty and scratched; the wall paper in one room was badly marred; and the back yard, though spacious, looked like a weed

"Well, it's a cute little place," remarked Mrs. Ziegfeld (Billie Burke). "It will do for a while, anyway, until you get some money in the treasury." "Tomorrow morning we'll all meet here," cried Junior Durkin, "and start

to work."

It was that very next day that brought the surprise of a lifetime to the movie colony. And each day since the wonderment has increased to higher and higher degrees of amazement. If anyone had predicted that a group of young fellows and girls who have spent all their lives on the stage and screen —lived in hotels, and been waited on hand and foot—could do the work that they did, we would have laughed and said it was absolutely impossible.

Ten o'clock Tuesday morning sun was shining, as usual, in Holly-wood; the stores opened at the regular hour; the studios were operating on schedule; even the banks were open— but 2107 Beechwood Drive, now known as the Puppets Club, was in a state of excitement and merriment that the little ramshackle wooden dwelling never dreamed it would see.



Lupe Velez flirting with the statue-or is it?—of Jimmy Durante, which plays such a prominent part in "Hollywood Party." Don't fail to read Lupe's own account of her "Jeemy" in an early issue of this magazine.

Walking in the front door, we found Junior Durkin and Maurice Murphy in old corduroys, scrubbing the floor; Tex Brodus and Pat Ziegfeld, tearing off the old wall paper in one of the back rooms; while Ben Alexander put up the new white paper, and Billy Janney and Earl Blackwell painted floors. Bob Horner was covering furniture in the front room; Patricia Ellis and Gertrude Durkin scrubbed the sink. We found Grace Durkin standing in the bath-tub, washing the windows.

FOR days this kept up. Jimmy Bush became chief gardener, as-Tom Brown, and with some of the other fellows, they weeded the field, cut out paths, lined them with rocks, trimmed the arbor, transplanted flowers, watered the grass and made a beautiful outlook.

The boys decided the back room would be their room. Bob Horner conceived the clever idea of covering the old furniture, including that bedroom chair and Ziegfeld's old couch, with White thumb-tacks, arblack oilcloth. ranged in neat array, lined the edges of the pieces and held the pleated oilcloth in place. Pillows were covered to match, and the floor painted black; while Tom, Ben and Junior painted the woodwork an ivory white. It is now known, ladies and gentlemen, as "The Black and White Room." And take my word for it, it is really striking. A black and white mirror and black tables were donated, to complete the picture.

"Say, the boys have everything! We've got to fix up a room," decided Helen Mack and some of the other girls. They would not be outdone. So, while one of the fellows got a couple of old orange crates, Pat Ziegfeld, Grace Durkin and the Axzelles located some cretonne, and the results are two attractive dressing tables on each side of the full-length mirror in the little side room. Cretonne draperies and a daybed covered with the same material, to match, go to make up what is now known as "The Girls' Room."

Directly behind the living room which you enter first from the street,

is a mahogany-paneled room which has been converted into an office. A desk, telephone and chair constitute the furniture, and the walls are deco-

rated with pictures of the Puppets.

Joe DePew decided they'd have to have a bar. Of course, the by-laws declare there's to be no drinking (and most of the Puppets don't smoke or drink, anyway), but, still, they could have a bar, plus all the effects, and serve soft drinks and beer to their guests. So Joe as chief bartender, and with the help of the other male members, took over the two-car garage, and converted it into the cleverest old-time Western saloon you ever saw.

Although the walls are of wood, the floor is cement, which didn't go at all with a saloon. Hence, three barrels of sawdust were purchased from the near-est mill, to give the room that old-time

The boys bought a little lumber and went to work making a bar and tables, while the girls sewed together red-andwhite checked gingham curtains and tablecloths for the saloon.

We got all the empty liquor bottles we could find (quite a job around Hollywood) to decorate the rustic shelves behind the bar and give the salon that realistic touch. When you visit the Puppets Club, I'll guarantee you'll be rushed, first to the great Black and White Room then out to the salon. White Room, then out to the saloon. They are exhibits "A" and "B," and let me assure you, they are all, and even more, than the proud Puppets crack them up to be.

ERTIE DURKIN appointed herself chief cook and waitress, and all during the "reconstruction" days, she made sandwiches and coffee on the little two-burner stove, and carried lunches to the other boys and girls at

A few months have elapsed. Now they have decided to build a small pracsaloon." More decorations have arrived for the house, including two beautiful new rugs, given to the Puppets by their good pal, Robert Armstrong. Marion Gehring is departing tice stage in the back of the "garage-saloon." More decorations have arstrong. Marion Gehring is donating some end tables, and Mrs. Alexander Leftwich has promised them a grand piano. Mrs. Fremault, Anita Louise's mother, presented the club with a complete set of china.

The Puppets are at home to their friends every afternoon and evening. Tea is served at five o'clock in the beautiful garden under the arbor. Dancing by radio, every evening in the or a good game of limericks saloon; or a good game of limericks in the living room until eleven o'clock. At that hour Gertie comes in with her beautiful big smile, a coffee pot in one hand, and a plate of sandwiches in the other. "Come, darlings, supper is served." And, boy! is it good!

The Puppets are the grandest bunch of young people I have ever seen. Good natured, talented and hard workers these same moving picture people who you and I thought could do nothing but pose before cameras all day; and at night go to the wildest parties they could find! Now you know them better.

Hollywood's younger generation is the town's back-bone. Watch them

make good!

"It cleared her Complexion surprisingly"

quickly" says the noted DR. LEON HUFNAGEL.

One of the best known skin specialists in France, Dr. Hufnagel, coauthor of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie," describes this typical case:-

Paris Dermatologist

"MLLE. D-typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complexion muddy. Complained of headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks her evacuations became normal. Her skin eruptions dried up and no others appeared. Her headaches disappeared and her digestion greatly improved."

WOULD TIRE ANYBODY

THANK GOODNESS SCHOOL IS OUT FOR ANOTHER DAY! THOSE CHILDREN

"I was so worried about my skin!"

A POOR COMPLEXION" states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough.

Dr. Humagel is Chief of the Dept.

of Skin Diseases of the Hospital of

the Rethschild Foundation in Paris.

"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add yeast to their diet. It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know."

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens the intestinessoftens the clogging food residuespromotes the daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin and abundant energy.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily - before meals, or between meals and at bedtime-plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it-now! Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

• "I am a teacher," writes Miss O'Brien. "I'd become run-down-hadindigestion. Feltmiserable...

Emily O'Brien,

Mount Vernon,

New York

"Then my face began to break out in cruptions.
 I was horrified. I worried about it terribly...

I FEEL MISERABLE! BUT

MY FACE IS BREAKING OUT

IT ISN'T THE CHILDREN



"Very soon my health improved. Indigestion left and my skin cleared up. It was wonderful!"

absurd topsyturviness of movie re-wards: A person with trained voice sings into the mike while a player on screen wags lips like a ventrilo-quist's dummy—and the dummy gets the dough!

STAR impressions of a dreamy boulevardier:

boulevardier:
Cecil DeMille—circus wagon; Mary
Pickford—little white hen; Pola Negri
—stormy weather; Johnny Weissmuller
—battle cruiser; Myrna Loy—new
moon in a mirror; Greta Garbo—greyhound; ZaSu Pitts—long underwear on
a line; Charles Laughton—cup custard; Jean Harlow—Angora that's
eaten a mouse; Lubitsch—sausages
mitt Brahms; Carole Lombard—white
candle unlighted; Lilyan Tashman—
May basket full of jellybeans; James
Cagney—firecrackers; Ramon Novarro
—organ grinder's monk; Mae West— -organ grinder's monk; Mae Westapple dumplin's with brandy sauce. . . .



Andy Devine, photographed to show the world that he has lost ten pounds. Horseback riding. They've retired the horse....

HOLLYWOOD is getting danger-ously biographical. It is not only dishing such cold royal remains as Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, Queen Christina and Empress Catherine, but live warm fellow citizens. "Bombshell"

live warm fellow citizens. "Bombshell" was inspired by a local star.

If this keeps up they'll be taking one another for rides. A plastic surgeon agrees with me. He told an interviewer about fixing a star's ears. The star made threats. Surgeon laughed. Later a gangster telephoned: "I see you squealed about What's-his-name's ears. Lissen, if I catch you ratting about my face-lift you'll go for a picnic up a canyon." Map-maker no laughee, no talkie.

Boulevardier goes biographical:

JUDY of Ottawa writes to ask: "Just how does one go about getting into your type of livelihood?"

Why, what do you mean, Judy! Aunt Bella advises me not to answer as it might be incriminating. I will say that after the first misstep, it's easy. A boulevardier, literally, is a boule-vard walker. Of course, that's not what you had in mind. You say you're red-headed, and red-headed women always ride, as you know if you saw Miss Harlow in that epic with car and companionate chauffeur.

A fan writer never makes that much. In fact we're about the only people in Hollywood who do not make more than the President; this tends to make

On the other hand, we are practically fed free. A fan writer is a sort of gigolo of journalism—always lets the other party pay the check. No sneers, puleeze! After all, Adam was a gigolo. Eve had to give him an apple first, didn't she?

didn't she?
Following this tradition, interviewers insist on being lunched. There are over two hundred and fifty munching off Hollywood. Practically all pretend to be bosom pals of the stars, whereas, actually, the stars consider them a confounded nuisance. Oh, exceptions, of course, though the only one I can think of offhand is Elsie Janis, who have not to be a great star herself and happens to be a great star herself and Judy, why don't you write Elsie?

D^O I enjoy interviewing? You ask. The most interesting players I have interviewed? You mean those who have made the best copy? Mae West, Anna May Wong, Valentino, Stepin Fetchit, Nazimova, Bull Montana, Pola Negri.
... Then there are those I like personally who don't seem to jell into copy -too regular.

"B ombshell" seemed to me a boring exaggeration. Everyone over-acted except Pat O'Brien. Everyone I have never met a star as nutty as

Miss Harlow was made to appear. In fact, I have never interviewed one who was ritzy, disagreeable or posey. I can't say as much for the fellow fan writers. Some of them have the superiority complex the call proved.

superiority complex, the old power-of-the-press feeling abetted by envy. One "exposed" Ivan Lebedeff. She said he was not a Russian nobleman,



These modest producers! This is Harry Cohn, head of Columbia studios, going out to luncheon with Evelyn Brent, and trying to give the go-away sign to the candid cameraman.

but a boy who had gone to school back in Massachusetts or somewhere. Mr. Lebedeff produced credentials to prove his nobility and proved it further, to the relief of the newspaper, by not suing for libel.

PRODUCERS have been lambasted for stealing stories and abusing literary genius. There is another side to the picture. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences awarddealerny of Arts and Sciences awarded a prize to a writer for the most original story of the year and the next day he was sued for plagiarism!

A STUDIO staff writer appropriated a published story without taking the trouble even to change the title. And the authoress was an actress on And the authoress was an actress on the lot! She complained to the producer. He heard her case and said: "How much do you want?" She timidly suggested ten thousand. He wrote a check for fifteen thousand. When she said that she did not mean to take advantage, he replied: "Don't worry. It will come out of our genius' pecket will come out of our genius' pocket. This is not the first time that writer has played pirate."

Publicity item: "Miss West dictates her stories to a secretary lying in bed."

Any room for another secretary, Miss West?



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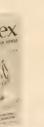
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It costs but a few cents to duplicate highpriced professional work. That's the economy of Tintex, Be smart! Start using Tintex today. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors.

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Light—use Tintex



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Removes will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourselfeither light or dark.

Men I Have Loved

(Continued from page 28)



Educational studios are making a series of one-reel comedies, called Baby Burlesks. This is the cast. Every so often it is bribed into further histrionics with ice-cream cones. None of the actors is more than five years old.

like Spencer, slow and easy-going but, once aroused, a dynamo of determination. Spencer didn't take himself seriously, however. He laughed about his activities, about being a "moom pitcher" actor, but he loved his work. There was a genial, friendly heartiness about Spencer which would win any girl's heart heart.

No story of my life would be com-plete without mention of Bob Williams, who has gone forever from the screen and from life. I had heard a great deal about his successes on the New York stage and when I was given the leading role opposite him in "Platinum Blonde," I was excited, of course, and more than

The excitement lasted but the fright died as soon as I met him. Bob Williams was the personification of every girl's dream of the suave, quiet, sure-of-himself lover, who had been everywhere and has seen everything. He was the sort of man from whom every cirl warts to learn chout life and love girl wants to learn about life and love. He didn't tell you what he knew. He didn't have to. You felt it instinctive-ly. What I learned from him was a sort of post-graduate course in the art

A SHORT time later I had the unique experience of having three lovers at once. I've heard girls boast about at once. I've heard girls boast about being engaged to two or three men at one time, but I'll bet that none of them ever had three such lovers as I had in "The Secret Six," big, handsome Johnny Mack Brown, big, handsome Clark Gable and Wally Beery, whom all superlatives fail to describe.

It was my first visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and I was nervous about it. So I found a kindred spirit in Clark. He was just beginning his screen career and was almost as nervous as I was.

Johnny was a veteran of the studio and of pictures. Wally was—well, you know as well as I do, what he was and is. Clark joked with me to cover both our frights.

JOHNNY was always sweet and courteous and I made conversation with him whenever possible just to hear his slow, low, southern drawl. Wally was completely indifferent to me. He pre-ferred whittling little pieces of wood and talking to the director, George Hill, about hunting and fishing to conversation with frightened blondes. When I worked with Wally recently in "Dinner At Eight," I reminded him of his indifference during "The Secret Six." He didn't apologize and he didn't change his attitude. Wally is wise in the ways of the world and women. He probably knows that indifference piques feminine interest.

Johnny had that same charming lack of interest. But his was more a casual detachment than Wally's indifference. Johnny has that touch of gallant chivalry, which gentlemen of the old South are reputed to possess and which they rarely do, at least, to the extent that fiction writers give them credit.

Even, when he made love to me across a counter in a cabaret scene filled with extras and cigarette smoke, he seemed to bring an aura of moonlight and flowering jasmine. Maybe it was the caressing tone of his voice. Maybe it was the look in his dark brown eyes. Johnny was worried about his south-

ern drawl, was trying desperately to lose it. Heaven forbid that he ever shall. No girl can listen to his soft "you-alls" and "fohevahs" without feeling a flutter in the region of her heart.

Clark was entirely different from the seriously sweet Johnny and the tanta-lizing Mr. Beery. He was like a boy, laughing, joking, making a frolic of his work. Neither of us dreamed at that time that some day we would be playing together in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man." Clark didn't believe that his popularity would reach the amazing extent which it has.

And I thought that my career was almost at an end. I was discouraged about the parts which I was playing. I wanted to do something beside tough girls and gangsters' molls. I knew that you could go only so far—that your stay was bound to be short—if you continued in that one type of part. Your day would die with the death of the generator are in victories.

the gangster era in pictures. Clark was happy in "The Secret Six" because he was playing a straight and honest young newspaper reporter after honest young newspaper reporter after a series of gangster roles. His love-making in those days—as later in the other two pictures—was more or less of the slightly laughing, non-serious variety. He was the kind of lover of whom no girl can ever be sure. He was the deadly "take 'em and leave 'em' variety. Women in the audiences felt it, just as I did, playing with him. Any girl with a Clark Gable lover can never know exactly where she stands. never know exactly where she stands.

Even in his most ardent moments, you would feel the qualm of knowing that it couldn't last. I did.

Clark's first words to me I'll never forget. "You're not at all the kind of girl I had imagined," he told me, after we were introduced.

we were introduced.

"That's just the reason I'm so anxious to get away from this kind of role," I explained to him later. "No one sees Jean Harlow. They simply see a hard-boiled, worthless girl who isn't even likeable in her toughness."

Clark has a philosophy all his own. He doesn't take himself or his work or even life seriously.

even life seriously.

"Things have a way of working out," he told me. "Look at me, for instance. A few years ago I thought that there would never be a place for me in pictures. And now, without any warning, I get a contract and one good part after another. It'll turn out that way for you. Wait and see."

AND Clark was right. A few months later, when I did leave Hollywood for a personal appearance tour, expect-(Please turn to page 84)



"Author! Author!"—this was once the cry. Now it is, "Director! Author!" William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones (shown here with Judith Allen), after writing and doctoring many of Paramount's greatest success is the least of the state of t cesses in the last few years, have taken over the megaphone, too. Their first film is
"Cap'n Jericho."



The RECIPES of the

Start a Library . . . of Favorite Recipes . and Add to it Each Month

Start this library of favorite recipes and we'll wager that you'll never get a meal without using it . . . because they cover all different types of cooking, give excellent menus, exciting recipes and food news. Each food circular (10c complete) is the same size so you can fit them all in one big binder. Then each month the Home Service Bureau will announce a new food circular in this magazine. You'll want it for your library.

1 BREAD AND CEREAL DISHES-10c

Muffins and breakfast breads . . . macaroni and spaghetti . . . left-over bread dishes . . . rice cookery . . . bran recipes . . . variety with breakfast cereal . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . favorite cereal puddings.

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Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

3 FOODS THAT MEN PREFER-10c

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

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Recipes for all kinds of meat . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using leftover meats . . . using canned meats.

Check the Numbers ' Below, Detach and Mail Coupon.

Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc. 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. I am checking here the numbers of the food circulars listed above which I

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Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out for you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

9 HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT-10c

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream ... ten favorite desserts ... 100-calory portions in desserts.

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Menus and recipes for one and twocourse party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches . . . canapes . . . home-made pastries.

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Millions have made a pleasant discovery!

MILLIONS of families have made a pleasant discovery! They have found that a delicious bit of chocolate-Ex-Lax-is as effective as any violent cathartic. And is far more pleasant to take and gentle in action.

So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands - all ages reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

Brother Tom on the football team finds that gentle Ex-Lax keeps him regular as no violent cathartic ever did. And brother Jim, the salesman, never packs his suitcase without seeing that the convenient little blue box is there.

No spoons! No bottles to bother with! From grandma to grandson, the merits of Ex-Lax have been passed down from generation to generation.

Ex-Lax works over-night, without over-action. No embarrassment! No stomach pains! And to the taste it's just a bit of delicious chocolate.

Clean out that clutter of purgatives in your medicine cabinet! Replace them with the little blue box of Ex-Lax. And when you -or another of the family-"need something", just take an Ex-Lax or two! See how fine you feel in the morning!

In 10c and 25c sizes at all druggists. Ex-Lax, Inc., Brooklyn, New York.



Men I Have Loved

(Continued from page 82)

ing never to return to the screen, I was given my big chance in "Red Headed Woman." The girl in that picture was tough, of course, and entirely heartless, but she had the relieving quality of humor, the saving grace which made audiences laugh at her and like her in spite of her faults.

There is something of the eternal boy about Clark. He will never grow up. Not that he doesn't have his serious moments. He does. He has the ability of veiling lightness with a veneer of ordert intensity in his layer which ardent intensity in his love-making, that most provoking and provocative of

methods.

After my trio of lovers, Clark, Johnny and Wally, had gone on to other fields of romantic adventure, I met Walter Byron and played with him in "Three Wise Girls." You can imagine the contrast. Smooth, poised, polished and English Walter after the other three so essentially American lovers. Walter had the continental flair, the slightly bored, man-of-the-worldishness which every woman finds so attractive. His love-making was never direct or blunt, but always veiled with a sub-tle language of eyes and unspoken

AFTER Walter came Wally Ford, gay, laughing, clowning, intense Wally. That was in "The Beast of the Wally. That was in "The Beast of the City." Never have I known such a contradictory personality as Wally. He is the eternal comedian, always smiling, always clowning. And he is also so dynamically intense that he sweeps you

off your feet.

With a lover like Wally, no girl's life would be peaceful. She would live in a constant bewilderment, won-dering what in the world was going to happen next. Wally would stop his joking with the members of the company to walk into a dramatic scene. Instantly his entire personality would change. Working with him, you could feel a sort of electric current of vitality. His love-making was the breath-taking, almost belligerent sort. And then, the kiss ended, he could laugh about some amusing incident at yes-terday's ball game. He was certainly the most bewildering lover I've known.

Chester Morris had that same intensity, without the clowning. I met Chester during the making of "Red Headed Woman." I couldn't have known him at a more nerve-wracking, known him at a more nerve-wracking, upsetting time in my life. Here was my really big chance. My whole future hung in the balance on the success or failure of my work in that picture. Chester understood. He always knew just when to say the right words of praise and encouragement.

HESTER seemed to me the epitome of the true American lover, sincere, serious and considerate. If I were writing a fiction story and I wanted to describe the average girl's idea of a perfect lover, I think that I should try to picture Chester. He was honest, straightforward and direct, the sort of man on whom a girl could depend. He was the strong protector as well as the ardent

In the picture he had to hit me-and hit me hard. Chester didn't want to do it. Hé had the normal young American's dislike of physical violence against a woman. He tried to think of

a substitute scene. But the director insisted. His first slaps were so weak and unsure that we had to retake the scene several times. Finally, when he did make up his mind to slap, his punch was as strong as any delivered by the rough and ready Jimmy Cagney in the height of his striking career.

During the time we made "Red Headed Woman," Chester's small son was going through a siege of the croup. Between scenes Chester stayed close to the phone, getting hourly bulletins from his home. His worry about his family is a part of his ultra-Ameri-canism. Chester fulfills every girl's secret demands for the perfect lover

and husband.

THEN, after Chester, Clark came back into my life in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man." It was wonderful to work with him again. Success had swept him to the top of the Hollyhad swept him to the top of the Holly-wood ladder since we had worked to-gether in "The Secret Six" but it had not changed him one bit. He still had the same philosophy of life, the same ability to laugh at himself and at the seriousness of living. And I'll never forget his considerateness during "Red Dust," when I returned to work after living through the greatest sorrow of my life. He expressed no verbal sym-pathy. He acted as if nothing had hap-pened. It was the finest, most under-standing thing any man could have

Then my path crossed Wally Beery's once more in "Dinner At Eight." He, too, was the same. More interested in too, was the same. More interested in whittling, in airplanes, in his baby daughter, Carol Anne, and in Marie Dressler than in me. Some day I'll even scores with Mr. Beery. No girl

even scores with Mr. Beery. No girl likes indifference.

And now I've just finished a hectic love affair with my thirteenth lover, Lee Tracy—not counting, of course, Laurel and Hardy. When I think of Lee, I think of dynamos, whirlwinds, tornadoes, perpetual movement. During the entire course of our affair—and heing with Lee Tracy it was a rough being with Lee Tracy it was a rough and turbulent course—there was never a dull moment. I often looked at him in absolute amazement, wondering at his source of vitality and energy. Off the screen and on it he is just the

Heaven help the girls with lovers like Lee. Here today and gone tomorrow, sweeping you into his arms one minute and forgetting you the next. That's Lee Tracy. He is the sort of man who admits no barriers, who smashes through all obstacles. At the end of a day with Lee I was completely breathless. He carries you along with him on the wave of his enthusiasm. He doesn't know the meaning of the words "no" or "can't." If he wants something, he goes after it with a determination, which can't be stopped.

THERE they are, the thirteen of them, not counting Laurel and Hardy. Ben and Jimmy Hall, Lew, Jimmy Cagney, Spencer, Bob, Clark, Johnny, Wally, Walter, Wally Ford, Chester and Lee. I defy any girl anywhere, on or off the screen, to produce such a list of lovers. By this time I should know what romance is about. I've learned about love-making from them.

Rudy's Brother

(Continued from page 27)

GIVING up all thought of work, I accepted an invitation to lunch. food was good and I was just about to start on my description of my evening at the St. Regis (the story that made my cousin laugh till he split the but-tons off his vest), when the man across from me (who was paying for the lunch), said, "Say, Bill, you're pretty close to R., aren't you? Well, I've got a scheme whereby he can easily make \$50,000 without turning a hand.
..." I threw him through the window without turning a hand, but my foot's been sore ever since.

By working in a corner where no one could see me I managed to get

through the afternoon.

DINNER is by invitation and supposedly respectable. Ripples of conversation spread 'round the table as I waited to leap in with a pun that had just occurred to me. Just as I stood mentally poised for the leap, they turned out to be the customary tidal waves and out came the little book of answers to questions about R answers to questions about R.

PEOPLE, of course, vary. Some are nice-because-of and others are nice-in-spite-of. Harry Rosenthal of "June in-spite-of. Harry Rosentnai of June Moon" fame was on the party given R. at his last birthday and we talked for five whole minutes without a single reference to anyone but ourselves. Obviously, a nice-in-spite-of man. Morviously, a nice-in-spite-of man. Morton Downey is another one of these. He yelled "Hi, Bill!" to me from his car the other day without a word about anything but me. Of course, the car was moving. .

Ted Husing gets himself on my honor roll by sticking to kidding. He kids my New England accent and I tell him he's

conceited.

When R. had to quit the "Scandals" for a week, Willie Howard wanted to put me on in R.'s place in the several dramatic skits that he played in. Fate, George White and myself put a stop to talk like that. George Gershwin made me feel like a Rhapsody in Blue the other day when he said, "Ah, but I've never met your brother." Sounds pretty bad, doesn't it?

BEFORE I forget, I want to tell you about the one altogether too brief stage appearance we made together. It was at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater. Many a goggle-eyed customer lolled in his seat unaware that a great spectage was to be unrolled before his spectacle was to be unrolled before his very eyes. Then, with nary a quip or jest, out from the wings rolled a beautiful tandem propelled by the Vallee Brothers, tandemists de luxe. The program note was wrong. It didn't take ten minutes to clear the house. But R. alone would have packed 'em in.

Yes, it is pretty tough. But it's been getting on the nerves of other brothers of other celebrities too. So much so that when I ran into Leon Friedman (brother of Ted Lewis), we put our heads together. That's the putting together of heads that was heard 'round the world As a result of this we the world. As a result of this we promptly organized a club, or rather a refuge. Now the Brothers of Celebrities Club has a distinguished list of members—Tom Patterson (Russell's brother), Everett Crosby (Bing's) and some long-suffering others.



"We both have one grand friend!"

WHAT?" protested the overalls. "Do Yet Fels-Naptha is always safe. Its you mean to say that the same soap that washes greasy dirt out of me is gentle enough for feminine frills?"

And the loveliness of the nightgown answers, "Yes, Fels-Naptha Soap does that very thing.'

Here is Fels-Naptha's secret. It brings you the extra help of two active cleaners—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. When these two cleaners tackle the job, even ground-in dirt has to let go. There's less work for you-no hard rubbing. Clothes are washed so clean, they fairly sparkle with sweetness.

soap is mild and bland. The naptha in it is the same gentle cleaner that dry cleaners use. Fels-Naptha couldn't hurt a thread of your sheerest finery. And it's friendly to hands, too.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap! Get a few bars and try it in tub or machinein hot, lukewarm or cool water-for soaking or boiling clothes.

When you've seen how gently and thoroughly it washes, we believe you'll agree that Fels-Naptha is just about the best washday friend you and your clothes ever had!



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Fels-Naptha into tub or handy chippers instead of Td like to try the chip	Philadelphin, Pa. 7, M. 35, 14 and, find it a bit easier to chip machine by using one of your djustan ordinary kitchen kinfr, prr, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps Send the sample bar, too.
Name	
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Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

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THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Another in the series on what goes on behind the scenes in the studios

By JACK JAMISON

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT:
The spot in the studio where people go to ask about things they don't know themselves and can't find out about anywhere else. Because there are lots of people in a studio who don't know anything, this keeps the researchers very busy.

researchers very busy.
YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED how they make the insides of submarines look so real, how Mae West knows how to dress the way they did in 1890, how they make sure the "No Smoking" signs in a French railway station read "Priere De Ne Pas Fumer." The Research Department! It sees a!!, knows all. tells all.

knows all, tells all.

AN AVERAGE DAY'S WORK for a research department means: (1) answering 40 to 150 questions sent in by other departments; (2) reading and clipping photos from twelve magazines; (3) bringing up to date the file of information on every picture being shot; (4) correcting mistakes in costume and background in three scripts (5) conferring with writers and directors; (6) finding a technical adviser for a picture. This is regular routine that goes on every day of every month in the year.

in the year.

BUT VARIETY is the spice of the research department's life. One day brings demands for photos of the white gowns and feathers worn by ladder-climbing socialites presented at court, a duplication of Chicago cops' uniforms, and information as to the how and why of the oxygen-tanks worn by altitude flyers. Every request must be met. And they must be met promptly and correctly.

ly and correctly.

FROM START TO FINISH on each picture, the researchers have their fingers in the pie. First, the writer comes to them, saying, "I've got an idea for a story laid in Seventeenth Century Holland. Get me the dope." Then the director comes and asks, "What the dickens (or something) did streets in Holland look like then?" Then the art director wants to know how the Dutchmen built dining rooms, what kind of door-knobs and lamps they used. The casting office wants to know what types to hire, fat or thin, whiskers or more whiskers. The "prop" department has to know about furniture. And, finally, someone from the research department must sit on the set all during the filming of the picture, just to make sure that no member of the cast or among the extras, etc., spoils things.

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

ALL TECHNICAL advisors are hired by the research department. range from college professors to ex Grand Dukes, with military usage and court etiquette at their fingertips. A director's call for "a reliable convict" drector's call for "a reliable convict" to sit in on a prison picture resulted in the hiring of Robert Joyce Tasker, now a highly-paid studio writer. On one gangster film of illicit brewing—do you remember when America had Prohibition?—a bootlegger was technical advisor.

Pronontion:—a bootegger was technical adviser.

THE TOUGH ASSIGNMENT for the researchers aren't such things as "What kind of negligee did Marie Antoinette wear, if any?" Those are easy. The tough ones are the recent ones. (Because historians haven't had hims to put them into hooks.) Duplieasy. The tough ones are the recent ones. (Because historians haven't had time to put them into books.) Duplicating a lims sockarfountain for "Turn Back the Clock," had the M-G-M research folk biting off each other's fingers. For "Gabriel Over the White House," interiors of White House bedrooms had to be copied from photos. There were no photos. None had ever been taken. But procured photos must be, and procured they were. Most difficult job being tackled in Hollywood at present is cetting data on French prison camps. The French Government swears there aren't any such camps. Studio informants whisper there are. To get pictures is the job. SAMPLE QUESTIONS in a day's work, which must be answered off-hand, are "What kind of bathing-trunks are in vogue at Antibes this year?"—"Were the Egyptians sunworshippers?"—What did Queen Elizabeth's bathroom look like?"

THOROUGHNESS under this steady barrage of questions is next to impossible, yet it must be maintained. A file of information for "Queen Christina" was kept for a full year before ever a camera turned. Garbo returning from Sweden, brought baskets and baskets of material with her. Almost

ever a camera turned. Garbo returning from Sweden, brought baskets and baskets of material with her. Almost every bit of it was already in the files at the studio, so thorough a job had the department done.

THIS AND THAT: The Research Department is usually upset about something or somebody because, being precise itself, it expects everyone else to be just that way. Even directors and stars. (Is that a joke?) So, after the department has labored for weeks gathering every minute detail as to coiffure, "props," architecture, costumes and all manner of things, sometumes and all manner of things, some-one will knock the whole scene topsy-turvy for "dramatic" reasons. Such as, for instance, the star using a cigarette lighter in mid-Victorian settings,

as, for instance, the star using a cigarette lighter in mid-Victorian settings, or casually projecting some of our newer slang into a Roman holiday. One of the outstanding research directors is Harold Hendee, of RKO, who maintains a staff in New York close to the museums and libraries, and floods the studio with huge volumes of data on each production. His latest research opus is "Little Women." Harold, once a well-known actor, left the stage ten years or so ago when, taking stock of himself after a season of being in three failures, he found that his year's work added up to nine weeks—even though it was at top salary. So he entered a scenario department, gradually took to research and now heads a department that is the pride of the industry.



Crue beauty LIES WITHIN THE Eyes!

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Do you wish for large, expressive, and alluring eyes? Of course you do! What woman doesn't? Then learn how quickly and easily you may have perfectly natural

and long appearing, dark lashes by using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This will instantly make your eyes appear larger and more expressive, and it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof! It can't make the lashes hard or brittle, but on the contrary keeps them soft and silky because of the pure, high-quality oils it contains. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes.

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Be sure to ask for Maybelline eye beauty aids. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. Special purse sizes on sale at all leading 10c stores.

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Hollywood's Haunted Hill

should live within a stone's throw of each other and that each one should be struck down in the full flush of youth and accomplishment?

Two of the screen's first great matinee idols lived on Whitley Heights -J. Warren Kerrigan and Francis X.

Bushman.

J. Warren Kerrigan still lives in the rambling white bungalow, half hidden by pepper trees and with scarlet geraniums growing rampant, at the foot of the hill. Almost any day he can be seen strolling about, his hair still thick and curly but almost white account. and curly but almost white, a cap on his head and a pipe in his mouth . . . as on the cover of the very first movie magazine I can remember.

ON the top of the hill is the house where Francis X. Bushman used to live. It is an old-fashioned frame house of definite charm, with a high fence around it and a winding driveway bordered with daisies. Though no other star ever earned as much from the films alone, today Bushman is bankrupt. However, in a newspaper state-

ment he said that he didn't care. That he was happy. That his life had been replete with good things and that he would like to live it over.

When I lived in the middle west, Eugene O'Brien made a tour with a play called "Steve." Movie stars were rare enough, but Eugene O'Brien in the flesh was something beyond all dreams.

rare enough, but Eugene O'Brien in the
flesh was something beyond all dreams.
Gene has a lovely home on Whitley
Heights. He still lives there . . . very
quietly. Almost every afternoon he
sprinkles his lawn in his bare feet.
Gene is still very handsome though he
has a bit of a tummy. He speaks with out a great deal of enthusiasm of going

out a great deal of enthusiasm of going on a diet and staging a comeback. Over his fireplace is a huge oil painting of Norma Talmadge and when in a mellow mood, Gene grows reminiscent.

Wanda Hawley lived in the house on the other side of Eugene O'Brien.

Wanda was blond and dimpled. She appeared in many of DeMille's earlier pictures; she was Valentino's leading lady in "The Young Rajah"; and for a time she was starred in a series of a time she was starred in a series of comedies. But Wanda grew fat, so fat that after a while she was seen no more.

AND still the hill continued to take its toll. Ethel Clayton, the girl with the languorous, dreamy eyes and flyaway hair, who appeared in the film versions of a dozen or more of Rupert

wersions of a dozen or more of Rupert Hughes' novels, was another who lived on the hill and whose footsteps were dogged by misfortune. After years of devotion, that became almost a Hollywood tradition, to the memory of her first husband, she fell in love with and married Ian Keith. For a while they were ideally happy; then everything was over in a flare of ugly publicity. Eleanor Boardman lived up here when she was considered one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger actresses, and the hillside smiled on the ardent wooing of King Vidor. They were married and Eleanor deserted the screen for babies and domesticity. Their marriage ended recently with a barrage of not-too-pretty charges and counter-charges, and Eleanor deserted the screen for babies and domesticity. charges and counter-charges, and Eleanor was sued by the private detective she had hired to shadow King. Since the advent of the talkies she made one picture . . , and that during the year

she was under contract to Paramount. Though she looked very pretty, her debut was considered woefully inaus-picious and Paramount didn't renew her contract.

her contract.

Another ill-fated pair who challenged the spell of the hilltop were Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet. Mickey, in whom there is a real flame of genius, is no longer in Hollywood, and Blanche, still slim and romantic looking, is seldom heard of.

Helen Lee Worthing, one of the most

Helen Lee Worthing, one of the most gorgeous to find her way out of the Follies, lived in a big white house, looking directly down the boulevard, with her dusky doctor husband. After many tragic episodes, which included investigations by the Federal authori-ties, attempts at suicide and soul-sear-ing publicity, Helen is in a sanitarium.

SOME time or other they all lived on Whitley Heights. Maurice Chevalier took a house on the hill when he had been in Hollywood but a few days.

had been in Hollywood but a few days. Every morning he would set out for the studio accompanied by the tiny girl with the enormous eyes, who was Mme. Chevalier, formerly Yvonne Vallee, Parisian musical comedy star. Their devotion was apparent to everyone. All day long Yvonne sat on the set, and around the studio they said that Maurice never as much as looked at anyone but Yvonne. But after a little while a hurt and bewildered looked at anyone but Yonne. But after a little while a hurt and bewildered expression crept into the eyes of the little French girl. She returned to Paris without her Maurice. Maurice followed. There was a quiet divorce. The King of Spain's cousin lives in the

The King of Spain's cousin lives in the house now.

Thomas Meighan, Ralph Graves, Monta Bell, Richard Barthelmess, Joseph Schildkraut, Sidney Franklin, Lawrence Tibbett, Montague Love, George Arliss, Dorothy Devore, Mary Doran, Dorothy Peterson, Gloria Stuart, Greta Meyer, Stuart Walker, Chester Morris, and a host of others have lived or still live on the hilltop.

There may be a curse on the hill, but romance and beauty still linger there. As, for example, the most intense current romance in Hollywood—and the sweetest—concerns Tom Brown and Anita Louise. If you take a short stroll you will see Tommy's shining new roadster parked before Anita's gate.

Perhaps this new generation of screen will lift the snell from the hill.

Perhaps this new generation of screen stars will lift the spell from the hill. Pretty Patricia Ellis, one of the most promising newcomers, lives with her parents, the Alexander Leftwiches, in Francis X. Bushman's former home. There is a small swimming pool and the younger set gathers there for hilarious times. Those on the way up . . . and those on the way down.

YES, unquestionably, the hill exerts a mysterious enchantment. It comes on the breeze in the tinkle of distant laughter, a quick strain of music, a breath of perfume, as the hill lies soft and tranquil beneath the pale September moon. There is a rustle in the trees, then all is silence, but it seems that the hill is smiling pityingly that anyone should sigh for those who lived and loved and laughed on her lovely, treacherous bosom . . . and there is a whisper that seems to say that the story of the hill-top and those who have lived on it has only started.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 54)

of the lyric. It's good, though. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6653.)
"Whose Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Whose All and of the by this time if familiarity really breeds contempt. But

Well, I guess no one by this time if familiarity really breeds contempt. But this is a good record, anyhow. This time it's a vocal, and Ethel Shutta sings it for us. As she has plenty of instrumental effects to go with it, I'm sure you'll like it. The other side, also sung by Miss Shutta, is Hoagy Carmichael's tune, "Snowball." This is really very good and is the type of song that suits her voice. (This is Columbia Record No. 2819-D.)

Bing Crosby is our next vocal artist and he is singing songs from his latest picture, "Too Much Harmony." "The Day You Came Along" is the title of the first one we listen to, and it isn't hard to listen to, either. Bing sings this tune with plenty of rhythm and puts it over in great style. Also he does a bit of his famous whistling, although, personally, I think we could dispense with that. "I guess It Had to Be That Way" is on the other side, by the same artist, and from the same show. This is just as good as the preceding one and I think you'll enjoy it. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6644.)

Freddy Martin and his orchestra are our next entertainers, and this time we hear, "Gather Lip Rouge While You May" from the film "My Weakness." This record seems to have about everything that could be desired, and I see no reason why it shouldn't meet with your approval.

"Be Careful" is the tune on the other."

no reason why it shouldn't meet with your approval.

"Be Careful" is the tune on the other side, also played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. Although the tune isn't the best, this is a nice record. Martin builds it up very well and there is some enjoyable trumpet work. Elmer Feldkamp is the vocalist. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6658.)

Here's another tune from "Footlight Parade," played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. "Honeymoon Hotel" is the title, and although I think they could have increased the tempo on this one, it is very smooth to listen to.

could have increased the tempo on this one, it is very smooth to listen to.

"By a Waterfall" is on the other side, played by the same band, but after hearing Lombardo's record, this one falls flat. However, the vocal refrain is very good. (This is Victor Record No. 24399-A.)

"Savage Serenade" from Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities" is next up, and this time it's George Olsen and his music doing the honors. Olsen handles this very nicely, but the high spot is the vocal work by the trio, Bob Rice, Jack Clifford and Bobbie Borger. They really put the tune over. The other side, played by George Olsen, is also a tune from the "Vanities." "Me for You Forever" is the title, and it's on the smoother side. Joe Morrison sings the vocal. (This is Columbia Record No. 2810-D.)

If you like your music warm here is one that will all the hill pretty wall.

ord No. 2810-D.)

If you like your music warm here is one that will fill the bill pretty well.

"Shake Your Hips" is the title and it's played by Jack Teagarden and his Chicagoans. The other side is also played by Jack and the boys—"Someone stole Gabriel's Horn." They sure get around this one too. Teagarden sings the yocal this one, too. Teagarden sings the vocal himself. This is Columbia Record No. 2802-D.)

The Smartest Women Use FACEN BEAUTY AIDS



- yet they cost ÓNLY 10°

You can pay \$1 or more for your lipstick, rouge and face powder. BUT, you cannot buy greater purity or finer quality than that found in Facen Beauty Aids at 10¢! that sound unbelievable? read this report from a famous Research Laboratory:-"Every Facen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 or \$3." No wonder, in this new age of common-sense buying, smart women everywhere are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids!

> FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

CLEANSING CREAM . COLD CREAM FACE POWDER . ROUGES . PERFUMES



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INTRODUCTORY OFFER

STUNNING NEW CIGARETTE BOX

and

TWO PACKS OF





THIS cigarette box is a beaut! Sleek lines, dashing color combination. It's an eye-catching ornament in a living-room or on an office desk. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes.

It sells for a dollar in high-class specialty shops along Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Body lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite; lid contrasting jade green; legs and knob silvery chromium-plated balls. (Lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh.) Makes a wonderful gift. No advertising on it.

KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a special process that actually cools the smoke to prevent throat dryness, but doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. And KOOLS are cork-tipped; won't stick to lips.

The supply of boxes is limited. You will save 80 cents if you act immediately.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Dept. H. Louisville, Kentucky
Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money-order
or coin-if latter, please protect) for which
send me-postpaid-KOOL Cigarette Box
(no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES.
I COMMITTED CIGARETTES.
Name
(print plainly)
Address
CityState
Good in U. S. A. only

The Fairy Princess

(Continued from page 57)

It is a far cry from that shared dressing-room to the suite provided for her by Warner Brothers today. But, if she lives to be a thousand, Ruby Keeler Jolson will never have a more staunch friend, a more faithful and loyal be-liever in her talents, than Texas Guinan.

EVERY dollar that Ruby earned went to the support of her family. Her father was ill, her sisters and her brother were too young to work; so the burden rested on Ruby. She didn't care. As always, she snapped her fingers at the silk dresses, the fur coats and the limousines that other girls bought with their money. She spent her salary on her folks. And spent her salary on her folks. And when there was a little left over, she spent it for voice lessons or on horseback riding.

Ruby was eighteen when she got her first real break, a dancing part in "Lucky." What thrilled her most, though, was the beautiful messages of congratulations she received from the Sisters of the Convent she attended as a child. Even when she was a cabaret dancer in La Guinan's club, the sisters sent her nice messages.

At about the same time another thing happened that sent her spirits sky-rocketing. And no wonder! Ruby fell rocketing. And no wonder! Rul in love. She fell madly in love.

It lasted for three years. It might be that if Ruby hadn't made a trip to California, and, while out there, hadn't fallen in love with Al Jolson, that she would have married the boy. But she did make the trip, and she did fall in love with Jolson, though she kept it a secret for many, many months. When she came back to her parents' home in Long Island, she told her mother that she had fallen

in love with Al Jolson.
"But, Ruby, what about . . .?" her mother asked. "After three years, you can't just tell a man you don't care

for him any more."
"But, Mama," Ruby answered, "I love Mr. Jolson. I want to marry him."

YOU see, she was honest. And she didn't believe that, being in love with another man, she should pretend that she was going to marry the boy. Her mother persisted-what about this boy who was in love with her and had been for years?

"Oh, I can't help it, Mama," Ruby cried. "I'll have to tell him. He is not made of stone—I'll have to break it as easily as I can. I love Al. I love him so much I didn't think it possible."

Ruby, however, followed her mother's advice. She waited before telling Johnny. Jolson returned to New York and Ruby got a booking at the Capitol Theater.

One evening she appeared backstage with a new diamond ring, a five-carat square-cut diamond that the others couldn't help noticing. She was extremely mysterious about the donor.

The ring was a gift from Jolson but, since she had not yet told the others about her new love, she couldn't publicly acknowledge such an extravagant gift from another man. But the boy saw, and he asked questions, and soon the whole story came tumbling out.

NOW, it was generally known around Broadway that the boy in the case was not one to be thrown casually aside by any girl, no matter how much he loved her. Yet, when he learned from Ruby's lips of her love for Jolson, he did the unexpected. He didn't get angry. He behaved splendidly.

angry. He behaved splendidly.

It was like a fairy story, the Jolson-Keeler romance. One day Ruby was a little girl supporting her family. The next, she was married to Jolson at Port Chester, New York. On the following day she was on board the Olympic—in a stategoom, mind you—sailing for in a stateroom, mind you-sailing for

Europe on a honeymoon.

Ruby Keeler, the little tap dancer and cabaret performer, the wife of a millionaire, a man who was and is one of America's foremost celebrities.

Three months later Ruby had an opportunity to show the weeld how careed

portunity to show the world how sacred that marriage was to her. It was when Eddie Cantor cracked the joke about her it was just a good joke to be used in the show. But Ruby was angry. She threw up the best role of her career and walked out of the show in Pittsburgh. She knew she might incur the wrath of Equity and of Ziegfeld, but she didn't care. Besides, she was lonesome for her bushend who was in Halle. for her husband who was in Holly-wood. He mattered more to her than all the fame in the world.

ZIEGFELD, though he was known as a harsh taskmaster when it concerned his shows, must have admired and respected her for her stand, for a short time later he asked her to play the leading role in a new show, "Show Girl."

Ziegfeld was not the only one who admired Ruby for what she did. Jolson's love took a new bound. When Ruby returned to New York to play in "Show Girl," she displayed a new gift from her hyperbal experience were the statement of from her husband, a wrist watch in a bracelet surrounded by diamonds. A few months later, when her husband joined her in New York, little Ruby Keeler, the girl who all her life had lived in a crowded flat in Long Island, had a suite in the Ritz Tower.

LIFE was perfect. Ruby looked ahead seeing nothing to mar the view. She had her husband; she had her career; Ziegfeld had said she would be a great success; and Al was encourages the state of the stat aging her to do her best; he had faith in her abilities.

Day and night she rehearsed, getting herself perfect in the part. The show opened in a blaze of praise. Ruby Keeler was an overnight hit. Even Al, sitting in the audience on the opening night, could not contain his happiness. He rose from his seat and, standing there in the midst of a hushed house, sang "Liza" to his wife on the stage. Even first nighters, brittle to sentimental scenes, were touched.

Then came calamity — and Ruby Keeler Jolson felt its heavy hand.
One night, just at the end of the second act of "Show Girl," Ruby collapsed in her dressing-room. A doctor was alled tor was called.
"She needs an operation at once,"

he said.

Ruby was taken home and the frantic Al Jolson called in Dr. Alfred Hellman. Dr. Hellman wanted to send her to the

The Fairy Princess

hospital immediately, but Ruby begged to be allowed to continue in her part until a substitute could be found. Though she was in terrible pain she still appreciated the opportunity Zieg-feld had given her and she wouldn't let him down.

Ziegfeld, always sensitive to loyalty and courage, told the entire cast that he had never known a pluckier person than Ruby. He wired to Dorothy Stone, then in Hollywood, to rush to New Verk and scaleso Puby. It was the York and replace Ruby. It was three days before Dorothy arrived, so for three evenings Ruby played her part on the stage. And each night in her dressing-room she writhed in agony, between scenes.

When she was well, Jolson, afraid to leave her alone since her illness, insisted on taking her back to California with him. And she went willingly, for Ruby snapped her fingers at the things of the same of the such things as careers when they inter-

fered with her marriage.
In California, such is the way of the movies, that when it became known Ruby was not interested in a screen career the movie moguls immediately began to hound her. Ruby was flat-tered, but for all the attention she gave the screen offers they might as well

the screen offers they might as wen
not have been made.
"I don't think I'll go in the movies,"
she confided to a friend. "I've noticed
Al when he is working. He is terribly
nervous and worries all the time. Think
how awful it would be for him if he began to worry about my work, too. No," she shook her head, "I wouldn't want him to do it."

One day Paramount called and asked

her to take a movie test.

It is the sort of call for which thousands of girls wait with bated breath. Ruby understood its importance and said she would report for the test. But then, Al came home and said exuberantly that he thought a trip to Catalina would be swell. Ruby promptly forgot all about the test and went along. Once more Al won out and Paramount She never reported to make the

Why, she asked herself in Catalina, should she bother about work when she was happy being Mrs. Al Jolson? If she had considered the question, she might have said it was a case of relamight have said it was a case of relative values. Why chance certain happiness against the uncertain pleasures of stardom?

GRANTED that giving up material things for marriage is a form of bravery, Ruby Keeler is also brave in other ways.

Take the time she was on a train leaving Los Angeles, when a bandit climbed on board and began robbing passengers. Ruby was walking in the corridor when she came face to face with the bandit. He carried a gun. His face was masked. Those were two items to shake the courage out of any girl.

Ruby stared hard at the bandit; then she began to scream as loudly as she could, forgetting entirely to take into account the fact that the man might shoot her for giving the alarm. Somehow, he escaped, but it wasn't Ruby's fault. However, her lusty screams saved her own jewels while other pas-sengers were robbed.

e Al was busy with pictures (Please turn to page 92) While



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes **GRITTY FACE POWDERS!**

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irri-tated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit-tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it be-tween your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lidy Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave.	FREE
Evanston, Ill. I want to make the "bite-test" and the	e shade
test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Face Powder postpaid and free.	Esther
NAME	
ADDRESS .	
CITY This offer not good in Canada.	(2)

Good-bye

When You Take This Complete Cold Remedy

A COLD is too serious a thing to trust to half-way measures. Remember, a cold is an internal infection and must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the thing to take because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe



The Fairy Princess

there was little for her to do, so she asked if he objected to her returning to the stage. Al said, no, he didn't mind—subject, of course, to a sudden

mind—subject, of course, we a sudden-change in plans.

An offer came from the producers of "The Vanderbilt Revue" and Ruby ac-cepted it. She rehearsed her part for several weeks and played it as she thought it should be played. Now, Ruby lays no claims to being a Duse or an Eagels, but she does know when she is good and when she is punk. Suddenly she walked out of the production

and went back to California.

You see, Ruby has a standard to live up to, and when she feels that she is up to, and when she rees that she gives up the role. Always in the back of her mind is the thought—Will Al think this right? Will he want me to cut out this bit of husiness? Will he approve of bit of business? Will he approve of this? And if the answers in her mind are negative, she snaps her fingers at

NOW, Ruby doesn't care for horse racing. She would rather see a tennis match than watch a horse race. But Al is mad about the races. can sit and watch a horse lose five thousand for him without blinking an eyelash. Ruby can't. But as long as Al is fond of horses, Ruby interests herself in them. She even went to the extent of owning a thoroughbred, Concorde, by name. In July, a year ago, Con-corde was entered in a race.

Ruby was half-crazy with excitement about the horse. Besides, Earle Sande, the celebrated jockey, was riding the horse. Came the mile and seventy-yard Concorde was not the favorite, but that made no difference to Ruby. She knew he would win. The race was well on when Concorde got the lead and held it, coming in an easy winner.

Anyone seeing Ruby on the day of that race would have asserted that she was the world's greatest track en-thusiast. Yet, not long ago, Ruby stood on the porch of her parents' home in Woodside, Long Island, and watched Al drive off in his car, alone. He was going to the races. Since she did not care to go along with him, he went by himself.

She sees no reason why, since her interest in the races is only spasmodic, she should interfere with her husband's pleasure. And this, little children, is another of the fundamental reasons why Ruby is considered the perfect wife

by her husband.
Until she married she cared little for golf. Since she has played the game with frequency, she has grown to love Now she shoots in the eighties, which is a better game than most men play. She took up the game because Al is so fond of it.

You see how wise she is? No being a golf widow for Ruby Keeler Jolson.

If Al liked ballooning, the chances are that Ruby would take it up, too.

HER life has become a good deal like that of a Fairy Princess who has met her Prince Charming. She never knows what gifts she will get. Maybe Al will come home with a new diamond wis and headed. Parkers he will sure ring or a bracelet. Perhaps he will surprise her with a limousine or a trip to some place she has expressed a desire to see. He would get her the moon if she wanted it.

Can you blame her for putting her marriage before a career? It was what the Sisters at the Convent taught her to do—and life has borne out the truth

of their lessons.

A prying soul once cornered Ruby and asked her a lot of stupid questions, the first of which was: "What do you think of separate apartments for mar-ried persons?"
"What?" she was actually shocked.

"Separate apartments? Why, I think even separate rooms are silly. What do people get married for, if not to be together?"

The prying soul was still inquisitive. There must be a weakness in the idyllic

romance "Don't you think," asked the P.S., "that couples should take trips away from each other to get a fresh perspec-tive? Don't you think artists need a change from one another?"

Ruby was wide-eyed with amazement.
"I should say not," she answered vehemently. "I should hate to think that Al wanted to make trips without

me—and I find half the pleasure in traveling is in being with Al."

Still the P.S. was impatient. She pried and pried until Ruby was vexed.

"I think," Ruby exploded, "that all this bosh about separate rooms and separate trips is nonsense. Either people are or aren't married. There isn't

any half-way measure."
"Oh," said the Prying Soul, dragging out her ace card, "the reason you feel that way is because you and Al like to do things together; take trips, play golf, attend races and parties, together."

Ruby objected to the smug statement,

but she held on to her Irish temper.
"That is not true," she retorted. "Al and I just enjoy being together-not doing things together, but just being together. You know, the way you like to have somebody around, someone you really like."

And this brings us back to where we

started:

Ruby thinks it's great to be a movie star. She is happy in her success. But
—Al and marriage come first. And it may be soon-it may be a little longer when she will desert her career and start raising a family. When it happens, don't pretend surprise. We warned you!

PLANNING YOUR MEALS

This month's food circulars have been designed to help you plan and serve your formal and informal meals. Here they are:

1. Chart for table setting
2. Formal table setting
3. Informal table setting
4. Company luncheons and dinners
4. Yes and table setting
4. Company luncheons and dinners
5. Setting tuncheons and dinners
6. Late evening refreshments
7. Sunday breakfasts
8. Family luncheons and dinners
8. Family luncheons and dinners
9. Family luncheons and dinners
1f you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower
Magazines, 55 Fitth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so
that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

tending drinking parties, habituating beauty parlors, gallivanting over the countryside in automobiles, and other-wise flaunting their lack of interest in home life."—Helen Twelvetrees. In fact, it seems that there are just

too many present-day wives.

And on the other hand, Holly-wood might very justly compluse that its public is always demanding something new—hat will never stand for anything different.

Many a movie exhibitor (you know the gent you see standing around the lobby, wearing a worried expression and a tuxedo) is of the opinion that pictures with unhappyendings make the audience unhappy. If such stories must be made, exhibitors helieve the studie should also send If such stories must be made, exhibi-tors believe the studio should also send along an alternate happy ending. Then the exhibitor could be left to decide which ending the public wants. This suggestion will doubtless receive plenty of consideration because it com-

plicates an industry that is already too complex. What worries us is the suspicion that exhibitors are apt to be wrong about what the public wants.

(However, let's not get into a discussional discussions)

sion of adagio dancers.)

As a matter of fact, anybody can be wrong about what the public wants. So what we say is: why not give the customers their choice of whether a picture is to end happily or be a financial failure?

Show two endings and let the public forget the one it doesn't like. It ought to be easy enough. If we had good memories, we'd all be scenario writers.

BUT there's another factor that should be taken into consideration. The final scenes aren't the only things we fanzy wanzies object to in a lot of movies. Dear me, no! So why not have only half, say, of each superproduction made originally? Show this half to the cash customers. After thinking it over, they could fill out cards indicating what they'd like to have happen next.

These cards could then he sent hack The final scenes aren't the only things

These cards could then be sent back to the focal infection point. Hollywood could complete the epic along the proposed lines and ship it back to the audience which by this time would have found something else to worry about. And, with nobody interested in seeing the rest of the picture the surplus

ing the rest of the picture, the surplus film could be converted into celluloid collars and distributed free to censors to get hot under.

To obtain circulars described on page 72, write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

BLONDES: Faded Hair is Old Hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY YOUTHFULLY BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S



Even if you are only 21. If your blond hair has become faded or darkened -IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, youthfully, beautiful with Marchand's South July, Beautiful with Marchands Solden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—

one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a con-servative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair On Arms And Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard or stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse regrowth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT-For the right results, KRA get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Dept. I-B
YOUR NAME
ADDRESS CITY STATE
DRUGGIST'S NAME
ADDRESS



Hands That He Adores - Cherish Their Charm!

Always, men are sensitive to the allurement of soft, fair, smooth-textured hands ... Wise is the woman who keeps her hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be!

With Pacquin's, that is easy! This marvellously penetrating cream actually restores to the skin the natural softening oils which are constantly being lost by exposure to water and weather. You'll be delighted at the way it preserves the supple, youthful texture and fairness of the skin! (Doctors and nurses, whose hands need constant sterilization, use Pacquin's for its soothing, softening

Try Pacquin's for a week. You'll find it different from all ordinary hand creams-and surprisingly economical because a little pat goes so far!

> don't try to hide your hands—use



Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Hollywood Slave

but I decided not to pursue the inquiry! "You'd better come along with us, miss," broke in Claude, who had availed miss," broke in Claude, who had availed himself of the interval to repair the ravages of the night, and was once more his impeccable, uniformed self. "We can park the little car here, if you say, and use the big car, or we can all three get into this one. Mr. Stresseman won't sleep till we get you back. He's been phoning the filling station here every few minutes all night"

night."
"That's right, baby," agreed Sam,
"the boss is goin' nuts!"

It was a strange, compelling spell—a binding web—which this yellow-haired, green-eyed giant wove around me. Tonight I was too tired to try to break its threads.

WHEN I next awoke, it was long past high noon. The rays of the sun through the casement windows, which had been so hot and yellow the day before, were softer now; voluptuously caressing. I don't know when I became aware that Fritz Stresseman was sitting on the edge of my hed became aware that Fritz Stresseman was sitting on the edge of my bed, looking at me and calling me by a strange, new name. I don't know how long he had been sitting there. All I know is that it seemed quite natural that I should be opening my eyes and looking confidently into his.

The name by which he was calling me is no longer strange or new, to me or to the world. It is the name which has blazed in myriads of lights on countless theater marquees in thousands of cities and towns from Tokio to Tia Juana. I will not use it here, lest Wentsch and the rest of those lest Wentsch and the rest of those shiny little men who control my pictures sue me and seek to recover millions for exposing the lie which they have made me live these last two years; but I will use another name, which means the same thing.

"Astra," he was saying, "Astra!"

"Astra" he was saying, "Astra!"
I rubbed my eyes and dug myself in a little deeper in the billowy sea of silk and linen.

"Why do you call me Astra, Mr. Fritz?" I asked, sleepily.
"Because you are like the stars,

Astra. I have been watching you. The sun, when it is high in the heavens, buries its golden rays in your hair, and they come out silver. You shine pure, Astra, pure like the stars."

I liked that. What girl wouldn't?

I fixed that. What girl wouldn't:
He was marvelously good to me, this
yellow-haired giant with the compelling
eyes. I couldn't leave him. I knew
that now. Yesterday, I had been an
hysterical girl. Today I was a woman. My mind was once more star-like in its clarity. How could I, an unknown, with only a few dollars in my pocket, without powerful friends, hope to find another unknown, a vaudeville actor without powerful friends, hope to find another unknown, a vaudeville actor who could change his name a dozen times and throw me completely off the trail—who would do that, I knew, in his present mood, if he thought that I was following him.

NO, I would stay here in this beautiful place, I would make money and fame and powerful friends. I would draw this boy back to me by the very magnetism of my success—and if that failed, I would bring him back by virtue of the influence I could command. Yes, I thought somewhat

sleepily, that was by far the better way.

sleepily, that was by far the better way.

"Astra," the big man was saying, "it is for you to get up now. We leave for New York in one hour."

I was no longer sleepy. I was prepared to listen to Fritz Stresseman's arguments that I should stay; I was even prepared to yield gracefully to them; but, even with what I had already seen of the man and his methods, I was not prepared for this.

I was not prepared for this.

"Here," he said, handing me a lovely Chinese thing—or was it Egyptian?—all embroidered in gold, "you must not

take cold."

He was kind, Mr. Fritz!

"I have had clothes made for you,"
he said in his most assured manner.
He had left the window and was
standing at the end of the bed, holding
high in his great arms a darling little
frock of a rough, golden woolen material—half dress, half suit—ideal for
traveling. I stopped half way through
my orange juice, and, broken-hearted
though I was, I gasped:

"Will it fit?"

"Of course. Pierre took your meas-

"Of course. Pierre took your measurements the other night after you fainted. He and his people have been working day and night ever since. In these bags, you will find everything else you need."

FOLLOWED his glance to the chaise longue, which was piled high with traveling cases, each with a cover and the initial "A" on each cover. He held suit and hat high again in

his big, gentle hands, while he caressed them with his gaze. My woman's eyes roamed to a tweed traveling coat, which hung over the back of the chair where, on my previous visit, Sam or someone had hung my clothes. Fritz's eyes followed mine.
"This," he said, lifting the coat, "will

do for the plane, and also for the boat."
"The boat?"

"Yes. In one day, we reach New York. In four more days—five days in all—we reach Paris."

I AM not going to bore you with my trip by plane and boat from Holly-wood to Paris and return. This is the wood to Faris and return. This is the story of a Hollywood slave, not a travelchat for the guidance of itinerant tourists. Suffice it to say that we left the Burbank Airport at 4:15 Months of the surface of the surfa day afternoon, that we arrived in New York at 9:10 the following evening, that we boarded the *Bremen* at its Brooklyn dock in time for its midnight sailing, and that, on the Friday night following, we were dising at Circle in following, we were dining at Ciro's in Paris.

On the boat I had a suite which had been occupied, only two sailings be-fore, by the great Jeritza. From New York to Cherbourg I never left it. Fritz had a simpler, more mannish suite on the same deck. He roamed

suite on the same deck. He roamed the ship freely, telling everybody how he was going back to Europe to find just the right girl to play the Egyptian goddess in his new picture.

The radio operator picked up the story, and relayed it back to New York. The New York papers carried the story, and so did the Associated Press. In Hollywood, his secret departure in his own plane created a sensation. One columnist said that he had gone all the columnist said that he had gone all the way to Europe by air. It was the beginning of the ballyhoo, the lie, which

Home-Makers Hollywood Slave

Here's Aid to HOMEBEAUTY



LIVING ROOM COLOR SCHEME

Floor: Rug:

Apple green. Dark brown. Rust.

Draperies:

Cream background, rust, green and yellow figures.

Curtains

Cream Furniture: Maple.

Upholstery: Rust, black, green and rose. Accessories: Rust, green, pewter, and terra-

vellow cotta.

JOLOR harmony in a room and the treatment of your windows are two of the most important phases of making your home lovely. Do you know how to work out your color scheme with the aid of a color chart . . . what primary, secondary, complementary and neutral colors are? Do you know what curtains are best for casement windows . . when to use a plain or a figured

These two pamphlets will answer these and many other questions about

color and draperies.
"BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR" explains the distribution and balance of color and gives twenty different color schemes for living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. This pamphlet tells how to give the effect of warmth to your rooms, of spaciousness and good

"WINDOW TREATMENTS" explains draperies and tells how to curtain French, English, Italian, Spanish and modern rooms. Illustrated with different types of windows with directions for making fifteen styles of attractive draperies.

Send 10c for each pamphlet to

HOME BEAUTIFUL

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC. 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. was to entrap me, and finally to enslave me-while it gave to expectant millions the new "European" sensation

which they craved!

Fritz continued to be kind to me, even when I showed myself the least promising of linguists. Patiently, for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, he labored with me and my French. He, with his German accent, and I with my Ohio one, man accent, and I with my Ohio one, we talked endlessly and unintelligibly about such subjects as my limited vocabulary permitted. By the time we landed on French soil, I was, at least, voluble. It was not necessary, Fritz insisted, that I be correct; but I must be fluent. And fluent I was through be fluent. And fluent I was—through-out my Paris stay—to the confusion, and I have no doubt the amusement, waiters and concierges

That first Saturday in Paris was one seemingly endless confusion of dressmaking salons. Fritz or Sam or somebody had cabled ahead to half a dozen noted Parisian coutouriers, whose representatives crowded the lobby of The Meurice, where Fritz had taken two wonderful suites overlooking the Tuilleries Gardens. Far into the night, I learned the next day, Fritz had sat up with these people, looking at sketches, examining costumes and embroideries, choosing fabrics, rejecting, eliminating, narrowing the choice so far as possible in order to expedite

far as possible in other matters the following day. He had chosen Chanel for sports He had chosen Chanel for sports costumes and street dresses. We went there first, and stayed until just before lunch: an endless procession of tall, willowy mannikins passing before us in the costumes Fritz had selected for a final choice. I had never been in a place like that before. I thought they were beautiful I couldn't see why were beautiful. I couldn't see why Fritz continued to have any interest in

me, but somehow, he did.

AFTERWARD, we had luncheon with Paul Pierre himself in his famous garden. I thought he was an ugly old man, but his garden was lovely. man, but his garden was lovely. So were his clothes. Any disappointment I may have felt at the apparent ordinariness of the clothes in which Fritz Stresseman had chosen to smuggle me unnoticed out of Hollywood and out of America vanished at the sight of the exotic wardrobe which he now chose for me from the bizarre collection of the famous Monsieur Pierre.

the famous Monsieur Pierre.
"Are all these things for the picture?" I gasped, when he had told the vendeuse to lay aside the fifth or sixth

sumptuous evening frock.

"None of them are for the picture," he answered. "They are for you. They are for the new you. So is this." Monsieur Pierre himself was ap-

proaching with an antique tray on which there stood the largest bottle of perfume I had ever seen, the largest I had ever imagined; and of exquisite

design.
"This," said Fritz, "is the work of
the two Pauls—Paul Pierre and my
own Paul in Hollywood. They have been working over it by cable and trans-Atlantic telephone ever since we

left. I have now approved it. It is yours. It is you. Look—it is 'Astra'."

He held before my astonished eyes the beautifully designed label, all in yellow and black. Yes, it was "Astra."

"You will use no other."

(Please turn to page 96)



OVENSERVE

The Gift She'd Choose Herself



Something new! You bake. You chill. You serve. All with the same beautiful dishes.

- DEA

OvenServe saves time ... saves dishes . . . serves

food more attractively. Heat won't break it. Cold won't crack it. You've never used dishes like this before. They are made by the famous Homer-Laughlin potteries.

OvenServe has all the dishes you'd expect to find: service and salad plates, cups and saucers, platters and serving dishes.

Plus the out-of-the-ordinary: French style casseroles, individual bean pots,

covered baking dishes, Welch Rarebit plates, shirred egg dishes. You'll want them for yourself. You'll want them for gifts.

Look for the Label



SOLD AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Peggy Gets REALLY KISSED







Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new KISS-PROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive KISSPROOF gives matchless allure to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new Special Theatrical Color, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof Indelible UPSTICK

Hollywood Slave

"May I smell it?" I ventured. "It is not necessary," he said, "I have approved."

The next day we played. The morning at Versailles. It was the Sunday ing at versames. It was the Santag, when the fountains play. Luncheon at the Trianon. Tea at Saint Germain. Dinner at Foyot's.

"We stay here one week," said Fritz, as we crossed the bridge in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower on our way back to the hotel. "We will do nothing tomorrow, next day, any day, except what you call it, absorb. Yes, we will have fittings, many fittings; but always in the mornings; our afternoons, our evenings shall be free. We will go to restaurants, to music halls, to Mont-

marte. For fun? No. To absorb."

I wasn't sure what he meant by that word "absorb," but I soon learned. Everywhere we went, we saw people of a kind I had never seen before, neonle of that stronge reliable word. people of that strange polyglot world which is the tourists' Paris. Women we saw from the Latin countries, from the Argentine, from Balkans, from Russia—especially from Russia—who dressed, who walked, who danced as no women I had ever known had dressed and walked and danced. Everywhere he went, we heard English: strange, broken, delightfully charming English: "English English," as Fritz had said, but with a Russian accent, a Spanish accent, a Roumanian accent.

I T was as Fritz had prophesied. I absorbed. Mimic that I was, I found myself talking as they talked, walking they walked; assuming Cadiz would have been called "airs," but what I well knew would pass in but what I well knew would pass in Hollywood as personality. A mirror, that's what I was. The gift of re-flection, that's what I had. How well this man with the green eyes had judged me! At the end of the week, I was cinema perfect: "Europe's Gift to the Silver Screen."

I am ashamed to say it, but it wasn't until I had emerged from this mad week's whirl, and was safely tucked up in my steamer-chair on the sun deck of the west-bound Ile de France, that my thoughts went back in any permanent way to the boy I had left behind me in far-off California. I blamed myself horribly for this neglect-and yet, I wonder if it wouldn't have happened to most girls under such extraordinary circumstances? Anyhow, with the prow of the great boat set for home, my

thoughts were again with Trav.

I had written him a brief, hysterical note from the little theatrical hotel in Fresno, where I had gone in a last vain hope of finding him. It didn't say much except that I loved him, that I hadn't done anything wrong in staying at Fritz Stresseman's the night I fainted in the goddess gown, that I would come to him wherever he might be to share his luck whatever that luck might be. Of course, I had not heard from him. Perhaps, I never would. The only address I had was the agent's in San Francisco. Perhaps he would never go Who could tell? there.

Perhaps, on the other hand, he had got my letter right away, and had written me to say that he forgave me, that he would take me back—perhaps he had even rushed back to Hollywood, only to find me gone to Europe with another man!

T was with a heavy heart, now that the first excitement was over, that I played my part-my lie-for the benefit of the passengers on the boat and the reporters on the press-boat in New York. This was back in the publicity-mad days of Mayor Jimmy Walker, when anyone with sufficient pull could be met at Quarantine by the official tug Macon and be motored up Broadway in city-owned automobiles through showers of ticker tape and the torn leaves of telephone books to receive the keys of the city on the City Hall steps.

I suffered it all, even the Walker wisecracks, but it left me cold. I could have kissed Fritz for taking me out of it all the moment the necessary photographs had been taken and the necessary word of thanks—in broken English which the newspapers char-acterized as "charming"—had been spoken into the microphone. I could have kissed Claude, too, for having the bird-like silver plane all tuned up and ready to go the minute we reached the Newark Airport.

Just as we were taking off, a special messenger, traveling at racing speed under a motorcycle escort, reached us with the afternoon editions. We were a success. We were front page news. Every paper in the broad land over which we were about to fly would hail this night the rise of Astra, the new European star. Tomorrow, at Bur-bank, all Hollywood would be out to

welcome us.

We dropped Claude at Tucson; and on the last lap over the purple desert, Fritz himself took the controls. better theater, he explained, that we should land alone. At the Airport in Burbank the scene was beyond descrip-The studios of Isadore Wentsch and his associated producers, employ-ing some two thousand people, had been closed for the day. Great trucks and buses and sight-seeing cars and a small army of taxicabs had been used to transport these paid claquers to the scene of welcome. In addition there were flocks of private motor cars of every kind and description which had brought their curious owners from Los Angeles and the surrounding countryside to catch a first glimpse of that mysterious European importation, that discovery of the great Fritz Stresseman, that glittering, glamorous, and oh! so European me.

Then there were the city officials, the representatives of the civic societies and the trade associations, the ministers, the German consul (in honor of Fritz), people from the Hays office, cor-respondents of the New York papers, writers for the fan magazines, reporters for the local press, radio broadcasters and, of course, photographers. Photographers, photographers! Photo-

graphers everywhere!

They snapped me with Fritz, with Isadore, with the microphone, with the plane, with the beautiful new car-a landaulet like Fritz's, black like Fritz's, but with tiny stripes of gold, and on the door a great gold "A"—which Isadore Wentsch, on behalf of the studio and with appropriate words to the microphone as to its obvious and entirely believable costliness-presented

as a welcoming token to his new star.
"His new star!" growled Fritz, so
loud that I am sure his voice reached
the ears of Isadore Wentsch; it may

Hollywood Slave

even have reached the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience in Kankakee.

I KNEW little more until the great car—on the front seat of which sat two impeccable brothers of the impectwo impeccable brothers of the impeccable Claude, each in a gold uniform trimmed with black—reached Beverly Hills, began to climb the high hills above "Pickfair," and stopped in the courtyard of the great Moorish palace with the forty rooms and the shaded patios and the playing fountains and the blue and gold macaws.
"Well, baby," whispered a familiar voice behind me, which I recognized as Sam's, "how'd'ye like yer little hut?"
Before I could answer in my best broken English, the spell, which all this grandeur had temporarily cast upon me, was broken, destroyed, anihilated, made as if it had never been. As I entered my great living room—

As I entered my great living room— that living room, you remember, which was sixty feet long and forty feet high -a tall, tail-coated butler handed me a tray on which there rested a special delivery letter. The address—I knew it before I looked at it—was in Travis

Jackson's handwriting.

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Fritz et Monsieur Sam," I managed to say for the benefit of the butler; and ran precipitously out of the room, through the hall, up the broad stairs and into the chamber, where I have since pared.

the hall, up the broad stairs and into the chamber, where I have since penned so many of these words.

Yes, it was as I had hoped. Travis had gone to the agent's in California. He had got my letter from Fresno. He had understood, he had forgiven, he had begged for my forgiveness. He would do anything that I wished. He would wait for me while I made my picture, while I tried my luck, grasped what might after all, be my chance, or he would come back for me at once. The agent was sure that he could get us the Orpheum time at the old salus the Orpheum time at the old salary—perhaps at a fifty dollar increase. The great thing was to let him know

at once.

I looked at the post mark on the envelope, and my heart sank. The letter was three weeks old!

THIS time, though, my mind was made up. I would not be diverted by convenient sophistry. I would drop everything and go. Now, before another minute should pass, I would tell Fritz, tell him that I must seek the man I loved. Letter in hand, I rushed to the top of the stairs. Below I could hear the mesculine wise. Fixity deep hear the masculine voices-Fritz's deep resonances, Sam's nasal twangs.
"Okay, boss," the latter was saying.

"Okay, boss," the latter was saying.
"When do we start to shoot?"
"Tomorrow," replied Fritz Stresseman. "She'll be made up and on the set at nine o'clock!"
A slave! That's what I was. It all came over me as I stood there at the top of the stairs in the grandiose Hollywood palace which was the symbol of top of the stairs in the grandiose Holly-wood palace which was the symbol of my servitude. Hadn't this man bought me in the market place? Hadn't he taken me into his home and clothed me in fine raiment? Hadn't he made all the people of his kingdom bow down to me? Hadn't he spent fabulously of his fortune to make me what I was? Hadn't he given magnificently of him-self, his time, his strength—and esked self, his time, his strength—and asked nothing in return? His very kindness had entrapped me.
(To be continued)



If you have one miserable cold after another-if you have four or more colds a year-you're what medical authorities call a "Colds-Susceptible." Very important to you, then, is the new aid in preventing colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Used at that first nasal irritation or sneeze, they aid in avoiding many colds altogether.

If you have much trouble in throwing off colds . . . you're a Colds-Susceptible! To help reduce the severity and duration of a cold, use the modern method of treating colds-Vicks VapoRub. Just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime. Like a poultice it "draws out" tightness. And all night long its medicated vapors bring soothing relief.



Welcome News For COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES!

In thousands of clinical tests . . . supervised by physicians . . . Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds has greatly reduced the number and duration of colds, has cut their dangers and expense. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.



VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL

What are YOUR Home Making Problems?

Address Miss Mary Marshall

TOWER MAGAZINES INCORPORATED

> 55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y.

Whatever they are-about food, about children, about time-saving devices-why don't you dispose of these irksome questions by packing them off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She knows a lot about homemaking and is very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no chargeit's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.



• "I had to stay home from the office," writes Miss Sheerin, "my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!... Next morning my cough was gone!"

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their natural moisture out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. You throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.



PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . It works safely!

The MAKE-UP BOX



IF you're trying to decide just what to do with your Christmas check or are looking for gifts for someone else, the cosmetic manufacturers are ready to help you with a thousand and one attractive new ensembles from perfume and powder boxed together to a complete set of products for every use and occasion. In many cases these ensembles are priced lower than their contents would cost if bought separately. There is a new body tint dusting powder for women who wish a flesh-colored bath powder.

THERE'S a new dedorant stick shaped like a lipstick, in a black and white case, attractive as can be, as well as an assurance against perspiration odor. Most women realize now that deodorants are not meant for Summer use alone—are as a matter of fact of even greater importance in Winter when we're wrapped in woolens and furs. When you go shopping and must wear your coat into a hot, crowded store, you will reach for your deodorant stick with great relief. This one is particularly pleasant to use and has a slight attractive perfume of its own in addition to its deodorizing qualities. It's small enough to fit into the tiniest handbag and is quite inexpensive.



ferent.

WE'RE keeping the inventors busy giving us just what we want in the way of aids to beauty. Newest of the new in permanent wave machines is ready for you now in your favorite department store beauty salon. And it is NEW. A mechanical winder is one of the features—a "magic hand" that winds each coil swiftly and perfectly, wrapping around each strand of hair a coil of tape to hold it flat. Fifteen minutes is all it takes to wind a whole head. And not a hair pulled in the whole process. In addition, the waving machine itself is new, using less than four volts of electricity to heat through a foil-wrapped sachet and steam your little curls from the inside out as well as from the outside in. After we had watched it in action the other day and saw the beautiful waves that emerged, we signed up for a wave ourselves.

Deodorant stick in black and white.

Powder, perfume and rouge in a black and silver box.



SILVER and deep blue, or pale blue and gold are the colors chosen for another group of cosmetic ensembles that you will want to give to someone—and to yourself as well. One of the loveliest is a sapphire blue box with a silver cover equipped with a diamond shaped mirror. Another has the Paris skyline embossed in gold around the sides and combines pale blue with rose. In addition, there are flacons of perfume in satin-lined boudoir cases.

For further details including names and prices of the articles described above as well as other beauty news, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Bing Crosby's Secret

(Continued from page 39)

I got back in America he had helped himself to a lot and he is not ready to stop doing so by any means. In 1929 I met him at a party in Holly-

wood. He and the other two Rhythm Boys, Harry Barris and Al Rinker, were out here to appear with Paul Whiteman in "The King of Jazz." That production was the last of a cycle of screen revues. It was almost as stu-pendous as the Boulder Dam and took

nearly as long to be completed.

I never saw it, having temporarily lost my enthusiasm for musical pictures. This year they have brought it out again. The newspaper advertisements here on the Gold Coast read, "Bing Crosby in 'The King of Jazz.'" I believe that he only appears as a second of the complete of the comple "Bing Crosby in "The King of Jazz." I believe that he only appears as one of the Rhythm Boys, but if he were just in the ensemble he would still get the billing today. The worst part about being the man of the present is that the man of the past is always being dragged in to take a bow or a slap. Bing's past rates mostly applause, I'm

THERE were a few months of "going Hollywood" and the party where I met him was right in the midst of the voyage. I still felt sorry for him, though he obviously was sitting on the crest of a wave of whoopee. He dived off before anyone could pull it out from under him.

Bing, Barris and Rinker were the toasts of Hollywood. They were all three drinking toasts to most anyone. after night they were the life of those parties which must have life even if death follows disguised as lost prestige.

Bing was singing divinely that night. Harry Barris was playing his own compositions which a few months later became the songs of the hour, Al Rinker, less spectacular, but just as important in his own quiet way, was contributing his harmonious third to the trio, and, leaning on the piano with a sort of "They're not like this all the time" experience in the piano with a sort of the piano with a

pression, was a very pretty little blonde. She is now Mrs. Bing Crosby, the mother of the still-quite-new baby Bing. I spent my time between hanging on the piano and telling people that something ought to be done about those boys. It was done very shortly, but not through any influence of mine,

I'm sorry to say.

I'm sorry to say.

Every night now you can tune in on KFI, our local station, and hear a cheery voice saying, "We are taking you to the world famous Cocoanut Grove, the playground of the stars."

Bands come and go. Phil Harris, Abe Lyman, Jimmy Greer and others. They are all good but most of the "world fame" credit must go to Gus Arnheim, who not only had a fine band at the Grove that eventful year but was expert showman enough to grab the Three pert showman enough to grab the Three Rhythm Boys and inside of two weeks start featuring Bing Crosby as soloist. It was there that little Harry Barris

ashed off song hits so fast that by the time you had memorized "Beside a Shady Nook," he had you humming "Just One More Chance." No sooner had you agreed to give up your Shady Nook for that One More Chance than it was "I Surrender, Dear," then "At Your Command."

(Please turn to page 100)

What Jo-cur Did for "Discouraged JANE"



Try This New Waving Method Tonight

THERE is now a remarkable preparation you can buy at any toilet goods counter with which you can fingerwave your own hair perfectly for 5c . . . It is called JO-CUR Waveset . . . It is the very same French invention noted stage and screen stars use to give their hair the alluring waves you admire so much.

Instead of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, try this remarkable discovery yourself. All you do is just wet your hair with JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes ... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had-literally double the attractiveness of your hair in this easy way!

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quince-





seed base-which eliminates all stickiness, all gumminess, and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave

lasts 7 full days. Try one today. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



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Bing Crosby's Secret

That was just about a song hit a week, but I'm wondering now just what would have happened to those songs if it had not been Bing who sang them. They were lovely, but they have gone the way of many songs, while Bing is still starting every song he sings on the road to certain popularity.

I believe Bing is just one of those chosen people who arrive to remain in spite of all efforts to find someone quickly to replace them. They tried to rob Bing of his place in the sun before he had even felt the full strength of its warmth. He was the rage of the Coast. Men liked him as much as women. That was a help when all around town parties would call off games, dancing, bridge and gossip to gather around the radio at eleven-thirty listening to Bing. When we heard he was going to New

York it was really a blow, but we were reassured by the fact that he was going to broadcast from there. sad last weeks he was still here, saying a series of farewells, due to the fact that Gus Arnheim realized the "playground of the stars" was about to lose one of the chief interests of the stars and tried his very best to hold him.

VE seen quite a bit of Bing during the last two years, both in New York and out here. He is modest, grateful and above all, humorous. He doesn't want to play the romantic lover. He likes light comedy which, to use his own phrase, "takes the curse off the crooner business." He has a new baby, a new contract, a new house, all acquired by his own efforts, but the foundation that made it all possible remains the same.

He has no ambition to develop that rie nas no ambition to develop that voice into something bigger or change his style. He wants to hold what he has earned, the title of the world's sweetest singer. That's not his admission, but it's my contention. Bing will do whatever he sets out to do. Behind the calm blue orbs there lies the fire that you hear in his singing. fire that you hear in his singing, smouldering perhaps. But just try to put it out!

As a proof of his "stick-to-it-iveness" I submit the following word picture . The island of Catalina, the Capri of California. Miss Janis, following the President's suggestion to spend, breaks out and charters a yacht. It is sword-fish time at the Island. Miss J. thinks she would be satisfied with a few mackerel but goes ashore to buy some heavy tackle just in case . . Dinner on shore and the return to the yacht which lies at a mooring, probably saying to itself, "I hope she isn't going to start running me in circles after one of those (sea captain language deleted) swordfish." Seated on a bench near the club landing, alone, except for a two days' beard and a pipe, is a man. Miss J. doesn't glance at the lone figure until it rises and somewhat blocks her

Miss J-"Bing! What on earth are you doing here—er—I didn't know you—" Bing—(without a smile) "I'm you—" Bing—(without a simile) I matter a swordfish. I've been trying to get one for three years. Every time I can get a few days off I come over here. I won't stop till I get one."

Miss J—"But, are you all alone?"

Bing—(Still smileless) "Yes! I

couldn't get anyone to come with me. Dick Arlen's working, so's Jack Oakie. But I don't mind, I just go out with a

fisherman and—"
Miss J.—"How's Mrs. Crosby?"
Bing—"Fine! I had a strike today;
got him up to the boat and lost him. It was terrible.

It was terrible. I—"
Miss J.—"How's the new baby?"
Bing—"Swell! Did you see the fish
Thomas caught today? Three hundred
and forty pounds. It's hanging out
there at the end of the pier. I was
just out there looking at it—"
Miss J.—"I hear you've just signed a
new contract—"
Bing—"Yeah! That guy landed that
fish in twenty-eight minutes." (Our

Bing—"rean! That guy landed that fish in twenty-eight minutes." (Our hero looked as if he was going to sing "Just One More Chance" any minute.) Miss J.—"Want to come out on the boat for a glass of beer?"

Bing—(Looking at watch) "No! Thanks, just the same. It's nine-thirty; I've got to turn in. I start out

at six in the morning—"
Miss J.—(Very near tears) "Well, better luck tomorrow, Bing. I have a hunch you'll get your fish!"

A ND he did start out at six. I watched him go, though he didn't know it. At a little before noon I saw one of the fishing boats headed for the one of the isling boas header to the pier, flying the swordfish flag. With-out looking through the glasses, I knew that it was Bing. It just had to

The Captain, my young man and I rushed to the pier to welcome the con-quering—and, I supposed, satisfied— hero. He was as calm as if he had been catching swordfish every day be-fore lunch for years. Everyone on the pier was apparently more excited than Bing. They dragged the monster onto the scales. Bing watched intently. I didn't know that to receive the gold button from the Tuna Club, you must-land a two hundred pounder.

I stood trembling with pride, thinking Bing's fish must be the biggest ever caught. The scales registered one hundred and eighty-six pounds. The triumphant fisherman registered com-

plete disgust.

"But, Bing," I said. "Last night you were crying for a swordfish. Now you've got it, what more do you want?"

"I want a button!" His white teeth clenched on the stem of his pipe. "And

I'm going out again as soon as I get a cup of coffee."

He fought the fish over forty min-utes. He was called back to work without getting that button, but when I saw him the other day at the Metro studios where he is playing with Marion Davies, he said, "I'm afraid the swordfish will have stopped running by the time I finish here." He smiled in anticipation, as he added, "But there's almost a post time." ways a next time.'

My sympathy is with the swordfish or any other "poor fish" that thinks Bing won't eventually land him if he makes up his mind. He is that rare makes up his mind. He is that rare combination of gentleness and strength. Incidentally, I don't feel sorry for him any more, but I do feel sorry for the disgruntled sap who says that Bing Crosby is a temporary fad. If he is a fad, so is love; if he is temporary, so is music. Anyway, they're all three doing pretty well—so far.

Hollywood Day By Day

(Continued from page 18)

friends rallied to his defense with the argument that he wouldn't have been elected cheer leader if he was so terribly unpopular. The former peer of all kid actors is now nineteen and is five feet nine inches in height. And he is still growing according to all reports.

SETS are being built at the Chaplin studio but no camera cranks have been turned as yet. Charlie still says that he won't shoot until he has it all down on paper but those who know the famous comedian's impulsiveness and his dependence on inspiration during the shooting smile at this. Charlie will have it all down in black and white but he'll shoot ten times that much and will probably emerge with an entirely different story.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN who once told the world that he was not married—that was way back when he was hailed as king of the movies—is now thrice a grandfather. They say he doesn't like it either. But darned if I can see how he's going to get any relief. His oldest son Ralph, who is known on the screen as Francis X. Jr., has one child and his daughter Virginia, wife of Jack Conway, the director, has two of them. Another daughter Lenore was married this fall to a Los Angeles medico. Ralph is now employed by a Los Angeles business house, selling furniture or something like that.

RUTH CHATTERTON has kicked over the traces and notified her bosses that she will no longer portray the character of a lady of more or less easy virtue. She was slated to appear as something of that sort in "Mandalay" and her refusal to do it resulted in quite a row until the producers finally gave in and slipped the nomination to Kay Francis who accepted, with pleasure.

Wouldn't be at all surprised to see Jean Harlow adopt a similar stand next and who knows but what Mae West will insist upon playing Pollyanna roles after the public gets fed up on her invitation to "come up some time." But we really hope she

won't do that.

DON'T be surprised to hear of that fine old stage star, William Faversham, signing for pictures. He is now visiting his son in Hollywood and occasionally reading over a part sent to him by some optimistic and hopeful producer.

"Anthony Adverse" regarded as the best selling novel of the last decade is headed for pictures. Warner Brothers will make it some time early this coming spring.

Now a Concentrated Antiseptic Mouth Wash



You Mix It With Water At Home

Thousands no longer pay high prices for mouth wash. They have learned that Five Star Antiseptic is safe, pleasant tasting, amazingly effective, yet goes three to ten times as far.

Scientists who tested this new discovery against other wellknown antiseptics were amazed at its extraordinary penetration. A leading bacteriologist said: "Five Star Antiseptic not only kills germs rapidly, but has a far more lasting effect in preventing bacterial growth in the mouth."

Yet because it is a powder—you mix it with water yourself—Five Star Antiseptic costs you only 10c a pint. Get a package today!

If You Have a Man to Cook For . . .

you'll want the Tower food circular "Food Men Prefer." It gives the breakfast dishes that start them happily on their day. Real masculine menus for every meal of the day, too! Meat dishes! Salads! Cakes and pies! Puddings and frozen desserts! Fixed like men like them and easy to prepare, too, from these excellent recipes. Send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue. New York, N. Y.



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HIS will be the happiest Christmas for many people. Laughter will have a new ring, voices a new confidence. Share some of your joy by using Christmas Seals on your letters, packages, gifts, and cards. The gay little stamps will brighten your message. The funds they provide will help prevent, find, and cure tuberculosis throughout the year.



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Vivani tells you positively that you can get the same flattering effects from gorgeous Vivani face powder that sells for only 10c as from powders costing much more. Further, that no finer ingredients can be bought at any price. Invest a dime to discover this priceless beauty secret that will mean dollars of savings on make-up. Get a box of gorgeous Vivani from your 10c store. If they do not have it—send a dime in coin or stamps, together with the name of your dealer, to Benjami Ansehl Co., 6700 Vernon Pl., St. Louis, Mo. The same offer applies to Vivani Creams, lotions, billiontine, eye-losh and nail preparations.



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Sun Decks—Indoor Sea Water Swimming Pool.

Attractive American and European Plan Rates. Write

WILLIAM HAMILTON, General Manager

You Must Come Over

(Continued from page 60)

Jack Oakie about their golf, and Frank Craven remarked, "Well, thank heaven, I'm younger than my score!" while Jack Oakie declared he would sell his game for a nickel.

Mrs. Oakie told us about her trip east on the train with Maurice Chevalier, and how kind and thoughtful he

"At every station," she said, "he had to go out and take a bow, and he always took me along. When anybody if I was his mother he always asked if I was his mother, he always said, 'No, she's my sweetheart!' And he saw to my comfort in every way. And all the kids on the train adored him."

They brought the babies downstairs, finally, to be admired, and the Arlen

baby was crooning happily.

"I thought I was the only crooner around here!" exclaimed Bing.
Stu Erwin said, "Look at the dog

"Never mind," Russ Gleason exclaimed. "Bing will be in it before the

day is over!"

Sue Carol was having coffee with Nick Stuart, and spilled a little of it on him. "I don't want him to look so him. "I don't nice!" she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Crosby, Bing's father and mother, had come all the way from Portland, Oregon, to be present at the christening and party.

HE Puppets do give the most colorful parties!

Take their progressive dinner party, for instance, followed by dancing at the Santa Monica Miramar Hotel, all in

honor of Junior Durkin and his two sisters, Grace and Gertrude Durkin.
The fun began at Helen Mack's home,

with a cocktail party at five o'clock. At six Virginia Howard, Frances and Samuel Goldwyn's charming sister, received the Puppets at the Goldwyn home for the soup course. It was turtle soup, too!

Seven o'clock found the Puppets at Tom Brown's place, enjoying Waldorf salad.

The customary dinner at eight was enjoyed at Anita Louise's home, with filet mignon as the course.

Nobody was permitted to eat dessert then, and at nine o'clock the Puppets found themselves at the Miramar, where they danced to Jay Whidden's orchestra, and between dances nibbled at ices and French pastry.

at ices and French pastry.

Guests also included Ben Alexander, who brought Helen Mack, Howard Wilson, who brought Patricia Ellis (Where was Earl Blackwell? Why, with Bobbe Arnst, to be sure!), Grace Durkin and Jack Hupp, Gertrude Durkin and James Ellison, Mary Blackwell, Joseph Depew, Virginia Howard and Robert Horner, Violet Axzelle and James Bush Jac Violet Axzelle and James Bush, Jacqueline Wells and Maurice Murphy, Jane Barneberg and Frank Losee, William Janney, Henry Wadsworth, Richard Cromwell, and Junior Dur-

As there were more boys than girls, the boys waited patiently their turns to dance, or occasionally cut in. "I'm," remarked William Janney dolefully, as he munched at a cookie for consolation, "just a spare!"

The Wonder Woman of **Pictures**

(Continued from page 23)

it through the line with a big, husky line-bucker like General Hugh Johnson, he'll sneak around the end himself or shove it to a fast hip-weaver like that Chicago fellow-what's his name? Oh, yes, Ickes-Ick-kus you pronounce

it.
"But however he does it, Quarterback
Roosevelt is going to make one first goal line. How I run along! All I meant to say was that they have got me talking on what my friend Al Smith calls the 'raddio,' bless him! And I love it! For two cents I'd leave the movies flat and go on the Mike Circuit boosting the NRA and our great President. What a man! I used to think that Theodore was the bull of the woods when it came to Presidents, but this boy Franklin is a world-beater."

M ISS DRESSLER, who is your favorite screen actress?"
"Oh, gosh! That's a tough one. After

seeing my old trouping friend, May Robson in 'Lady for a Day,' I'm in-clined to hand the palm to her. But the studio woods are full of mighty good actresses—Garbo, of course, and Joan Crawford and Harlow and that

little Miriam Hopkins, to name only a few. I like 'em all. "Garbo interests me because I don't

think she is a happy woman. She's really very shy and the studio people have sort of let her spoil herself in some ways. When she got to saying: 'Aye tank Aye go home, now,' they just gasped and let her walk out on them. and after she got home she didn't know what to do with herself. I'm interested to see what she does with 'Queen Christina of Sweden.' There was a character, that one. After turning her own country upside down, she made Rome howl for years."

"Well, who is your favorite screen actor?"

"Charlie Chaplin," she came back like a shot. "There's none like him, like a shot. "There's none like him, never was and never will be again. He has that lovely welding of pathos and humor, of tears and laughter which distinguishes only the greatest of comedians; that thing which the great French actor had, Coquelin who played 'Cyrano,' you remember.
"I discovered when I was very young that the world wanted to laugh, and then I learned that laughter had, to be

then I learned that laughter had to be forced out of most people. All laughgetting problems are really simple, you

The Wonder Woman of Pictures

know. I think up most of my business and then add a lot of spontaneous stuff

that creeps in.

"Then, too, my voice is never the same. I have a deep voice which I can turn on at will, but I have a lot tones, for monotony is deadly. That's why so many woman radio speakers are flops. They speak with a wearisome monotony of tone. You know, I had to learn to laugh, for I had hard going when I was a young girl, mighty tough sledding, and it was a case of keeping my chin up and laughing out loud or else taking the count.

THE telephone jangled. A secretary came in with the reminder that the Countess Somebody-or-Other was waiting to see Miss Dressler, and that half a dozen other folk were parked in the reception room.

"Oh, tell 'em they have got to wait," said the gray-haired girl who makes the box-offices sit up and beg. "Now where was I?"

"Away back at the beginning. And just where was that? You actually 'Dressler,' is it?"
"No. It's German. Ko Your name isn't

"No. It's German. Koerber. Leila von Koerber, actually, although the 'von' has been silent for some years. We lived in a little town in Canada called Cobourg, and there I was born. I got my teaching at home and then mother let me join a musical show on a road tour when I was only about fourteen.

"My father had departed this world, leaving very little of value behind him. And it was up to me to hustle. The only stage training I had had, if you can call it that, was some experience in bareback riding which I had picked up hanging around the tent of a little traveling circus. My blazing ambition was to drive a chariot in the circus, and the circus people told me I would have to begin by learning how to ride bareback, the horse, you understand, not me. What's more, I did learn to stand on the back of a loping horse, learned it within three days—could do it now if I had to."

MISS DRESSLER," interjected her delighted visitor, "that would be a sight worth going miles to see. If you ever put that in a picture, they'll trot out all the S.R.O. signs in America."

"It's an idea, at that," returned the lady. "I guess I still know how to take a fall. I began to fall at the age of two, because I was big, even then, for a baby, and I saw that people laughed when I fell down. So I just naturally kept it up. When I wanted to drag out a laugh I took a fall. "I have fallen on some of the have!

"I have fallen on some of the hardest stages in the world and on some of the softest men. Why, do you know, I hadn't been on the stage any time at all when playwrights would come to me saying: 'Miss Dressler, I've got a wonderful play for you. You fall down in every act.

"My first salary was eight dollars a week. As far back as the year Bryan ran for President, I was making good money, and then typhoid fever slapped me down and nearly rubbed me out.

"A few years later I was broke in London. Then I came back to New York in 'Tillie's Nightmare,' the most I liked best. I got going again, and was hitting a lively pace, when I fell for the Florida real estate boom. I bought a home in Boca Raton and signed up for a real estate future. was all beautiful until the big wind came along and laid us all low

"I have made three or four fortunes in my life, but I hope I'm on my lap. The time may come when I will lap. The time may come when I will have and watch the just want to sit around and watch the flowers grow. The time may come when I shall want to give whatever energy I have left to three things—the three things worth while in life—laughter, weie and religion." music and religion.

"M ISS DRESSLER," said her visi-you went out to Hollywood there wasn't any price at all on a stout, graying comedienne. No price at all. Everyone knows you had to scramble for a living when you went out there, taking minor parts when you had the luck to get them. How did you manage to ring the bell with such a whang?"

"You know, looking back over my career, I can see that I was too homely for a prima-donna and to big for a soubrette. But the fact that I was never a beauty has always been an asset. The upkeep of my face has never been heavy. I have had no heartaches at seeing something vanish which I never possessed.

"I have never had to park my face in a cold-cream jar. I never let a beauty parlor cramp my style. One doesn't need a permanent wave to get a laugh. As long as I can still do a fall or wear funny hats or button over my upper lip, I guess I can get by. Well, sorry you must go. Haven't had

went, sorry you must go. Haven't had a nicer talk in many a day."

"Nor have I," this writer returned fervently, "nor to a more charming woman. May your shadow never grow less, Tugboat Annie!"

Forty-four years in the spotlight or the camera lights! Down, but never out! On the ropes, but never licked! The motion pictures have never known and cannot match the gorgeous success of this human woman. Going out to Hollywood when most elderly ladies would have been glad to take a load off their feet and settle down to their knitting, Marie Dressler has made herself the great star of the cinema, the sure-fire box-office attraction, the Number One Girl of the flickers.

Only the other day a publication in Hollywood sent out a questionnaire to theaters all over the United States, inquiring as to who had the greatest appeal to theatergoers of all ages and kinds. There were 3440 replies to that questionnaire, and, lo! the name of Marie Dressler, this sixty-two-year-old supreme artist, led all the rest. Far habind her were the veriful beauties. behind her were the youthful beauties, the swaying sirens of sex. And, nowa-days, when Marie Dressler so much as sneezes, there is a fever of fright in the front offices where the magnates



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COLD FISH APPETIZER

1 cup vinegar 1 cup water 1 bayleaf

2 cups flaked left- 2 cloves over fish 4 whole peppers 1 cup vinegar 1-2 teaspoon brown sugar 1 slice lemon

Boil all ingredients together except fish for five minutes. Chill and serve. Pour hot over the fish.

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Lady Lillian Contest Winners

First Prize, \$150.00, Edith Robertson, Rockford, Washington. Second Prize, \$75.00, Mrs. E. M. Harvey, San Francisco, California. Third Prize, \$25.00, Mar-garet Acker, Rocky River, Ohio. 50 other contestants won \$5.00 each.

Northeastern Laboratories, Inc. Boston, Mass.



Advance News

(Continued from page 67)

side, leading into a ship, you'd never believe you were not actually at the dock.

One scene which you will see in the picture that was not in the script was taken while Miss Harding and Little Dickie Moore were fishing from a pier. Dickie accidentally fell off into the water and Ann fished him out. It fitted so well into the picture that the cameras kept on grinding and the scene left in.

Dickie Moore's mother was on the side lines watching her precious off-spring, but never interfering. They spring, but never intertering. They say she is a perfect stage mother; she keeps herself so well in the background. I asked her how she kept Dickie from becoming spoiled.

"Well wayth he is spoiled" she

"Well, maybe he is spoiled," she said, "but of course I think he isn't. He really is a good little boy." I asked her if it was true that she does not allow him to see his own pictures. She laughed. "I don't keep him from them. He refuses to go. Pictures bore him to death. He will only go to see Mickey Mouse."

Meanwhile, Ann Harding, Otto Kruger (and how that chap has become a favorite almost over night!), Betty Lawford, Janet Beecher and Theresa Conover—all very smartly dressed by Gwen Wakeling—were taking a vote on how to pronounce Maria, Miss Beecher's name in the picture. Should it he the old-feshioned picture. Should it be the old-fashioned Maria with a long "i" or should it be the more modern Mareea? You'll have to see the picture to find out; I couldn't wait.

All the men in this picture have one Aff the field in this picture have one thing in common and that is Miss Harding. They all fall in love with her... Clive Brook, who makes a big sacrifice to further her happiness; Tullio Carminati, who proposes marriage but enjoys a week-end trip with her instead; and Otto Kruger, who wants her to be a mother to his adopted son, Dickie Moore.

IF you remember the play by Sieg-fried Geyer, you know what to exrired Geyer, you know what to expect in the screen version of "By Candelight," for F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly have adhered strictly to the original theme in their scenario.

The story is a delightful slice of continental life and has smart and sometimes of the story in the story is a delightful slice of continental life and has smart and sometimes and story and amount of the story and some and amount of the story and story and some story and story

phisticated dialogue and amusing situations that lend themselves perfectly

to the screen.

Being a lady and also a good actress, the role of servant to a lady of high rank, who impersonates her employer during her spare time, is a natural for Elissa Landi. And when Nils Asther, a Count, exchanges identities with his butler, Paul Lukas, you may expect a good time.

As I approached the set I saw Elissa, As I approached the Set I saw Elissa, regal in a long black velvet evening gown and looking every inch the lady she was impersonating, lean over to pick up something from the floor. Nils Acthor, plantfully gove her a little Asther playfully gave her a little spank and, caught off-guard she gave herself away by exclaiming, "You must be off your nut!"

There was a coffee percolator on the set for the convenience of the stars and people were continually asking James Whale, the director, who is English to his fingertips, to have some. Finally he burst out: "Thanks very much. I don't want any coffee, but if you'll bring around a dish of tea about four o'clock, I'll be obliged."

Between scenes Lukas, a Hungarian, was trying to persuade Nils Asther, who is Swedish, to exchange a few les-

sons in languages.

O N another stage at this studio John Boles and Gloria Stuart were making "Beloved." Gloria was nursing a bruised nose when I arrived, having just been hit in the face by her hoop skirt when she forgot and sat down in a hurry.
You will see John Boles in another

role which takes him from young man-hood to the age of eighty years. Re-member him in "Back Street?" Gloria is at his side during most of the picture, playing an older woman for the first time. Of course, with John Boles in a picture you expect music and you won't be disappointed, for the score and musical numbers are by Victor Schertzinger, who also directed the picture.

"When I get that old make-up on I feel a hundred," sighed Gloria, who looks about eighteen. It is small won-der that Junior Laemmle says "no" whenever she asks him if she may go to England to make one picture. has been offered a guarantee of \$3500 a week for ten weeks, but Mr. Laemmle has refused, to date, to let her go.

Gloria's trial separation from her husband, Blair Newell, is working out perfectly, she says. "We're not to-gether so much when we are tired," she explained, "and it has removed the strain. We have dinner together every night and we hope by the end of our trial year, to be living under the same roof again."

"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN" shows Lee Tracy in his most familiar role, that of a newspaper reporter. And he wears the same dirty, old hat that he always wears when he

"Don't you think you should wear another hat?" asked the director, Al Werker, "That one looks pretty dirty." "No, sir," replied Lee. "I never saw

a newspaper man yet wearing a clean hat. I've worn this hat for two years. In fact, it's the only hat I own and I'm going to wear it in this picture."

In this story Lee has been banished to the Advice to the Indiana.

to the Advice to the Lovelorn column as punishment for getting drunk and sleeping through an earthquake. He tries to get himself fired by making the column ridiculous—advocating free love, discouraging marriage and boosting cheap cosmetics for which a crooked druggist pays him—but his column boosts the circulation of the paper enormously and the managing editor only applauds his efforts.

Isabel Jewell, playing the role of a girl who took his advice seriously and comes to no good end, tries to shoot

This picture marks the return of Sally Blane to Hollywood and, al-Sally Blane to Hollywood and, arthough she admits having enjoyed making pictures in London, she confesses that she likes Hollywood best. Little Adalyn Doyle, Katharine Hepburn's former stand-in and present

protegee plays a telephone operator.

Along Came Bill

Boots Mallory was searching desper-ately for an antidote to the many depressing difficulties that so cluttered her daily existence.

Finally she found the answer within herself-poetry. Her first book is benerself—poetry. Her first book is being published under the title of "Brown
Autumn." You may have read her
poem, "Fool That I Am!", previously
published, but it's improbable that
while doing so you realized just how
fortunate it was that Boots finally learned that great spiritual consolation may be derived from pouring the troubles and doubts of one's heart and soul into writing.

BORN Patricia Mallory in New Or-leans, La., she soon evinced talent for entertaining. As a kid she zipped off neat tap dances at amateur affairs or startled the audience with her ex-

Just where she acquired her talent is a mystery both to herself and her family. Her mother was in no way connected with the stage, and her father was a tugboat captain. Talent, nevertheless, she had. She couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen when she took off for New York and

became the wife of a musician.

In order to eke out their income,
Boots modeled all day for art photographers, dazzled the bald-headed row at the "Follies" in the evening and spent the rest of the night dancing and leading an orchestra in a night club. The late Florenz Ziegfeld called Boots the most beautiful Follies girl since Dolores Costello; she was, however, a frail never strong physically. She should have been forced to ease up the terrific pace she had set herself; she should have rested occasionally, taken life less intensely, even though it necessitated her and her husband paring down their living expenses to the minimum. In spite of increasing lassitude and strange, unaccountable dizzy spells, Boots kept on . . . and before long her health cracked under the strain

"When a doctor told me that if I I'd have to skip my night work and go wanted to live even a few years longer West," Boots recently recalled, "I thought the end had come. And, truthfully, I didn't much care if it had."

MUCH to Boots' surprise, the end hadn't come; for Winnie Shee-han, Fox executive, spotted her in the Follies, and apparently agreeing with Ziegfeld as to her beauty, gave her a contract to appear in Fox pictures.

At first she was infinitely happy.

Gradually, however, she discovered that intensive work before the cameras and the duties of a potential movie star were as gruelling as her previous jobs in the East. She wondered vaguely if her health could stand it, and, if so, for how long. At this point unhappiness precipitated a crisis in her marital affairs

This hectic period was not without its effect on her health. Anæmia weakened her to a point where it was utterly impossible for her to stand the studio work. Time and again she fainted on the set, unintentionally holdramed on the set, unintentionary noting up production. And these fainting spells grew more frequent.

I shall never forget one afternoon at my apartment while a crowd of

guests, scattered about the room, were chatting merrily. I suddenly noticed Bootsie sitting on the arm of a chair, staring at me in a dazed sort of a way She gave me a queer, faraway smile; then, as her eyes rolled in their sockets, keeled over and landed plunk on the floor. Having never before seen a woman faint, I was panic-stricken. thought she was dead.

Frantically, Tom Brown—I believe it was—and myself lifted her to a couch and someone applied a cold towel to her forehead. Slowly her eyes opened, and with a wan smile she apologized and tried to wisecrack our fears away. "Don't mind me," she whispered. "I faint often. It's one of my more amus-ing habits." An hour later she fainted

again.

Needless to say we drove her home. The next day friends convinced her that she had better go to a hospital and let the doctors see what they could do about it. Boots reluctantly agreed to think it over. First, however, she had to make a retake at the studio. Somehow she managed to hang on to herself until the scene had been shot. Then she told the studio officials she would be unavailable for a few days.

"But where can we find you in an emergency, Miss Mallory?" they in-

quired.
"In the hospital," said Boots.

S HE went on the operating table, and she stayed on it two solid hours un-der ether. When I finally got her nurse on the phone I was told that "Miss Mallory is doing as well as can be expected . . " That, of course, might mean anything. Nevertheless, for the next three days this answer was all the satisfaction Bootsie's friends received from the hospital.

Finally, a day or so later, at midnight, my phone jangled. Sleepily I reached over and answered it. "This is Miss Mallory's nurse..." a voice said. And before I could ask any of the quesmy befogged brain, another voice caught up the conversation. A weak, faraway sort of a voice. "Hy!" it said. "This is Mallory!"
"Hy yourself!" I said. "How do you feel?" tions that ominously crowded through

"Terrible!" said she. "But I've written a poem. Listen."
So she read me a poem in that faint voice of hers while I strained to catch every word. The poem sounded swell to me. The title was "Fool That I Am!"

Although her poems were written in a mood of temporary despair, you'll find them devoid of bitterness. True enough, you'll discover that her sense of humor is equal to the task of laughing at herself, or rather of smiling at herself and at the restless self-importance of humanity; but underneath them all you feel a wistful longing . . . and this briefly is the true Boots. Being disturbingly honest with herself as well as with everyone else, she admits she wasn't quite sure what she wanted out of life . . . perhaps a new peace and happiness, some never-expeace and nappiness, some never-experienced joy, a new love... Because of this vagueness, she simply and charmingly dedicated her book "To a Desire"... A throbbing, haunting desire... And then, as Bootsie would have you know: "Along came Bill!"

Don't Neglect a COLD



 Distressing chest and throat colds—that so often lead to something serious - usually respond to the first application of good old Musterole. Still more effective if used once every hour for 5 hours. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by doctors-used by millions. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.





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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 35)

but a good story. Miss Twelvetrees but a good story. Miss Twelvetrees seems cursed by an unbroken run of poor scripts. Her ability as an emotional actress deserves something better. In "My Woman," her bad luck still holds, despite fine support from Mr. Ford and Victor Jory as the faithful and unrequited lover.

High Spots: Aspiring radio per-formers, shaking in terror before the microphone. . . The buck-passing agility of studio executives faced by a difficult problem.

Before Dawn—C

Directed by Irving Pichel. Released by RKO

THIS film has been taken from a horror tale by Edgar Wallace and all of the original author's dexterity has been left behind. Whatever it was in print, on celluloid it sounds just

plain silly.

plain silly.

Frank Reicher, a veteran of the stage and the sea captain in "King Kong," always gives a praiseworthy performance. Warner Oland is famous for his smoothly villainous portrayals; Stuart Erwin, who plays Dwight Wilson, a detective, is reliably amusing. Dorothy Wilson, as Patricia Merrick,

a clairvoyant, is more than adequate and Dudley Digges as her scoundrelly father brings to his part the same skill that he displayed as Smithers in "The Emperor Jones."

Assembling them for "Before Dawn" is rether like acking the architects of

is rather like asking the architects of the Empire State Building to knock

together a woodshed.

Keep This List for Your Reference Guide to the New Pictures

ROMAN SCANDALS—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor as an awestruck modern suddenly transportstruck modern suddenly transported back to pagan Rome. Beautiful girls, chariot races, Roman pageantry, music. Ruth Etting sings. (Dec. release).

A MAN'S CASTLE-(Columbia)-Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in a tender romance. Much of the action takes place in New York City along the historic Hudson river. (Dec. release).

> DESIGN FOR LIV-ING - (Paramount) -Re-written from the stage play, by Noel Coward. The screen version is by Ben Hecht and Ernst Lubitsch. It concerns the tangles in the life of a girl who can't decide between two men. She marries a third man to get away from it all. Women liked the stage play better than men and it is probable that they may like the screen treatment better, too. Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Miriam Hop-kins and Edward Everett Horton carry most of the footage of the picture. (Dec.)

HOOPLA—(Fox)— Clara Bow's second Clara Bow's second starring picture since her return to the screen. It is a story of the World's Fair in Chicago with Preston Foster, Minna Gombel and Richard Cromwell, Clara is "Little Egypt," the dancer. (Dec.) the dancer. (Dec.)

BOMBSHELL—(M-G-M) — An hilarious picture concerned with the life of a somewhat dizzy motion picture star. Jean Harlow, as the star, and Lee Tracy, as her press agent, keep the action moving If you are sentimental about Hollywood this picture might offend you-since so many of the incidents are taken from life. (Dec.)

BLOOD MONEY-(United Artists) George Bancroft, back to the screen again, in the role of an underworld leader who has great influence over politicians. Judith Anderson, Chick Chandler, Frances Dee and Blossom Seeley are in the cast. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS TO WOMEN—(Universal)—Formerly titled "Kid Gloves"—Chester Morris as a prizefighter.
Helen Twelvetrees, Alice White and John Miljan aid in the unfolding of the

ANN VICKERS — (RKO) — Irene Dunne as Ann in the powerful and dramatic story by Sinclair Lewis. Some of the harshness of the book has been smoothed over in the picture. (Oct.)

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—(RKO)— Lionel Barrymore has the role of a country doctor whose failure is in reality his success. Joel McCrea, Fran-ces Dee, Dorothy Jordan and May Rob-son are also in the cast. (Oct.)

I LOVED A WOMAN—(WFBN)— The romance of the meat-packing in-dustry unfolded for you by Edward G. Robinson, assisted by a cast including Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin and J. Farrell MacDonald. (Oct.)

LADIES MUST LOVE—(Universal)
—There are enough laughs in "Ladies
Must Love" with June Knight, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Gleason, Dorothy Gleason, Sally O'Neill, George E. Stone and Neil Hamilton. (Oct.)

TOO MUCH HARMONY - (Paramount)—Bing sings and there is comedy and action by Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Lil Tashman, Ned Sparks, Judith Allen, Kitty and Shirley Grey. (Nov.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—(Fox) -The worst woman in Paris becomes the best woman in Kansas and the most misunderstood woman in the world. Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou, and Harvey Stephens (first picture, "Paddy the Next Best Thing.") are in the cast.

I'M NO ANGEL—(Paramount)—Another Mae West with Cary Grant again in support. Mae wrote the story herself. (Nov.)

WITHOUT GLORY-(RKO)-Connie Bennett as a woman spy, with Gilbert Roland in support. Connie sings. There is a large foreign cast assisting. Connie wears some swanky clothes.

THE WORLD CHANGES—(WBFN)
—Paul Muni, of "Scarface" and "Fugitive" fame, and a cast headed by
Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Margaret Lindsay. (Nov.)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE— (M-G-M)—From the stage success. Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are teamed, the background is the Paris Latin Quartier, there is haunting music and a sparkling ro-

New Movie's Review and Forecast Bulletin Mailed Direct to You

The New Movie Magazine offers to its readers a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service.

These bulletins, mailed to readers who write

in for them, will give you-

1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situ-ations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.

2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.

3. Changes of titles, changes of produc-tion plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer-in other words, the fan -who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film

The cost of the Bulletin will be ten cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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tore hove

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METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

Shame

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atricia is as witty as Broadway, and her laughter is as lilting as a gold-finch's song! She's grand company, But–there's a "but" about Patricia!



n skiis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling -amusing-she's fun! But the "but about Patricia spoils many a "date"!



en bear about Patricia - and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen -they look - and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!



by has nobody told Patricia that tender gums-"pink tooth brush" -can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle -can rob her smile of its charm!



dentist would tell Patricia to clean ber teeth and massage her gumswith Ipana, which tones the gums as with spana, which teeth!



Joon enough - with Ipana - Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

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D^o YOU — like poor Pa-tricia — have tender gums and dingy looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk?

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Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth - that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea-that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia. Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.

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(_since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")

GOING OUT AGAIN,
MUMMY? GOSH,
YOU'RE POPULAR

PROUD OF ME THESE
DAYS AREN'T YOU, BILLY?

Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is extra cleaning. Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (body odor).

These winter months, watch out! Windows are kept closed; rooms get hot and stuffy. The mcrest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed. Play safe — bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Refreshing, delightful — and it gives extra protection.



LATHER IS

FINE FOR THE

SKIN, TOO

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

(Continued from page 6)

right boy. I can't get very excited over these child discoveries but when Frank Borzage raves about one, I'm

willing to believe him.

George's mother makes hats in the Columbia Studio wardrobe department and George was on his way to meet her when he was hailed from the casting office. "Here is where you make your test," they called out to him. "I'm going to meet my to him. "I'm going to meet my mother," he replied and kept right on his way. They followed him up. the stairs and obtained his mother's consent to let him make a test. And George stoutly declared all the time that he didn't want to be in pictures.



This is little Sylvia Sidney who came, saw, and conquered Hollywood and then all America.

S OMETIMES, of course, it works the other way. Isobel Jewell, a good little actress and a grand girl has had an uphill climb to get a toehold in pictures since she was taken out of "Blessed Event" on Broadway and brought to Hollywood to play her original role, that of the hard-boiled telephone operator, in the picture. From that time on Isobel played only small parts, and usually hard-boiled telephone operators, even after she was given an M-G-M contract. In "The Woman in His Life" she was given one of her typical bits. was trudging across the lot the day before the picture was to start with her script under her arm when she met Louis B. Mayer.

"I was looking for you, Isobel," he greeted her. "I'm going to take that part away from you." Isobel was about to cry when he added, "You are to play the lead in the picture."

Isobel is particularly happy because her father is losing his eyesight and any day now may be the last day he can see his daughter. So every day he goes with her to the projection room to see the scenes run off that she has made the day before. And every day Isobel tries to show him the thing's he will soon be unable to see. That is the biggest reason she is so happy to have been given her chance now; so that her father will see her as a leading woman. And their friends will tell you that even before you read this, Isobel may change her name to Mrs. Lee Tracy.

Do you remember a couple of D months back we told you the movies were going to be cleaned up? Well, the cleaning process has begun but not just the way we or anyone else expected. The church had nothing to do with it. It was all brought on by the winners of one of Paramount's semi-monthly beauty contests, this time for a picture called "Search for Beauty." A winner from every English-speaking country was brought to Hollywood. These girls and boys-came from everywhere from South Africa to Ireland; a lot of young, inexperienced and very attractive youngsters. Upon their arrival in Hollywood they were turned over to a dance director for training.



Dorothy Gish, star of stage and screen, with a charming outfit of green tweed with green knitted collar and hat.



Irene Bentley of New York's smart social set, who would rather play in pictures. You will see her next oppo-site Victor Jory in "Smoky."

About the third day, when he was showing them through a dance routine, he thought they were not

progressing fast enough.

"Come on, you lugs," he shouted.

"Lift a foot." And then followed more of the same and, as his patience decreased he included some first-class stable language. The girls looked at him, looked at one another and, without a word, as one person,

marched off the set.

The next day they had a new dance instructor.

THE stage is calling several Holly-wood people, among them being Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. Franchot has permission from his picture boss to stay in New York long enough to appear in one play and he is advising Joan to get some

stage experience.

It may be just friendship between these two, as they insist, because Joan will not be free to marry any-one until April, but they do give each other nice gifts. Joan's latest gift to Franchot is a gold clip for paper money. On one end of it is a tiny watch.

AND Paul Muni insisted that he would never settle down here. "I'll make some of this easy money and then go back to God's country (meaning New York) and live," he said. But recently he succumbed, like everyone seems to, and bought a walnut ranch in the San Fernando Valley near Hollywood. It has a comfortable country house on it and a swimming pool. He bought a horse to ride and, according to his own words, is trying to become a country gentleman.

(Please turn to page 10)

A BRIGHT NEW STAR FROM RED RUSSIA...

Shooting Westward to kindle the American screen with a new fire!

Radiant

ANNA STEN

Her American debut in

:Nana

Based on Zola's famous novel of the boulevards and the music halls of Paris

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MAE CLARKE » PHILLIPS HOLMES

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Produced and presented by

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Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

(Continued from page 8)

SPEAKING of marriage, Lupe
Velez is taking her role of Mrs.
Johnny Weissmuller very seriously.
Usually the life of any spot she happens to be in, she is now playing the demure, shy type of girl. One day recently an extra man on her set said to Lupe's maid: "Give me Lupe's telephowe number. I want to call her up some night." The maid repeated his request to Lupe, who called the studio policeman and wanted to have the man arrested. He had been kidding, but take my word for it, there was quite a row!

Johnny has a unique method of subduing his little Mexican bride. (And there were some of us who thought—and hoped—that Lupe would never be subdued. It only shows what love will do.) When they are out in public these days and Lupe shows signs of being herself, Johnny quiets her by threatening to call the elephants. If you saw and heard him in "Tarzan," you know what I mean and why Lupe imme-

diately subsides.

Little Bobbe Arnst, who was the first Mrs. Weissmuller, sang "I'm Finished With Love" in "Beloved" with John Boles and Gloria Stuart, and she says she means it. Bobbe lives in the tiny apartment where she and Johnny lived together. "It's



May Robson gives little Spanky Mc-Farlane a boost on her shoulders on the M-G-M lot.

Leila Hyams loves a hammock in her spare moments. She will next appear in "The Poor Rich." the only home I've ever had," she says. She has no car and when she gets work in pictures, gets around on a bus or street car. But she doesn't complain and sends every cent she can to her mother who is very ill in the East.

RUBY KEELER and Al Jolson, after five years of married life, are inseparable and seem to be happier than ever. Recently Ruby was scheduled to broadcast and Al went with her to the station. The script, which had been carefully prepared, had to be rewritten because Al insisted on being in it. Finally they allowed him to do the laughing and clapping into the microphone at the proper times.

I T isn't only the stars who show temperament. Sometimes a director can give a first-class imitation of temperament and perhaps it isn't an imitation. I chanced on the Marlene Dietrich set the other day. The scene was laid in Russia. The ground and buildings were covered with snow. The trees had just enough of the fluffy white mixture hanging from their branches. Marlene rode onto the set in a sleigh pulled by two beautiful horses. Everything seemed perfect, yet the director, Joseph Von Sternberg, was dissatisfied. The prop men shook in their shoes. Everyone on the set did a little quaking. "What could be wrong?" they asked themselves. And soon found out. The snow might look cold but it wasn't because it was only tons of cornflakes bleached snow-white. The air was not cold and so of course you couldn't see the horses' breath!

Hours went by while everyone tried to think of some way to make steam come out of the horses' noses. And the problem was never solved, although I could have suggested that he invite Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin over on the set. I'm sure the temperature would have gone down to zero immediately. For ever since



Three swimming champions in M-G-M's
"Hollywood Party" — Aileen Riggin,
world champion; Marjorie Lowe, California champion, and Dorothy Poynton, Olympian champion.

those two blondes worked together in "Good-bye Again" there has been a terrific feud between them. Either one will walk a block to avoid the other, which is rather awkward inasmuch as they are both Warner players.

EVEN though she lost her eyebrows, Joan says she enjoyed her recent fire thoroughly, and would like to have another. I understand the alleged controversy between Joan and Warners over changing her name to Joan Barnes was just a publicity stunt.

And I promised not to tell who the blond actress is who threatened a walkout if she didn't get a big raise

in her salary check.

"What would you do without a job?" her boss asked her. "You couldn't work for any other company?"

To which the blond actress replied: "Oh, I'd study medicine."



HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

I MET Claudia Dell on the street the other day and she immediately apologized for her eyebrows. I couldn't see anything to apologize for. That is, I couldn't see any eyebrows and she said that was the trouble. There weren't any. Not since Lupe got at them. It seemed that Lupe wanted to make Claudia's eyebrows a different shape but when she finished there wasn't an eyebrow in sight. Poor Claudia has used



everything that people tell her will make eyebrows grow, with no hopeful results so far. She now threatens to try the woman who is bringing back hope—and hair—to several male stars who have had to wear front-pieces. One of our most glamorous young male stars, who has had to wear a front-piece for a long time, told me about her. He has discarded his false hair, thanks to her treatments. I am going to her every week now, with such surprising results that I'm afraid Miss Garbo won't recognize me when we meet again.

O NE day when I was having my head ministered to, I overheard a sweet young thing in the next booth. "Please, Mrs. Kerr, can't I have a malted milk today?" And apparently the answer was "no" for the pleading kept up. Presently from an adjoining booth Elsie Janis' voice called out: "Let her have a malted milk, if



Here is Muriel Evans, popular M-G-M

Bob Montgomery and Chester Morris are two of Hollywood's closest friends, with their friendship dating back to their early days of struggle.

Edmund Lowe enjoys a cigarette between scenes of "Bombay Mail."

she wants one, you big bully!"
Later I met Elsie and we exchanged beauty parlor secrets. She complained about the treatments. "For twenty years I've been able to make a funny noise with my neck," she told me. "It amused people. It was one of my best party stunts. But now they've taken all the creaks out of my neck. I'm not popular any more, I'm going to sue Mrs. Kerr and get my creaks back."

I think it was a great day when the beauty parlors let us men in. When I have nothing else to do I drop into a beauty parlor. I hope none of my girl friends will think it is—er—unusual. I go to be amused. Instead of dropping in to see a picture that I've seen made by every company at least once every six months, I go to a beauty parlor. It's more fun. I think some philanthropist should donate a building for an old story department. A place for those worn-out plots. After a plot has been used once, or maybe twice, by every company it deserves to be retired.

S OME of my girl friends tell me that Mary Pickford visits a beauty parlor every single day. I couldn't believe it until I began going to them myself, for there seems to be no reason for it. The ravages of time seem to skip Mary by and she looks just as she did 20 years ago. Or maybe better. She made a wise

This is Gary Cooper on location in the shooting of "Design for Living" which marks his first appearance under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch.

Lew Ayres, Fox player, jumping the net

remark recently win to the ed:
"Time is a few one that the knowledge" But to the control of the end of the edge of

TWO stenographers at the Paramount Studio were conjecturing about Mac West's are. Which is a subject for conjecture everywhere. In fact, it is a Paramount question. In the midst of the argument the



door opened and in walked Miss West's manager, Joe Timony.

"Oh, Mr. Timony," gushed the dumber one of the two girls. "You're just the man we want to see. We were wondering how old Miss West is and you can tell us."

Mr. Timony looked as though he were about to faint, whereupon the other girl said: "Oh, no, it wasn't Mae West. It was Mae Murray we were talking about." And with that Mr. Timony rushed out of the room and slammed the door.

Tammany Young, who claims he knew Mae "when," declares she is not yet thirty-one and I'll say she doesn't look more.

CLARA BOW has recently moved into the house in Beverly Hills which was formerly occupied by Miss Dietrich. The first thing she did was to order all the bars taken off the windows. "I couldn't bear to be barred in," she explained.





JOHN EDGAR WEIR



HAT DALLAS MAN" from the Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel," is played in great style by Isham Jones and his orchestra, and certainly makes an excellent dance record. You'll find plenty of rhythm in

this one, and it starts your feet tapping from the beginning. There is also some fine solo work, namely clarinet and tenor sax.

The other side is from the same picture and is also played by Isham Jones and his orchestra. "I Want You, I Need You" is the title of this one, and it's a little more subdued. I think you'll like it. (This is Victor record No. 24421-A.)

FROM the 20th Century film, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," we get "Doin' the Up-Town Low-down" played by Joe Venuti and his Blue Six. This is played to a medium fact towns with player. medium fast tempo, with plenty of fiddle work by Joe, and some swell bass sax stuff by Adrian Rollini. From a musician's stand-

point, this one is hard to beat.
"You're My Past, Present and
Future" is on the other side, and it is played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. This is more of a sweet tune, and affords an agreeable contrast. (This is Columbia record No. 2834-D.)

A WALTZ is next, and it's played by Don Bestor and his orchestra. This one is "To-

Mr. Weir tells you all about the newest tunes in the movies and also on the records

night May Never Come Again" from the picture, "Ladies Must Love." If you care for the threefour tempo, there's no reason why this shouldn't appeal to you. Neil Buckley sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is also by Don Bestor and is a fox trot. "Deep in the Blue" is the title of it, and it has a real swell vocal chorus by Florence Case. (This is Victor record No. 24422-A.)

HERE is another from "I'm No Angel" and this time it's the title song, "I'm No Angel," played by Vera Van and her orchestra. You might almost say that this was a vocal number, because Miss Van holds forth the greater part of the recording. I think you will like this one very much.
"I Found a New Way to Go to

Town" is the tune on the other side, from the same picture and played by the same band. I en-joyed this one, and I think you will too. (This is Blue Bird record No. B-5208-B.)

"I FOUND A NEW BABY" is a vocal by the Three Keys that is very good. These boys sure can sing the licks, and the piano and guitar solo work is not to be sneezed at. This is plenty warm.

On the other side the Three Keys sing, "You Can Depend on " although this one turns out (Please turn to page 74)

BIGGEST HITS

"That Dallas Man," fox trot-played by Isham Jones and his orchestra.

"Doin' the Up-Town Low-down," fox trot—played by Joe Venuti and (Columbia) his Blue Six.

"Tonight May Never Come Again," waltz—played by Don Bestor and (Victor) his orchestra.

"I'm No Angel," fox trot—played by Vera Van and her orchestra. (Blue Bird)

The New Movie Magazine, February, 1934

"I Get All My New Ideas out of these Tower Cook Books!"



VOU know, my family thinks they're getting pretty fancy food nowadays, but it's only a clever way of planning my meals. And I get all my new ideas out of these Tower cook books!

"Look at this page from 44 Easy, Economical Dinners. Chicken liver canapes . . . from yesterday's chicken. I used to serve the liver with the rest of the chicken. Now I save it, add a chopped egg and out of practically nothing at all I have something exciting as a start for my dinner. It's amazing what a difference those little blanned touches make in a meal!

"It's fun, too, cooking from this other book that has the

The	othe	er at	fterno	on	1	took	the	childre	en t	o s	ee
Skee	ets G	alla	gher,	an	d	then	that	night	mad	le	his
favo	rite	Soi	ıfflé	of	T	oma	toes-	—and	did	Ja	ck
							141				

Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars.

and Betty like it! 47 movie stars tell you how to fix the dishes they like best.

"I'm sending this other book, Reducing the Right Way, to my sister. She's been putting on a lot of weight lately and has been looking for some menus that will help her reduce and yet give her all the foods she needs to keep her health. And that just describes these menus."

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Please send me

- 44 EASY, ECONOMICAL DINNERS.
- FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS.
- REDUCING THE RIGHT

I am enclosing ten cents for each one I want.

Name

Street



Esther Ralston has made one of the most definite comebacks attempted. She deserves the long-term contract which she has been awarded by M-G-M

The PEOPLE'S Academy

False Economy: Will you please help us here in Cleveland to force all the operators of movie machines to put more light on the pictures? Surely all the pictures are not taken at night; well it looks like that in our local theaters here; they even put our President on as a colored man; they are so dark. We know it is the operators' fault, not the pictures or the directors, but the operators. Please do something in this matter for my husband and myself; it is our only bit of pleasure. Do you think they are trying to save on the electric light bills? Is that the reason? Because the prices are down, are we to suffer for that, when the pictures are too dark to understand or even see are too dark to understand or even see people's faces, only in a haze or a mist. It is time someone should see to it that a good picture is not ruined by too much economy in reducing the lights to deprive individuals who are willing to pay more and see the picture as it comes from the directors to us.

to us.
I am not writing this for your kind offer but to please do something for us in this matter soon.—Mrs. George Ed-wards, 4529 West 172nd Street, Cleve-land, Ohio.

More Care, Please: Please! Oh, please! Are the "film cutters" trying to become Houdinis or just what is their ambition? If you've noticed (and surely you have) the peculiar circum-stances that our heroes and heroines

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

have been stranded in, in some of the recent pictures, you know what I mean. Recently when I saw the Carole Lom-Recently when I saw the Carole Lombard—Gene Raymond opus "Brief Moment" I was openly astounded to see one of the worst jobs of picture cutting I have ever seen and to think that a producer would let such a one pass. In one scene, Carole is singing a song in a night club and is wearing a rather tight fitting, white satin dress. When she finishes her number she immediately walks across the floor to the other side where Gene Raymond is standing, but lo and behold she now wears a rather loose fitting, diaphanous, and richly fringed dress. And if that isn't enough, when she gets to him and begins talking, she again has him and begins talking, she again has on the white satin one. This is only an example of what we often see in some of the best pictures. I can stand a poor story, or even terrible acting, but at least I expect the pictures to be

technically cor-rect.—Harry Ormsby, 935 Yoke Street, Indianapolis, Índ.

More of Hollywood: After see-ing "Blonde Bombshell," I am inclined to believe that at last there can be a cycle of pictures which will not raise a howl of protest from movie-goers rom movie-goers
—a cycle featuring the ordinary
course of events
in the lives of the
busy bees out
Hollywood way.

I e n j o y e d
every minute of
the nicture and

the picture and



Marie Dressler probably has a greater host of friends than any other screen player. Beyond the age of retirement, she's still going strong.

"The gamest actress living" is the title applied to Blanche Sweet by her fans, who want her back in pictures. What about it, producers?

if the happenings in it are a fair sample of daily existence out there, I'm sure all of the workers deserve our sympathy and sincere appreciation of their efforts. I would really like to see many more field of material must be unlimited state stories of anybody and everybody of the stories of anybody and everybody of the stories, stars, cameramen, scripgiris, ad infinitum—would prove vital ly interesting. Mabel Kramer, 1005. Lydin Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Permit Imagination: How disappointing to me the ending of "Emperor Jones." To sit through a splendid picture, feeling intensely the magnetic personality of Paul Robeson in his clumb to imperial splendor, and then to suddenly feel that it all was as artificial as the forest in which he agonized. I cannot say just why this part of the picture failed to become actuality to me, for many an actor alone in a seene holds an audience in his power a scene holds an audience in his power as long as he chooses. I contrast the cope of "Maedehen in Uniform" in which Manuela climbs to the staircase. But as for "Emperor Jones," I would prefer an ending with Paul Robeson starting toward his freedom, and leaving his fate to each person in the audience.—Miss T. A. Tester, 228 Woolf Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa.

For Peggy Shannon: Won't you please give us more pictures starring Peggy Shannon? She has such a



Another old-timer requested by moviegoers. The name? Dorothy Sebastian! Can she do a comeback? If given a chance, the fans promise support.

Franchot Tone, the pride of Cornell and one of the finer actors on the screen, needs a few good parts. Fans dislike the types of roles he has played.



vivid personality it vivia personality it holds you spell-bound with adora-tion. Peggy Shan-non is a real hero-ine even off the screen. Won't you all stand by her and and stand by her and give all her fans a treat? — Grace Seaver, 716 N. Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Garbo, Hepburn, Wynyard: It seems so unnecessary to

come forth in defense of Garbo. Those of us who adore her remain unshaken in our conviction that she is the greator conviction that she is the great-est actress in the world today. Those who see her and feel called upon to criticize—well, that's their affair, isn't it? Tastes differ and those poor be-nighted souls who have never seen her and criticize on general principles, why say anything about them? They very probably would not know enough to come in out of the rain. We enlightened ones pity them and leave them to their ignorance. Garbo is in-

comparable; that is all.
I'd like to say a word or two about I'd like to say a word or two about Katharine Hepburn. I like her, pressagented idiosyncrasies and all. I liked her in "Bill of Divorcement" and in "Christopher Strong" but I was disappointed in "Morning Glory." She played her part well, she's a grand little actress, but I prefer my Hepburn straight instead of a hodge-podge of soor initiations of rest and research of poor imitations of past and present geniuses. I think most of us could do without the Bernhardt coiffure, the gesturing of hands a la Duse, and lastgesturing of names a la Duse, and last-ly, the little husky laugh in the manner of Garbo. Beware, Miss Hepburn, we mad Garbo-worshipers resent any lib-erties taken with our ido! I'm pretty sure Katharine Hepburn is capable of giving intelligent

interpretations of roles without drag ging in bits of other person-

alities.

Just one more thing. What about Diana Wynyard? Can't we have an interview or at least a picture of her? I'm mighty keen about the "lovely, gracious lady" from England. If someone should ask me "What is a lady?" my answer would be, "Diana Wyn-yard." I admire her tremendously. She is cultured and intelligent, the direct antithesis of the currently popu-



The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

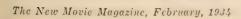
The medals will be given for the following:

- 1-Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4-Best musical picture
- 5-Best human interest picture
- 6-Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance 8-Best comedy
- -Best short reel picture
- 10-Best news reel picture
- 11-Best direction
- 12—Best story

lar Mac West. Like a good wine after a sturdy draught of beer. No aspersions being cast on her or Miss West either. Seriously though, won't you give us a little more of the lovely Diana?—Mildred M. Voo, 712 S. Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ruth, Come Back: The selection of Evalyn Knapp for the serial, "The Perils of Pauline," was a great disap-pointment to me. Not because I dis-like Miss Knapp, but because I had so hoped that Ruth Roland would be given

the part.
There is nothing amazing about There is nothing amazing about Ruth's hold on the public. Her fans have remained loyal because they know that she appreciates their interest, and that if given the chance she will justify their faith in her.—Mary Lou Zebroe, 315 E. Del Mar Avenue, Pasadena, California.





All of the latest facts from Hollywood about the movies in production and those planned



Adolphe Menjou and Joan Blondell, in "Convention City," a story of one of those well-known business conventions held in Chicago. It is in the windy city that Menjou meets the blond Joan.

Madge Evans and Nat Pendleton are bewildered by the antics of Larry, Moe and Jerry, the three stooges of Ted Healy, in "Free, White and Desperate." You would be, too, if you heard them.

Advance News of New

INSTEAD of following the line of least resistance, Cecil B. DeMille seems to take a strange delight in doing things the hard way. Or maybe the author, E. Arnot-Robertson is primarily responsible for the locale. "Four Frightened People" was made on the Lebod of Howeii and a com-

"Four Frightened People" was made on the Island of Hawaii, and a comparatively tough time was had by all. The drinking water, lacking in necessary mineral and iodine content, developed boils on several members of the company; a script girl broke her leg; and, not satisfied with a dozen convenient jungles, C. B. cut a brand new road up a steep mountain side, through miles of practically impenetrable jungle, coming out, at last, into a heretofore undiscovered bamboo forest.

The four frightened people are passengers on a Dutch steamer when bubonic (if you know what I mean) plague breaks out and, under cover of darkness, the four slip overboard into a small boat and proceed to pull for the nearest shore, only to run into another plague, cholera. Pay your money and see what the boys in the back room will have!

Claudette Colbert is a prim little school marm—the kind we haven't seen in many a day—wearing impossible glasses and a trick coffure that prob-

ably accounts for the other three being

frightened.

The gal is absolutely safe until she breaks the glasses and has most of her clothes torn off in the trek through the big, bad jungle. Then, William Gargan, an adventurous newspaper man, and Herbert Marshall, a rubber chemist who has left a nagging wife in New York (smart feller!) open their respective eyes and—the rush is on!

Mary Boland—and there's a trouper!—delegate to a birth control convention, rounds out the four. Captured by natives, she gives the brown-skin gals the low down on what not to do, until it begins to look so bad for the population that, in desperation, the local papas turn her loose, bribing her with presents and a dependable guide to go away from there.

DeMille continues to be different

DeMille continues to be different. Instead of a super-colossal boudoir, he stages the Big Love Scene, between Colbert and Marshall, in the hand of a giant native idol—40 feet high and weighing ten tons. What! No bathtub??

Eventually, the four get back to civilization; Gargan to broadcast his thrilling adventures; Boland to carry on her birth control campaign; and Claudette and Marshall to live happily ever



William Powell watches Bette Davis draw sketches, so important to the plot of "Fashion Plate," their latest picture for Warner Brothers.

By BARBARA BARRY

Another picture of the Eskimos. In "Man of Two Worlds," Francis Lederer gives no competition to the sex appeal screen idols. In the center would you recognize the late rave of New York?

Here are four frightened people in Cecil B. DeMille's picture of that name. Mary Boland, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan, and Claudette Colbert dislike the snake in the wilds of Hawaii.





Films in the Making



Kay Francis becomes involved in many love affairs in "Mandalay." Here she is shown sending Ricardo Cortez away from the skylight.

after, with the convenient elimination of the nagging missus.

Plenty of excitement and interesting

THE title of "Girl Without a Room" is irrelevant, but, Charles Farrell is out on his own again and doing very nicely, thank you!

As an artist, with genuine possibilities, he crashes a colony of impecunious artists who paint "what they feel, not what they think" and, with all due respect to the moderns, some of them

respect to the moderns, some of them must have been feeling pretty punk.

The setting is ultra-Bohemian. And author Jack Lait must know his Bohemia! Nobody pays rent, which is just dandy, and Gregory Ratoff is swell as the janitor who tries to collect but generally ends up by lending money to the smart youngsters, who must do it with mirrors. Or else our technique isn't what it might be. We must check with the director, Ralph Murphy, on this gentle art of persuasion!

Charles falls in love with Marguerite Churchill, a model, while Grace Bradley, a Russian tamale, assuming that the gentleman from Tennessee is wealthy, sets her red head toward annexing the guileless Farrell for keeps or, until the cash runs out.

or, until the cash runs out.

Under Grace's seductive influence, Charles does some plain and fancy elbow-bending and, with the potent champagne as an indicator, proceeds to paint what he "feels." And it's no diffi-cult matter, believe me, to spot the hang-overs.

Strangely enough, the painting is awarded first prize at an art exhibit. But, when Charles discovers that the mess has been judged upside down, you could sell him down the river for a bucket of anything you might name! Angrily, he refuses to accept the prize, and, because of this (and his general lack of cash) Grace throws him over, leaving the coast clear for a happy ending with Marguerite, who has nearly wrecked things by promising to marry a sympathetic contemporary of Mr. Farrell.

Charlie Ruggles injects plenty of giggles into his usual matchless characterization of the gentleman in search of a drink, and if you think he can't smell 'em out at a distance of anything under forty paces, you don't know

When the host asks if he can find him a drink, Charlie says: "Oh, don't bother . . . heh, heh . . . just put it any place. I'll find it!"

(Please turn to page 96)

Day-Dreams come True for Joan .. with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls-for the girls with Camay Complexions!

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searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion-a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS CLARA BOW—You will see her again in the new Fox picture, "Hoopla." Flaming-haired Clara Bow bowed into a Brooklyn cradle. A beauty contest won her her first film role in Billie Dove's "Beyond the Rainbow." Scene cut because Clara's real tears ruined her make-up. So—back to business school for a while. Rediscovered by director Elmer Clifton and featured in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Success—amid rumors and romances. Married to Rex Bell. Retired for two years. Then resumed career under Fox banner. Has no superstitions but hates being called the "It" girl. So, please don't do it.

RADIANT



Kenneth Alexander

LORETTA YOUNG—Gretchen's really her name. And she's still so Young—just turned twenty-one, in spite of a cinema career which dates back seven years. Now playing in Twentieth Century's "Born To Be Bad," with Cary Grant. Salt Lake City's her birthplace; Los Angeles her educational ground. Slender without dieting. Radiant without make-up. Wide blue eyes. Light brown hair. She's an ardent movie fan. Her favorites are Chatterton, Barthelmess, Leslie Howard and Constance Bennett. First entered pictures through accident when her sister, Polly Ann, was unable to make a test for Director Mervyn LeRoy. Loretta, the youngest of three sisters, one of whom is Sally Blane, was the only one available and won the part. Loves pretty clothes. Keeps scrapbook containing everything ever printed about herself. Hates Brussels sprouts. Is no longer interested in matrimonial domesticity, she avers. Divorced from Grant Withers.

BEGUILING



Norma Shearer—Lovely lady from out of the Westmount, Canada. New York—not Hollywood—was the locale of her movie start, back in 1920. Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M saw her in a Western made in the East, and sent her off to Hollywood. There she met and married her production manager Irving Thalberg. Now there's Irving Jr. Her high-spot talkies: "The Divorcee," "Strange Interlude," and "Smilin' Thru." Next she'll offer "Rip Tide" with Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall. Then will come "Marie Antoinette." Swims well, is partial to small hats, eats yeast, speaks French well, wears her hair semi-bobbed and has a fascinating cast in one eye. Alluringly beautiful, Miss Shearer is one of the few women leading a professional life who has been capable of being a successful wife and mother at the same time. Holds the love of her public as well as that of her husband and child. Deserves great congratulations.



She Does

FLORENCE DESMOND—London's her birthplace and official home. But she's conquering Hollywood now in Will Rogers' "Dr. Skitch." She's the pretty hazel-eyed blonde who scored hit doing imitations on London stage of Bank-



Florence Desmond as herself, and above, as Jimmy Durante.

Them All

head, Garbo, Dietrich, Durante, Dressler and others. Started pantomimic career at ten, drawing five shillings a week. Not new to films—played in some British ones. Fox scouts saw her, signed her and sent her to Hollywood.







Above, as Marlene Dietrich. To the left, as Garbo.

In Circle, Florence Desmond as ZaSu Pitts.

ROMANTIC



M-G-M

Gable and Crawford-Clark's from Cadiz, Ohio. Joan hails from San Antonio, Texas. They're co-starred for you in "Dancing Lady," recently released by M-G-M. Clark sold ads and drilled oil before onenight stands landed him in Hollywood. Told he was too tall for films. Broadway beckoned. Played road show lead in "The Last Mile," reaching Hollywood again. Drew screen test. You know the rest! He's married, loves horses, and hates sham. Joan was dancing in Broadway show when M-G-M executive signed her for films. Rapid climb to stardom. Divorced from Doug Fairbanks Jr. Current b.f. is Franchot Tone. Red hair, blue eyes, passion for pickles! Is always losing gloves. Is never without pets, which include a marmoset and "Jiggs," a pure-bred bull. Franchot Tone is also featured in this picture. Joan has achieved whatever she wanted by sheer will power and plenty of hard work.

PATRICIAN

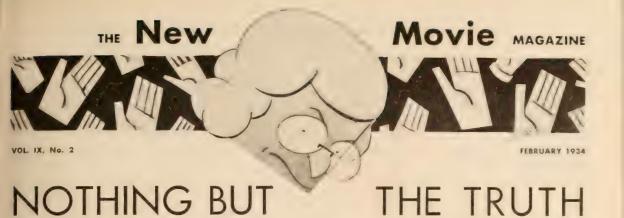


ELISSA LANDI—Daughter of nobility, born in Italy and reared in London luxury. This blond damsel started acting career merely to furnish local color for one of four novels she's written. Grew to love the profession and stayed with it—following London and Broadway stage triumphs with screen work abroad and in Hollywood. Still writes between picture scenes. Her latest novel is "House for Sale." Newest film is Universal's "By Candlelight" with Paul Lukas. Separated from British attorney husband. Prefers home life to cafes and parties. Is excellent horsewoman. Adores big dogs. Considers health exercises most important investment in the world. Favorite hobby is walking miles at a time. Leads a quiet life and one of few film stars who save their money. Is impulsive and positive. Versatile actress. Her mother, Countess Zanardi Landi, shares Elissa's Hollywood home which, incidentally, is next door to Will Rogers.

EXOTIC



MYRNA LOY—Real American girl, raised on a Montana ranch, despite her slant-eyed Oriental countenance. The late Valentino's ex-wife, Natacha Rambova, sponsored her career, first as dancer, then as movie actress. Played her first bit role in Rambova's "What Price Beauty" with Nita Naldi. Vamped her way to fame. Turned heroine in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," with Max Baer, and an excellent heroine she made. For the first time she was given an opportunity to display her histrionics. Myrna Loy is able to portray the emotions of any role given her—a thoroughly versatile actress. She has been scheduled by M-G-M to do "China Seas," with Clark Gable. We should all look forward to this performance. It promises to be a great treat. She's a redhead. Loves dancing. Collects paintings, sculpts, reads biographies, plays the piano, lives with her mother and says she's not a bit interested in marriage—yet!



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE:

KING VIDOR, HOWARD DIETZ, ERNEST BOYD, LILLIAN GISH, ERNST LUBITSCH, TERRY RAMSAYE AND RAY LONG

A PLAN FOR FINER PICTURES

Lillian Gish

T the office of one of the three A largest film producing com-panies the other day I saw the sales figures of their most successful pictures for the past two years and was amazed that even the highly successful films had failed to reach the million dollar mark.

In the days of my own silent pictures one playing under the million dollar sum was considered a failure. Then I timidly

asked the reason for this great decline that has sent so many companies into bankruptcy and they shook their heads.

Why not try, I asked, the old methods of making pictures and instead of concentrating on what will make the most money and please the lowest intelligence, concentrate on making the finest, most beautiful pictures for the most discriminating audiences? When Griffith made "The Birth of a Nation" he dipped deep into his heart to make a thing so fine and so true that all who looked at it would be moved by its sincerity. We did not look down on our audiences but up to them and made our pictures out of a dream in our hearts to do something beautiful.

Naturally, we hoped they would make money so we could go on making better ones, but money was not the main consideration—and it was this same spirit that sent the American silent film singing round the world. There are still men and women with conviction as deep and pride great enough to urge them on to make pictures with that same spirit.

Why not try listening to them for a change instead of to exhibitors who insist that the only way to fill the theaters is sex and still more sex? Surely we are not such an inhibited nation as to exclude every other interest but that one thing! Why not try fantasy, satire, irony, whimsicality and the hundred and one other "do-nots" and see if we, the public, will not respond with gratitude. Honestly, we are hungry for something fine, thrilling and beautiful!

Lileian Fish

AGAINST ALL-STAR FILMS



Ernst Lubitsch

OW many stars should a pic-ture carry? Certainly no more than can find a legitimate place in the picture-and by this I mean a legitimate place for the kind of performance that the public has a right to expect from them.

If the industry has reached a point where a production, in order to sell itself, has to carry an array

of distinguished performers simply because they have big box office names for display on the marquee -and there is nothing else for them to do-then it is high time that the industry wakes up! Because if it does not do so, the public certainly will!

Big names may help to sell a picture once or twice—but they will not continue to sell it unless they have something to deliver-something that people will pay to see.

Put Gary Cooper into a part where he has nothing to do-nothing that an unknown could just as well —and what happens? The people who go to see Gary Cooper do what they have been educated to expect from him are disappointed-and they have a right to be disappointed. Before long they will become rebellious.

And then who will suffer? Not only the producer, but Mr. Cooper. The next time his name is shown in electric lights' people will stop to ask themselves if it is just another ballyhoo.

I believe in stars. I believe in all of the stars that a picture needs. (And incidentally, they are worth all of the money that they are paid.) But I believe in playing honest with both the public and the stars.

And it is not honest either to exploit a "multiple star" or "all star" cast of big names—with nothing for the big names to give to the audience. Even if a fortune is spent in the exploitation campaign!

Crush tubiby

Are you reading NEW MOVIE'S editorial forum to which the best minds of movieland are contributing? This is the first forum of its kind.

AGAINST CYCLES IN FILMS



Ray Long

NE great boon which could come in the selection of stories for motion pictures would be a miracle which could overcome the tendency toward "cycles." To illustrate:

"The Private Life of Henry VIII," produced in England, is a big success. In Hollywood today there are being produced biographies

of Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Elizabeth, and Christina of Sweden. Yet two years ago you couldn't give away a costume story. You and I will have an enjoyable evening seeing "Henry VIII." Let's assume that the next costume picture we see may be Catherine. If it's as well done as it should be, we should enjoy that. Not quite so much, possibly, as we did Henry, but enough to make the evening well worth while. Then if Christina happens to be the third, the chances are that no matter how fine a performance Miss Garbo may give, our appetite will have been dulled, and when we come to see Marie Antoinette I have a feeling that we shall be pretty well tired of costume pictures of any sort. Just as we tired of gangster stories and gangster pictures. The first gangster pictures were thrilling. The last ones just as good pictures—possibly better—but the freshness was gone.

My connection with motion pictures has been too brief for me to suggest a positive cure for "cycles," but I know why it doesn't prevail in the magazine business. Each editor strives with all his might to make his publication as different from others as his ingenuity can devise. If one specializes in gangster stories, the others avoid them. If one stars a costume serial, the others lay off costume serials. Instead of following each other, they make a point of individuality.

Something of that sort, I believe, will happen in motion pictures. In all probability the way will be led by Darryl Zanuck. Whether or not you grow enthusiastic over "The Bowery" and "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," at least they are HIS pictures and they are good entertainment. I hope they may lead to a "cycle" of individualism, and if they do let's all join in three rousing cheers.

De Cay Kong

THE WORLD NEEDS TO LAUGH!



Ernest Boyd

28

Y complaint is that the lowbrow movie fan, like myself, seldom gets a square deal, even from Hollywood. My complaint is that the majority of pictures are too serious; at least, they are treated too seriously to be entertaining to me. This is evidenced by the growing inability of Hollywood to produce good comedy.

Many of our best comedians make pictures, but

most of the material is ghastly. Apparently, Hollywood, in its way, is just as highbrow as the intellectuals.

The master minds cannot bring themselves so far down to earth as to provide worthy material for Laurel and Hardy, W. C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Smith and Dale, Wheeler and Woolsey, and others.

Things like "Million Dollar Legs," despite its misleading title, are unearthed by a few cognoscenti, who chuckle over it for days, but first-rate comedians are left to struggle through inferior scripts and innumerable shorts of unspeakable silliness.

Yet, one would have thought that the universal fame and financial success of Charlie Chaplin, not to mention the drawing power of the comedians themselves, would be enough to show that there are very tangible rewards for good comedy.

If one-tenth of the time, money and effort expended on putting over another cutie, or finding a vehicle for a straight or character actor, were given to the production of first-rate comedy and farce, excellent results could be obtained. Whatever noble qualities Hollywood directors may boast, a comic genius is still lacking.

Walt Disney remains the most consistently firstrate comedy entertainer freely available to movie audiences. Chaplin appears too seldom, and is a law unto himself.

Twest Boyd.

TOO MANY SUPERVISORS



King Vidor

TOO much supervision is the principal curse of Hollywood—the one basic evil from which the majority of all other screen evils spring. It is too much supervision which has brought about the flood of inane, insincere, stereotyped pictures which actually are driving people from the theaters.

And, in my honest opinion, supervision is playing the same role in every other art and in many businesses.

The motion picture industry is ruled by "business men" who are instinctively antagonistic to anything and everything which savors of originality. They have made Hollywood outlaws of those writers and directors who dare to discard the shopworn "boxoffice" tricks which have made money in the past.

office" tricks which have made money in the past.

Hollywood should rebel—and will, eventually, if it is to hold its place as the entertainment capital of the world.

We produce "rubber-stamp" pictures, not because the theater-goers approve of them, but because the financial czars of the movie industry demand them. They want to play safe.

Under the present system of production, it is virtually impossible for a director to produce an entirely sincere picture. Pardon me if I cite one of my own pictures as an example:

Here you will find frank opinions expressed about films and people. NEW MOVIE invites contributions to this forum for free expression of thought.

I intended "Hallelujah" to be an authentic picture of the negro's life in the deep South. I felt that there is heart-stirring drama in his emotional intermingling of sex and religion, in his simple, superstition-ridden existence. I was afire with eagerness to paint him on the screen as he is—not as the mammy-singers of Harlem have "sold" him to their white audiences.

I'm not particularly proud of "Hallelujah," for I failed in my purpose. The studio executives fought me on every turn—forced me to compromise with sincerity. A New York composer of jazz was assigned the task of writing the music. A Harlem torch-singer was given the leading role. The producers argued that the composer's mammy-songs had been best sellers, therefore they would guarantee the success of the picture; they argued that the torch-singer was "hot" and that the public liked sex stuff.

Perhaps they were right; I don't think so. And, at any rate, "Hallelujah" became just another Hollywood product instead of the sincere picture of negrolife that I had visioned.

The recent condemnation of Hollywood's fabulous salaries has caused much heated argument. Wholly aside from the dollars-and-cents standpoint, I feel that Hollywood would produce better pictures if its stars, directors and writers were paid less money. As it is, their earnings are so great, that they are afraid to argue for their own convictions. They're afraid of losing their jobs, whereas they should be afraid of turning out poor work.

Too much attention is paid to the importance of stars. Hollywood writes stories to fit its stars—and obviously it is impossible to tailor a story to fit a personality and at the same time preserve the story's integrity.

King Vidos

TROUBLE-WITH-HOLLYWOOD NUMBER 20384



Howard Dietz

PHILO VANCE or Charlie Chan would come in very handy right now Having returned from my fifteenth annual trip to movie-land, I am again thrown into that recurrent baffler, to wit: How did Hollywood get its reputation as a den of sin? . . . What is it that makes the newspapers "hoke up" the place into a combination upper

berth in a Chinese opium den and a disreputable house in Port Said where Dobbin is the gigolo?

If anything, Hollywood is too pure. The people go to bed too early. There is little drinking and a great to-do about health, cold-water swimming, riding, tennis, golf and other inventions of the sports writer. The women are true to their men, and domestic life is quite unpoisonous.

They read too much, and the conversation is gen-

erally intellectual. As for work, most studio workers practically live in a studio. And easterners are given treatment that is too good. Dwellers in Hollywood seem to think that New Yorkers know more than they do, and they're so polite and hospitable to them.

Try as I will, I cannot figure the thing out. Maybe, it's the clothes. When you visit the Riviera you suspect everybody you meet is a card sharp or a parasite. It's those blue linen trousers. So, in California, it may be the mufflers or scarfs that are worn instead of collars or the blue sports coats with brass buttons enveloping yellow turtle neck sweaters. Wicked, I call it.

Howard Vares

PITY THE POOR ORPHAN!



Terry Ramsaye

THERE'S a dance among the Latins called the Tarantella. It is prettier than its traditional history, tracing its origin and motif to the convulsive movements of one stung to the death by a tarantula, the great tropical American spider.

The venerable art of the stage, the so-called legitimate, is now doing a very lively tarantella, with-

doing a very lively tarantella, without, it seems, any awareness that it is dying. The stage has been done in by the machine, the motion picture, spreading its filmy web to cover and possess all the world of the drama.

The current manifestations are entertaining. Mr. George M. Cohan, forty years on Broadway, is out with a plea that "they would go to see the old kind of clean show if it were properly done."

Meanwhile, Mr. Eddie Dowling, actor and playwright, sits in Long Island City presiding over a picture producing project, the aim of which is really, as he says, "to siphon funds to keep the theater active" and "develop talent"

as he says, "to siphon funds to keep the theater active," and "develop talent."

All these die-hard patriots of the footlights are trying to reverse the processes of natural, inevitable evolution. They appear to think that the motion picture is a thing apart unto itself, constructed on an island of its own in time and place.

But the truth is the motion picture has come to dominance because it has demonstrated its ability to do the job better and do it for more people for

The drama of the speaking stage will survive yet many a decade, no doubt, as the art of the few, just as horses survive in sport and in the industry of the race tracks. But in terms of the big amusement world now served by the talking screen, a stage show is about as anachronistic as a horse and buggy on the Lincoln Highway this afternoon.

Teny Parusaye

Loved Garbo

BY HUBERT VOIGHT AS TOLD TO GURDI HAWORTH

E sat behind his desk. On his wall hung a study of Greta Garbo, autographed by her. On his desk, a photograph of himself with her.

"You want the story of Greta Garbo as I knew her . ." said Hubert Voight, veteran publicity man—the first man to welcome Garbo to America. "I don't know that people want to know her as she really was—and as she is. They prefer keeping her the world-weary Grusinskaya . . . but the Garbo that I knew is not so."

I could not conceal my interest. . . . Here was someone who had been with her every day of the first six weeks that she had spent in America . . . who had caten with her, taken her to theaters, laughed with her, joked her out of her famous moods. Here was one whose opinion of the "terror of all journalists"

was worth while.

"In August of 1925," stated Hubert Voight in a low voice, "I had just been given a job by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company as their news service man in New York. You know the sort of person who meets people coming in from the European countries and extends them welcome.

"I was sitting in my office one day when there came

a telegram which read:

STILLER ARRIVING GRIPSHOLM ACCOM-PANIED BY GRETA GUSTAFSSON MEET THEM AND EXTEND COURTESY.

"No more than that. I, only, knew about it. No one else cared. No one paid any attention when I suggested a welcoming party... there was no fuss... no flurry. This girl was unknown here and certainly not well known abroad... had I not been

so young, so enthusiastic I would never have called the newspapers as I did, nor would I have hired a cameraman to go to the dock with me . . . it was only to make an impression, that last, as I all too well recall . . . I just wanted ten dollars worth of pictures. No more, no less. I had a young girl named Gympt go to the boat with me to act as interpreter. So Gympt, the ten-dollar cameraman and myself went down to the dock.

"As the boat came parallel with us, they started to play the Swedish anthem. Something stirred within me. I had a sense of a thing inexplicable. I looked up at the top deck—I don't know why . . . but I looked up there and I saw the loveliest young girl dressed in a suit of huge black and white checks. . . I was thrilled. Beside her stood someone massive and portentous in a heavy cap and heavy coat.

"I turned to my cameraman and said, 'I don't give a damn whether that girl is Greta Gustafsson or not.

"I ran as fast as I could up the gangplank with Gympt and my poor little man at my heels. When I got up to the top deck, I stopped short. The when I got up to the top deck, I stopped short. The girl in the check suit was gazing, enraptured at the skyline. And the Statue of Liberty. She was tearful with emotion. I spoke to the man. It was indeed the great Stiller. And this was his little protegee. Garbo turned to me. We were introduced. She smiled and said something in acknowledgment in Swedish. She had a lovely smile.'

Here my narrator became dreamy and quiet. After

a moment he said:



Garbo and Mauritz Stiller as they were greeted on their first day in Hollwood.

The dramatic story of the young man who first welcomed Garbo to America and his experiences with the woman who was destined to make a world worship at her feet



Lewis Stone and Greta Garbo in her new M-G M picture "Queen Christina."

"She didn't say much. Just kept looking at me round-eyed while I spoke with Stiller. Finally she turned to my interpreter and she said:

"'Mr. Voight-tell him he looks just like Richard

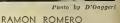
Barthelmess.'
"Gosh, when she said that, I thought she was simply swell. Anyway we stood there a moment and finally I thought it best to take them to a hotel, so I called an old cab waiting down below and drove them to the Commodore Hotel. . . .

He laughed hard and protractedly at that recollection.

THE Commodore's all right . . . but it is so funny to think of Garbo in an old cab in a black and white checked suit going to the commercial place that it was . . . you, know the sort of places the movie stars always go. . . . I remember on the way there, she wanted to see the Woolworth Building . . . she had heard of it and was so impressed when she saw it. I painted a swell picture (Please turn to page 86)

NEW MOVIE'S Secondary Con 1934

By RAMON ROMERO

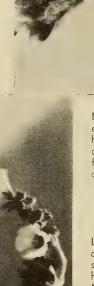


NHE year nineteen hundred and thirty-four looms upon the horizon of a weary world with golden promise. Great factory chimneys are smoking again after the longest period of idleness in the country's history; forgotten men are finding their identities once more; the vast, tragic army of the unemployed is marching to a new rhythm, whose sweet notes ring out the cry of victory. Thanks to President Roosevelt and the NRA that victorious multitude is coming back to the movies, with money in their pockets and smiles on their faces. And Hollywood is ready to serve them-to give them the best in entertainment. New stars galore! Old-timers back on the payrolls! New opporback on the payrolls! New oppor-tunities for new faces and greater ones for the old! Colossal cos-tume pictures by the score, with magnificent settings and thou-sands of people in the casts! Dozens of gay, dansable musicals to gladden hearts long depressed! Broadway successes in celluloid! Great novels, recorded by the dozens, in the language of the screen, for all posterity! Yes, yes, dark marquees are lighting up again, and thousands of girls in box-offices from one end of the continent to the other, are reflecting the new prosperity through thousands of little glass windows.

A YEAR ago in my forecast for NEW MOVIE I made the prediction that 1933 would be the most critical year of the moviesa year that was to tell of survival, or economic chaos that would bring eventual destruction to the empire of talking shadows. Many times during the twelve months when the depression reached its peak, the whole industry has been on the brink of ruin. Motion pic-



How about John Barrymore as Casanova? asks Mr. Romero, He is to co-star with Katharine Hepburn in "The Break of Hearts" which should be one of the film events of the year.



Norma Shearer has an eventful year ahead of her. Mr. Romero makes a few guesses as to her future, which ought to be as brilliant this year as during the last two.

Lilian Harvey would make a lovely Dolly Madison, says Mr. Romero. With her piquancy and charm, Miss Harvey has won a place for herself in the affection of film fans.

What will happen to your favorites this year? Who will arise to dispute leadership with Garbo, West and Hepburn? Here are some highly interesting predictions

ture theaters have been closed by the thousands. Studios slowed up production. Great stars failed to have their contracts renewed, and those that remained on the payrolls did so under penalty of the greatest salary slashing in Hollywood's history. New York bankers juggled the fates of great stars, directors and executives as if they were so many rubber balls. Some have survived the juggling, but many have fallen by the wayside. Studio kings have been dethroned overnight. Stellar personalities like Colleen Moore, William Haines, George Bancroft, Charlie Farrell, Esther Ralston, Laura La Plante, John Gilbert and many others have lost the title of star, and in some cases have joined the ranks of supporting The executive ranks have shifted, too, with the regularity of desert sands. David Selznick

has switched from RKO to Metro-Geldwyn-Mayer. where he is regarded as the new white-haired i... while Meriam Cooper has risen to executive head at RKO. Jesse Lasky, a real pioneer, has moved to the Fox lot, where he is making the finest type of putures on the market. His "Power and the Glory" and "Berkelay Square" are masterpieces. Some of his plans for 1931 include a marionette picture to be called "I Am Suzanne!" in which Lilian Harvey costars with Gene Raymond, as well as "The Flight of the Swan," a story of the great dancer, Pavlowa. Mr. Lasky is definitely creating a Theatre Guild of the screen, raising motion picture art to a new high prestige.

Darryl Zanuck, the mainstay of the Warner Brothers-First National lot departed unexpectedly from the Burbank studio toward the close of the year, and with Joseph Schenck organized a new company under the name of the 20th Century Pictures, which is expected to rank with all of the great major production units, eventually swallowing United Artists, the present chan-nel of release. Already on the con-tract list of the infant company are such gilt-edge names as Constance Bennett, George Arliss, Ann Harding (for one picture, "Gallant Lady"), George Bancroft, Fay Wray, Loretta Young, Constance Cummings, Arline Judge, Lee Tracy, also for one picture; while recruited from the Broadway stage are Judith Anderson Placement are Judith Anderson, Blossom Seeley, Paul Kelly, Tullio Carmi-nati, Russ Columbo and others. The new company's first picture, "The Bowery," starring Wallace Beery with George Raft and Jackie Cooper, is breaking records throughout the country, while the second picture, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," a de luxe musical film, is claiming an overwhelming popularity of its own. Nineteen-thirty-four productions include among four productions include among others, the Harding picture "Gallant Lady"; "Advice to the Lovelorn," with George Bancroft; "Moulin Rouge" with Constance Bennett; George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild" and "The Great Barnum"; also "Born to Be Bad" in which Loretta Young shares equal billing with the popular Cary Grant lar Cary Grant.

> AT Warner Brothers, Hal Wallis has stepped into Darryl Zanuck's shoes, and has already created a great deal of favorable com-ment by the excellence of his productions, while working with him he has Samuel Bishoff, for-merly of Columbia, who is in his own right a man with one of the finest picture minds in Hollywood.



Claudette Colbert gave one of the best performances of the year in "The Torch Singer." She should go on to new and greater success during the next twelve months.

The crooming Bing Crosby is to be starred in several musicals by Paramount. His films of 1933 were among the most successful pictures

of the year.







Leslie Howard did fine work throughout 1933, notably in "Berkeley Square." He has steadily grown

in popularity. Is stardom ahead?



Margaret Sullavan is looked upon as one of the few real finds of 1933. "Only Yesterday" established her as possessing rare promise.

What will happen to the IT girl in 1934? Will it be a new stardom or oblivion? The future is in Clara Bow's own hands. It's up to her.

Emanuel Cohen remains in charge of all production at Paramount, while at Universal Carl Laemmle, Jr., will continue to carry on with his usual success. The

personnel at Columbia remains practically the same, with Harry Cohn at the reins, still turning out a product that compares with the best of the com-

petition.

Last, but not least, there is the one and only Irving Thalberg. The real lion of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot has given up his throne as King of the Culver City dynasty, and will in future lend his brilliant genius to only a limited number of specially supervised productions, instead of dissipating it all on an entire program of fifty pictures. He now holds personal contracts with Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, Elissa Landi, and intends during the year to build up a strong stock company releasing his productions through the organization that gave him the opportunities to rise to his high place. Among the contemplated productions he plans to star Norma Shearer in a talkie version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," which Garbo made in the silents as "A Woman of Affairs." Also a picturization of Noel Coward's play of the aftermath of

turization of Noel Coward's play of the aftermath of war, "The Vortex," with Elissa Landi possibly doing the lead, and also "Stealing Through Life," a Folsom prison story. "Marie Antoinette" is listed as another Shearer role, as is "La Tendresse," in which Ruth Chatterton won fame on Broadway. His most ambitious productions, however, will be "The Merry Widow" probably with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro, and the filming of "The Good Earth," which he expects to make on Chinese soil with an all Chinese

cast, in technicolor.

B IOGRAPHIES will be all the rage during the coming year, bringing into production the largest number of costume pictures ever before made in one single year. In the biographical cycle will be Garbo's "Queen Christina," an epic picture of historical

Sweden; "Napoleon," in which Edward G. Robinson will star, and whose script will be prepared by Emil Ludwig, already famous for his life of the little cor-

Ludwig, already famous for his life of the little corporal. Marlene Dietrich will star under Von Sternberg's direction in "Catherine the Great," in which she will portray the title role. Claudette Colbert is scheduled to do "Cleopatra" for Cecil DeMille, and Katharine Hepburn will play the young Queen Elizabeth of merry ole England in "The Tudor Wench." Fox plans "Mary, Queen of Scots." Norma Shearer will bring to life "Marie Antoinette." Universal will make "Sutter's Gold," telling of the gold rush days of '49, with Charles Bickford possibly playing Sutter, who discovered gold in California. Thus are the schoolbooks of tomorrow being written.

Moving history up to a more modern day Wallace Beery will star as Pancho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, in "Viva Villa." Paramount will feature George Raft as the famous dancer, Maurice, in "Bolero," and Majestic Pictures will film the life of Isadora Duncan, from her book, "My Life." Charles Rogers will produce "Dia-

mond Jim" with George Bancroft as the colorful man-about-town. Sam Jaffe is going to expose Hitler in "The Mad Dog of Europe," and Universal will glorify Ziegfeld, who glorified the American girl, in "The Great Ziegfeld," on which Billie Burke, his wife, collaborated. George Arliss is scheduled by 20th Century for "The House of Rothschild," in which he will give a screen portrait of the great money king. Gloria Swanson has been announced for "The Great Sarah," a cinema biography of the immortal Bernhardt. Helen Hayes may play Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Jesse Lasky announces a life of Pavlowa, the queen of all terpsichorean artists, to be made as "The Flight of the Swan." British International of England is making "Nell Gwyn" with Anna Neagle, who starred in "Bitter Sweet," and is soon to be imported to Hollywood. RKO is going



Max Baer may turn out to be the IT man of the screen. He stepped from the prize ring to establish himself as an actor with one film.



Hollywood is speculating about the cinematic future of Joan Crawford.
Will she hold her place in popularity through the coming year?



Wallace Beery has contributed a half dozen gorgeous performances the past year. Did you like him in "The Bowery?" 1934 looks good for him.



Ruby Keeler will be co-starred with Dick Powell. Miss Keeler is one of the really promising girls of the screen and she can easily be a star.

to release for a new producer a technicolor picture of the life of Johann Strauss to be known as "The Music Man." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will immortalize in celluloid the two thieves who died with Christ, in a pic-

"Two Thieves," reviving biblical history on that lot for the first time since "Ben Hur." Universal. who own the rights to "Blossom Time" will probably film it during 1934, thus adding still another famous image to the long list, as Schubert, the beloved composer, figures largely in the plot. The best of all rumors is that Greta Garbo may play Jeanne d'Arc before next Christmas rolls around.

How about John Barrymore as "Casanova," Lilian Harvey as "Dolly Madison," Myrna Loy as "Lucretia Borgia," May Robson as "Queen Victoria," Dolores Del Rio as "Lola Montez," Garbo as "the tragic Duse," Edward G. Robinson as "The Great Mussolini"?

Other costume pictures being prepared for early production are "A Tale of Two Cities," Dickens' beloved classic of the French revolution, in which Warner Baxter will be seen as Sidney Carton.

John Gilbert is to do the talkie version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Marion

version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Marion Davies will appear as a famous woman spy of the Civil War in the Robert W. Chambers novel, "Operator 13." Frank Borzage will refilm "Show Boat" for Universal, while Eddie Cantor skips back to the gay old Roman Empire in "Roman Scandals." The eternal "Alice in Wonderland" brings the cinema art into the realm of costume fantasy, and "The Count of Monte Cristo" balances the entertainment budget with romance. Anna Sten, the new Russian star imported by Samuel Goldwyn two years ago, makes her debut at last, in a Parisian costume picture taken from Zola's novel, "Nana," to be followed by another, "Barbary Coast." Two pictures of the gay nineties are scheduled, "My Gal Sal" at RKO, with Dorothy Jordan in the lead, and Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street."



Fay Wray is one of the competent leading women of films. Nobody had a more exciting time than she did as the heroine of "King Kong."

THE tune factories of Hollywood's Tin Pan Alley are humming with activity these days, for at least a couple of dozen musicals are in the offing. The list up to date includes Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"

and a pirate tale told with songs and girls; "Hollywood Party" in which M-G-M are featuring a galaxy of their most prominent stars and players; also from the same studio, "Going Hollywood" with Marion Davies, Bing Crosby and Fifi Dorsay. RKO will release "Flying Down to Rio" and a trio of tune tales with Wheeler and Woolsey, one of which will feature the radio songstress, Ruth Etting. Paramount will star Bing Crosby in several, in addition to making "Funny Face," "The Search for Beauty," "We're Not Dressing" with Burns and Allen, "Sitting Pretty," and "Cloudy With Showers" from the Broadway show. Warner Brothers will make several co-starring Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, in addition to "Wonder Bar" with Al Jolson Universal will present "Show Boat" with the original music, "Beloved" with John Boles and Gloria Stuart, and Jan Kiepura, star of "Be Mine Tonight" in several to be made in this

country as soon as the Polish opera singer arrives from Paris, where he is now finishing a musical for Universal release, in which he is supported by Marian Nixon. Columbia is readying "Let's Fall in Love," in which it is planned to feature a new girl with the hope of creating a star. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Jeanette MacDonald under contract for five pictures, the first, "The Cat and the Fiddle," already completed. Miss MacDonald may not do "The Merry Widow" according to broadcasted reports because Maurice Chevalier no like the competition. But she will probably do "I Loved an Angel." and it is rumored the operetta, "Du Barry," in which Grace Moore starred in New York. For the Lion trademark Ed Wynn is making "The Chief," and Jack Pearl asks the public to "Meet the Baron." Fox is casting for "Movietone Follies of 1934," (Continued on page 97)



M-G-M

By ELEANOR PACKER

MEET

AX BAER arrived in Hollywood, made one picture and departed. But, probably, neither Max nor Hollywood will ever be quite the same again.

Motion pictures held no terrors for the big, black Baer of the prize ring. He slid into the life of the studio as easily as a duck slides into water. The day after his arrival he was as much at home as he is in his familiar training camps or in the four-cornered ring.

"Of course, I'm not afraid," he grinned that first day on a sound stage. "What is there to be afraid of? All I have to do is to learn my lines, do what the director tells me and act natural."

Then he aimed a few brisk shadow-boxing punches

in the direction of the camera which strikes fear into the hearts of many older and more experienced actors than Max. But not into the heart of the Baer.

His absolute self-sureness was amazing. But more amazing still was the way in which he proved that he was right in being sure of himself. He was a constant surprise to everyone. When the director of his picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," asked him if he thought that, in addition to his acting, he could do a few dance steps, Max didn't hesitate to answer. "Sure," he said casually, "if other people can dance,

"Sure," he said casually, "if other people can dance, I can learn. There's no trick to taking a few steps in time with music."

Wonder of wonders, he proved that, so far as he was concerned, there was no trick to it. After a few

lessons and rehearsals, he was stepping right along with a troupe of chorus girls whose entire young lives had been devoted to the business of dancing. He even managed to execute some intricate movements with a skipping-rope, without missing a step or losing his rhythm. If you think it's easy, try it some time. But do it in the privacy of your own room, because it is rather embarrassing to fall down in front of people.

A FTER the studio executives had seen Max's success as a dancer, they decided to enlarge the sequence in the picture in which he,



Just before the fight in the new M-G-M picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

The amazing story of the prizefighter who became a Hollywood star. Was there anything which this young man could not do? He arinned at cameras and microphones with the same nonchalance with which he faced his opponents in the ring.

> In this scene with Mirna Loy, Max Baer shows that he can love as well as he can fight.



MAXBAER

as the prizefighter, makes a vaudeville tour. They suggested, after some hesitation, that he might try a song. Just a short one, they explained.

Max laughed. "I don't care how short it is, or how long. I'll sing it."

So a songwriter dashed out a little number called "Lucky Fellow." And Max sang it in a mellow bary-

tone voice which stayed pleasantly in key.

Everyone sat back and gasped. Was there anything which this young man could not do? Max, himself, couldn't think of anything. He grinned fearlessly at cameras, microphones, scripts, songs and dances with the same careless nonchalance with which he laughs

at his opponents in the ring.

The studio, the director and the other actors in the picture had been a little worried about Max's ability as a motion picture player. Hollywood had seen so many "big shots" from other professions—grand opera, radio, sports, musical comedy—turn out to be dismal failures on the screen. Max's first tests showed that he photographed well. He carried gracefully his six feet, two and one-half inches of height and his two hundred and three pounds of weight. His thick, curly black hair, plastered into smoothness with oil, glistened becomingly. His wide-set, dark-brown eyes and firm, white teeth were camera-proof.

But mere photography is not all that matters. There must be at least a trace of acting ability. Max was the only one who wasn't worried. He knew that

he could act. And he did.

"I just forgot that the cameras were there," he explained after the picture was finished. "I didn't try to act. I was just myself. That's what Van Dyke, the director, told me to do. It was easy."

THE picture, of course, was tailor-made to fit the young man who is the most promising contender for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world. With a few slight changes, the story of the screen prizefighter might have been the story of Max's own life, even including the part played by "the Lady" in his career. Grinning, unafraid, "cocky," the hero of the film smashed his way to success, just as Max has laughed his way from lowly athletic club preliminary bouts to a place near the top of the fistic ladder.

Max, himself, wasn't discovered in a speakeasy as was his screen self. He really discovered himself one night when he was nineteen years old. Until that memorable evening he had never cared about fighting. had avoided all fisticuffs. That night he was forced into a battle with another young man because no one when many bright, young feminine eyes were watching. It took place, this history-making battle, at a Livermore, California, high school dance. And Max

"I had never realized before how much fun it was to fight, or how strong I was," he admitted. "It suddenly dawned on me that fighting might be a good game. I had heard that there was plenty of money in it. I talked it over with my dad the next day and he loaned me the money to buy a sandbag and some ring togs and to pay my fees at a gymnasium in Oakland."

Thus was born a prizefighter and a motion picture actor. Max stayed on the sidelines, watching the other fighters, afraid to step out on the floor before those veterans of many bouts. But no young man with Max's height and weight could remain unnoticed long in the company of ring-trained men. A manager took charge of him, forced him to train, arranged his first bout with an Indian heavyweight, whom Max knocked out in the second round, and steered his colorful course from there to the "big time."

"I LOVE to fight," Max said one day, his dinner-coated figure pacing the floor of a night club built on a sound stage. "The fight scenes in this picture made me homesick for the real thing. I'm counting the months until Primo (Please turn to page 84)

OF THE HOLLYWOOD

O picture that is produced in Hollywood has as strange a background as the picture of its own social life.

I was born in Virginia, where the sesame to the social door is the magic "F F V"—which, as you probably know, means First Families of Virginia. Society in the South is based on family. Everyone is an expert genealogist and can tell you (will tell you if you're not careful) who your mother is and your

grandmother and your great-grandmother.

In New York the barometer of the social scale, the basis of social position, is money. But high society—bored with itself—frequently goes lion-hunting among celebrities and struggles desperately for the biggest bag in the arts. As a writer, with several books to my credit, I was eligible for invitations. While waiting for my first play to be produced I was enjoying the thrill of the city and the novelty of Park Avenue society. When the play finally got on the boards, I was approached by a scout from a Hollywood agency for writers—"Authors' Representative," he called himself. He had wired Hollywood that the girl had talent and that it would be wise to sign her up before she got a swelled head. Hollywood responded nobly with a six months' offer. When the agent said, "Go West, young woman," I went.
It didn't take me long to find out that in Hollywood

the all important question which assesses social standing is not, "Who are you?" nor "How much have you?" nor even "What have you achieved?" It is "How important is your job?" Your ancestors may have come over on the Mayflower, you may have J. P. Morgan's money and Eugene O'Neill's artistic success, but if you're not in a position of studiopolitical power, you just don't count on the Coast. I settled down in a charming little house that had an enchanting patio and a miniature swimming pool. At first the black marble bathroom shocked my conservative taste, but I put up with it because the rest of the place so exactly suited my needs.

The first day I had two callers—an old Virginia

friend who had married into one of the best Los

Angeles families; and a member of the Hollywood firm of "Authors' Representatives."

"Now look, Sally," said my friend, "even if you're working in pictures you can, with your family connections, get into the very best set in Los Angeles. Only, you must never go out socially with picture

only, you must never go out socially with picture people. I wouldn't even mention, if I were you, that you have anything to do with the movies."

"What do you mean?" says I.

"Well," says she, "Los Angeles doesn't like the picture crowd. They think it is common and vulgar. Most of the good clubs here either have a blanket ruling against picture folks, or a restriction limiting the number who can become members. the number who can become members.
"That's absurd," I protested, "in this day and age—"

"Wait," she interrupted, "you'll see for yourself."
She gave a tea for me to which the best of Los
Angeles were invited. What I saw that day, and later
days at other Los Angeles functions was an aris-

tocracy based on oil, beef and real estate. Hollywood's aristocracy is based on the picture business. Yet Los Angeles struts in her superiority and snaps a snobbish finger at Hollywood.

Maybe I'm stupid, but I can't understand why oil, beef or real estate wealth should be rated higher class than movie money.



Social Game

THE next advice I was offered came from my agent. It was simple and direct. "You've got to play the social pame out here," he told me.
"What do you mean?" I asked.
"Well, you see," he explained, "an awful lot of busi-

ness is put over at Hollywood parties. It is important, if you want to succeed, to know the right people. You've got to entertain and be asked places. You've got to be seen around at openings and prize fights and all the places where the important people go."

I couldn't grasp it all that first afternoon, and my head was a bit dizzy from the advice I was getting.
"But damn it all!" I answered sharply. "I've been

asked out here by such-and-such a studio because of my work. I can't see that my social life is anybody else's business but my own."
"Wait," he smiled. "You'll soon see for yourself."

And I did.

I was invited by one of the executives from my own studio to a dinner given in honor of a visiting dancer

whom the studio wanted to place under contract.

The house was beautifully located on a high hill in Beverly Hills (on the right side of the track, meaning of course the north side. No one who is anyone in the movies would dare to live on the south side.)

I guided my brand new little roadster through an imposing line of Rolls Royces, Hispano Suizas and other high-priced cars, and handed it over to a sym-

I didn't know as who was worker to be there and I felt shy and rere us There was a hiprecrowd, in a hithe same as the crowd I saw every day in the studio commissar. "Just our own happy little family," the executive playfully explained.

I learned a lot about Hollywood s-

ciety from that party.

WHEN an executive entertains, every studio worker who gets an invitation accepts as a matter of business. He may not like the executive, or he may have had a previous engagement, but he goes, because he's afraid of his job if he doesn't. He bends the knee in homage to his business superior, and opens the mouth in lip homage.

I moved around from group to group. The one word that fell on my ear with the persistence of a Greek chorus was "pictures." Nobody talked about any-

thing else.

I saw-and heard-a writer nab an associate producer to tell him the plot of a new story he had just written.

I saw—and heard—an associate producer tell his (Please turn to page 59)



"I'm sorry, sir, but my name is CHARLOTTE HENRY,"

Out of the Magic MIRROR

The true story of the little Brooklyn girl who lived a fairy tale in actual life

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

NLY one magic mirror in the world and Alice has stepped through it to discover-Wonderland.

Some people have another name for it. Some people call it "Hollywood." But Alice knows. Last Christmas she was on the bright shiny side of it, the side you and I see, that reflects the day dreams of millions of people in its mysterious depths. This year she is on the *other* side. . . .

A tremendous experience for a slip of a seventeen-year-old girl with hair the color of harvest moonlight and surprised blue eyes. But Alice, in the person of Charlotte Henry, looks like a girl exciting things are bound to happen to. She's so on tip-toe reaching for them, you see.

The first occurred when General Foch and his entire staff saluted her. That, declares Charlotte, was the most auspicious start she could have had. Right in Central Park too. The general and his adjutants were being shown the sights of New York on what was to be his last visit here. But one of the "sights" was not on the program. A tiny young-ster clinging madly to an infuriated pony. Straight toward Foch's police escort came the pony. One of them swerved and caught his bridle. The whole procession had come to a halt. Then the famous French general stepped out and took the frightened child in his arms. He kissed her . . . barked an order . . . and he and all his men gave her a smiling salute.

Charlotte dated her young life from that event. She had been born in Brooklyn and lived quietly with "Mumsie." There was no one else—just the two of them. Convent schools, summers at the seashore, not much money to go on.

That was life for the Henrys until——
A certain rainy Thursday morning when Charlotte was

thirteen.

"Mother's taking me to a theater manager in the morning. Want to come along?" a little friend had asked. Adventure with a big capital A. . . . Charlotte scarcely slept that night. She wouldn't have slept at all had she known the greeting she was to get. The manager stood behind an enormous desk and his eyes seemed riveted on her from the moment they entered. Maybe her dress had shrunk in the moment they entered. Maybe her dress had shrunk in the rain. Or maybe it was the wet wisps of hair straggling along her cheek. . . . But no. He was saying in an eager voice: "Gladys Colbrook! Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but my name is Charlotte Henry." He laughed then and explained. They had been searching six weeks to find a little girl for the role of Gladys in "Courage."

. "And you fit the specifications exactly!"

It was as simple—and miraculous—as that, Charlotte's entrance into the sanctum sanctorum of actors known as Broadway. The show ran for a year. Twelve months that set the course of her entire future. One evening toward the end of the run she came home in a radiant mood. "Mother than the course of the run she came home in a radiant mood." Mother than the course of the run she came to the run she we're going to California-they want me to do 'Gladys' in (Please turn to page 75) the movies.

She Can't Make Up Her Mind

A noted critic gives an intimate pen picture of a rebellious new star



John Boles played in "Only Yesterday," the picture which brought success to Margaret Sullavan, the girl who changes like the wind.

Ву

TERRY RAMSAYE

Margaret Sullavan has reached success in one picture and is not satisfied. Here is one girl who is constantly reaching for something more.

If life and the world were perfect Margaret Sullavan would not be pleased. If she were as seed an acres as she wants to be that would not be good enough. If she could be exactly sure of what the wanted to deshe would refuse to do it. She is so positive and determined that whenever she gets her mind made up she changes it immediately. She disagrees with herself firmly, always.

agrees with herself firmly, always.

Miss Sullavan being that special sort of person in this enigmatic state of mind, and being the while about to take the curtain call of screen stardom in "Only Yesterday." I was elected the other day to see what might be done about

getting her on paper.

A certain distinction attached to the assignment, from an apparent decision that it was a job for me, perhaps based in part on the rumor that I once got ten free words out of Rudyard Kipling, who wrote and sold his bright ideas and was otherwise as abandoned with words as Harry Lauder with sixpence; that I had an editorial hand in getting Emmet' Dalton, condemned lifer, out of prison, and that I successfully established the actual age of Mary Miles Minter, thereby rescuing that erstwhile flower of the cinema from eternal adolescence, after she had been sixteen years old for five years. Then for another thing I went to work for the movies about the year that this Margaret Sullavan was born and am presumed to have observed a number of things about the

art and its people since. art and its people since.

To sum it up, Miss Sullavan is, in the opinion of some who have come in contact with her off-stage personality, shall we say—difficult. But of course that is an unsympathetic word. If one might only look out at the world with her through those level gray-blue eyes one might understand. Here she is just about twenty-two years old with a life-long slayery twenty-two years old with a life-long slavery to the art of the stage of almost four whole years and she has arrived nowhere except in the lead of one of Universal Pictures' most pretentious productions of the season, and is supported in this role by practically nobody but a cast of sixty-three prominent players. Anyway Mr. John M. Stahl, the director, and Mr. Carl Laemmle, Jr., just tossed her into the part regardless since they only considered and screen tested a mere handful of ten of Hollywood's top rank actresses before choosing her. You can readily see that the situation could be a great deal better. Success is bound to look a long way off when one gets up against a situation like that. It is to be admitted that there are on the rolls of the Casting Bureau some 14,801 girls who would not realize their plight if they were in the same position, but then they are not Margaret Sullavan. Decidedly they are not.

If Miss Sullavan ever really arrives—that is to say if she ever gets where she is going, she

will depart immediately.

Bent on the investigation of this worthy and trying case, I finally discovered and surrounded Miss Sullavan at the apartment of friends in the Elegant Eighties just where New York's lofty Park Avenue zone begins to get slightly Americanized.

Miss Sullavan had been aware of the impending intrusion for only about a week, so maybe just because (*Please turn to page* 66)

Mae West's

Cum'up som'time and you'll find the siren from Brooklyn to be the busiest girl in Hollywood

By DOROTHY MANNERS

No Sin," Mae enjoyed what

No Sin," Mae enjoyed what might be called a composite day. The plans, the settings and the dialogue are by The One-And-Only, Herself!

6 A. M. "Well, what are you doin' at that hour? So am I! I'm only human... some folks say too human! Say, is there really such an hour... or is it just an idle rumor?"

7 A.M. Mae's apartment. More specifically, her bed-room! Pause a moment to take in the significance of where you are. For no one in Hollywood, with the exception of Mae, and her colored maid, Libby Taylor, has ever set foot in this bedroom before! It is the holy of holies! The inner niche to which neither friend nor foe is allowed to penetrate. In her otherwise untemperamental, placid existence Mae has only one household law: "Keep outta my room! I've got to have some place that's all my own
... where I can go and shut the door and be by m'self!" This is it! Look about carefully, for this is the first, and last, public inspection of this sanctum.

(A white-and-gold French bed, carefully "pointed toward the north"—one of Mae's many superstitions—is mounted on a small dais. A gold-flecked canopy only serves to accentuate the frilly femininity of the white satin and lace comforter, the dozens of small French

pillows piled together along the foot of the bed. It is the only piece of furniture in the room that belongs to Mae. The rest is typical, but smart, apartment furniture. A pale blue satin chaise-longue, a dressing table sparkling with crystal perfume bottles, a night stand with a modern white lamp and also certain

white lamp and also certain pencil-marked pages of the script of "It Ain't No Sin" on which Mae has worked late the night before. Notice there are no cigarettes or trays about. Mae does not smoke or drink, and so there is no smoking done within the walls of this coral-draped domain.

main.)

8 A. M. Enter Libby Taylor, smiling, buxom, colored, almost stiffly fresh in her gray uniform and starched white apron. Remember Libby as the singing, dancing comedienne maid of Mae's "I'm No Angel"? She was right in character in that role—because Libby is Mae's own personal maid in private life—"an' finest friend" (Libby is always quick to add, "an' finest friend!") Be it known that, though black, Libby was not born into a life of service. Far from it! She was a well-known actress herself on the Broadway stage until it came home to her that she loved Mae more than she loved ambition. Not for any other person in the world would Libby have given up her promising career for personal service. But that's the way Mae gets people. By writing parts for Libby into her shows and pictures she's made it possible for the genial gal to have her cake and eat it, too.



Here is the inimitable Mae, dressed for a Hollywood opening. "Can you imagine me in gingham?" she asks. "What's the matter with velvet or satin, if you're the velvet or satin type?"

Perfect Day



Mae, with her beautiful white shoulders, says, "Me suntanned? Woman's greatest weapon is her snow-white skin. The sun's swell for invalids, but I'm no invalid."

The night "I'm No Angel" was premiered at Granman's Chinese Libby attended, back stage, gloriously bedecked in yellow velvet and gardenias.

Libby runs a tub of hot water into which she generously sprinkles both bath salts and Sweet Pea toilet water. No cold showers for Miss Mae, you bet! Two large, fluffy white towels are stacked neatly on an orchid colored stool beside the tub. A large box of Sweet Pea bath powder and a feathery puff are made convenient before Libby's "pre-waking Miss Mae" activities are completed. Now she stands beside the white-and-gold bed in which a woman with unbelievably white skin is sleeping in a white satin night gown. Sometimes it's blue satin, or flesh satin, but it is always a nightgown—never pajamas! "Bath's ready,

Miss Mae," says Libby softly, "time to get up."
The woman in the bed awakens almost immediately at the sound of the words. "I never knew a lady to wake up as easy as Miss Mae," Libby will tell you. "Sometimes you figure she couldn't have been asleep at all." She smiles at the beaming colored woman holding a white velvet dressing gown and white velvet mules. Waking up in a good humor is a habit with Mae. She says: "What time is it?" Says Libby: "A little bit after eight!" A look of blank astonishment settles over the West features. "What's the idea? There's no call today!" Libby, who well knows her mistress does not arise until nearly noon on non-working days, nods in agreement: "I know, but last night you told me you had (Please turn to page 68)





HAVE THEM!

Cocktails

THE TRACY MANHATTAN

3 parts rye 1 part French vermouth Add piece of lemon peel and Maraschino cherry

And ladies and gentlemen, in this corner we have . . .

THE GABLE MANHATTAN

1 part rye 3/4 part French vermouth 1 dash of Angostura bitters

Mr. Gable says that if you like your cocktail sweet just add ¼ part sugar syrup which is made by stirring powdered sugar with hot water.

You stir the ingredients, then

You stir the ingredients, then strain, and don't forget—a Maraschino cherry in each glass.

PARISIAN POUSSE-CAFE

To make Marlene Dietrich's favorite, you have to be something of a juggler, but Marlene claims she likes both the appearance and the taste of . . .

2/5 Curacao in a small wine glass 2 5 "Kirschwasser"

1/5 chartreuse

And, cautions Marlene, you must take the greatest care to float one liquid on top of the other. This is best done by pouring the liquids from a sherry wine glass.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Rudy Vallee, who is returning to the screen in Fox's production of George White's "Scandals," is loyal to his native New England, and that means applejack for his "Connecticut Yankee" cocktail.

1 part applejack ½ part grenadine ½ part lemon juice Shake in ice and strain.

MARX OLD-FASHIONED

Chico Marx of the Marx Brothers likes an Old-Fashioned. His pretty wife, Betty, mixes it for him, and she wired me this recipe.

1 whisky glass of orange juice Same amount of Bourbon 1 lump of sugar Dash of Angostura bitters A little carbonated water

First, mash the sugar into the bitters, then add the rest of the ingredients plus a lump of ice, lemon peel, orange peel and Maraschino cherry. Serve in thick bottomed old-fashioned cocktail glasses.

BRANDY SCAFFA

W. G. Fields likes Brandy Scaffa. He says just use a wine glass, and the rest is quite simple.

½ part brandy
 ½ part Maraschino
 2 dashes of bitters

MUNCHAUSEN BRONX

Jack Pearl, that good old Baron Munchausen, really prefers beer, but admits that he can stand for a Bronx if it's made this way . . .

1/4 part dry gin 1/4 part French vermouth 1/4 part Italian vermouth The juice of 1/4 orange And use a lot of ice.

HARMONY CHAMPAGNE

Lenore Ulric coming to the screen in "I Love an Actress" has a champagne taste. Lenore informs me that the following recipe is the exact one used at The Ritz Bar in Paris. She has named it "Harmony" after her estate in Harmon, N. Y. (Continued on page 73)



CLOSE-UPS

Interesting yarns about folks you seldom see and seldom hear of

He Wanted a Two Weeks' Job

FIFTEEN years ago a young man fresh from Columbia University wandered into the offices of Loew's picture company with something in his eye describable only as a glint and told them that he had a snappy idea to advertise their pictures. The idea was one whose validity could be confirmed or disproved in the space of about two weeks. And that, although the company had no way of knowing it, was as long as the young man wanted to work, since he was expecting some money from a magazine at the end of that period. The idea worked. Loew's changed into

Samuel Goldwyn and Samuel Goldwyn changed into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—and the man with the snappy idea was still there, now in exclusive supervision of the advertising and publicity departments. That young man, my chucks, is Howard Dietz: and his fifteen years with a film company have been distinguished as much for his brilliance in the actual job as for the incredibly many extra-territorial activities for which

he is even better known.

Recall the first Little Show: "Three's a Crowd,"
"The Band Wagon," "Flying Colors." See if you can
still hum "Moanin' Low," "I Love Louisa," "New Sun in the Sky," "Something to Remember You By,"
"Dancing in the Dark," "Shine on Your Shoes" and
"Louisiana Hayride." The lyrics of all these are by Howard Dietz, and most of the more riotous sketches you remember from those revues were of his authorship, too.

This combination of shrewdness in exploitation and sensitivity in lyrics and topical satire is one of those things which only that rara avis, a native New Yorker, could achieve; and Howard Dietz is such a bird.



HOWARD DIETZ

Even while at Columbia and contributing to The Jester, his verses were appearing in Life, Puck, Judge, and in the humor columns of F. P. A. and Don Marquis.

He was also working at the time as office boy on The New York American, later becoming its college correspondent and finally a general reporter there. Immediately after leaving college he got a job with an advertising agency on the strength of having won a \$500 prize in a national advertising contest. Then he got the job with what is now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-and he has

never had any other job since. In 1917 he married Elizabeth Bigelow Hall, of

whom he has a huge oil painting in his private office. He used to play baseball and still follows the game closely, but gradually dropped his interest in that sport and went in on the grand scale for tennis.

He follows football, boxing, wrestling, six-day bicycle races, track meets, billiard tournaments, hockey, swimming and yachting; he is a passionate devotee

of anagrams; and a bridge shark.

He has an extensive wardrobe but alternates between two suits. He sleeps no more than four or five hours a night and admits he's always tired. He has stayed up for three days at a stretch on several occasions.

He goes to Hollywood twice a year but doesn't stay

He can't stand that sunshine.

He likes croquet, brandy and soda, drawings by Covarrubias, crab meat, everything that Robert Benchley writes, poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elinor By DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE Wylie.

From Secret Service to Studios



MRS. NATALIE BUCKNELL

NATALIE BUCK-NELL bosses the best research department in Hollywood-that of M-G-M. If they need to photograph a Swedish fire-plug, a mule cart in Barcelona, or the third left eyelash of the Venus de Milo, Natalie is the girl who tells them how to do it and supplies a photo and description of the actual object.

She can do it, without ever a miss, because

there's not a spot on the bulging globe that isn't as familiar to her as her own front parlor. She has roamed Europe in a life of unparalleled adventure.

In 1917 Natalie, tiny and dainty and blond, was a student at the College of St. Anne in St. Petersburg, in her native Russia. Her family belonged to the nobility, and she was studying to be-of all thingsan engineer. She quit drawing blueprints of Russian battleships to join the famed Women's Battalion of Death. Her company of girls defended the Tsar's palace against the Bolsheviks, women shooting men and men shooting women. Scores of girls were shot

to death all around her, hot rifles in their hands. During the War Natalie served as a nurse on the hospital trains of the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana. The trains steamed up close behind the lines, to get the wounded and take them to hospitals. Innumerable times they were bombed by low-flying German planes. Once a train rushing along the next track was blown to bits. Another time the Germans cut off the trains as they raced across the Polish low-lands, and captured the train behind Natalie's. She

missed internment in a German prison-camp by inches.

Marrying a young naval officer attached to the
British armored car division in Russia, she joined the British Secret Service and served as a spy against the Bolsheviks. You don't need to be told what would have happened to her if they had caught her. Once they nearly did. The Bolsheviks raided the British embassy in 1918, shot Captain Crombie in charge—he died in Natalie's arms—and threatened Natalie and the others with machine-guns. She is the only person alive today who witnessed the assassination. After a third degree she was dragged to prison, twice stood before a firing squad to scare her into a confession, then released so Bolshevik agents could follow her. Knowing she was followed, she nevertheless carried letters for the British secret agents held in rat-ridden dungeons in the Fortress

By JACK JAMISON (Please turn to page 91)

The unfamous of Hollywood. One hasn't anything to do with films and yet he has made a dozen stars. Another has filmed more desperate air smash-ups than anyone else.

A Fan Made Her Famous

HOLLYWOOD has opened its ardent arms to a new sensation—Sally Rand, beauteous blond exponent of the fan dance whose nude terpsichory, save for a protective pair of feather fans, recently got her into plenty of legal difficulties in Chicago, New York and other key cities

Where has she been all this time? The cinema city scouts want to know. Sally'll tell them right enough: Holly-

The Paramount film folks who've just signed the little gal to a longterm contract which, according to report, entitles her to \$5,000 a week, wouldn't even consider her talents back in 1924 and 1925 when she was a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. It was the great director Cecil B. DeMille who eventually saw something in Sally. He put her under contract in his film stock company, and you may have seen her in "The Golden Bed,"
"Braveheart," "The King of Kings," "The Fighting
Eagle," "The Night of Love," and other silents.

In 1927 Sally Rand was named a WAMPAS baby star, which simply didn't mean a thing. She had by this time quit the DeMille banner, and just couldn't get her big chance in pictures—despite the fact that she's exceptionally pretty and exceedingly talented. She loves swimming and drawing. She eats potatoes galore and doesn't get fat. Weighs 115 pounds; is

just over five feet tall.

Now that she has been "discovered" on account of her court battles-sentences commuted from a year in prison and \$200 fine to ten days in the House of Correction and \$100 fine for indecent exposure-she says she's going to give up dancing forever. Let Sally speak for herself:



SALLY RAND

"I'm placing my faith in the future now on my ability to enlote a bit bet are the cameras. I know I'm going to have a difficult time convincing them out there that I have a single acting hone in my body. All I am going to hear is 'fan dance.' But, from here on, I want to carry on with acting as my principal qualification."

Before she spoke of her new career (which really is a renewal of an old career) Sally had talked of her fan dance in no uncomplimentary terms.
"My act," said she, "has class. It's art with a big A. That's the difference between me

and those cooch dancers in burlesque." And she said of the "indecent exposure": "I am not naked. I never was naked, and I would not get naked in front of anyone but my mother or my own mirror." Meaning, of course, that the fans were all-concealing until the very last step of her dance when she stood in statue fashion, her lovely form revealed in entirety to theater

Fan dancing wasn't Sally's first venture in displaying her pulchritude. She didn't get much publicity in December, 1932, when she appeared as Lady Godiva at Chicago's Annual Artists Ball. At this affair she did not even carry fans; wore merely a blond wig with hair falling below her knees. Nobody cared much; not even the big, bad policemen. So, Sally didn't get her movie contract until late in 1933 after the fan dancing episode which started at Chicago's World Fair in the Streets of Paris peep show. During this adventurous episode of her life, the new-found filmster was not only arrested for indecent exposure but was brought to court for (Please turn to page 91)

By IRENE THIRER

They Run a Red, White and Blue Shop

AREERS for women? Not one, but two or three-CAREERS for women: Not one, but the side—is the latest Hollywood custom.

Look what Bebe Daniels and Pauline Gallagher are doing! Bebe has her picture career, her home, her husband—Ben Lyon—her daughter Barbara Bebe. Pauline, 'tis true, quit the stage when she became Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, but to make up for Bebe's movie work, she has a home, husband and two children; the newest little boy just three months old.

And now the young women-both of them pretty and intelligent—have undertaken to help out President Roosevelt and the NRA. Filmdom is raving about the "American Maid-American Made" shop in Westwood, just outside the Hollywood limits. There are sports clothes and afternoon togs and evening gowns and various little novelties which complete a well-picked wardrobe. Bebe and Pauline, who were in New York a few weeks back, to make their first selection of costumery, spent mornings, noons and nights at the various wholesale houses; turning down cocktail parties and cancelling theater dates in the interests of their new profession - Mademoiselle Modiste

Pauline is the business manager and Bebe is principal buyer. She will, from time to time, choose clothes with an idea to photographic value as well as price scale. There will be simple things for college girls. sophisticated styles for screen sirens, anything to suit the tastes of the girls who wear sizes twelve to eighteen.

Matrons are rather out of luck in the "A M-A M" shop. But Bebe assures her customers that she can always get a gown on order for a woman who doesn't wear the sizes in stock.

Mesdames Daniels and Gallagher let you know that yellow will



PAULINE GALLAGHER BEBE DANIELS

be the big spring color; that brown will do well, too, with blue coming third in importance. There will be a good deal of yellow used for evening wear-which is rather unusual. The material for going-out clothes will be triple-voile. Black and white will be big sellers. of course. And the American Maid-American Made Shop will specialize in little things to match costumes -a metallic bag, of the same material as an evening gown; a jersey cap and scarf to match its sports frock.

Models will be bought in
(Please turn to page 91)

By IRENE THIRER

The people you never hear about. They contribute the studio sounds, write the song hits and take the lovely pictures of the stars you admire

The Noisiest Man Alive



MURRAY SPIVACK

Making a noise like a canary, an Airedale or a South African Dick-Dick is a comparatively simple procedure; but when you tackle thirty-ton monsters of seven million years ago you can take it from me you're delving into the realm of difficult bedlam!

The chances are you'd be hard put to imitate the growl of a

Brontosaurus, the equeal of a Tryannosaurus or the lisp of a twenty-ton lizard. But not so Murray Spivack. If it weren't for him the world would be a quieter place today. He considers it his mission in life to create auditory mesalliances, which cause brave men to break down and sob.

Spivack even went so far as to renounce a successful career as trap-drummer when he discovered he could make louder and funnier noises at the expense of RKO. He rates as chief trickster of their sound department. Up to date he has created and recorded over seven thousand distinct and equally undesirable rackets. This includes the sound effects of a ghost. As a result his hair went prematurely gray, and still is. (At least it was at the beginning of RKO's sequel to "Kong." By now it's probably as white as the virtue of the Three Little Pigs!)

White or gray, Spivack it is—dear old Spivack!—who created all the ghastly, blood-curdling, hideous, nerve-racking roars, groans, screeches, hisses and howls belched by the monsters of the Jurassic Age when they love, scrap, squabble and frolic in "Kiko, the Son of King Kong."

By HALE HORTON (Please turn to page 92)

He Wrote "The Last Roundup"

BILLY HILL—Yankee cowboy from Roxbury, Massachusetts. Name's no gaggy nom de plume suggesting Hill Billy. It's the way he was christened, back in 1899. That is, to be more exact—William Joseph Hill is the monicker. You know him as composer of the song which has captivated continents

—"The Last Roundup." Paramount Pictures Corporation thought so much of the musical number that they have purchased the right to use this title on their Zane Grey super-special "The Lone Cowboy." And, with the picture's name changed, Billy Hill will share credits

with the Western writer of prominence.

Three years ago, Billy Hill didn't have much more than a buck to his name. He quit home at the age of eighteen and trekked westward, spending several years in California's Death Valley on a cattle ranch. He's six feet three, weighs 195 pounds, is powerfully



strong and sings a fine baritone. Although he hailed from New England, he took to ranching with fervor. Loved it-but found it no way to make money —until publication date of "The Last Roundup." So, he quit the mountains for the studios of Hollywood. And some four years ago he peddled his musical wares to independent companies in the cinema city-earning as much as fifteen or twenty dollars for a song. If he netted twenty-five bucks it was a dandy day. And there came to the land of the

fillums one certain gentleman named Louis Bernstein, of Shapiro-Bernstein, Broadway music publishers. That was about three years back. Later on, through an agent,

Mr. Bernstein heard a number of Hill's tunes—words and music by Billy.

Said Louis B. to Billy H .: (Please turn to page 94)

(Please turn to page 94)

By IRENE THIRER

He Acts While You Pose



GEORGE HURRELL

WHEN a star goes to George Hurrell to have his pictures taken he may expect him to do everything from acrobatics to the singing of a duet. If he isn't hanging from the chandeliers to get an unusual photographic angle he is playing peek-a-boo with you from behind the large phonographic machine, which is as much a part of his studio as his

fine cameras and his innumerable lights. You have no doubt seen hundreds of Hurrell's photographs in the rotogravures of magazines and Sunday supplements; beautiful studies of Hollywood's elite: soft-focused, divinely lighted, superbly relaxed. If only you could see all of the antics that Hurrell goes through for his subjects to get the desired effect you

would wonder if he hadn't missed his calling. He might have been one of the greatest comedians in

By reputation the most exclusive photographer of movie celebrities, he gets \$25.00 for each negative that he shoots. Considering the show that he gives with it, it's cheap at that. Hurrell's energetic, peppy personality acts as a stimulant. After a Hurrell sitting one is never tired, except from laughing.

If Lupe Velez has the right to be called the Mexican

jumping bean of Hollywood, George Hurrell has twice the right, although he isn't a Mexican, yet.
For three years he shot all the stars at Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer, photographically speaking. But his genius demanded individual expression, and so he opened up his own studio and practically ruined every other studio in town. All of the stars from the Culver City studio still go to him. He has seen Garbo yawn more times than any man alive.

Joan Crawford is his favorite subject. He never has to act for her. She can keep him so interested with all the poses that By RAMON ROMERO

Two of them flew over Mt. McKinley with a frozen camera. Another escaped a Russian pagrom to become one of your favorite Hollywood actors

Lens On Wings

FLMER DYER, tall and dark and rangy, with a lit-L tle waxed moustache, is a cameraman. He shot "Hell's Angels," "Dawn Patrol," "Young Eagles," "Dirigible," "Flight," "Air Mail," "Air Hostess," "Central Airport," "Lost Squadron," "White Sister," "Today We Live," and "Night Flight." From the air. His camera bolted out in the wind on a plane fuselage.

It was Elmer's lens in front of which Omar Locklear and Skeeter Elliott crashed to death in 1920. He cracked on a pilot flying over a dummy plane, loaded with dynamite, which blew up and shattered him. He shot a stunt man, trying to jump from plane to train. as he was dragged to death along the car-roofs. He Cove and photographed Chub Campbell when his parachute tore off and he plummeted, kicking and clawing, to a hard pavement a mile below. He shot a girl doubling for Ruth Elder who forgot to open her chute. He shot a kid trapped in a plane when a pilot jumped and left him to stare at controls he had never seen before.

Once when he flew over Mt. McKinley at 17,000

feet his face and his camera froze solid.

During "The Lost Squadron" mechanics disconnected a gas-line on his plane to make room for the camera. The second tank went dry — 3,000 feet up. Right over Hollywood. Only house-tops and crowded boulevards to land on. Elmer sideslipped to a driving-range for amateur golfers and landed the



dead plane three yards
from a cement wall.
The driving-range proprietor bawled him out. Said it was against the law to land on private property.

Making "Hell's Angels" twenty planes took off together, one foggy morning, circling up to get through

the clouds. Dead ahead By JACK JAMISON (Please turn to page 94)

The Star-Maker of Hollywood

HIS name has never appeared on a silver screen. He has no active connection with Hollywood or the motion picture business. He does not even live in Hollywood, nor does he visit it except upon rare business occasions-and yet he has created and discovered more new motion picture stars in the past two years than all of the agents, directors and producers together. It's Gilmor Brown, I am speaking of; founder and directing head of the Pasadena Community Play-

From behind the footlights of his stage he has watched Karen Morley, Gloria Stuart, Robert Young, Victor Jory, Douglass Montgomery, Stuart Erwin and Frances Dee step to Hollywood stardom. He has seen them develop from mere novices into experienced players. Quietly, without fanfare of publicity, he has sat back with the



GILMOR BROWN

beaming pride of a mother, watching the names of his proteges grow larger and larger in the electric lights. But never has he claimed any of the credit.

His interest is in the theater, not in motion pictures; although he goes to see all of the pictures in which the graduates of his theater appear. makes discoveries for his own productions, producing about twenty-five plays a year; some Broadway successes, others, originals, that later find their way to New York's Main Stem—but he knows beforehand that the movies will snatch away any discovery he might make. Artistic kidnaping he calls it.

And yet he goes right on finding new talent which the cameras sooner or later will gobble up.

If he were a manager he might be a very rich man

today. Ten per cent of By RAMON ROMERO (Please turn to page 95)

Out of Horror into Happiness

YOU have seen him in half-a-hundred screen thrillers—but never in one which boasted a story more dramatic than that of his own life!

George E. Stone has known terror, hunger, despair and tragedy. He has also known great happiness.

Let's turn back the clock nearly thirty years, to one bitterly cold, winter's evening in Lodz, Russia. George, then, was only six years old, but already he was a wage earner, toiling twelve long hours each day in the silk mills. His wage was pitiful—approximately five cents a week—but it was the difference between existence and starvation to him, his mother and his four sisters. Such abject poverty as theirs is beyond the American's experience or imagination, even in these times of depression.

On that tragic day, as he trudged homeward from his work, he heard a pistol shot . . . another . . another . . . and then volley after volley. He heard the screams of his fellow Jews. He heard the thunder of galloping horses and savage shouts of the Czar's

A pogrom! The wild riders of the steppes were

again at their favorite sport of Jew-slaughter!

Paralyzed by terror, the child lingered in the narrow street. Too late, he darted toward the shelter of an open doorway—and fell, desperately wounded, under the dripping saber of a blood-drunk horseman.

George E. Stone still carries a terrible scar -and terrible memo-



GEORGE E. STONE

ries-as souvenirs of that horrible day in Lodz, Driven by constant persecution, his father had fled several years before to the United States, promising to send for his family as soon as he could save the passage money. George was eight years old when the money finally (Please turn to p. 95) By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

NEW PICTURES You



You read Mr. Van De Water's reviews in NEW MOVIE last month. In this issue the famous writer again covers the big pictures of the month from the angle of a theater-goer rather than of a professional critic.

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

SOMEONE has calculated that there are only twelve basic story plots in the world and that half of these cannot be told to ladies—or elderly ladies, anyway. Hundreds of film plays are turned loose on the world from Hollywood yearly. If you are a regular cinema attendant, you probably have the same story served up to you in different dresses—or not so very different

Dorothea Wieck, who scored in Berlin in "Maedchen in Uniform," makes her American debut in this month in "Cradle Song."

—at least several times each twelve months. That can't be helped. Nor does it make much difference. There may be only twelve basic plots. There are only two basic sexes yet people manage to enjoy each other in spite of that. No one ever refused to smile at a girl because she was, in general make-up, very like all other girls. It is the way that woman or film is turned out that counts. If females of our species were as slipshod and hackneyed in general appearance as many pictures are, the world would be a less pleasant, if more proper, place.

There is story trouble in Hollywood—plenty of it.

There is story trouble in Hollywood—plenty of it. Story trouble meekly takes the blame for most film failures. Story trouble, usually, hasn't a thing in the world to do with such collapses. The stories Shakespeare used were routine stuff that had been done before. He still manages to get by, despite his stencil plots, solely because of the way he presented them. Your correspondent has been at this job only a little

Your correspondent has been at this job only a little more than a month. Even in the movie reviewing racket, that is too short a period in which to become an expert. Your correspondent, nevertheless, has been afflicted with many vertebral pains by being forced to see so many sterling players and so much valuable film wasted on productions that are tripe and were destined from the first to be nothing more, because of the ignorance and inability of the man who directed them

Six weeks has taught your correspondent that films

will get better when cinema firms employ better directors—and not till then.

Intelligent direction can put life into the tritest story. Dumb direction can wreck the most stirring. If someone other than Ernst Lubitsch, with less than his imagination and sense of comedy had tried to do "Design for Living," the flop probably would have been lamentable. Noel Coward, in this instance, had turned an unusual plot into a clever play, but it was the director—and no one else—who made a satirically funny picture out of it.

You can have infinitely worse plots than Mr. Coward's

and still get a good film.

The plot of "Little Women" has small merit beside the dubious one of extreme age, yet it makes an exquisitely moving picture play, thanks chiefly to the great delicacy and tenderness of George Cukor's direction.

Epic is a term that is stuck on almost any film when the advertising copy writer is tired looking for better words. "Eskimo" is a picture play that deserves that rank in its highest sense. Here again, it is direction, not plot, that makes this film of the Far North a memorable experience. "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" has more story, but it has been turned, through carelessness and ineptitude into something it is kinder not to talk about.

One thing more: Plot in pictures may be a matter of minor consideration but there are some story situations that the NRA code for the industry might prohibit merely for the sake of the nerves of the long



"Eskimo" is a hardy tale of the vast lonely expanses of the Arctic where blubber is the tastiest bit of anybody's menu.

suffering audience. One in particular was silly in the beginning and becomes more idiotic with each repetition. This is the cinema conviction that a woman's love is enough and more than enough to equip a man for athletic supremacy.

Should See and Why

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA, Outstanding; A, Good; B, Fair; C, Average)

AA-OUTSTANDING

Design for Living Eskimo Little Women Duck Soup

A-GOOD

The Kennel Murder Case The Prizefighter and the Lady Christopher Bean Hoopla Blonde Bombshell

B-FAIR

After Tonight Day of Reckoning Female The Way to Love The World Changes The Right to Romance

C-AVERAGE

Blind Adventure My Lips Betray The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

Nine out of ten football pictures have been based on this idea and little else. It has been employed in other film plays at least twice this month. In "The Prizefighter and the Lady," the presence of his for-giving wife at the ringside enables Max Baer, after he has been pounded for six rounds by Primo Carnera and is rapidly approaching a state of pulp, to rally and knock down the champion three times. In "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," the strokeoar learns, just as his crew is about to be whipped, that his girl still loves him. So he wins the race.

Sometime the meek and hokum-fed American cinema public is going to lose its monumental good temper. The wreckage to which they will tear a lot of movie houses on that great and terrible day is a fearful or a happy thought, depending on whether you're producer or consumer.—I almost said "sucker."

Design for Living—AA

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Released by Paramount

ERNST LUBITSCH proves once again that sex isn't tragic or dramatic but just pretty darned funny. The director of "Design for Living" wears sophistication naturally and not with the air a Tammany brave in a silk hat. His latest portrayal of love among the artists is satirical and comic.

The film version of Noel Coward's play is a cocktail consisting of approximately equal parts of Coward, Lubitsch and Ben Hecht, who revised the script. It



"Hoopla" presents Clara Bow as a circus carnival charmer with a grass skirt and lots of hotcha personality.

is more active and frequently broader comedy than the original story of Gilda Farrell's (Miriam Hopkins) amorous plight. Mr. Lubitsch lets the course of Gilda's true love for both *Tom Chambers*, the playwright (Fredric March) and the artist, George Curtis (Gary

Cooper) run closer to burlesque than Mr. Coward steered it. The situations are broader but the satire has not been blunted.

"Design for Living" is as gleeful an adult comedy as you are likely to see screened this year. Messrs. March and Cooper bring their disreputable roles virility that was faintly lacking in the original play. Miss



Miss Hepburn wept herself when she saw a preview of Louisa May Alcott's immortal "Little Women."

Hopkins succeeds in making her promiscuity comprehensible and appealing. Edward Everett Horton also rates citation for his earth-bound Max Plunkett, the advertising executive. Mr. Lubitsch, however, is once more the chief reason for praising his film.

Here is one director who has managed to keep ahead

of his actors. Each of his films is stamped by his art. He couldn't do an anonymous picture that would remain so long. Mr. Lubitsch's trademark is really the gondolier in his earlier "Trouble in Paradise" who sings to the moon of Venice in a gorgeous tenor while propelling down the Grand Canal a gondola, garbage laden.

Humanity, this director has discovered, is essentially funny and each of his films reiterates it. He has the gift of running up a springboard that points to romance or tragedy, only to leap therefrom into comedy. Never has he performed this trick more deftly than in "Design for Living."

High Spots: Plunkett threatening Chambers and

supplying, thereby, the curtain line for Chambers' play ... Chambers watching the audience response to his comedy ... Curtis and Chambers, when Gilda has left them both, drowning their grief with mounting alcoholic dignity.

SON of a Berlin clothing store owner, Ernst Lubitsch deserted a clerkship to go on the stage. When movies were still in knee pants, his "Gipsy Blood," starring Pola Negri, introduced him to America.

NEW PICTURES YOU

One of few directors whose growth has kept pace with the cinema's, he came definitely into his own with the advent of talking pictures

the advent of talking pictures.

He is small, swarthy, with dark, clever eyes and pomaded black hair. An equally black cigar is practically an additional feature. He is a sleek dresser, favoring blues and light browns. His enthusiasms in-



"Duck Soup" presents the four mad Marx Brothers at their maddest and who can be madder than the Marxes?

clude philosophy, pinochle, poker, cur dogs, hamburgers, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. His chief outdoor pastimes are horseback riding and running—not walking. Among his detestations are professional reformers, caviar, bad beer, drunks, rattling windows and the never successfully accomplished task of parking his own automobile.

Eskimo—AA

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE clash of the Eskimo code of conduct with white men's villainy and the scarcely more merciful white men's law is the foundation of this fine and simple story which is developed against some of the most magnificent polar backgrounds ever filmed.

UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

Subordinate players, this month, win citation as follows:

PAUL LUKAS, for his gentle, wistful Dr. Bhaer in "Little Women."

JAMES BELL, for his agonized convict Slim, in "Day of Reckoning."

MYRNA LOY, for displaying all qualifications for stardom in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

ETIENNE GIRARDOT, for his irascible

Dr. Doremus in "The Kennel Murder Case."

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, for his deftly comic Dr. Bibi in "The Way to Love."

Geographies have held out on us as far as the Eskimos are concerned. Any sixth grade pupil knows that the fur-wearing people of the frozen North spear seals, live on blubber and dwell in snow houses. Geographies have omitted one important item that the grand film directed by Mr. Van Dyke emphasizes. Eskimos are among the best natural actors in the world.

A picture play with nine-tenths Eskimo talent and laid in the polar regions sounds like something that could be sandwiched into the program between the newsreel and the feature without too much distress to anyone. Actually, the cinema that has been made from these elements is scenically gorgeous, dramatically honest, sympathetically directed and superbly acted by folk who, until the M-G-M unit penetrated their arctic village, had never seen a film or a movie camera.

There is much splendor of sea and sky; snow and ice floe. There is also violent action involving the harpooning of a whale, walrus hunting, caribou hunting, and the slaughter of a bear. These are "Eskimo's" minor merits. Its major distinction is the sincere, dignified acting by actors who get no credit in the film. This omits the probably unpronounceable actual names of the ruggedly handsome young man who takes the part of the hunter Mala and the truly beautiful native girl who plays his wife. Whatever they be, their owners have done a job that professional actors might

The intelligent skill with which the Eskimos in this epic of the far North enact their parts is astounding. There is no clumsiness, no hint of camera shyness in their portrayals. They, chief characters and minor alike, are far better than the few white folk who appear in the film. These last, to be sure, were mostly amateurs but so were all the Eskimos.

The story deals with the life of *Mala*, great hunter of his village, whose first wife is debauched and killed by white treachery. In revenge, he drives a harpoon into the scoundrelly captain of the trading schooner. The remainder of the plot is occupied chiefly with his struggle for freedom and the determination of Royal Canadian Police to get their man.

Mr. Van Dyke has made films in far places before. None of them has the beauty, scenic and spiritual, or the insight into a strange people's existence that "Eskimo" possesses. It is a simple and moving story, magnificently told.

High Spots: The Eskimo village revelry after the



Max Baer, the fighter, makes a swell film debut in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." The lad is a real hit.

walrus hunt.... Cockleshell boats closing in upon the dying whale... Bulls of the caribou herd fighting with locked horns... Mala's flight from the police station across the desolate snow... The ponderous grinding of the polar ice pack and Mala and his beloved, Iva, walking out across, toward extinction.

SHOULD SEE AND WHY . .

Little Women—AA

Directed by George Cukor. Released by RKO Radio

A BOOK that was Grandma's and Mother's childhood delight has been taken down from a shelf of the past and made into a film that is filled with wistful loveliness. Girls in the 1860's wept their eyes out over "Little Women." Girls and their brothers and their fathers and mothers in 1934 will be grateful, when the picture play is shown, that the darkened house conceals

Praise can be given definitely to Katharine Hepburn for her exquisite performance as Jo; to the fine abilities of the cast that supports her; to the sensitive direction of George Cukor. There is much left over for the valiant unknown who first induced RKO to picturize so

aged and simple a tale.

The story is dated, as definitely as a Currier & Ives print or Godey's Lady's Book fiction. It deals with people and with a time as different from the present as pantalettes are from step-ins. Mr. Cukor has resisted the temptation to taint the film with even the faintest trace of burlesque. He has withstood, quite



Ann Harding gives a charming performance in "Beautiful," her newest picture, while Nils Asther lends effective aid.

as courageously, any impulse to distort the book's musty, sentimental flavor. In consequence, he and Miss Hepburn, Paul Lukas, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Jean Parker and their associates have brought to the hardboiled violent present, an authentic echo of a sweeter, serener past. If "Little Women" doesn't tear at your heart, you just haven't any

It may be the pathos of the tale that will make you weep. It is quite as likely that you will snivel over so perfect a portrayal of another time-happier perhaps—when fidelity and piety and long suffering patience and a lot of other now outworn virtues still ruled mankind.

Miss Hepburn as Jo, adds another tender characterization to her growing list of unforgettable portraits. With her young lioness face and her rough, stirring voice she not only portrays emotion, but makes her audience share it. Miss Hepburn has just completed the last picture in her contract, "Trigger." For a time after this appears she will be missing from the films for she is going to New York to appear in a stage production this winter.

Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker are Jo's three sisters—Amy, Meg and Beth. Douglass Montgomery plays Laurie with freshness and skill, but honors next in rank to Miss Hepburn's must go to Paul Lukas for his gentle pathos as Dr. Bhaer. The settings heighten the quaint loveliness of the old fashioned story which Mr. Cukor has transferred with such tender care



You will love Marie Dressler's work in "The Late Christopher Bean." This grand old actress is at her very best in this film.

from print to celluloid. Miss Hepburn, herself, wept when she saw a preview of "Little Women." That probably makes it unanimous, to date.

High Spots: The four sisters, singing at eventide beside the old piano. . . . The sickroom scene with the sad accompaniment of falling rain. . . . Jo's attic prayer for her sister's recovery. . . . Dr. Bhaer translating a German song for Jo.

After Tonight-B

Directed by George Archainbaud. Released by RKO-Radio

 $T^{
m HE}$ Hollywood bedtime-story tradition that has wrecked many other might-have-been-good pictures has done its best to ruin this film of wartime spies in Austria. The logical tragedy has been jumped over in "After Tonight" with all the grace of a pole-vaulting hippopotamus, and what might have been a moving story goes to pieces in its last five minutes. Here, as often before, Hollywood, when the unhappy ending looms, has said hastily: "And so they were married and lived happily ever after" and then has gone through the motions of tucking a presumably moronic audience in for the night. It is better to be depressed by logical tragedy than gypped by a false ending.

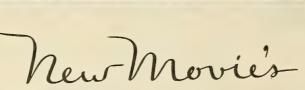


Maurice Chevalier displays all his old charm in "The Way to Love," but the plot is one of those things.

In "After Tonight," you have an excellent cast, headed by Constance Bennett as a Russian spy in Vienna and Gilbert Roland as Captain Ritter of the Austrian Intelligence. You have also more than competent directing by Mr. (Please turn to page 101)



A beret made of material to match is worn by Helen Vinson with a new gray afternoon suit.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Helen Vinson, Fox star, features the exaggerated epaulet shoulder in this smart winter afternoon suit

A smart little afternoon suit in battleship gray lavishly trimmed with gray caracul, a pert little beret made of material to match, black kid shoes, a black leather purse and gray suede gloves complete this charming ensemble worn by Helen Vinson, Fox star, and especially designed for her by Rita Kaufman, stylist for Fox Films. You can see her in the new Fox production, "As Husbands Go."



NECKLINES

BECOME IMPORTANT

New and unusual collars add smartness to the business dress



and Sally," Claire Trevor introduces

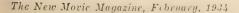


The high and the low neckline in sik or wool business dresses are equally favored by Claire Trevor, Fox film star.





A large butterfly bow, caught by a clip in the center, forms the collar on this attractive dress worn by Irene Dunne in RKO's new picture, "Behold We Live."



Mae Clarke wears a black moire crepe beret with a smart black crepe afternoon frock.

A small brimmed sports hat made of wool is worn by Helen Vinson.

SMALL HATS

ARE FEATURED

The small close-fitting hat continues to be popular in Hollywood



Patricia E'lis features the overseas hat in the new \^/arner Brothers' production, "Convention City."



The New Movie Magazine, February, 1934



An unusual small sports hat trimmed with a jaunty little feather is worn by Dolores Del Rio in the RKO production, "Flying Down to Rio."



The New Movie Magazine, February, 1934



A small black velvet hat is featured by Madge Evans, lovely M-G-M star, in her next picture, "Transcontinental Bus."

Miriam Hopkins (left) wears a gray suit trimmed with caracul and a gray visor hat to match in "All of Me," a Paramount picture. HOW

HOLLYWOOD

ENTERTAINS



Here is your chance to visit the exciting movieland parties with GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's Hollywood Society Reporter

Movieland Goes Partying

OUISE FAZENDA had to rush into her party in her "Alice in Wonderland" make-up, as one of those funny queens! Louise and her husband, Hal Wallis, the producer, were giving the party in honor of Mervyn Leroy and his bride-to-be, Doris Warner, and Louise had had to work late.

"My, how fast you do have to run to stay in the same place!" quoted Louise, "at any rate, in Hollywood! Here I've been playing funny characters all my life!"

Louise ran upstairs then to change to a black velvet evening gown, trimmed with white lace, and tight-fitting-in which she looked very queenly indeed.

Doris Warner looked lovely in a black velvet evening gown, made tight-fitting.

It was something of a bachelor party at that, as Dick Powell, William Powell and Phillips Holmes, also Jack Warner, Eddie Horton, and Tullio Carminati, all were there, but all unaccompanied by ladies. So the ladies were assured of a lot of attention.

Grant Mitchell, Jetta Goudal, Eddie Lowe, Lil Tashman, Harold Greer, Charles Ray and Mrs. Alice Glazer at the Goudal party.

Other guests included Thelma Todd and her husband, Pasquale di Cicco; Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Buddy De Sylva, Minna Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, and others.

Mervyn Leroy simply didn't leave his fiance for a moment, so far as I could judge, but he was teasing

and kidding her a lot, and Hal Wallis reminded her that, according to the German saying, "Those who love tease." any case, she seemed to like being teased!

Joe E. Brown was talking

about flying—a sport he is lately inclining toward, much to the dismay of his wife.

Dick Powell sang for us charmingly, to his own accompaniment.

"I like to hear people play their own accompaniments, said Louise, as we sat together, "somehow it's more charming—less formal."

A buffet supper was served, and some of the guests played cards, including Eddie Horton, (Please turn to page 70)



"I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR"

"They always taste so good. They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Camels never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. People do appreciate this. You will like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool and mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Camels costlier tobaccos are

Vews of the N

THE new leisure is a problem for statesmen, what with shorter hours for work and longer hours for play. But women know what to do about it. The tea hour—or the cocktail hour, if you wish-has taken on great importance in the modern social scheme. This longer leisure hour is the hour when the busy woman really finds her-

In a well-tailored suit or a smart business dress or a becoming cotton frock for housework, you may be all efficiency. In the bustling hours spent in these clothes you do the work of the world-or a large part of it, anyway. But when you slip off these clothes you slip out of the workaday world. slip out of the workaday world. Dressed in one of the lovely late afternoon gowns you develop all sorts of charm you never knew you possessed. No matter how well endowed you are with business or professional genius, housewifely skill, the power to shine on local committees, you long for a chance to express your feminine personner. chance to express your feminine personality, to be your most attractive self. And the late afternoon social hour, spent in a most becomingly informal costume, gives you your chance.

Dress for the new leisure is varied. Sometimes it is of the formal pajama sort. Sometimes it is a tea gown that might have been copied from an Edwardian portrait. It carries an air of



luxury. The colors are rich and lovely. The fabrics are soft and beautiful. Sometimes it is of crepe, sometimes of satin, sometimes of velvet. Short quilted jackets give additional warmth to sleeveless crepe foundations. Velvet is warm enough without a jacket, though the sheerer velvets are not too heavy for heated rooms. The fashion for ornate and diversified sleeves gives a chance for the utmost becomingness. It makes for variety, too. There is something to suit every style, every personality, in fashion, fabric and color, in the new late afternoon clothes.

So don't let yourself grow drab and monotonous. If you are tied to a desk or the kitchen stove, to a mending basket or the professional woman's busy routine, get into a special sort of gown at the tea and cocktail hour, and take advantage of the new leisure to get acquainted with yourself as well as your friends.



IN spite of the fact that housekeeping is a far more complicated business than it was twenty, even ten or five, years ago, the housekeeping woman is freer than ever from work and worry. Housekeeping standards are higher. Just on the subject of food, she must know more about more things than her grandmother ever dreamed of—germs and vitamins and calories and all sorts of other factors that enter into modern health and dietetics. She must be able to manage a com-plicated business and keep it up to an ever advancing, ever rising mark. But a huge army of trained workers is always at her service, producing fin-ished food products ready for her use.

They are products far superior to those that could usually be turned out at home. All the big food concerns work under conditions of cleanliness and accuracy—and knowledge, too—that couldn't possibly be duplicated in the private kitchen. They employ expert dietitians and scientific investigators to carry out the most thorough-going experiments and research in the kind of food they handle. Their work safeguards the family healthand saves the housewife time, labor

and nerves.



ONE thing that makes housework easier and pleasanter to do now than it used to be is the size of the kitchen. Just try doing it in a sixteen by twenty kitchen—and in one of the new little ones that up-to-date apartments and houses boast. They are as compact as the kitchens on dining cars. That is the cause of one big saving of time. And the miles saved in walking

every year would make a high marathon score. That's another big time

The favorite shape for these little kitchens is oblong, a good deal longer than wide, but not very long, either. The wall space is fitted with all sorts of cabinets, each one designed for some particular use. Sometimes the stove has a top that can be folded down over it when the heat is off to make a table—incidentally to keep the heat-ing fixtures free from dust. But dust doesn't find much place in these shin-ing, smooth new kitchens. They are painted and glazed and enameled from floor to ceiling.

An interesting color scheme is as much a part of the kitchen as it is of the living room. One young housewife whose pots and pans are of gleaming copper has a kitchen tiled in a soft, warm but light brown, with cream-painted ceiling and walls above the tiles. The curtains that hang straight at the sides of the one big window are of light brown net.

window are of light brown net. Black and white is a favorite kitchen color scheme. In one kitchen using this scheme there are white muslin curtains dotted with bright red, red oilcloth cushions are used on the white chairs, and red enamel double boilers and tea kettle and saucepan are used on the stove, or ranged in neat rows on white shelves between meals.



As a nation we have long been athletically minded. And we have gone in for corrective exercises and settingup exercises in a big way, too. The new idea about exercise is that it's not merely something to be done for the sake of one's health and figure. It's fun, besides. School gymnastics are carried on in that spirit nowadays. And older girls, out of school, get together in groups to go through all sorts of stunt exercises. They don't think much about whether they are gaining or losing weight. They have a good time. Competition between different members of the group makes the work interesting. An instructor makes it expert. Result—a diversion that is delightful in itself and most exhilarating to health and spirits.

The small kitchen makes by venience what it lacks in size, for venience what it lacks in size, for venience is utilized. It is The small kitchen makes up in coneasier to prepare a five-course dinner for half a dozen guests in a kitchen that measures six by ten than in one that measures sixteen by twenty.

The Inside of the Hollywood Social Game

. Continued from party 39



plans for a coming production to a chief executive. I saw—and heard—an actor asking a director for a

I saw—and heard—an actor asking a director for a certain part in a picture, and explaining why he and he alone would be perfect for that part. As far as I could make out, the idea of all the guests was to use the party as an opportunity to further some schemes of their own. Baldly, too, and without camouflage.

of their own. Baldly, too, and without camouflage. The executives didn't seem to be minding it—in fact I heard one of them say to a group of writers who were on a committee to get better conditions or something or other for screen writers: "You writers are just ridiculous when you complain that you can't get to us producers. Here in Hollywood where everybody goes to the same parties, you see us all the time."

What a lot of fun that producer must have at parties, I thought, if he expects his employes to approach him on business. That's what he expects, and apparently that's what he gets. It was a new idea to me who had always been taught that it was bad form to use a social event to further a business

opportunity.

Meanwhile, I was getting desperately hungry. The invitation was for seven-thirty. Allowing a half-hour for the usual cocktails and appetizers. I had figured that dinner would be served about eight. There were buckets of cocktails and plates and plates of appetizers, and I did my duty by them. But now the tall clock in the hallway pointed to eight-thirty, and there was no sign of a regular meal. I began wondering how the hostess was going to be able to serve that crowd. There must have been at least a hundred guests.

At nine-fifteen, I got the answer. She didn't serve them, they served themselves. When she called out informally, "Come on into the dining room and get your dinner," there was a slow, casual exodus toward a huge room, where a huge table was laden with all sorts of food. Plates were piled high on the table, and silverware, neatly folded in napkins, lay by the plates.

The course of procedure is the same as at a cafeteria. You take a plate and the silverware wrapped in a napkin, and you stroll around the table helping yourself from the various platters of meat, salads or what have you! The hostess provides everything but tables to eat from and chairs to sit on. You stand up, wedged between a couple of other fellas, and try to manage your plate and your fork and your food. After I had been in Hollywood a little longer, I learned to take only food that did not need to be cut, because I simply couldn't manage a knife. Toward the last of my visit, I ate my dinner before I left for a buffet-scramble, because I like my meals at a table—and I like them hot and on time.

Buffet suppers are the favorite indoor sport of Hollywood, probably because a hostess can entertain more people that way, and she need never be afraid of insulting the ones she couldn't accommodate at a regular sit-down dinner. One hostess said to me: "I hate buffet suppers, but I always have to have them. You see, I must invite my most intimate friends and that's twenty to start with!" Imagine having twenty intimate friends!

Hollywood society moves in droves. The herd instinct is strong. The people run here and there, following a leader, a fad, or a fashion. Like a flock of sheep. What one does, they all do—that is, all who want to be in the social swim. Beverly Hills is the fashionable town location; (Please turn to page 76)

HOLLYWOOD

The anonymous confession of a famous movie star who risks soul for a strange career

Illustrations by Earl Blossom

T was seven-thirty when Sarah came in with the tray. Sarah was my maid, a tall, rather forbidding-looking Englishwoman, who reminded me of Dickens in some of his least joyous moods. She had been in reveral times during the night to care for me, but had not dared to wake me.

"He said you were to be made up and on the set at

nine o'clock, Miss."
I was. At nine sharp—without even so much as a look at the beautiful bungalow which had been made ready for me—I walked onto the Number One stage of Isadore Wentsch's studio, dressed as I had been that fateful night in Fritz Stresseman's study in the golden

"Astra," said Fritz, not moving from the great arm-chair in which he sat beside the camera, "we'll do that fainting scene first. You know. You enter. You are in a daze. Your mind has left you. It has gone back four, Your knees give way under you. You sink before the altar. You die."

"But boss," protested Sam, "it ain't in the script."
"What?" Fritz thundered.

"This faintin' an' dyin'—it ain't in the script."

"It is in the script, beginning today." Sam turned away. The lights came on. Everybody seemed to move at once—everybody but the huge man in the great arm-chair. He was still muttering. I couldn't hear, but I knew that he was saying:

"What's a script to Fritz Stresseman!"

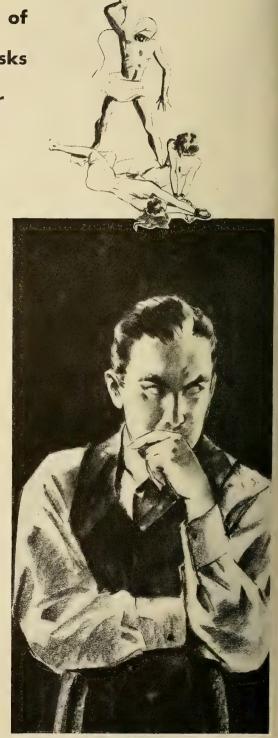
I know that Fritz's idea in letting me do the fainting scene first was part of his ever-recurring kindness. knew the scene. Why shouldn't I? In a way, I had created it! And I didn't have to talk. There was no chance of my going suddenly "mike-shy" as they say in the sound studios. He thought it would be easy for me. But it wasn't. It was one thing to faint when you felt like fainting. It was another thing to do it on order, before a camera, when you didn't feel like fainting at all.

All morning we took the fainting scene and it wasn't until I was so weak from hunger and fatigue that I really did feel like fainting that I did it to the satisfaction of

this madman with the yellow hair.

"That'll do," he said at last, grudgingly. "You go to tunch. I'll plan the stuff for this afternoon."

I was too tired to move. I just lay there where I was on the thick rug in front of the altar, with my head on my arm. I couldn't see my termentor, but I could hear him, tramping heavily away over the loose boards of the floor in the outer studio.



SLAVE

I don't know how long I lay there; but after a while there was a tap on my shoulder. It was Sarah. She had been to the studio commissary and had come back with a tray. It was typical of the whole relationship between this strange, forbidding woman and myself. She was always finding me prostrate- with grief, with sleep, with fatigue—always bringing me food, which, incidentally, I always ate!

That afternoon, Fritz was a different person. I was to get used to these quick transformations from the kind of man I had known on plane and boat, in restaurants and motor cars, and the fiend incarnate once he

was under the spell of his own creation.

"We've done enough for the first day," he said.

"We'll just chat about the picture."

He dragged his great arm-chair across the set to where I sat with my tray still on the floor with my back against the altar—and, settling himseli comfortably and slowly filling a gnarly, twisted old pipe, he began to tell me the story of (Please turn to page 77)

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MOLLY, the little surl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of les to become the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Mally in vaudeville, gnarant of the rule in life and in films that his wife is to be required to play.

FRITZ STRESSEMAN, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—provided she will place herself completely in his hands.

He swept me into his great arm: 144, darling, I thought I had lost you ine whispered. I will never forget the thrill of that moment.





The busy days of Baby Leroy, youngest of the film stars, are carefully planned and run along smoothly according to prescribed schedule.

GO ON GROWING HEALTHY

BABY LEROY

He will—because nothing ever interferes with his simple diet and regular routine of play, sleep and sunshine

ERE'S a regular little star if ever there was one. And though he has played leading roles in two Paramount pictures and is up for another, he has never let cameramen or directors or lovely ladies interfere with the timed-by-the-clock

regularity of meals and nap times. Baby Leroy wakes at six o'clock every morning. Or if, by chance, he opens his round blue eyes a little sooner, he must jabber and chortle to himself until six o'clock breakfast, taken in bed, or rather in crib, and served from a bottle-eight ounces of half and halfcanned milk and boiled water. Then he takes it easy until 6:45 when he has his bath.

At 7:45 he has his second breakfast—well cooked

oatmeal or other cereal served with milk. Until 10:00 o'clock Baby Leroy plays in the sunshine. Then he gets a glass of orange juice and sleeps until noon.

At 12:00 he has luncheon consisting of cooked spinach, carrots, string beans or baked potato, a choice of apple sauce, pears, peaches, apricots—cooked—or a vegetable or chicken soup. Sometimes he has a piece

After luncheon he plays in the sunshine. At 2:30 comes an eight-ounce bottle of milk—half canned milk and half water.

Then he takes a nap for several quiet hours. Awake at 4:30, Baby Leroy has a sponge bath, followed by crackers or zwieback.

Then he plays in the sunshine.

Dinner at six consists of chicken broth and cooked vegetables.

At seven comes a bottle of milk and then sleep. That is Baby Leroy's every-day schedule. When he is working he is taken to the studio in a car after his

7:45 cereal. He works in front of cameras for one hour in the morning. This time is broken up so that he is not under the lights for more than seven minutes at a time.

Between scenes he is taken immediately outside the stage into the sunshine to play. At 10:30 he takes his regular nap no matter how important the scene. Luncheon is at the same time, with a short time for outdoor play following. Then back on the set for about thirty minutes and (Please turn to page 85)



Fight Pneumonia—

It ravages with the speed of a forest fire



PNEUMONIA causes the death of approximately 100,000 people in this country every year. Many of these deaths result because the speed with which it attacks the patient is not matched by promptness of defense.

In rare instances, a person apparently in the best of health is stricken with pneumonia. But usually the disease is contracted by one whose vitality has been lowered by exhaustion or exposure, or who has been dragging himself around for several days through sheer will power or stubbornness, while suffering from a protracted cold.

During the critical stages of an attack of pneumonia the patient's chance of recovery often depends largely upon well-trained, faithful nursing. There is a serum which is of great assistance in some types of pneumonia. It has helped to save many lives. If your doctor advises its use, have it administered at the earliest possible moment. Time is vital. A fire may be quenched when small, but becomes uncontrollable as a conflagration.

While victory over some diseases can be achieved only by months and sometimes years of patient resistance, the battle against pneumonia is usually won or lost in a comparatively short space of time—sometimes it is a matter of days or merely hours. Meet the speed of pneumonia's attack with greater speed in defense.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Just a Cold? Or"— Address Booklet Dept. 234-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Wynne Gibson says good teeth are the most important feature in the beauty count, and that the magic of modern dentistry and dentifrises can achieve them for anybody.

SHE STUDIED DENTIST

ANN BOYD

THAT is the most important feature of the face in Holly-wood?" we asked Wynne Gibson. "Well, unless you are being introduced to the instalment collector, introduced to the instalment collector," she said, "you usually smile, don't you? And in smiling your teeth flash into prominence. If they are nice, well kept teeth and you smile just so—hold it, please!—even the instalment collector may forget what he came after and you can tune in on Rudy Vallee every Thursday evening without fear, until the i.c.'s boss yanks him out of his bedazzled daze with: 'Get the payment... or else the with: 'Get the payment . . . or else the radio' . . ."

Miss Gibson really takes this matter of teeth seriously because, as she explained, she once studied dentistry. She thought of being a D.D.S. before she thought of being a star.

"Since smiles are so important in Hollywood," Miss Gibson went on, "I think I would be right in saying that good teeth are one of the most important—if not the most important—feature tant—if not the most important—feature in the sum total of a girl's beauty. And yet we don't hear of girls with real ability being held back because of poor teeth. Thanks to the magic of modern dentistry and the enormous improvement of teeth that can be achieved by good care, it's safe to say that any intelligent girl can have lovely teeth if she wents to

wants to.
"Diet is essential to healthy teeth," she says firmly, "and most important, I believe, is daily care. Thorough brushing, twice a day, is my rule and I brush the gums as well as the teeth. This stimulates as well as toughens them, and if the circulation in the gums is good, your teeth have a better chance to combat the effects of the impositions we constantly make on our defenseless chewing equipment.

"Having studied dentistry myself, I probably appreciate these facts more keenly. And my motto is: 'Be true to your teeth or they will be false to you.'"

TWO-SKIN treatment solves age-old problems

Wrinkles now known to begin in UNDER SKIN Dryness corrected by treating OUTER SKIN

You have TWO SKINS!

That's the surprising fact which explains where skin faults really begin. The skin faults you dread most. Lines. Wrinkles. Dryness. Roughness!

In your under skin, lines and wrinkles have their earliest beginnings. By the proper care of this skin, you can prevent them.

In your Outer skin come dryness, roughness, chapping. You can keep this skin moist, satin-smooth by using a cream made especially for it.

Here's the way:

Oil Cream for the Under Skin-Because your under skin shrinks when its oil glands fail, your outer skin falls into little lines and creases-eventually wrinkles! For this under skin Pond's Cold Cream was made. Oil rich. And penetrating! This glorious cream sinks deep, reaches the under skin. Supplies the oils it lacks. Soon your under skin grows firm. Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

Because this cream is rich in oils and penetrates so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser. Your skin feels wonderfully fresh and clean, as well as toned after using it.

Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin-To keep your outer skin moist and smooth, an entirely different cream was made-



Mrs. Henry Field of Chicago. Thrillingly beautiful, one of Society's smartest women, Mrs. Field uses Pond's Creams. She keeps her under skin firm with Pond's Cold Cream, her outer skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream. Quite greaseless, this cream contains a marvelous substance which actually restores moisture to the skin. It smooths away roughness in one application, and is a godsend for preventing or healing chapping. Being

greaseless, it makes a heavenly overnight cream. It is the most delicious foundation cream-holds your powder beautifully.

Use these wonderful creams day and night just the way beautiful society women do. Soon see your complexion glowing with life and vitality-satinsmooth and free of lines!





For your Under Skin-Pond's delicious Cold For your Outer Skin-Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that Pond's Vanishing Cream, melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream. greaseless, corrects dryness.

SEND FOR 3 DAYS' TREATMENT

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. B. 127 Hudson St., New York City Lendose or (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Three Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name	
Street	

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THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



SMOOTH-GLOSSY

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



SOFT - SPONGY

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin



WRINKLED - DISCOLORED

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

She Can't Make Up Her Mind

(Continued from page 41)

she's that way, or because I was to know that she didn't give a merry hoot, she was dressed as unmovie-like as possible, in tweed skirt and high collared waist, very much after the manner of a high-powered Wall Street secretary on her day off, but unlike such a secretary, if my memory about secretaries serves me aright, in that she had no make-up, not even a dab of lipstick. All this is immaterial save as characterization. Healthy twenty-two does not demand much make-up at three in the afternoon.

Aside from that, the foyer rugs were in a roll and the drawing room furniture was in its summer covers. Also the servants were out, so I might have a drink if I'd mix it myself, but as for Miss Sullavan she would have a cup of tea, only she didn't know how to make tea. Naturally when I remarked that I'd make the tea and dash off a bit of cinnamon toast, too, if she liked, she immediately did not like it and decided she'd have a glass of milk, only she wouldn't really have anything.

Also she took one sweeping look up and down my rotund facade and decided she did not like the way my hair

was combed, either.

Thereupon I decided that I'd take a glass of plain water and have a look at the view out the front window. They

were both good.

Things were certainly going just

N OW when a man who obviously ought to know better insists on surveying the downtown skyline from a seventeenth story window, with a very young actress in the immediate interior picture, she does not like it even if she is absolutely indifferent,

clyde Beatty's system is to look the dangerous ones in the eye, while mine is to look out the window. Both are

good, when they work.
"You are terribly absent-minded,"
Miss Sullavan thrust out at last.

'I wish I were.'

She got up and walked past my proffered lighter to select for herself a match. She had quite a time finding one that would do.
"I despise interviews," she remarked,

orbititerly, just abstractedly as though she were talking to herself.

"I do, too," I replied in a most unprofessional manner. "You dislike interviews because you know what they will ask, and I dislike interviews because I know what they will say."

Miss Sullavan's slender five feet two

Miss Sullavan's stender five feet two began to get just a shade tense and dynamic. I took note that her blondbrown hair and her eyebrows and cyelashes all matched—and just incidentally that the eyelashes were perfect. She's the sort from whom you do not gather all the details at one clance. glance.

"Maybe," she tossed back at my dusty observation, "but you can't tell what I will say, because I won't say it. I do not tell the 'story of my life.'"

"It's too short for my purposes anyway," I observed in my most gallant manner. "Let's take a big broad subject like the movies."

It seems that despite having been born to the screen a full-fledged star, Miss Sullavan has quite a few misgivings and doubts about the motion

picture.

"You can only step so far, move so fast and hold your face just so," she complained. "On the stage your lines and how you speak are all important, but in the movies it is how you move, and where. I'm not used to that."

"And, I suppose you are opposed to

"No, I'm not. I'd like to see the movies move more and get a little more nonchalant about it. Of course to me it is more difficult to keep inside the chalk marks and to turn the best angle toward the camera than it is for the people who have grown up in the studio and have been so trained in the technique.

"Out in Hollywood so many things that do not matter seem to matter so much. There's a terrible fuss about

Miss Sullavan looked pensive and distant as though remembering some-

assant as though remembering something unutterably sad.

"Why do you know, they started in to try to make me all over before I started for Hollywood. I had just a tiny, tiny bit of a mole at the corner of my nose—there"—indicated by a finger-tip, and no silly red tint on the nail, either.

nail, either.
"Would you believe it, they sent me
"Would you believe have the mole resix wires to please have the mole removed before I came out. I finally gave in and had it done, but it was hard—you see I'd had that mole a long, long time."

"Something like two decades," I ven-

tured just to be agreeable.

She made a slight face at me and went on. "Besides that, they wanted one of my teeth rearranged just a little bit. But on that I'll never give in— they get Margaret Sullavan 'as is, from now on '

After discreet consideration of the tooth issue, I am inclined to rule with Miss Sullavan. There is nothing the matter with her mouth but a tendency

to make sharp remarks.

"And the re-takes," she went on.

"Can you imagine, I spent half a
day opening a door and entering a
room. If I'd been that long getting
out I'd be there yet."

"Yes but we're bed the results of the results

"Yes, but you've had the monotony of the stage, playing the same part night after night all through a run."

"There's no monotony in that—the part is new every night and for every part is new every night and 10. every audience. There are no two audiences alike. The laughs come in new places and the reactions are enough different to keep the player interested always."

"Then you prefer the stage?

"I DO not prefer anything. I just want to be a very good actress."
"In some fairly expert opinion you seem to rate pretty well now. You got far enough to get 'discovered for the movies' when a high-powered director saw you on the stage in 'Dinner at saw you on the stage in 'Dinner at

"Oh, I've just started. You see it is so hard and it takes a very long, long time to be a good actress.

Miss Sullavan was almost poignant

in despair.

"You know I want to be a good actress, but I never want to be an old actress — there's tragedy. I've seen "I may do something else entirely."
"I don't believe it—but what, for instance?"

"For instance, I've been thinking about taking a bicycle trip through Europe—just keep going until my money runs out and see—then what? I don't know much about geography, but I might end the trip at Angkon. but I might end the trip at Angkor-where is that?"

"Over in Asia, speaking of Europe
—but why the etc., go to Angkor.'
"Sculptures — miles of marvelous sculptures."

"You'd better stay out of dentists' offices and avoid the National Geographic," I advised. "What's sculpture to you?"
"Maybe it's because I'm interested in architecture," she guessed. "You see last week I decided to be an architect."

"And the week before that what were

you going to be?"
"Oh, yes, I was going to be a doctor then, so I could be of some use in the world."

"Little Doc Sullavan," I taunted.
"I might not do any one of those things—" she insisted, petulant again. "I may change my mind and have twelve children."

"If you have twelve you will be bound to change your mind a couple of times," I observed, recalling silently the while that the best statisticians credit young women of the Margaret Sullavan type of educational and social background with an average of 1.2 children per marriage. I have always suspected that the two-tenths would be the hardest to have. We did not take that up.

It may be observed, however, in sup-It may be observed, however, in support of young Miss Sullavan's maternal impulses that she has four or five pet dogs, located variously in Ossining, New York; Greenwich, Connecticut; Norfolk, Virginia, and Hollywood, California. Scattered like a sailor's sweethearts—a dog in every town on her itinerary. She keeps them away because she believes a dog has no life in New York and since she can't make in New York, and since she can't make up her mind on breeds, she has both police dogs and Scottish terriers. The dour, stubborn Scots probably will win in the end.

Of course Margaret may yet be a doctor or an architect, or go clucking over a brood of twelve. But again she may not. The movies may win. You

when out in Hollywood at Universal's studio she flocks by herself. versal's studio she flocks by herself. She eats at the cafeteria lunch counter, forgetting about the "Indian Rocm" cafe where the stars and executives sit aloof. She does not go to Malibu Beach, or the Brown Derby, or any of the places that stars go to see and be seen. When she prows adder and solid. seen. When she grows older and solidifies her vocabulary she will be able to say more precisely what she really thinks about some aspects of the movie colony. She achieves a fair approximation now.

I've promised to look her up in five years "to see what the movies have

done to you."

"I'll have the same color hair, and the same teeth," she forecasts. "And I've got another mole they'll never see and can't get.'



Mae West's Perfect Day

(Continued from page 43)

a ten o'clock story conference with Mr. LeBaron today." "Oh, yeah," says

Mae, remembering.

9 A. M. A bridge table has been set up in the living room near the divan that looks out toward the Hollywood hills. The table is set with a half grapefruit, a low bowl of Cecil Brunner roses, two morning newspapers and several magazines just arrived through the mail. A colored man in a white jacket (no relation to Libby) is dividing his time between the breakfast table and a blond girl busy attaching a hair dryer to an electric plug. As Mae enters the White Jacket drops everything to make a bee line to the kitchen and the beauty parlor operator pauses to greet her famous customer. "Had your break-fast? Well, I'll only be a minute, then we can get to my hair." White Jacket brings French toast with strips of bacon, marmalade and coffee with cream. The beauty parlor blonde is interested. "You don't diet, Miss West?"
"No," says Mae, "I eat what I want.

If I notice I'm gainin' a little I get hold of a trainer and exercise it off. My weight hasn't varied in three years.

just tipped the scale at 122 pounds!

Mae doesn't eat much. The little blonde gets to work almost immediately. There is to be no shampoo, only a "set." As the wave begins to take form Mae keeps up a running fire of conversation and daily orders to Libby:

Is my brother, Jack, up yet? (Jack has an apartment adjoining Mae's.) Call my trainer and tell him not to come today, I'm busy on a story conference. If Mr. Timony (Mae's manager) doesn't call before I leave tell him I've gone to the studio and I'll see him. I've gone to the studio and I'll see him later. And check with the publicity department about those portraits I'm supposed to make this afternoon. About that interview appointment, I don't know whether I want to give any more interviews or not. I've talked so much for publication I'm sick of readin' it myself." The card table has been cleared and its surface is now occupied by a make-up mirror, a box of face powder and a lipstick. With only casual glances into the mirror, Mae applies her street make-up. If it was a

phies her street make-up. If it was a studio make-up Libby would apply it.

"You don't go in for suntan, or the dark powders do you Miss West?"

"Me? Suntanned! Say, honey, woman's greatest weapon is her snow-

white skin. The sun's swell for invalids, but I'm no invalid!"

In the bedroom, where she's putting out Miss Mae's clothes, Libby Taylor nearly rolls with laughter. But even in her mirth she does manage to select (from a closet jammed with clothes of a like nature) a long, black velvet dress with a white collar, a short white broadtail coat, sheer black stockbroadtail coat, sheer black stockings, a small black turban with a nose veil. You'd have to be a keener searcher than Libby to find a sports costume in Mae's wardrobe. There just aren't any, as Mae so aptly puts it: "What's the matter with black velvet or satin in the morning, or any other time, if you're the black velvet and satin type?"

9:45 A. M. (a very private interlude). A woman in black velvet and a white coat steps out of her town car and quickly into the doorway of a little vine-covered Catholic church. Mae West is not a Catholic! But she finds peace in church! Peace and a moment

11 A. M. For an hour the black town car has been speeding out toward the wide expanses of the Pacific Ocean. Orange stands, the Old Soldiers Home, funny little pink and blue houses come tumbling after one another to the view of the man and the woman on the back This is not a regulation story conference between star and production supervisor. But it's Mae's variety. When there's something serious to be talked over, Mae drives it out. The same pencil-marked script that had been beside her bed is now in her hand. She flips over the pages reading parts of the action and dialogue as she goes along. ".... and so I'm dancing in this scene with the General. I'm wearin' a very low, decollete gown—very low, y' understand? The General's front is all covered with medals, big ones with points. As he draws me closer in his arms I look up and say 'General, do you have to wear all those medals?"

The supervisor of "It Ain't No Sin" laughs. "We don't know yet who will be in the cast," he says a moment later. "Maybe not," retorts La West, "but I do. I never wrote a scene or a bit of dialogue in my life that I didn't have some particular actor in mind. I couldn't work if I couldn't visualize in advance the actor who is goin' to play the role." LeBaron looks surprised. Surprise and amusement are apparently his chief reactions to this two-

ently his chief reactions to this two-hour story conference on wheels. 1 P. M. A drug store not far from the Paramount Studio. Mae at the soda fountain counter on a stool! While the rest of stellar Hollywood lunches smartly at the Brown Derby or the Vendome Mae goes in for a bowl of "the best chili and beans in town" at a corner drug store. Except for the soda jerker who serves her this repast two or three days a week the stray customers do not appear to recognize her. "Working today, Miss West?" the "jerker" politely inquires. "Nope," says Mae, "I'm playin' hookey. I'm go-

ing shopping with an old friend. Next to breathin' I'd rather shop!"

3 P. M. For two grand and glorious hours Mae, and her Old Friend from hours Mae, and her Old Friend from Broadway days, have been on a shopping spree through smart, expensive Bullock's Wilshire. Now, Mae wouldn't want the Old Friend, or you, or anybody to know, but there's been considerable system to her shopping today. For instance, in the dress, coat, lingerie and glove departments Mae just couldn't find anything she particularly wanted, but there was always ticularly wanted, but there was always just the right thing for the Old Friend. Things haven't been breaking so well for the Friend, if you know what I mean. She would protest she really couldn't afford to accept such things, the prices and everything, to which Mae just answers: "On, that...!" At the perfume counter Mae happened to remember there was a kid in the Paramount offices who was just crazy about Sweet Pea perfume same as she was. A bottle is ordered! And let's see. Oh Charlie's kid needs a new coat now that winter is coming on. And Anna's mother is in the hospital. Why wouldn't she like one of these quilted

robes? "My!" breathed the Old Friend, "Don't you ever buy anything for your-

self when you go shopping?"

4 P. M. The studio dressing-room.
Like her bedroom, the color scheme
here is white-gold-and-coral. When Mae is working the pretty little three-room suite is her home. She has even slept here after a long siege of night work. A card table offers testimony she has had many meals in the small she has had many meals in the small white sitting room. It is really her favorite family gathering spot. As her car rolls slowly along "Dressing Row Avenue" (one of the two permitted within the studio gates—Mae's and Marlene Dietrich's) she notices that Libby Taylor has arrived, aired the rooms, and placed long-stemmed tea roses in a white vase. "Tired?" Libby inquires affectionately, as she begins to spread make up goo over Mae's to spread make-up goo over Mae's white skin—the portrait sittings are in

TIMONY, the ever present manager, arrives. So does her brother, Jack. IMONY, the ever present manager, Timony has many things to discuss, things as far in advance as Mae's contemplated trip to Paris, her long personal appearance tour which is sched-uled to follow "It Ain't No Sin." Jack has spent the entire day looking over property in Brentwood and Beverly Hills, for Mae is California minded. She wants the first home of her life to be here. Jack has seen a house he thinks she'll like. "Can it be done in French? I mean can it be furnished in the pastel colors and satin-y things I want?" No. it turns out the house is In the pastel colors and satin-y things I want?" No, it turns out the house is Colonial. "Out," says Mae. And it is. "Can you imagine me, gingham version?" "What do you want?" inquires Jack, kiddingly, "a chateau?" Mae says: "Well, somethin' like it!" Timony's secretary enters to remind her she is diping with Dr and Mrs. Harry she is dining with Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons) that evening. And, so, the portrait sitting which is really the reason for her being there,

is somehow worked in.

6:30 P. M. The Beverly Hills home of the Martins-one of the few places where Mae accepts invitations. An early dinner has been planned because it is fight night. The popular Doc Martin, head of the coast Boxing Commission, and Mae are great friends. They slon, and mae are great friends. They have a lot in common, their love of the game. At the table they discuss boxers all the way down the line to Max Baer and Carnera. "What I'd like," says Mae, "is to own a couple of fighters. But they won't let me. I hear it isn't a refined business for movie stars!" Mary Pickford, also a guest, laughs. Mary likes Mae. Mae likes laughs. Mary likes Mae. Mae likes Mary. "She says she likes me because I'm so low down!" Mae kids Mary about that remark. But, as usual, the subject keeps returning to the boxers "My dad was in the game and one of the best of his time. Lcts of people think it's brutal but I've never been able to see how a game that keeps a man on his toes, in the pink of condi-tion, alert, keyed-up, like the box tion, alert, keyed-up, like the box racket, could be considered anything

but a darn healthy career for a man!" 8:30 P. M. The Olympic Auditorium, Tuesday night. Mae and the Martins are on time but Mary is not with them.

She never attends the matches. As Mae (Please turn to page 100)



Banish Faded Color with TINTEX!

These famous Tints and
 Dyes bring New Color
 Gayety to your Wardrobe
 and Home Decorations





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And—here's what Tintex is for! Use Tintex for dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, underthings, negligees, children's clothes, etc., etc. For curtains, drapes, tablescarfs, dinner-cloths, cushion covers, etc., etc.

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To Change <u>Dark</u> Colors to <u>Light</u>—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one...



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself either light or dark.

Movieland Goes Partying

(Continued from page 58)

who is a regular bridge shark, Buddy who is a regular bridge snark, Buddy De Sylva, Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Mrs. Joe E. Brown. And the radio being turned on for the Cocoanut Grove music, Doris and Mervyn danced, and

Mervyn did a little jig for us. He was once a dancer, you know.

Everybody drank toasts to Mervyn and Doris, and all the free men vied in melious up beautiful toests to Doris. in making up beautiful toasts to Doris, who answered very prettily, while Mer-

vyn pretended to be very jealous.

Of course Louise was as amusing as ourse Louise was as amusing as usual. We wanted to see the baby, but Louise reminded us of how dreadfully queens in "Alice in Wonderland" treated babies. But she did finally let us get a peep at the child asleep in his pretty nursery.

A ND so our little daughter was permitted to remain up!"
Mrs. Otto Kruger was talking about

their little girl, who, in fairy blue, was allowed to wait and help her father and mother receive for the dinner party the Krugers were giving. But she was hurried away right after, and put to bed.

Mrs. Kruger-who by the way, when she was Sue McManamy, was en gaged to Richard Dix, in their old stock days together—looked lovely in a blue velvet princesse gown, trimmed

with priceless old lace at the neck.
W. S. Van Dyke was there. He had brought Muriel Evans, who played the "vamp" role, you remember, in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," which Mr. Van Dyke directed; and a romance appears to have sprung up between the two since then, so that they are seen about everywhere together. Even if Van Dyke has declared himself "not a marrying man!"

Miss Evans wore a blue taffeta evening frock, and Otto Kruger asked her if she looked as pretty in everything she wore!

Otto Kruger, talking about the war —he was in the navy—told how excited he and the rest of the crew of a destroyer were when they were sure they were being sent into the North Sea for action.

"And then we saw lights one night," he said, "and knew we were back in Boston Harbor! We all broke down

and wept!" Ralph Morgan and his wife were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, and Ray Griffith and Bertha

JETTA GOUDAL has become a dyed-Jin the wool interior decorator, without a thought of acting, I am sure. And she's just as good an interior decorator as she was an actress, which is saying a whole lot.

She and her husband, Harold Grieve, gave one of the big parties of the month, assisted by Earl Stendahl, at Stendahl's luxurious art galleries on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard.

It was a cocktail party, and the beautiful galleries were filled with flowers. Food was served the entire afternoon, one delectable dish being tiny tea biscuits hollowed out and filled with chicken. I can recommend that dainty for any tea party or cocktail hour. Groucho Marx was there, and was so

impressed by the famous paintings he

saw, especially the Mexican art of Ramos Martinez, that we shouldn't be surprised if he turned art collector.

Ernst Lubitsch, too, was delighted with the Martinez pictures, while Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard fairly went out of their minds over DeWitt Parshall's magnolias and water lilies. But it took Lilyan Tashman to really rave. She loved the water color decoration by James Spaulding Bodrero, and everybody admired Hugo Ballin's picture of his wife, Mabel Ballin, whom you may remember in pictures.

Lilyan Tashman looked lovely in a gray close-clipped caracul coat-which she kept on all the time—and a little gray caracul hat with perky feathers.

Eddie Lowe was there, and he and Robert Leonard had a lot of fun walking about, looking at the pictures, and discussing art.

Our hostess was sweet in a brown velvet gown with draped collar effect.

GUESTS simply crowded the place, until you could merely take your Cuntil you could merely take your chance to peep at the pictures, the list including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Mr. and Mrs. William Cowan, Sue Carrol, Mr. and Mrs. John Considine, Lowell Sherman, Alice Terry, who is looking lovely these days, Mr. and Mrs. Warren William, Tullio Carminati, Sallie Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Harry Rapf and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Goulding, Jobyna Howland, Gavin Gordon, Mitchell Leison, Marie Dressler, Zita Johann, Veree Teasdale, of course with Adolphe Veree Teasdale, of course with Adolphe Menjou, Grant Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs.

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signed for the home carpenter.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompany ing descriptions.

Fredric March, Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thom-son, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin, and many

MUSIC and musicians are coming to Hollywood in earnest, and Nelson Eddy gave a party to which musicians were invited, along with some laymen, so to speak—although the term is relative, and I doubt if actors would like being called laymen!

The pretty drawing room was filled with flowers, and Nelson's charming mother and aunt made us all welcome.

One of the first people I met was Judith Allen, who was wearing a red

velvet gown, princesse effect, with sleeves and yoke of red-and-white checked silk, very effective.

"But I wore it to the Bing Crosby party," said Judith, "and I just knew there'd be somebody here who would recognize it!"

It being an afternoon affair, Judith had come unattended, but didn't long remain that way for she has become

very popular.
Polly Moran was among the guests, attended, of course, by her husband, Martin Malone. She was gay and sparkling and seems very happy. Polly looks positively pretty these days. So much for happiness!

She saw me taking notes of what she said, and exclaimed: "Oh, don't put down all the things I say—you'll disgrace my husband!"

But she did let me tell you that Martin was married in a sixty-nine cent shirt!

Somebody asked her if she was going

to take a wedding trip.
"Oh, maybe to Ocean Park!" she retorted. (A seaside resort twenty miles from Hollywood.)

Polly was clowning with her hatsuch a good sport hat, too!-pretending it was falling off her head all the time—that she couldn't keep it on. Her husband patiently picked it up each time it fell.

"Oh, dearie," she admonished him, "don't make yourself an old man pick-ing up my hat!"

Mr. Malone, by the way, is very handsome. He is a criminal lawyer and Polly seems to be the comedy relief in his life!

This sounds like a comedians' party, doesn't it? I've certainly wandered away from my musicians. The comedy took place during the eating of the

buffet dinner, following the cocktails. I'm sure that Nelson Eddy couldn't have eaten much of his own food, he was in such excellent voice, after din-

An odd feature of the party was a gadget which instantly reproduces the voice following the singing of a num-And a still greater oddity was furnished by a contrivance which re-produced all four voice parts after our host had sung them, one at a time! The effect was uncanny.
Other guests included Mitchell Lei-

son—married to Stella Seager, or as she calls herself now, Sandra Gale, who is now playing in London, but who will be home soon, they say to appear in musical pictures. You may remember her in one or two silents.

DESIGNED AND MADE IN

HOLLYWOOD

A smart, modern bookcase that you can make for your own home

June Vlasek, beautiful Fox star, has a very interesting collection of china dogs. She has fifty in her collection now and needed a safe place to keep and exhibit them, so she designed this lovely, modern bookcase and constructed and painted it entirely herself.

A shelf rack of this type can be used either as a separate bookcase or a pair of them would make ideal studio couch ends.

The home carpenter can easily make a bookcase like this one; also many other decorative and useful things for the home.

To obtain diagram circulars and directions for making furniture and accessories from wood, please turn to page 70.



Fe283—Modern bookcases and bookcase ends for studio couches.

l've learned my lesson!"



"You know there are still a lot of people old-fashioned enough to think that, unless a laxative tastes pretty awful, it can't really do much good!

"So I'd find myself 'taking something' now and then—and how I hated it! Gulping something out of a bottle that tasted as mean as Old Miser Simpson. And how it stirred things up in my stomach! Some of the things I took acted like dynamite.

"You know you keep on doing things out of habit. I kept on taking those rough-action, nasty-tasting cathartics for years. Then one day I noticed my daughter giving my grandchild a little piece of chocolate marked Ex-Lax."

"Why don't you give up those bitter, messy things and try a piece of this?" asked my daughter. "Oh, that's for kids!" I said. "Kids?" said my daughter. "Isn't it just as important for you that you take something that doesn't upset you?"

"Well, it was surprising! Worked like a charm! And I said to myself, I've learned my lesson."

You can get Ex-Lax at any drug store. 10c and 25c boxes.



CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAKE-UP BOX

BEFORE we even tried a new facial cream which arrived in the Beauty Department recently, we were fascinated by the story of the secret life it had led for two whole years before it appeared on the market. It was tested with great success in beauty salons under an assumed name. Women liked it. They begged for it and finally the calls from discriminating women everywhere were so insistent that it was decided to release it for home use.

It isn't like anything you've used before . . . an emulsion which feels like a thick cream and makes your skin feel like velvet. The instructions for a one-minute facial work like a charm. First, apply cream generously on face and neck until it is evenly distributed. Then allow thirty seconds or so for cream to penetrate and soften pore accumulation. Now stroke gently with finger tips in upward and outward motion until cream disappears. Continue

in acquiring a trim lovely figure, but does wonders for a tired body and frazzled nerves. Another attachment comes with it for scalp treatments



. . . soft rubber knobs just covered with tiny rubber spines. Makes your hair literally stand on end and puts it in a receptive mood for a hot oil shampoo.

IT'S as red and gold and gay as a Christmas tree decoration and as plump as a striped stick of candy. It can do tricks too. A flip of the thumb and out pops the lipstick. But those are not all the real virtues of this newest lipstick. It is triple indelible and comes in three shades which give a lovely accent to blonde, medium or brunette colorings. The attached top



to massage skin lightly until a white mask appears . . . this is the point at which the emulsion reverses. Immediately remove dirt-laden mask and oil film with soft towel or cleansing tissues. Your skin now has a fine powder base and is ready for make-up. This rich fragrant cream, put up by the makers of a moisture proof powder, comes in a generous size, attractive jade and silver jar.

THE curve may be back in the fashion picture but the bulge will never have its day. That unsightly roll above the waistline where your girdle stops and brassiere doesn't reach, needs discipline. So do upper arms which are full instead of firm. So do chins which are beginning to sag instead of retaining the clean-cut line of youth. One of the best new ways to mold your face and figure to a smart silhouette, rounded but trim, is to use the new massager invented by a professional masseur. The instrument weighs less than a pound and uses no electricity. When pushed over the body, the soft rubber sphericals pick up and knead the muscles and tissues with the firm gentle action of a skillful hand massage. This is not only an effective aid



is simply grand for the careless horde whose lipstick covers have joined the army of forgotten toothpaste tops.

For further details including names and prices of the articles described above as well as other beauty news, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood's Cocktails

(Continued from page 45)

A dash of bitters A lump of sugar Then pour the champagne. A glass full.

Some people add a stick of pineapple, but not Lenore. And when I asked her what size glass you should use, she said, "A big one!"

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Ernst Lubitsch told me that his favorite cocktail is made with Dubonnet. He calls it "Design For Living."

3 Dubonnet

Shake in ice, and strain before serving.

THE OLD TIMER'S

D. W. Griffith, who hails from Kentucky, says that's the reason he likes whisky. He calls his drink "The Old Timer's," and he warns you not to try it. He told me that he learned how to drink it when he was an iron worker just outside of Buffalo. Incidentally, during the prohibition era, D. W. never entered a speakeasy. Here's his drink ... hold your breath.

1 glass of straight whisky I glass of beer as a chaser

GOLDEN FIZZ

Carole Lombard chooses something that fits her personality, "Golden Fizz." It's not a cocktail either, but one of those nice long drinks.

1 tablespoonful of fine white sugar The yolk of one egg

I wine glass of Old Tom gin

Small lumps of ice
Shake thoroughly, strain into medium bar glass and fill with seltzer water.

LIME COCKTAIL

Last but not least comes Fredric March's special lime cocktail. Fredric prepares enough for four people, so here it is, for you and your guests.

4 ponies of gin 4 dashes of bitters

Then steep rind of one lime in a small glass of boiling hot water and, after essence has been extracted, pour lime water into gin and next, the en-tire mixture in a tall shaker full of shaved ice. Shake and strain.

JEZEBEL

Miriam Hopkins is loyal to the South and here is her special recipe for a mint julep. She calls it Jezebel.

Crush together four or five leaves of mint, one teaspoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of water. Then remove leaves. Fill glass with cracked ice—add one and a half drinks of rye and two dashes of peach brandy. Stir until frosted on outside.

And now for a bit of advice. You can And now for a bit of advice. You can ruin any cocktail by not using enough ice, or by being too lazy to give it an all round shaking. Remember, use plenty of ice and always shake until the shaker is practically frost-bitten. That's all for today, boys and girls. Class dismissed.



"Nonsense," you say. "Junior's rompers sometimes pick up a spot or two from his wagon-but there's no grease in the rest of my clothes."

Lady, you can't see it-but the grease is there. It comes from perspiration. It makes dirt stick so tightly that it doesn't all come out-and after a few washings your clothes become dingy and gray.

An added grease-loosener for you

But put Fels-Naptha Soap on the joband this greasy dirt hustles right out. It has to-for Fels-Naptha brings extra help to the job. It is more than soap alone. It is good golden soap combined with lots of naptha. And naptha, you know, is famous for the way it cuts grease.

Working briskly together, these two cleaners loosen grease and float out every bit of dirt. Your clothes are so

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP NOW REDUCED!..LOWEST PRICE IN ALMOST 20 YEARS!

clean they fairly sparkle with whiteness! You can say goodbye to "left-over dirt."

Fels-Naptha's extra help saves hard rubbing. It saves your hands for it speeds the wash and gets them out of water sooner. And did you know that Fels-Naptha contains glycerine, too?

Change to Fels-Naptha Soap-get a few bars at your grocer's today. Whether you use tub or machine—hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes-Fels-Naptha will hurry greasy dirt out of your clothes-and KRA put a sweet new whiteness in!

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.T M. some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to

chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an

	hen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, se in stamps to help cover postage. iple bar, too.
Name .	
Street	
	nt name and address completely)



These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The washing, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them exactly to get perfect results.

- 1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
- 2. Make a generous lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is pure.
- 3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.
- 4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.
- 5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.



Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 12)

to be more of a solo record. This is slower than the preceding side. (This is Vocalion Record No. 2569-B).
"I'll Be Faithful" played by Bernie

Cummins and his orchestra, makes a smooth record. This is the first that I've heard from this band in quite some time, and I was beginning to wonder where they were. They're just as good as ever, though, and you should like this one. Walter Cummins sings the vocal refrain

On the other side is "You've Got Everything" played by the same band. This is a bit faster, and livens things up a bit. Bernie himself does the vocal work in this one. (This is Columbia Record No. 2827-D).

"Good-Bye Love" from the picture of the same name is next. This is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra, in true Lombardo style. And just to make things more complicated it's sung by Lee Bennet in true Bing Crosby style. Who could ask for more?

The other side is also by Jan Garber and this time it's "Empty Days" another sweet number. All in all, you should really enjoy it. (This is Victor Record No. 24413-B).

Here's a revival of an old favorite, and it's "Avalon" played by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Red and the boys certainly jam through this one in great style. It is by far the best record that I've heard of this tune in a long time, and I've heard plenty

in a long time, and I've heard plenty of them. If you want something to swing to, don't miss this.

The other side is "Nobody's Sweetheart" also played by Red and the boys. And it just goes to make two good jam tunes on one record. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6681).

Here is the waltz hit from "Bitter Sweet" and the title is "I'll See You Again," played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. This is really a very beautiful tune, and Reisman plays it very well.

very well.
"If Love Were All" is the number on the reverse side, from the same show and played by the same band. This is a fox trot. (This is Victor Record No.

NEW METHODS IN BABY FEEDING

This month's circulars have been designed to help you plan and prepare your baby's food in the new scientific

- I. Milk in the diet of babies and young children.
- 2. Vegetables and how to serve them.
 - 3. Fruit in baby's diet.
 - 4. Orange juice.
 - 5. Pineapple juice.
 - 6. Cereals in baby's diet.
 - 7. Meat and eggs.
- 8. Diets and menus for babies and voung children.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Out of the Magic Mirror

(Continued from page 40)

It wasn't a big part, of course, and Charlotte came and went without the producers paying much attention to the ethereal child with her clear, shining look. She did get a bit to do in "Huckleberry Finn." The director, Norman McLeod, called her over one day and asked if she would like to be "Lovey Mary" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Another sleepless night but she might have known the idea wouldn't materialize then because the skies were too blue. That, you see, has a lot to do with it, for Charlotte's amazing luck rides the clouds of stormy weather. She's certain of that. Wasn't it raining when she was selected for "Courage" and didn't she find her beloved puppy, Puddles, during a torrential downpour? And it was the foggiest morning Hollywood had experienced in years the day she walked into the Paramount publicity office. She had come on a dare from one of the girls over at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Someone shouted: "There's Alice or I miss my guess by a mile!"

They were in a shouting frame of mind by that time after having tested some six hundred girls for the part without by that time after having tested some six hundred girls for the part without

she wouldn't let herself believe what she heard. She said: "Pardon me. My name isn't Alice; it's Charlotte Henry." But two days later, over the telephone, they told her she'd been mistaken. She was Alice. McLeod, the director, had just come from seeing her test in the

was Alice. McLeod, the director, had just come from seeing her test in the projection room. . .

It was then she slipped through that magic mirror, into another world. The thrilling world of the screen "comer." A star in the making . . . The three years of waiting and heartbreak were ended. It didn't matter any more that she was too old for real child parts and too young looking to play ingenues. What if she hadn't been summoned to the Community Playhouse to take the leading lady's place in "Growing Pains" and subsequently taken that dare? Oh, but it was misty that night, too, and Charlotte's luck was on the job!

For eight weeks she's been in "Wonderland." Often working from nine one morning to three the next. Playing opposite such celebrities as Gary Cooper and Fredric March—"only they had funny masks on so I couldn't get very excited . . ." Living a delightful fantasy of her own. A slim girl-child who has never had a "date" or owned a box of rouge.

Director McLeod has recaptured that old idea of doine "Mrs. Wiggs of the

or owned a box of rouge.

Director McLeod has recaptured that old idea of doing "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Probably it will be her next picture. Swarms of people pressed around to congratulate her. "It isn't me they want to see," she whispered. "It's Alice and Lovey Mary ..." And little Charlotte Henry smiled as if she had a fascinating segret. smiled as if she had a fascinating secret -the answer to how you keep on stay-ing in "Wonderland."

> Read EDWIN C. HILL'S story of KATHARINE HEPBÜRN next month's NEW MOVIE

"Why doesn't my MANICURE last longer?"



Try Ivory Soap for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week. See how much longer a manicure lasts, how smooth your hands look. Ivory is kind to busy hands because it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 44, 100 % Pure.

VORY SOA prevents "Housework Hands"

SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless





ON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is NOT a DYE, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the evelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara-by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

FOR ABSOLUTE Hollywood Social Game

(Continued from page 59)

Maliba, the beach resort. Someone of importance once built a house at Malibu. Before long living at Malibu became the thing to do, in spite of the fact that you have to build your house on land you can't own, and live so close to your neighbor that you could almost reach over and snatch his roast goose from the dining room table.

Can you picture a group of very rich people packed together in a bungalow court on the beach? That's the picture colony at Malibu, settled there to be near each other and to use moments of play to put over private aims and

amb tions.

When tourists want to see the movie when to the set the more people, they go to a Hollywood opening. I went to my first, thrilled with a sense of adventure. I stood around the lobby, watching greatness approach in style, listening to blah-blah speeches into the microphone, wondering how it was that everybody could afford such magnificent cars and fur coats and iewels.

The dictum from the studios is "to be seen and be seen in style." The badge of success for stars is a white ermine coat and a corsage of orchids, although this year there has been a liberal interspersion of mink with the ermine. If you can't afford to buy an armine or a mink coat, rent one. But ermine or a mink coat, rent one. go you must, and go with swank.

Even weddings, it seems, are public occasions for the movie great. A wedding in a prominent movie family can never be a private, sacred affair. Movie people owe it to their public to let

them in on everything.

THERE were over five hundred guests invited to one Hollywood wedding. The bride was the daughter of an important producer. Her bridesmaids were movie stars. had been heavily publicized and crowds gathered on the street and in the lobby of the hotel where the wedding was to take place.

Invited guests had to plough their way through an unruly mob of inquisitive sightseers and autograph hounds. Even during the ceremony shouts could be heard from the lobby, "Here comes Mary Pickford!" Or, "Say, ain't that Clark Gable?" It was impossible to hear the wedding-service through the noise of the mob.

At dinner the guests were arranged in the order of their importance. Big stars and producers sat nearest the bridal table. The less important a guest was, the greater distance there was between him and the bride. But the newspaper gare had good seats the newspaper gang had good seats. They could—and did—provide good

publicity.

That brings me to another funny thing about Hollywood society—I mean the entertaining of the press. You never go to a party without stumbling over some reporter or reviewer or columnist. I know of one newspaper woman who is asked everywhere. Producers, directors, stars, all cater to her. She goes on their house-parties, their yachts, their ranches. She is the recipient of the most extravagant gifts -not only at Christmas but through-out the year. She eats, cost-free, at any restaurant in town. She is wined and dined by every newcomer on the road to success.

There follows, of course, a feverish anning of her column. The reward scanning of her column. The reward is very apt to be in print. A little notice here, a little boost there. She has a lot of friends and she remembers

Making personal friends of the press Making personal friends of the press is part of the Hollywood racket to publicize the fact that you go with the right people and are seen at the right places. It is also part of the great game of cultivating people for what you can get out of them. Too bad! Such tactics are bound to make sycophants out of young peo-ple who are eager to succeed, and yes-

ple who are eager to succeed, and yes-men out of those who have jobs and

want to hold them.

H OLLYWOOD could easily have become another Latin Quarter where artists gather together for free and frank interchange of ideas on art, or world affairs, or life in general. In-stead, it is like some horrible mechanistic dragon that destroys the personal freedom and initiative of artists and inoculates them with the deadly poison of conformity. They may be brave as lions when they arrive, but the dragon turns them into sheep.

Not very polite sheep either, as I have to confess if I'm to tell the truth. Good manners seem somehow to have been lost in the shuffle. Time set for a dinner hour means nothing. Guests come anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour late, without even the grace of an apology. You get to realize, after you've been there for a time, that when a Hollywood hostess says seven o'clock, she really doesn't expect you till nearly eight.

Sometimes dinner guests do not show up at all. Nor do they telephone an excuse. The hostess smiles and says, "Oh, I guess Sam forgot. We'll start dinner without him." She never seems to mind, nor to count his rudeness against him, and he is just as apt as not to be invited to her next party.

DO not think I am getting old or crochety, but after my first excitement at seeing Hollywood wore off, I began to dislike the exhibition of bad manners and bad taste that I saw almost everywhere. I disliked intensely the publicizing of the most intimate de-tails of private life and I hated the Hollywood acceptance of such publicity.

loathed seeing in the papers, months before a baby was born, that "the stork is expected in the home of so-and-so," and I loathed the way the

whole town discussed it.

I resented furiously the printed ref-erence to a love affair as "she is that-away about so-and-so," for everyone

to read and gossip about.
Yet Hollywood does not mind. Hollywood society believes that if you get into the papers, the whole world will know that you're in the swim. And won't that be grand?

Well, I'm out of it. I packed up my clothes and typewriter, hopped into my roadster and am on my way back to Virginia. My house there has no marble bathroom, no flower-scented patio, no swimming pool. But it is my own sacred castle to which I invite only the people I like and want.

I know now that I will never have a Hollywood fortune. But do I care? I do not. I have my self-respect.

Slave Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

"The Goddess." In this, as in everything else, his method was his own. He would talk rapidly for a time, sweeping through scenes and sequences at a headlong pace. Then, suddenly, he would stop, and go into one of his long si-

It was in one of these interludes that I found my own voice. It was a simple question I asked about a minor detail of my own part. But it seemed to please him mightily that I asked it. After that, I talked more; in time I was repeating phrases, bits of dialogue; before I knew it. I was in the part, actbefore I knew it. I was in the part, acting out little scenes, laughing, sighing, even shricking as the role demanded. Suddenly, he raised his great voice: "Sam!"

"Okay, boss!" came the familiar answer from the far end of the outer

stage.
"Bring my Boylan!"
Boylan, Stephen Boylan—Fritz had
Boylan, Stephen Boylan—Fritz had of Hollywood males was to be my leading man. He had thought of every-thing, Fritz had, that would be sure to make my picture, his picture-our picture-a success.

Steve Boylan turned out to be a very pleasant young man, not so devastating off as on, but good-looking in a nice, manly way. It ought not to be hard to do love scenes with him, I thought, as Fritz introduced him and brought him casually into the conversation.

"You've read the script, Steve?" Fritz

"Yes, and I have a few suggestions about my part."
"Never mind the suggestions now!
You remember the scene on the desert when you are hunting for Astra and

when you are nunting for Astra and come suddenly upon her in the moonlight?"
"Yes. I say, 'My darling, I thought I had lost you."
"And she says, 'I thought I had lost you, too, but I cannot lose you. We cannot lose each other!"
These wore the world I had

each other:
These were the words I had repeated after him, just before he sent for Steve.
Now, I knew them by heart.
"Stand up, you two," cried Fritz, once more the great director. "You're in the middle of the Libyan desert, you understand? It is moonlight. There is nothing so far as the eye can see except sand—white, moonlit sand. You come suddenly upon one another. You come suddenly upon one another. You are desperately in love. Steve, take her in your arms. Make her feel, feel,

The boy took off his coat, loosened his collar; it was the actor in him; he must feel the effect of the costume. I under-stood. He took me in his arms. They were nice arms. It wasn't their fault, or his either, that the gesture took me or his either, that the gesture took me back, not to ancient Egypt, but to the bleachers on the old athletic field at Gower. I was no longer Fritz Stresseman's Egyptian goddess. I was Travis Jackson's little co-ed sweetheart. But there was no Travis. There was no thill. I did not feel, because there was nothing to feel. Boylan spoke his lines. I spoke mine. The scene was terrible. "Do it again!" commanded Fritz. Wo did do it again! The scene was terrible.

We did do it again; but we were still

terrible.

"Boylan," shouted Fritz, turning on Boylan, should rive, was meant for both of us, "what in hell is the mat(Please turn to page 78)

Keep colds and grippe outside by proper home disinfection"



C Lehn & Firk, Inc., 1934

Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus, leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.



"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science . . . kill thousands . . . cost millions.

"Yet it is amazing how people still neglect one simple measure that fights off pernicious germs . . . that helps check dangerous epidemics . . . that makes the home a health resort instead of a hospital.

"In Holland, as in America, through four decades, leading physicians, hospitals and health authorities have waged war on disease germs by the "Lysol" method of personal and home disinfection. "Lysol" is the modern mother's weapon for protecting her home and family against disease and infection."

(Signed) DR. MARGARET B. C. MANUS



Keep your house clean with "Lysol." Wash clothes, especially bedding and handkerchiefs, with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to wash the bathroom, tubs and tiling. After any illness, disinfect the bedroom, floors, woodwork and furniture, by washing with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to disinfect basins and other sickroom furnishings.

"Lysol" for feminine hygiene

Physicians of leading nations have endorsed and recommended "Lysol" as a safe and effective method for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" kills germs anywhere . . . even in the presence of organic matter. Yet it is safe and gentle to the most sensitive tissue.

Send for the booklet "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by leading women gynecologists.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe, It's an effective germicide at ALL times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of the most prominent physicians, of the entire medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals everywhere. No other antiseptic enjoys such absolute trust, or is so generally recommended for home use.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

Leun & Fisk, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L-o. Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Phase send me free the "Lysol" Health Library includ-ing - "Keeping a Healthy Home," "Marriage Hygiene," "Preparation for Motherhood."

Name		
Street		- CBA
City	State	· 10



"Baby's Cough soon stopped -

thanks to the Doctor's advice!"

 "My poor little baby coughed night after night," writes Mrs. Cook. "It was awful. Then doctor said to give her Pertussin. I did-and it was wonderful how soon the hard cough stopped."

THE tissues of your through THE tissues of your throat and and healthy by millions of glandslike tiny water faucets. But when you "catch a cold" these glands clog up.

Thick mucus collects. Your throat feels tickly-dry. You hawk and you cough, but nothing is "raised."

To stop a cough, you must get these little moisture glands working again. And Pertussin does just this!

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin, doctors have found, stimulates the glands-starts up the flow of their natural moisture. Germ-laden phlegm loosens-your throat feels soothed and relieved. Nature, with the help of Pertussin, has started to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for years, even for the worst of all coughs. It won't upset the digestion. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs.

Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin right away?



BABIES NEED PERTUSSIN when they cough. And it's so safe! "I use it for my own family," one doctor writes. "It always does the work," writes another. Try it—you'll like its taste!

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . It works safely!

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 77)

ter with you? You've got a beautiful woman in your arms, not a stick. She's a goddess, not a dummy. Give her life. Make her live!"

The boy did his best, which, as millions well know, was pretty good; but it wasn't good enough; it didn't get a

"Look here!" cried Fritz, rising to his great height and pushing the actor roughly to one side. "Let me do it!" He swept me into his great arms. "My darling, I thought I had lost you!" he whispered, and I felt that I was his darling.

was his darling.

I will never forget the thrill of that moment. It was not the kind of thrill I experienced when Trav took me in his arms. It was sharper. It hurt. But it was delicious pain. My body rose to his. My lips formed unconsciously the words of love. My eyes sought his—and turned away, frightened at what they saw in those green depths.

He seemed to be frightened, too. His arms dropped from me. His body straightened

straightened.
"That's all for today," he said in a husky voice, and strode off the set.

AS I was leaving the studio half an hour later, with Sarah in tow, Sam drew me aside, well out of earshot of the curious crowd that had

gathered around my waiting motor.
"Baby, you were swell," he was saying, "in that hot scene with the boss. It's too damn bad he's so fat. As a juvenile lead he's a knockout."

I agreed that he was a large of the start of the s

I agreed that he was—a knockout.

"An' kid"—it was obvious that Sam, at least, was totally impervious to my alleged European distinction—"the boss, he says, to tell yer he'll be up to your place tonight about nine to show yer the rushes of the scenes we took today."

"The rushes?
"Sure! The The shots we made today.

Sure: Ine shots we made today. He's got the developing outfit workin' overtime on yer, baby."
"I hope they're better than those air-port pictures in this morning's papers, Sam"

Sam."
"They will be, baby, they will be,"
Sam assured me, as he lighted a cigarette, spat thoughtfully onto the studio lawn, and walked jauntily away.
"It's too bad," he called back to me,

"that he's so damn fat. He's hot, baby, he's hot!"

I'll say he was hot! I could feel the heat even now. The only question was: did he know it? Did he know what had happened this afternoon between him and me, to him and me—at least, to me? Did he know that it had happened to him, too? What would he be like when he came to me at nine? What would he say? My God, what would he do?

I shuddered as if from the cold as I huddled in the corner of my great car.

When he came, he was as he had always been. A little more nervous, perhaps, but that was accounted for by his excitement about the picture. Sam was with him. He had in his hands two shiny tin boxes. The boss, he said, had not seen what those boxes contained. The boss would be surprised; he was

hot, the boss was, hot.

I didn't know that I had a private projection room in my house. As a matter of fact, I didn't know anything about the place except that it had a living room as big as the Town Hall auditorium back home and a round, gold bedroom with a round, gold bed-and mirrors all around.

I had never sat in a projection room before. It was like a little private movie theater with nothing to sit in but the back row. That's where Fritz and I sat while Sam worked the projection machine.

It may have been my over-stimulated imagination, but when the lights went out, and we sat there, arm touching arm, I thought I felt again that same straightening of the huge body which had followed that embrace of the afternoon. A gesture of renunciation! But wasn't it really a gesture of confes-

sion '

I don't know whether you have ever seen the "rushes" of a picture. They are the crude strips of film just as they come out of the camera, showing all the false starts and weak finishes, instead of the neatly cut and intelligently edited scenes which finally appear upon the theater screen. We sat there, Fritz and I, and watched all those awkwardnesses of mine, those ungainly efforts to walk and to fall, which had consumed the and to fail, which had consumed the hours between nine o'clock and after one. How I suffered! Then, at the end, came the scene which Fritz had grudgingly said would "do."
"Wonderful, child!" he said now, as the lights went on, and the prostrate gradders in the golden gown feeld from

goddess in the golden gown faded from

goddess ...
the scene.
I knew he meant it.
"Now, child," he continued, "can you
"see there, Mr.

stand more?"

"There isn't any more, is there, Mr.
Fritz?"

"I may as well confess," he said, "that
I played a trick on you this afternoon.
While you and I and that young ham
were talking on the set, the camera
was working, concealed behind the scenery, and the microphone, too. All right,
Sam, shoot!"

THE lights went off. The whole scene between Fritz and me at the foot of the altar, his story of the picture, my questions, my little acting bits, the coming of Steve, the conversation between the three of us, the scene between Steve and me, and then—I was sure now; the big body beside me did straighten; he

This time, it was my turn to go; and I did so the moment the lights flashed. "Good-night, Fritz," I said, and ran

"Good-night, Fritz," I said, and ran headlong through the empty house, up the broad stairs, into the circular room, which must be my sanctuary.

I suppose I knew he would follow. Anyhow, there he stood. I had scarcely had time to slip off the evening frock I was wearing and fold one of those Paul Poiret negligees about me, when his great hody toward in the docryan. Faur Poiret negligees about me, when his great body towered in the doorway. I was right. He had known. He had come to me here. He loved me.

Desperately, I tried to analyze my feelings at that crucial moment. Was it Triumph? Was it Love? Was it

Passion?

As he came toward me, where I stood in the centre of my vast yellow bed-room, my golden velvet negligee wrap-ped around me, I was clearly conscious of the fact that it was an arresting sight for any man to feast his eyes upon, especially as the mirrors on every side reflected the picture. And I noticed, too, how they reflected him as he

Hollywood Slave

slowly made his way across the soft,

voluptuous, yellow carpet.

My mind flew back to the first night in his studio, when as I had stood exposed to the cruel, hard eyes of strangers, I had wanted to feel his giant body all around me as a protection. My wish had come true: from every direc-tion it was approaching, but, alas, not

to protect me.

His green eyes were like living coals
as he kept them upon me. I began
again to feel the warmth, the fire-like glow that had swept over me earlier in the day. Little, curling, yellow flames started licking at my toes and crept up inch by inch, until my whole body was enveloped in fire.

He stopped in fire.

He stopped just before he reached me.

We gazed at each other, fascinated, spell-bound. Why didn't he come closer?

Why did he leave me thus, burning, longing, wanting him? That was it. I did want him. I wanted to feel that big, strong body pressed against mine. If wanted those hands, which until today, had scarcely touched me, to take hold of me lovingly, violently, to stroke my hair, to caress my body, to hold me tight, tight, until these flames, so warm, so pulsating, so vibrant with desire, should consume us both upon a pyre of

My head was beginning to swim, my senses to reel, with this terrible, de-liciously terrible, emotion that racked me from head to foot.

me from head to foot.

I was in his arms now; his hands were on me; his lips were seeking mine. All was forgotten. I had no mind; I had no soul; but I had a body!

Unconsciously, I glanced around me. I wanted to see for myself that it was really so; that I was in the arms of this yellow-haired giant; that he was no longer Fritz Stresseman, the god who had created a goddess, but Fritz Stresseman, a man who had created a woman. woman.

There were no mirrors. There was no light. Yes, a long way off, a faint light shone through the darkness that enveloped us. My mind began to clear again as I became aware of the fact that we were back again in the temple—the temple of the sacred cat—and the light I could see was the light before the altar, on which was sitting the beautiful black cat with the body of a woman.

Had Fritz also noticed it? I felt his hold upon me loosening; his hands dropped from my body. He moved away from me. Without warning, he threw himself upon the ground before me. I was surprised to see that there was no yellow carpet, only stone flags of gold

and black.

As he clutched my feet, he broke into

As he clutched my feet, he broke into wild, uncontrollable sobbing.
"Astra, Astra!" he cried, "save me, save me. Goddess of Truth and Beauty, Goddess of the Sacred Cat, save me, save me. I, a humble priest in your sacred temple, I love, I lust. My flesh is hungry for the body of a woman. My soul is dving within me, shriyelling he, soul is dving within me, shriyelling he. soul is dying within me, shrivelling be-neath the heat of this flaming desire which consumes me. Save me, save me, make me pure again, Astra, pure, pure as the stars."

I knelt down upon the cold stone floor. I no longer felt the madness. I must comfort this poor, weak, suffering man, who was fighting with the last ounce of his strength against the temptations of the flesh. I was a goddess. I must (Please turn to page 80)

· Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"



• "Oooh—going up! Course this stunt might bother some kids-but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder-Johnson's!"

• "Wheee - right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me-I've got a tip for all you Mothers . . . "



"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger, just like this. Some of 'em feel gritty—but Johnson's is soft as silk! And our doctor told my mother, 'There's no zinc-stearate in Johnson's—and no orris-root."

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JOHNSON'S Baby POWDER



... and his eyes are saying-"What Lovely Hands!"

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Now, with Pacquin's, even busy hands may have the beauty men adore and women envy. Because Pacquin's unlike most creams, doesn't vanish - it penetrates, carrying into the skin precious natural softening oils, so necessary to keep your hands youthfully smooth and supple. It counteracts the drying, oil-robbing effect of exposure to water or weather—the chief enemy of hand beauty.

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Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 79)

help him. I must save him. I must!
As I held his yellow head in my lap, his face pressed desperately against me, his huge body shaking with the storm of grief that had overpowered him, I could feel the tears begin to fall from my eyes like cooling rain. The temple had gone, the altar, the cat—all disappeared. The carpet was there, soft and yellow.

"Fritz! Fritz!" I sobbed, as we rocked back and forth in our grief. "I understand, I understand. Don't, don't sufer so."

Anguish was tearing my heart as I tried to comfort this broken-hearted man. Like a baby, he clung to me, and like a baby I held him against me until the sobs grew quieter and he lay exhausted upon the floor, his head still on my lap.

Like two children, we sat there in

the centre of this big, mirrored room and like two frightened children, we clung together in shuddering under-standing as we realized that we were safe, that we had escaped the madness that had possessed us. We could still look at each other with innocent eyes

and mutual respect.

and mutual respect.
"You are a goddess, Astra," he said, in a soft worshipful voice. "You saved us. You kept us clean, pure, pure like the stars. And like the stars, Astra, that are obliterated by the flereeness and heat of the sun's rays during the day. during the day, we can again shine in the cool midnight sky and feel the beauty of the world around us."

He made no attempt to rise. He was no longer Fritz Stresseman, the confident, the unattainable, who thought he was god-like. He was a

thought he was god-like. He was a man, a humble and thankful man.

And what was I? No goddess as Fritz had just said. I, too, was mortal, human; a woman who had almost failed this creature who clung to her in desperation, in search of strength. I had not saved him. I had been even more willing than he to go down to our doom. What power had saved us? Whose hand had reached out from the depth of eternity, and plucked us from the edge of disaster?

I WAS sure that it was for Fritz's sake that the miracle had occurred. That, to save him, I was allowed to become the goddess of his dreams. But in my heart, I knew I was not worthy of his praise, of his simple and child-like faith. I knew instinctively that this mood would pass, that Fritz Stresseman would come back again in all his arrogance and belief. And I also knew, he would never forget this moment when he had writhed upon the floor, when he had found out that he, too, was human. He raised his head from its resting

He raised his head from its resting place and looked deep into my eyes.
"I love you, Astra, I love you," he whispered. "But it is not to be that I should possess you. I shall always love you, adore you, worship you. You are indeed the Astra of my dreams!"
Suddenly he jumped to his fact

Suddenly, he jumped to his feet, leaving me rather ignominiously still seated on the floor. He began to stride up and down in his familiar way. His voice regained its thunderous strength. His hands were once again expressing his thoughts as he flung them out to me. He lifted me to my feet.

"My picture, Astra! Our picture!

What would have become of it?" What did become of it was "swell."

I was no longer the little vaudeville girl. I was a woman. The scene in the circular bedroom had aged me— spiritually, I mean; thank God, the rushes Fritz and I looked at each night rushes Fritz and I looked at each night did not betray it in my face! But I had grown. I felt things instead of acting them. And Fritz—he had grown, too. As if it were possible for such a great person to grow! Well, he had changed. He was less god-like, more human. I loved his humanness. I rose to it; worked to it; wore myself to the brink of despair for it.

AT length—and it was at length, for I am sure Fritz shot at least a hundred thousand feet of film!—my part in the picture was finished. I was finished, too. I did a fainting scene, that last day of shooting, which would have been a knockout for the altar scene—only it was done in my dressingroom, alone with Sarah.

It was there that Fritz Stresseman found me, propped up on my golden couch, under the lamp with the ermine

"Child," he said, his huge body straightening as it had that first day in the studio and that first night in in the studio and that first night in the projection room, "you have given everything. It is Fritz Stresseman's turn to give now. I had doctors for you. They have been watching you these last few days on the set. You have not known. I would not have you worried. But they were ready to care for you, if you fell. Now, you have fell—no, what do you call it, you have fallen. You must go away. You must go to the desert."

"To the desert?"

"Yes," he said, his voice very low and caressing. "You must go to Palm and caressing. "You must go to Palm Springs—not to El Mirador, not to The Desert Inn, not to The Oasis! You must not see people. You must rest. I have taken for you a beautiful home—it belongs to a famous politician from New York—where you will have everything and see no one. When the picture is cut, when it is ready to be shown, Fritz Stresseman, he will tell you. Good-bye, child, good-bye!"

I did not see Fritz Stresseman for

you. Good-bye, child, good-bye!"

I did not see Fritz Stresseman for three months. The process of cutting and editing a picture like "The Goddess" is a long one. The process of coming back from the kind of nervous breakdown I had was a long one, too. I don't know which factor was the dominant one in deciding the date of the gala premiere of my picture. I the gala premiere of my picture. I suspect that it was a little of both. However, Fritz was as nobody to me during all the weeks of my convalescence, except for his flowers and his baskets of dainties, and a bracelet or two, which would have created a scan-dal in Cadiz, but which had already dal in Cadiz, but which had already become, in the curiously inverted life I was leading, quite the natural expressions of Fritz's regard. I was left to myself to "absorb" and grow strong. At last, the message came—his deep resonant voice on the telephone. The premiere of "The Goddess" at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater was set for the following right I should not

for the following night. I should not bother about clothes. Pierre had arranged all that: furs, jewels, everything. The picture? Well, of course, it wasn't for him to say. Isadore, he

Hollywood Slave

said, thought it was "lousy"! I could bear him chuckling. I could almost feel him chuckling all the way from Hollywood to Paim Springs. I could tell that Isadore's verdict had decided He knew that the picture was I knew it, too. I was crazy grown!

to see it. Pierre was there in the round, gold room with the many mirrors, when I arrived, an hour before "microphone time," the night of the premiere. He had, as Fritz had said, arranged everything; the gown, the gloves, the stockings, the underclothes, the kerchief, the brooch for the breast, the ring for the hand, the starry tiara for the hair. Paul was there, too, with his make-up box and his perfume. It was wonderful how these feminine men, these half-

men labored over a hundred-proof girl like me—labored to do the will of a hundred-proof man like Fritz. As I reached the lowermes: step of the broad stairs—half buried in the sumptuous ermine wrap which, Pierre said, Fritz had given me-the great man looked once more in the doorway, his huge figure draped in his most becoming and slenderizing costume, the evening coat with the long tails, the shirt bosom with the gleaming studs, the high hat a silken crown above his thick, yellow thatch of hair.

above his thick, yellow thatch of hair.

"Child," he said, as if we had parted only an hour before, "it is for you to go now. The hour, it is here."

He did not so much as touch my hand. He hadn't since that one mad hour in the golden room. But there was suppressed excitement in his husky voice. I could not tell whether it was for me or for the picture. I daresay it was for both. Achievement and sex—how close they are to each other, how they so often fuse! other, how they so often fuse!
"Yes, Mr. Fritz," I said, meekly.

"Am I all right? Do I suit you?"

He did not answer. Somehow I understood that he could not answer.

But my question, it did not go without

an answer.
"Baby," said Sam from an unseen corner, "you're a knockout!"

corner, "you're a knockout!"

Thus reassured, I stepped into the waiting landaulet, Fritz's landaulet, with the impecable Claude—he of the six thousand air miles-impeccably at the wheel.

All I remember was that there were crowds. So many people in one small place I never did see. New York was nothing. Paris was nothing. Holly-wood on a Sid Grauman First Night is like no other place in the world. Hollywood crowds are the noisiest, the Hollywood crowds are the noisiest, the pushiest, the staringest crowds in the world. Fritz and I were, of course, the cynosure of all Hollywood eyes. Sid, himself, was on the curb to greet us. Stars of years' standing and proved box office value were held back while I, the untried, the unknown—not the unknown, but surely the untried—was persuaded to say a few words, in my "charming" broken English, to my dear American public!

"Is the picture really good?" I whis-

"Is the picture really good?" I whispered to Fritz, as we walked down the centre aisle while the theater rocked

with enthusiastic applause.
"You'll see," he said. "You are,

anyway!"
I didn't know whether he meant I was good in the picture, or I was good now in my ermine and lace. But, whichever he meant, I did not need (Please turn to page 82)





"MANUAL EXAMINATION and X-rays showed what caused her trouble . . . constipation . confessed she had been using catharties .



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It restored her elimi-nation to normal, purified her system. Her headaches and tired feeling soon disappeared."

DID you know that headaches — like indigestion, bad skin, a coated tongue, bad breath, that "tired feeling"-may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your intestines? It's true!

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ulates your intestines. It also softens the wastes that have accumulated there.

Then, as your bowels start to function normally again, you feel so much better. Digestion improves. You have more energy. You look better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestines begins to reflect in your skin.

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Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime-plain or in a third of a glass of water. Starting today!

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Campana's



Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 81)

his assurance, I did not need the loud and obviously sincere applause of that jaded first night audience, to tell me that I was good in the picture, that the picture itself was good, that we were a success-this huge man and I.

Isadore was giving a party—the inevitable party for the star. Isadore had heard the applause, too. People he knew, relatives, neighbors, a rival magnate, had told him I was good. He was happy. He left that it has a nice little property. In the car—
it was Isadore's car which bore us
through the cheering traffic—he was happy. He felt that he had in me beamed first on me and then on Fritz.

"Didn't I tell you, Fritz Stresseman the moment I seen her, she would knock their eyes out? 'You have a winner, Fritz,' I says, 'you have a winner!'"

I had only a vague idea what the little man was talking about, and I cared less. Even when he turned his attention exclusively in my direction, I did not bother to follow his remarks. I was, as a matter of fact, still weak from my attack of nerves, still quite unequal to the strain of a night like

this.
"'What were you saying, Mr.
Wentsch?" I managed at last, when I
realized that he was waiting for en-

couragement of some sort.

"I was saying, Miss Astra, that I have a surprise for you," he said, fairly purring with the happiness of sure success. "We have another new star in Hollywood, Miss Astra—a male star, handsome like Barrymore, young like Buddy Rogers, and a voice like Novarro.'

Novarro."

"Who is this paragon, Monsieur Wentsch?" I asked, listlessly.

"Paramount, you say, Miss Astra? This is a Wentsch star. He will be at the party tonight. He will take you down to the supper. His name—"

"Here we are!" boomed Fritz Stresseman, and he handed me—one might almost say "lifted" me—from the car.

the car.

WONDERED afterward if Fritz had purposely tried to keep from me, for one last precious moment, the name of Hollywood's new male star. Perhaps, he thought I already knew it. It would hardly seem possible to one who had been living in the midst of Hollywood neen aving in the midst of Hollywood activities to realize how isolated I had been out there in my desert home, seeing nobody from the outside world, reading nothing which even remotely verged on news. Yes, he probably thought I knew.

Everybody else did. Everybody else Everybody else did. Everybody else knew that a handsome young man, hitherto unknown to fame, had walked into a leading juvenile role in a Belasco and Curran revival of "The Student Prince," and at the San Francisco first night had walked off with the show. The critics had said that he had everything leaks a view and the shift. thing—looks, voice, acting ability, stage presence, personality. A sure bet for pictures—that's what they had said. And, of course, as always happens when a performer clicks in a Coast production, all the little Isadore Wentsches of Hollywood fight with each other for the privilege of signing him un

All this had been happening while I was in the desert—this and the start-ing of the new find's first picture, in

which, so rumor had it, he was a "knockout." Things move fast in Hollywood. The town not only makes moving pictures; it is a moving pic-ture. Six months ago, I was the new sensation; everybody was talking about me; and now, almost before my first picture reached its public, this new star was shining brightly, almost as brightly as I had shone, in the heaven of ballyhoo.

WOULDN'T say that the heart tion stole my party from me. I was, WOULDN'T say that the new sensaafter all, the guest of honor, the glamorous European beauty, Fritz Stresseman's glittering success. But when, as is the custom in London drawing rooms and at Hollywood parties, the solemn butler threw open the doors and announced the great man's arrival, there was a stir, especially among the feminine guests, which quite equalled the excitement of my own entrance on Fritz Stresseman's arm.

I was busy at the time, talking my best broken English in my best European manner. In the chatter I did not catch the name which had caused all these thrills in my companions. It wasn't until I felt Isadore Wentsch's pudgy little hand tugging at my elbow and heard his grinning lips from the first neederous wards of introduction first ponderous words of introduction that I turned and looked straight into the level eyes of Travis Jackson.

"This is Mr. Jackson."

"This is the young man I tol' you,
Miss Astra," said little Isadore, rubbing his hands with proprietary glee.

"This is Mr. Jackson."

"Trav-

My lips moved, but my voice did not come. Even my eyes failed to obey me. Slowly, against my will, as if drawn by magnets, they left the steady brown eyes of my lover and sought the cleaming green ones of Fritz Stresse-

man.

If ever he were a hypnotist, this huge man with the yellow hair, he was in that moment when I might have, by one false step, by one hasty word, even by one ill-considered glance, pulled down around him and myself the structure he had so painstakingly built. When he let me go, and I looked again at my husband, I was a changed woman. woman.

woman.

"It ees a pleasure, Monsieur Jackson," I said in a low, steady voice.

The boy's startled eyes narrowed until it seemed as if they were one-one, great accusing eye. Without moving, his body shrank from me as from an unclean thing. Were these things so, or did I imagine them? My ears told me that I was imagining them. The handsome young man in front of me was saying with a casualness which amazed me:

"Permit me. Madamoiselle Astra, to

"Permit me, Madamoiselle Astra, to congratulate you on your picture. You were superb."

were superb."

With that, he turned to one of the group of beautiful girls who were pressing upon him from every side. She was, I noticed, a blonde.
"Will you dance?" he said, and led her, all too willing, from the room.

I saw no more of Travis Jackson that whole night through. I do not know if he went home. Perhaps he was only avoiding me. I, worse luck, could not go home. I must stand there could not go home. I must stand there hour after hour beside little Isadore, greeting the late-comers, speeding the

early-comers. For a time, I nursed the hope that Tray would come back to say good-night. If he had, I would have asked him to take me home. But

have asked him to take me home. But he didn't. It was Fritz Stresseman who took me home in the dawn.

He said nothing, Fritz. He did not offer to come in. At the door, he took my hand and kissed it, bowing low as if I were indeed Mademoiselle Astra and not just a Hollywood slave. I could not sleep. Tired as I was, I stood for what seemed like an eternity watching the sunrise from the window of my circular gold bedroom—

window of my circular gold bedroommy cell, in which I must live out my miserable life in lonely bondage to a lie. Mademoiselle Astra! I hated the name. I hated myself. I hated myself because I was a liar and a cheat. But I hated myself most because I had denied my earthly lord and master for the third time. Quickly I turned from the window—lest I hear the cock crow!

crow!

That is my story.

At least, it was my story until a few minutes ago. Fritz has been here—Fritz, who loves me. He was wonderfully gentle. It is amazing how gentle such a big, heavy man can be!

He had been talking, he said, with Isadore about my next picture. He had had an idea; it was to co-star Travis Jackson and me.

"But Mr. Fritz—"

"I know, I know! You will fall in love with him. You will marry him. I told Isadore that would happen. He's crazy about the idea. He's probably

crazy about the idea. He's probably writing the headlines now: 'Marriage of Europe's Most Glamorous Star to America's Handsomest Leading Man.'"
"But Mr. Fritz, I'm married already."

Travis Jackson is my husband."
"I know, I know!" He turned away
those great green eyes to hide something which was suspiciously like a
tear. "I know, child. I've known it all
the time."

He had control of himself now. He threw back his great yellow head with his old gesture of god-like confidence.

"What is a husband," he said "to Frite Stressoner!"

Fritz Stresseman!"

Everyone goes to the movies and everyone has ideas on how the films might be improved, on favorite players, and on the world's most glamorous town, Hollywood. Send them to

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Pebeco whitens wonderfully-polishes without scratching-keeps teeth gleaming, sound-gums firm, refreshed, healthy.

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go, Ill. . . . Jean used Pebeco for 30 Teeth whiter, lustre brighter, gums iter. Joan used Tooth Paste "\." Stains remained, lustre very little brighter.



TWINS, CLARINGE. LATRING New Orkans . . . Clarence used Pebeco. Teerh whiter, stams disappeared, histre brighter. Laurence used Tooth Paste "D."



EWINS, MARIONANDMADITITIST FAIRBANKS. New York... Mation used Pebeco. Teeth whiter, stams removed, gums became normal, pink and firm. Madeleine used Tooth Paste "F." Improvement slight.

C Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1934



Pretty As a Picture... But This Fault Made Her Seem **COMMON!**

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her "eternal powder puff." She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was —well, not well cared for!

Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again-after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peachbloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size pack-

age at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. T.G.-2, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock Face Powder

Meet Max Baer

(Continued from page 37)

Carnera and I really mix 'em up when there aren't any cameras around and we don't have any director to tell us when and how to hit."

It was because of his friendship with Jack Dempsey that Max came to Hollywood. The two men, the veteran champion and the newcomer, met in Reno where Max had gone to rest and play after one of his bouts. They be-came friends and Jack, who had taken a flyer in pictures, himself, several years ago, saw the screen possibilities

in the younger man.

Also in Reno Max met Dorothy Dunbar, the girl whom he married and who recently divorced him. Max's real romance has been as stormy as his screen love affair. Dorothy, several years older than the boy from Livermore, represented to him the culture, the worldly-wisdom, the charm of which he had only faintly dreamed during his ranch boyhood and the long, gruelling years of his climb to fame. They rushed into marriage. Their tempestu-ous quarrels were followed by equally tempestuous reconciliations.

They came to Hollywood together and rented a beach house at Playa del Rey, a large place with a swimming pool and all the necessities for entertaining hosts of friends. Max was boyishly proud of that house. He invited every-one to a continuous open house. He bought a big car and wore perfectly tailored clothes of the newest cut but of

perfect taste in design and color.
"I love Hollywood," he enthused during his first weeks, "I'd like to stay here forever and make pictures. It's swell."

BUT, by the time the picture was finished, he was ready to go back to the ring. And before the picture was completed, he and Dorothy had come again to the parting of their ways. They left the beach house. Max moved into a Beverly Hills hotel and Dorothy sued for a Mexican divorce. Max laughed a great deal and loudly. was seen everywhere, dining and dancing with different girls. Only his closest friends noticed the strained look in his eyes, knew the long, sleepless nights which he spent, worrying and wondering what was to be the next step in the hectic course of his marital career

In the final scenes of the screen story of a prizefighter's life, the boxer returns to his estranged wife and, on his knees, begs her forgiveness. On the day that these scenes were made, Dorothy Dun-bar Baer was granted a divorce from Max. As the actor Max faced Myrna Loy before the cameras, there were honest tears in the man Max's eyes. Hollywood was more or less a vaca-

thongwood was more or less a vacation for Max. He gave up his training, except for daily rope skipping and bicycle riding and as many games of golf as he could crowd into his busy days.

"I'll be glad to get back into shape again," he said toward the end of his studie stay. "The gotting flabby and

again, he said toward the end of his studio stay. "I'm getting flabby and slow on my feet. The lights take a lot out of me. I'm not used to them. As soon as this picture is finished, back I go into real training."

Before a fight Max's days begin at six in the morning. Wearing heavy woolen underwear, flannel trousers, a sweater and hobnailed shoes, he takes a

five-mile fast walk, running at intervals, then slowing down to a rapid walking speed. He returns to his quarters, takes a tepid tub bath and a brisk body massage and sleeps for an hour.

massage and sleeps for an hour.

Then he has a breakfast of orange juice, lamb chops or steak, potatoes, toast and coffee. After that he reads, plays cards, talks or writes letters until plays cards, talks of writes letters until eleven o'clock. Once again he goes to sleep, napping until one-thirty. When he awakens, he is ready for his real work-out. He shadow boxes three rounds. He boxes two rounds each with four different sparring partners. He skips rope rapidly for two periods of three minutes each. He punches a "fast" bag for two rounds. And he tops off this afternoon of work with a series of body exercises to strengthen all his myseles. all his muscles.

THIS strenuous physical activity is followed by another nap until dinner time when he usually eats a generous portion of vegetable stew as his main dish. Two nights each week he goes to motion pictures or to the theater. The other nights he is in bed at eight-thirty. From such training schedules are heavyweight champions manufactured.

As soon as a bout is finished, Max's rainer permits him to forget all rule and ritual for a week or two. He can stay up late, eat what and when he pleases, give up all exercise except the golf, which is his favorite recreation. After that respite, he goes back to a semi-schedule of supervised food, hours and exercise until it is time to begin another period of intensive training. In the past five years Max has fought forty-seven bouts. So his rest periods have been few and brief.

Even in Hollywood Max could not get completely away from the habits of his training quarters. Invariably he was awake at six in the morning. Always he managed a short game of golf or a bicycle ride before he reported at the studio for his day's work. On the nights when he was not out visiting the Hollywood bright spots, he was in bed at his customary eight-thirty.

"The one thing about pictures which

gets on my nerves is the waiting be-tween scenes," he said. "I can't just sit still. I've got to keep moving, doing something."

something. Max paced the sound stages, restless with energy, while the more experienced actors relaxed and conserved their vitality. Max has not yet learned the meaning of the word conservation. Even during the lunch hour, he was not content to sit and eat. He prowled around the studio commissary with the around the studio commissary with the panther-like tread of a born-to-the-gloves boxer, looking for mischief. Jimmy Durante, otherwise known as Schnozzle, was the victim of many of his pranks. It was an almost daily sight to see the huge Baer pick up the slender Durante, swing him over his shoulder as easily as if he were a baby and carry him through the doors, much and carry him through the doors, much to Jimmy's mortification.

Max swept through Hollywood like a swarthy tornado. Nothing could frighten or awe the big, black Baer, who fights for the sheer joy of fighting. He wasn't afraid to huff and to puff and, if he didn't blow the studio down, it was only because it was made of

strong concrete.

Baby Leroy

(Continued from page 62)

then follows his afternoon nap. When he wakes he is sponged and taken back on the set for another thirty minutes. His bottles, his zwieback and his broths are given on the set at regular hours. He is home and asleep at 6:15 every

He's a normal, healthy, regular fellow—this 17 months old Baby Leroy, and yet few babies in the world have and yet few babies in the world have ever been more talked about. Certainly no baby has been photographed so much or has caused so many laughs. Having broken into fame with Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story" he appeared in "Torch Singer." His next achievement will be in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," a Paramount picture based on Rupert Hughes' story—with a cast including Dorothea Wieck, Jack LaRue, and Florence Roberts, under the direction of Alexander Hall.

During working hours Baby Leroy

During working hours Baby Leroy is attended by Miss Rachel Smith, who is not a nurse, but an expert in child training appointed by the Los Angeles Board of Education to look after the famous baby actor on the set.

Baby specialists and nurses have been called into service to arrange his diet and schedule. It's important not only to keep Baby Leroy the sound, sturdy little fellow that he was when he signed his seven-year contract with Paramount, but it's important also in order to keep him laughing and gurgling and jabbering in the most amusing nanner. Paramount knows as well as any mother that Baby Leroy's smiles Baby specialists and nurses have been

manner. Paramount knows as well as any mother that Baby Leroy's smiles and amusing antics depend on a well-planned routine of sleep, fresh air, play, sunshine and baths and diet.

Baby Leroy's diet has proved entirely satisfactory for Baby Leroy but it's not the only good diet—possibly it is not the one best suited to your own baby. Now, thanks to enormous improvements in food products suitable for young children and the tireless work of scientists and specialists, mothers everywhere can obtain ists, mothers everywhere can obtain foods they need to make their babies sound and strong and happy.

This month's food circulars give up-to-date information and suggestions for feeding babies in the most ap-proved and convenient way. Here they

are:
1. Milk in the diet of babies and young children.
2. Vegetables and how to serve

them.

3. Fruit in baby's diet.

4. Orange juice.

5. Pineapple juice.6. Cereals in baby's diet.

Meat and eggs.

8. Diets and menus for babies and young children.

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isn't smart. Especially when it costs you money. You can imagine you must pay high prices for high quality beauty aids. Or you can use Faoen Beauty Aids and know you are buying the finest for only 10 ! Here's the proof-from the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:

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Do you wonder that thousands of smart women are changing to Faoen Beauty Aids every day?

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Now-for the first time women can feel proud to serve from the same dishes they use for baking!

OvenServe is the handsome new ware that gives you an entire table service plus important utility pieces: large covered baking dishes, French casseroles, Welsh Rarebit plates, custard cups, pie plates, shirred egg dishes—all in the same delicate coloring and design as the table service. You can buy one piece or an entire service. Made by the famous Homer Laughlin potteries.

Sold at Many F. W. Woolworth Co **Five and Ten Cent Stores**

I Loved Garbo

(Continued from page 31)

of New York for her. She had tears in her eyes over the big buildings, but Stiller was placid and hunched down in his seat, in the corner.

"She thought I was a lot of fun. think it was probably because I was the first American boy she had ever met . . . she was such a kid . . . about nineteen, I think. I got them all settled at the Commodore and then I went tled at the Commodore and then I went home. I couldn't sleep. I could feel her power even then."

He lit a cigaret quickly.

He lit a cigaret quickly.

"The next morning I began talking about this girl. Everyone treated it as a big joke. They told me not to get infatuated with immigrants right off the bat. They all thought it was just because I was so new in the game that I should like this—they couldn't even think of her last name. Finally, I persuaded one person, Gladys Hall, to interview her. It was certainly an inspiring interview . . . all that Gladys could get Greta to say was:

"'Mr. Stiller, he is a great director.'

"This Stiller had the biggest hand. The biggest one I'd ever seen. But then everything about him was tremendous.

everything about him was tremendous. He had a great soul. And if a young girl like Garbo loved him, it is understandable. As I look back on it and think of her expressions and her man-nerisms when near him, I recall her as being decidedly filial and most rever-

"GARBO got sick with a cold. You and I think that it was the only one she had . . . we took her to Coney Island after she begged us for two days. She wanted to ride on the rollercoaster. She stayed on the darn thing for almost an hour. I was nearly broken
She ate all sorts of hot dogs and poporn and taffy and she shouted like a little boy over the different amusing things there . . . because of the cold she got that night, she was in bed for several days. But I had made an appointment with one man named Roberts to have an interview the following to have an interview the following morning. I had got down on my knees and begged him to do it . . . we took along a little interpreter and went to Garbo's hotel. We knocked on the door, but she did not answer. We pounded. Still no answer . . . my heart was in my mouth. I was crazy about her and I thought of all sorts of things she might have done on account of some mood or other . . . Finally I shoved the door and it opened just so far where a chain lock held it.
"'Greta!' I called. Then I looked in.

She was sitting in bed reading calmly.
. . . I told her why I had come, and explained that she must stay in bed and have the interview there. She finally glanced up at me over the top of her magazine. Her eyes looked very

of her magazine. Her eyes looked very blue and clear.

"'Hoobert . . .' she said. 'Hoobert, go avay, and stay avay!"

"I pleaded and cajoled until finally she nodded her tousled head. She nodded it, but we had the interview through the crack in the door. Then it was that I saw her 'I tank I go home' attitude for the first time . . . she simply crawled into her shell. She had simply crawled into her shell. She had moods occasionally that were frightful. They made her miserable, and me miserable, and everyone else . . . but she made up for them by the highs she

"Weep No More My Lady"

OVER DULL, DRY, UNMANAGEABLE HAIR HERE'S MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

'So weep no more today"-or from now on. Get a bottle of the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash). It may cost a few cents more. But you won't be taking life and beauty out of your hair every time you shampoo with Marchand's. Youll be putting beauty into it. Marchand's Castile Shampoo:

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For a Regular Sized Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 33c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City

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Druggist
Address

Lloved Garbo

hit later . . . she would be so rollicking and so much more fun that I got so that I didn't mind them at all.

that I didn't mind them at all.

"When she got better, she wanted to go to the theater, so I took her to see 'Valencia'... Garbo started to hum the tune when we left the theater... she was singing it furiously by the time we got home ... she loved that song. She doesn't sing very well either. I would try to divert her, but she sang on and on. She loves jazz. Well, then she wanted to go to the theater every night. I didn't have an awful lot of money, but I didn't care. She was worth every worried hour I spent with her. She was a marvelous companion.

worth every worried hour I spent with her. She was a marvelous companion. "I introduced her to my boss, Dietz. But he was unimpressed. He just thought that I had fallen for this gal, hook, line and sinker . . . I phoned Nicholas Schenck and asked him if he wouldn't like to meet Garbo. She was Garbo by that time, you see . . but Mr. Schenck said 'No-thank-you-he-was-much-too-busy.' Besides, he added, he had seen Miss Garbo in the lobby of the hotel and that was sufficient."

He looked very earnest when he made

the following remark:
"I had such faith in her, you see such faith . . . She was lovely and sweet, and her way was the way of a great woman. I couldn't believe that she was mere excess baggage in the Stiller contract—or if she were that

Stiller contract—or if she were that she'd stay that way long . . . "As I said, my resources were getting low. I had little or nothing, but finally I persuaded a photographer to make some pictures of her. The photographing took place in her hotel room. The photographer was Russell Ball. He was highly skeptical when I told him of my desire to have him make pictures. of my desire to have him make pictures of her-but when he saw his subject, he changed his mind. He saw greatness in her. He exclaimed later over her wonderful mobility of expression. "The little Garbo went through her

oses with much enjoyment. Finally, Ball said that he would like to do her in something colorful, but neither of us could speak Swedish and she could not speak much English, so I did a little pantomime, wrapping myself up in air and doing a Spanish dance and pointing to all the bright colors in the room
... all to her dark amusement. Then as if she understood right from the start, she nodded very sagely and left. Ball and I chatted and he let me understand that he, too, was interested in helping this girl. We were deeply immersed in conversation when Garbo apmersed in conversation when Garbo appeared in the doorway. She was very amused at herself and she had every right to be. She was like a child in her joy. She was wearing a veil of gossamer-like material—very alluring, and but for that had nothing on but her skirt. Those pictures were later used in Vanita Fair.

"She was so eager . . . she even went to Weingarten's, the inexpensive went to Weingarten's, the inexpensive clothier in New York, to pose for some publicity pictures . . . they are in the Times morgue . . . someone ought

to retrieve them ... "The time for her departure was Ine time for her departure was growing to a close . . . we spent many days in conversation . . . I wanted her to understand a few words of English . . . she tried hard and did learn a few.

"She left.

(Please turn to page 88)

"LOVER, I LONG FOR FAMILY THEE"















"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

Wion to win compliments like this? Wash with Lifebuoy nightlywatch skin clear and freshen. Lifebuoy lather deep-cleanses pores. Leaves skin free to breathe - free to grow lovely!

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Write for booklet TW-2 with photographs and description

A·W·A· CLUBHOUSE

353 West 57th Street

New York City

Loved Garbo

(Continued from page 87)

"I didn't see her agai, until June. But a funny thing happened when she first got out to Hollywood. She was nrst got out to Hollywood. She was discussing her contract with Mayer and she asked him please to send the car around for her at seven every morning. Mayer, a bit bewildered, asked her what car. Garbo returned, the car that every contract player received from the company, of course. She was a nice, naive person.

ceived from the company, of course. She was a nice, naive person .

"I was sent out to Hollywood on a vacation that June. I thought of her all the way out. People said she was unapproachable, stern, haughty . I didn't think I wanted to see her . . it was because I had cared and I did not want to be disillusioned .

"I went on her set, however . . she was doing a garden scene . . . the picture was called 'The Temptress' . . . she was high above me . . I was below. And I thought:

"'It's funny . . I stood below her once before. I stood watching her the same way, as she stood on the top deck. But before she was nobody and now

same way, as she stood on the top deck. But before she was nobody and now she's the Great Garbo' . . . "I can't tell you how I felt . . . I felt—oh, gosh . . . And while I stood there, John Gilbert, for whom I had done publicity work while in New York came past me. He didn't see me. Well, maybe, he didn't see me . . .

"FRED NIBLO, the director, stood beside me. Garbo came down the stairway. She threw a cloak around her shoulders and walked quickly past me. I wanted to run away and cry like a kid. We had been such grand friends. I took off the dark glasses I had worn—my eyes are sensitive to movie lights. my eyes are sensitive to movie lights. Suddenly I heard this voice,
"'Oh, Hoobert! Oh, darling! Oh,
Messter Voight!'

"I felt dizzy and Niblo was staring at me. She threw her arms around my

neck.
"'Oh, but dis iss fine!' she cried happily. 'Meester Niblo—feex it up with the cameraman to take us a picture for

a memory.'
"That's how I got that picture on

"That's how I got that picture on my desk . ."

He gave it to me. There sat the queenly Greta very much astride a ladder with Niblo and myself . . .

Her face was piquant and joyous . . "I remember," he went on. "I remember I told her that she spoke English very well, and she was so pleased . . . she had worried, she said, about that . . . as I was recalling some of the fun we had had together in New York, she said, very sadly and with a little look of loneliness buried in her eyes:

little look of loneliness buried in neceyes:

"I am so unhappy here, Hoobert, I theenk I would like New York."

"I went home soon after our meeting, and I didn't see her again until the following June. Then I received a cable that she was coming from Sweden, after her vacation. Every one of those persons who had conscientiously refused to meet her on her first trip, simply begged me for cutter passes. I got Schenck one . . . I liked the irony of the idea . . . he bought her a huge bouquet of flowers and trotted alongside like a schoolboy. He could alongside like a schoolboy. He could hardly speak when he met her. But Garbo was wonderfully calm and collected and well-mannered.
"I got her a suite free at one of the

I Loved Garbo

larger hotels in the midtown section."
He stopped suddenly as if perplexed

over something or other . . . "I think she was a recluse then . she was sort of strange about people
... they had been cruel to her, don't
you see? Well, I phoned her about
five o'clock of the same day, and she

was in bed.
"'There are a lot of people who want
to see you and to talk with you very
much, Miss Garbo,' I said. 'In fact,
they very much want to talk with you
they want to do a lot for you. . they want to do a lot for you . they are going to take pictures and write beautiful things about you—'
"She was laughing when she an-

swered, "Oh, poor Hoobert popular now . . . with all dees people and I do not want to be popular . . . make them go avay like a goot boy and

we will go out later . . .'
"'Miss Garbo,' I put all the tears I could into my voice . . . I pretended that my life just hung on getting those

interviews, so I said:
"'Miss Garbo, I am going back to my boss and tell him that I have failed to get three little interviews . . . I feel just like you when you are told that you are not capable of playing a part that you very much want to play . . .'
"'But Meester Gilbert, he does not

have to have interviews . . .

"I said nothing.

"There was a long silence over the other end of the wire . . . then came a deep sigh.
"'O.K. Hoobert, I do it for you—but

not for Meester Metro.

"I kept those interviewers waiting on pins and needles. Those interviews later were classics. The poor victims who wrote them were shot through the ordeal before they knew what had hap-

"WELL, then later we went to an apartment where Lawrence Tib-bett and his wife and Margaret Sangster, the poetess, were being enter-tained. Here Garbo threw off her re-serve in the center of all these charming people and laughed with more gaiety than the rest . . . this is sort of cute: she got a wee bit tipsy on champagne and she was singing in Swedish so adorably that everyone was excruciated . . I sat there watching her new sophistication—a polishing off of the rough corners, but there, under-neath—not bothering to remain hidden, was the real Garbo . . . a marvelous friend . . . and a child of the sun . . . and of joy . . . she was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen that night . . . simply shining with life

her into a cab and we drove her to the hotel. She crouched in the corner with her eyes moody and unhappy . . . it was such a contrast to the light dancing person . . . my heart bled for her

future.

"Several nights after she was preparing to go home, so I helped her pack her bags . . . she had among other things some Swedish money which she wanted to have exchanged for Amer-ican. I went out to take care of it for her but the sub-result. her but the only way that I could cash it at that time of the night was to lose (Please turn to page 90)



"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"



"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always on your earton!"

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

I Loved Garbo

(Continued from page 89)

one-twentieth of its value. I guess I couldn't have done any better in the coulon't nave done any better in the day time either . . . this would not be necessary in California. When I told her this, she said, 'O.K.' and then she added, 'I have yoost enough for meals on the train . . I'll save the ten.'

"On the way out of the hotel, she asked me how much she should tin the

asked me how much she should tip the

girls at the desk. I answered:

"'About five apiece. Write them a check for it . . . they'll frame it.'

"'Oh, Hoobert,' she cried gleefully.
'You give it to them! They'll like it

much better coming from you!'

(Oh, thrifty Swede!)
"All the way down to the train she sang, 'I can't stop lovin' that man'—she had heard it in a speakeasy the

night before.

"Before she left, however, she had contracted a bad sinus cold . . . she contracted a bad sinus cold . . . she had to have a certain kind of light to afford herself any relief . . I bought her the light, and had it put into her compartment with a special plug made and fitted into the wall . . . also, I remember, she begged me to get her a Swedish version of 'Anna Christie.' I could buy only an English version, so I had the little interpreter who had come to the hoat that first day translate I had the little interpreter who had gone to the boat that first day translate it into Swedish for her . . I wonder if she still has that . ."

He seemed steeped in memories . . ."

You see," he said softly, "I don't know this person they are talking about today . . I only know yesterday's Garbo . ."

He looked at the attention

He looked at me strangely . . .

SHE was so human . . . that second time, when we met her at the boat . . . I had given a pass to a little girl of ten, who had made a beautiful scrap-book of Garbo with her clippings scrap-book of Garbo with her clippings and pictures in it . . . every clipping ever printed about her in New York City . . . she even had her name worked in colors on the crocheted cover . . I had given her this pass so that she could see Garbo close. As we were going to our car, I saw this little eager face peeping out among a lot of people. I called the guard and had him bring the child over. Her face pale with excitement she gave the book to Garbo . . . Garbo smiled at her, and her eyes were very wet. The little kid gazed frantically at me, then at Schenck and were very wet. The little kid gazed frantically at me, then at Schenck and then at Garbo... she fell in a dead faint on the concrete... the thrill was too much for her ... later we learned she refused to eat her breakfast, she was that afraid of missing Garbo. The latter knelt beside her in her expensive fur coat impervious to her expensive fur coat, impervious to staring eyes and rubbed her temples with the water the guard brought . . . When the little girl recovered she reached for her beloved book, her eyes never leaving Garbo's face.
"'Yoost one minute,' Garbo said.

'Giff me a pen somebuddy

"She wrote her name in big letters

der . . .

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THESE GIRLS ARE SAYING?



Can they say this behind your back?

"Why in the world can't someone tell Meg! She looks so plain . . . and she'd be positively lovely if she only knew how to make the most of herself. That's something every woman has to learn."

"Yes, but you just can't make personal remarks to people. And think of the thousands of women who would be beautiful if they only knew how to bring out their good features and hide their unattractive ones."

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines has developed a series to show women HOW they can gain new loveliness ... HOW to make the most of your hair and skin. . . . HOW to choose the colors best for you. . . . HOW to acquire personal charm and good grooming.

Write and ask the Beauty Editor about learning loveliness

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Close-Ups

(Continued from page 46)

From Secret Service to Studios

of Peter and Paul, disguised as a peasant girl or a nurse. Due to her they were released alive.

She has the Order of the British Empire, the Golden Medal of St. Anne, and St. George's medal for bravery

under fire

After the war, missing the excitement, she came to America to gather dope for a book. Concealing her identity, she persuaded Col. Joe Miller to let her travel with the Cossacks in his famous 101 Ranch Show. Hollywood took her fancy. Now she's—but go back and read the beginning again.

Fan Made Her Famous

(Continued from page 47)

biting her night-club manager, Sam Balkin. She told the judge: "It was an unladylike thing to do but I had to defend myself." Also, during the Chicago Fair, Sally

again made the news pages. She fell into the Chicago River, while traveling on a speed boat from the Fair to the night club where she worked. And, back in 1929, Fightin' Sal and her brother Hal got into trouble with Jack Haskell, dance director for Arthur Hammerstein's "Luana." It seems that Haskell fired Sal and Hal, ingenue and chorus boy respectively in the show. Hal said Haskell took a poke at Sally, so he took one at Jack. Everybody went to court. And eventually all walked out of the courtroom arm in arm.

It was a tough road for our Sally, you see. Rocky—often poverty stricken. And she claims to have studied philos-And she claims to have studied philosophy and ethics and art—at Columbia University and the New York Art Institute. Which is spiffy training, you'll admit. She's still in her twenties—this muchly publicized damsel who was born in Winchester, Kentucky. Movies, vaudeville with Gus Edwards' troupe, cafe work for Lew Leslie, pictures for Sennett, Roach, Christie, DeMille, Wampas stardom, more vaudeville, ehorus work, dramatic acting with wampas stardom, more vaudeville, chorus work, dramatic acting with DeWolf Hopper, fan dancing—to earn a great deal of money, to help her in "a carefully planned effort toward dramatic success." And now—Paramount contract. You'll see her first in "Bolero" with George Raft and Carole Lombard. Then—well, here's hoping Sally'll sally forth to success. forth to success.

They Run a Shop

(Continued from page 47)

New York-no imports whatsoever !until business has progressed enough to warrant the start of a style center right in Hollywood. This, Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Gallagher are confident, will happen eventually. In the shop they'll employ ten saleswomen, besides fitters and window dressers and such.

"I'll be doing my part for the NRA," is the way Bebe expressed herself to me during her recent shopping tour in (Please turn to page 92)



She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl.

So meet the girl men u.mt to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a taded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE-ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to 1011. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee. Get Tangee today-39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangce Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge, Gives you the same natural celer as the Lipseick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

UNTOUCHED-Lips left untouched are art to have a faded lock...make the face seem older.

PAINTED - Don't risk that painted look. coarsening and men

TANGEE-Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.





Iddiess-City_

POPULAR PEG "MOVIE EYES"





Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight!

You can get exactly the same "eyeappeal" movie and stage stars do—instantly—by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make your eyes literally wells of allure tonight—bigger, brighter...irresistible, DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name.

Get it at any drug or department store and at the 10c store.



Now a Concentrated Antiseptic Mouth Wash





You Mix It With Water At Home

Thousands no longer pay high prices for mouth wash. They know that Five Star Antiseptic is safe, pleasant tasting, amazingly effective as a mouth wash or gargle, yet goes three to ten times as far.

Scientists who tested this new discovery against other wellknown antiseptics were amazed at its extraordinary penetration. A leading bacteriologist said: "Five Star Antiseptic not only kills germs rapidly, but has a far more lasting effect in preventing bacterial growth in the mouth."

Yet because it is a powder—you mix it with water yourself—Five Star Antiseptic costs you only 10c a pint. Get a package today! Wildroot Co. Inc., Buffalo.

IN CANADA: Imperial Pint 15c, 3 Pints 35c. Wildroot, Lt., Fort Erie N., Ont.

Close-Ups

(Continued from page 91)

Manhattan. "I believe that people who have something put away should get it out now and invest it in something to help others who've been hard hit. You can't tell just how much we'll accomplish by this venture of ours!"

The store is so patriotic that even the decorating scheme is red, white and blue. There are midnight blue walls, snow-white woodwork, fixtures and furnishings, red ink-wells on the desks and red flowers. It's not a big shop; has three intimate rooms—arranged for sports, afternoon and evening clothes respectively. Everybody will be able to buy things—extras and stars, because of the wide price range.

three intimate rooms—arranged for sports, afternoon and evening clothes respectively. Everybody will be able to buy things—extras and stars, because of the wide price range.

Bebe wants it understood that the shop is not going to take up too much of her time. She's not giving up her movie career—not by a long shot! Whenever she's in between pictures she'll make trips East with Pauline to buy clothes. She'll try to arrange her affairs so that one career doesn't interfere with the other. It shouldn't be too difficult!

Among the other Hollywood business folks are Sally Eilers in the lingerie line; Charles Bickford with a garage and William Haines, antique dealer de luxe.

The Noisest Man Alive

(Continued from page 48)

(Continued from page 48)

Gentlemen: I give you Spivack!

"The paramount problem," says Mr. Spivack, as though he had forgotten his allegiance to RKO, "was how to give voices to prehistoric beasts when we were just about certain their vocal chords were so undeveloped they were totally unable to make any sound at all. With the possible exception of a faint hiss or a plaintive 'psst!' On giving the matter some thought it seemed inadvisable allowing such gargantuan beasts to appear on the screen, fighting, lashing about and glaring at the audience with no auditory manifestation of their wrath other than the aforementioned 'Pssst!' A trifle quaint, as it were. Besides that our present generation of film fans would feel cheated. They know modern monsters roar. They expect them to roar. Hence the prehistoric monsters either thunder out blood-curdling roars, or else. Thus we were forced to modernize the Tryannosauri, Brontosauri and prehistoric lizards. A little matter," he continues lightly, "of bringing the Jurassic Age up to date."

This being disposed of, Spivack was

This being disposed of, Spivack was faced with the problem of giving a voice to Kiko, the Son of King Kong. Kiko is a mere chick of a gorilla, barely twenty feet tall, whose fur is the delicate, colorless fuzz of babyhood. And being a baby his voice must embody that squealing, whimpering note common to the voices of all animal kids. Furthermore since Kong's voice was deeper than the deepest pipe-organ note; Kiko's voice must be proportionately deep and yet possess that tenor-like quality typical of infants. In other words all Spivack had to do was to give a tenor tinge to a deep, bass voice. Difficult even in Hollywood. But Spivack, regrettably enough, proved worthy of

his trust. With the glitter of true genius in

Close-Ups

his eye this dauntless fellow explains how the creation of weird sound ef-fects for Kiko's voice was simplified by his ability to record sounds and voices upside down. "For example," says he, we take the sound track of a human voice and run it through the projection machine backwards and record the result. If I should say 'Bang!' and then run the recording backwards, the word would emerge as '!gnaB', each letter also being backwards: 'G-e-e-e,' example, emerging as 'e-e-e-j.' And by retarding the speed of the sound track we're able to re-record sounds of seemingly impossible depth.

"Now for Kiko's voice: Occasionally I created his chatter simply by squeal-ing and grunting into the mike myself, ing and grunting into the mike myself, reversing and retarding the result. But for the most part his voice is composed of a human voice turned upside down and lowered in volume, the actual voice of a gorilla scientifically modified, and a few bird squeals. The combination," Spivack assures one happily, "gave me precisely the noise I sought."

He then was faced with the fact that

He then was faced with the fact that while, like his dad, Old King Kong, Kiko was a merry old soul, he also was handy with his dukes. And when he scrapped, he roared. "Naturally," Spivack explains, "Kiko's roar had to resemble Kong's and yet be proportionately infantile. It had to be a sound never before heard by human ear. So I took the roar of a tiger and the roar of an elephant reversed and recorded them together, with, I might add, gratifying results."

AND as though Spivack already hadn't contributed his share to the modern bedlam of seven million years ago, he deliberately and with malice aforethought invented the battle hiss of the prehistoric lizard by gargling into a mike, recording it backwards and adding a few old-fashioned "razzberries" for good measure. The resulting effect is recorded at high speed until the ries" for good measure. The resulting effect is recorded at high speed until the hiss of our prehistoric pal attains an ungodly sort of shriek. And incidentally when you hear the death scream of the Brontosaurus don't let your heart go swish, for it's simply Spivack's gargle again combined with a few "Shhhhh's"—the sort of noise one makes to babies. On the other hand the battle cry of the thirty-ton Triceratops is derived from the trumpeting of an infuriated elephant turned hind-side-to and exaggerated in volume. and exaggerated in volume.

Having read this much about the fellow, you can imagine with what glee he created the terrific, soul-stirring, nervereated the terrinc, sour-stirring, herveripping racket attendant on the destruction of Skull Island by earthquake! He hurled huge boulders down the side of a rock quarry and recorded their descent! He simulated the noise of a landslide by hiring a steam shovel to pour dirt down a steep incline! By madian to the proposition of the reproduced the repr pour dirt down a steep incline: By mad-ly ingenious methods he reproduced thunder and lightning storms and the erashing of trees! And last but not least, with joy tingling in his ears he discovered that by simply wiggling a sheet of tin he could reproduce the deep, ominous, subterranean rumble of an earthquake and so realistically an earthquake . . . and so realistically that we Hollywoodians feel right at home!

Gentlemen-But I've already given you Spivack!

(Please turn to page 94)



What would I do if he should catch a cold?"

should catch a cold?

mothers answer her:

"Don't experiment with little- the seat of trouble. known or untried remedies. Use standby."

proved Vicks VapoRub best for its medicated vapors are inhaled children's colds. It avoids constant direct to irritated air-passages, internal dosing-which

so often upsets delicate digestions and lowers

Her first-born—so tiny and help- vitality when most needed. less! What would she do-if he VapoRub can be used freely-and as often as necessary—even on the Older and more experienced youngest child. Absolutely safeand its medication goes direct to

Just rubbed on throat and chest Vicks VapoRub — our family at bedtime, VapoRub acts like a poultice. It "draws out" tightness Two generations of mothers have and soreness. All night long, too,

> bringing soothing relief. Often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over.

Follow Vicks Plan for Better CONTROL of Colds

Millions now have fewer, milder and

shorter colds-by following Vicks



Plan. In thousands of clinical tests, under medical supervision, the Plan has reduced remarkably the number and duration of colds-has cut their dangers and expense. The Plan provides proper medication, at the proper time, for every type and stage of a cold. (Full details of the Plan are in each Vicks package.)



GRETA discovers her"Hidden" Beauty







Have a Wonderful-New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had— literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quinceseed base—which eliminates all stickiness,

and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



IDEAS FOR MEALS . . .

Here are three weeks' menus all prepared for you . . . three weeks' vacation from that daily thought, "What shall I have for dinner?" Sixty-three menus, rules for gaining and reducing, menus for children, recipes. This complete circular for 10 cents . . . address Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Close-Ups

(Continued from page 48)

He Wrote "The Last Roundup"

"You haven't got anything I can use now. But you've got style. And any time you figure on quitting Hollywood and coming to Broadway, you can have a job with my firm. I'll even send you your fare to New York." The months elapsed. Eventually Bernstein heard from Hill. Bernstein immediately wired him seventy-five dollars. Hill bought a fifth-hand Ford for forty dollars, as marriage license for two dollars, said "I do" to Didette Lee, erstwhile film actress. And they started eastward for actress. And they started eastward for the big town. The automobile lasted until they reached the Bronx where they presented it as a gift to a garage man, and took the subway downtown to the Shapiro-Bernstein offices. Billy went to work. He's a prolific writer—could turn out a song a day but doesn't because his employers want him to take his time and write only hits. They hail him as the Berlin of today; feel that his music—especially "The Last Roundup"—will last. This one, they believe, will become an American folk song in the manner of "Swanee River," "Yankee Doodle" and such. Maybe they're right, too! In the past three years, Hill has given the song world "Cuttin' Down the Old Pine Tree," "There's a Cabin in the Pines," "Have You Ever Been Lonely?" "Louisville Lady." "Old Man in the Mountain," "The Last Roundup," "There's a Home in Wyoming," and most recently Rudy Vallee's new signature song "When the Leaves Turn to Silver." He wrote "The Last Roundup" last January. From that time on, his life has changed completely. his time and write only hits. pletely.

He Acts While You Pose

(Continued from page 48)

she strikes that he hasn't time to do any of his own acting. His next favorite is Jean Harlow. And Robert Montgomery is his pet male subject.

subject.
When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was in Hollywood recently she came to him for a sitting. He was that proud to display her photograph in his window for all Hollywood to see. It isn't every motion picture photographer who can shoot the first lady of the land and get away with it! away with it!

away with it!

He says that a good picture, unretouched, is as good as a screen test—even better, for it is more revealing, more cruel and scrutinizing than a series of pictures in motion. But he blushes to confess how many need retarnhim. touching.

He always plays music when he is working. There's rhythm in his plates.

Lens on Wings

(Continued from page 49)

Elmer spied a looming, rushing black shape. Zoom! His wheels rolled over the upper wing of a giant Fokker,

the upper wing of a giant rocker, circling the wrong way.

Once as he was landing a wheel crumpled. The plane rolled over and over in the dust. A wing folded and sliced across, whish! Elmer ducked in time to keep his head from being the control off. chopped off.

Prompt Relief from Skin Irritations



Pimples Glogged Pores Itching Eczema Chafing

Don't be a "stay at home", ashamed to go places, because your complexion is marred by pimples and blackheads—or because you are embarrassed by some

itching condition of your skin. Adopt the safe, simple Resinol treatment as your external aid in restoring skin health.

Just cleanse your skin well twice daily with the pure, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap. Rinse thoroughly, pat dry, and generously apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the broken out, smarting places. Then see how quickly the irritation is relieved and the skin becomes clearer, smoother and finer.

Use Resinol freely anywhere on the bodyno parts are too tender, no surface too irritated to receive its soothing medication.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them, start the treatment today. For a free sample each of Ointment and Soap write Resinol, Dept. 4-D, Balto., Md.



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Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable YouthfulfColor. A secret method that keeps gray away from Roots. Temples and Parting, and Keeps Cray from Spreading. Control of the Market State of the Color of the Market State of the Color of the Market State of the Market St

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Close-Ups

Flying a DeHaviland home on "Air a crank-haft snapped. Clatter Circus" a crankshaft snapped. Clatter, bang. The ship trembled, bucked, started to fall to pieces. Nosing half over, it settled fast. Elmer climbed out to jamp. "We may make it." the pilot yelled. Elmer settled back in his seat. They made it.

Dick Grace once landed a plane right Dick Grace once landed a plane right on him. He was standing on the ground, in a camera car, and looked up to see the propeller whirling in his face. He dropped. The car, the plane, and three Bell-and-Howell cameras were demolished. Elmer got up.

That's only a bit of his career. "But den't weep too many tears for us when

we go," he shrugs. "It's our business."
When his turn comes, all he askspeople to say is: "There goes Elmer.
He expected it."

Star-Maker of Hollywood

(Continued from page 49)

all the salaries that his discoveries are collecting weekly in the film studios would give him a yearly income of at least a hundred thousand dollars. But Gilmor Brown has never collected a cent under such rights. His only compensation is the success of his finds.

Out of Horror Into Happiness

(Continued from page 49)

arrived—but his journey to America soon became a hegira of tragedy and hardship. They could not secure passhardship. They could not secure passports from either Russia or Poland and, consequently, had to be smuggled into Germany. His mother, his sisters and he rode part of the way, hidden in a load of hay. They walked, then, and had to wade across icy streams. They reached America and thought their troubles ended—only to be turned back at Ellis Island because George's younger sister was suffering from an affliction of the eyes!

Heartbroken, they returned to Russia, and waited there for two more years. Again they were smuggled into Germany, again they were turned back at Ellis Island!

George's mother died, a victim of

George's mother died, a victim of their endless disappointments, soon after their second return to Lodz.

A third time, their father sent passage money, and a third time George and his sisters set sail for America. This time they were permitted to land. They found that their father had re-married—and that their step-mother bitterly resented their presence.

George stood her cruelties for nearly

a year, and then ran away. For days he went without food as he searched for work. And then—bonanza!—a job. A bench in a New York sweat-shop and a princely salary of five dollars a week!

Nearly three years of sweat-shop toil and then Fortune decided to smile. He was offered a job as a bell-boy in the Lambs' Club and only a few weeks after taking it, William Farnum, then at the peak of his fame, offered him a chance to play extra bits in the old Fort Lee Studios.

Since then George has been an actor —a very great actor, as you will agree if you saw his superb characterization as Sol Levy in "Cimarron."



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You can have faith in the advertising you see in this magazine. In the first year of publication alone, \$1,000,000 worth of undesirable advertising was refused . . . for your protection.

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You will have joyful relief in ONE MINUTE with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause of these foot-troublesand prevent friction and pressure of shoes, corns, sore toes, blisters, chafed heels and tender insteps. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads also painlessly loosen and remove corns and cal-louses with complete safety. Double value now in every box at no extra cost. Get a box at your dealer's today!

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Get the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

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DR. SCHOLL has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every Foot Trouble, guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Writeforvaluable bookleton FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 29, W. Schiller St., Chicago.



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Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.



TRY

THANK YOU.

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 608, Keokuk, Ia. Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Makina

(Continued from page 17)

STRANGE as it may seem, the magazine story, "Hi, Nellie!" by Roy Chansler is being shot almost word for word. Which may account for the last earthquake, after we thought we'd had our quota for the season? Anyhow, it's a swell idea and we wish more of the studios would follow suit even at the price of an occasional shake-up.

Paul Muni is a newspaper reporter in this one and, because he refuses to print anything he doesn't believe, the hard-boiled manager sticks him on the Lovelorn column until he sees the

error of his ways.

It's a tough assignment for a heman. But, rather than give up his principles, Paul resigns himself to a fate worse than death, making such a howling success of the idea that the paper's blood pressure hits a new high. There's a murder and plenty of scandal mixed up in the story. If you read

it, you'll know what I mean; and, if you didn't, there's a slick surprise in

store for you.

Glenda Farrell, sob sister on Muni's paper, is the love interest, and that gal would have made a crack news-paper woman in real life. She knows all the answers.

THE bus cycle is on! Hold your hats and don't stand up!

What with fourteen studios throwing 'er into second and roaring across the country in all directions, it would seem that as many original plots would be out of the question.

However, Ferdinand Reyher

However, Ferdinand Reyher and Frank Wead have combined to make a really crack story in M-G-M's "Trans-continental Bus," just renamed "Free, White and Desperate." Among other things, they have immortalized the lad who struggled through a raging bliz-zard to get help for the half-frozen youngsters marooned in a stalled school

Robert Montgomery escapes from a penitentiary just in time to catch the westbound carry-all upon which Nat Pendelton and Madge Evans, his unwilling girl friend, are traveling to sunny Californ-i-a. (Chamber of Commerce please note.)

Complications arise when Pendelton gets on to the fact that Bob is a convict, but, by that time, good old Nature has made a detour and Madge discovers that, convict or not, the hand-some Montgomery is just what the doctor ordered. So—as Bob himself

doctor ordered. So—as Bob himself would put it—what?

In desperation, the two of them borrow the bus and, eluding their vindictive gangster friend, go away from there fast. A blizzard overtakes them and, what with stopping to play Good Samaritan to several icicle-bedecked pedestrians, the old reliable posse overtakes them and hauls Bob, willy nilly, back to face the firing squad—no, that's another story. another story.

Anyhow, he has to give up his bus-driver's license and climb into another suit of denim, while his new-found love seems destined to languish and fade until he can finish up the long time job of making little ones out of big ones for dear old State Pen. LARGEST BOARDWALK HOTEL



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A Fine GRAY HAIR REMEDY NOW MADE AT HOME You can now make at home as good a gray hair remedy as you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked,

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



New Movie's Forecast

(Continued from page 1.5)

while Buddy De Sylva will make two with Lilian Harvey. Radio crooners may look forward to an inexhaustible supply of material from Hollywood; some good, some bad, some just plain lousy. But then that's why Victor Herbert was born.

Singers and radio artists are being contracted by all the major companies. Lanny Ross of radio fame is the newest addition to the Paramount stock company. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are holding out high hopes for Nelson Eddy, good looking baritone, planning to co-star him with Jeanette MacDonald. Universal have Russ Columbo for "Love Life of a Crooner," sharing his services with 20th Century. RKO are negotiating a long term contract are negotiating a long term contract with John Charles Thomas, and Lawrence Tibbett is being approached w.th deals from all the studios.

WALT DISNEY, who has made "Mickey Mouse" famous all over the civilized world, has predicted that a the civilized world, has predicted that a great revolution is approaching in the production of motion pictures; a sensational innovation that may eventually do away with many studios, stars and directors, making artists the master creators of silversheet entertainment. The dramatic cartoon is coming! Animated drawings in color, that will thrill you and move you and bring you tears as in the past they have brought you laughter! Experiments with this new expression of dramatics is said to be secretly under way, and it is possible that 1934 will bear fructification. It this the handwriting on the wall?

The star system, doomed each year to oblivion, is no sooner buried than resurrected with press-agent trumpetry. As Shakespeare so wisely remarked, much ado about nothing. 1933 brought Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Lilian Harvey, Spencer Tracy, Dorothea Wieck, Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Buster Crabbe and a few others to full fledged stardom. Some have already seen their names slip down below the title, and great revolution is approaching in the

Crabbe and a few others to full fledged stardom. Some have already seen their names slip down below the title, and in 1934 others of this group might find out soon enough that stardom is much like the greased pig at the State Fair.

In the coming twelve months stardom is almost certain for Alice Brady, May Robson, Myrna Loy, Pert Kelton, Heather Angel, Diana Wynyard, Margaret Sullavan, Jean Parker, Gloria Stuart, Ann Dvorak, June Knight, Constance Cummings, Dorothy Jordan and the usual dark horses that spring I ke magic out of the ether.

THE three outstanding box office stars of 1934 will undoubtedly be Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo. The buxom West who has appeared in but three pictures has shattered box office records everywhere during the past wear; her picture "She during the past wear; her picture "She shattered box office records everywhere during the past year; her picture, "She Done Him Wrong" being recalled for showings three and four times in the same theaters. In fact she has become so much the rage that every major company is on the lookout for a Mae West of its own. Pert Kelton will do her stuff on the Radio program of pictures while Blossom Seeley is going (Please turn to page 98)

To Stop COLDS Quick

Stop Them in the First or Dry Stage!

A OLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. Learn the facts about colds and you have the first step to their mastery

A cold ordinarily passes through three stages. The first is the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second is the Watery stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third is the Mucous Secretion

A cold is twice as easily relieved in the first stage as in the second or third. The time to treat a cold therefore is while it is yet a "Dry" cold.

The 4 Effects Necessary

When you feel a cold coming on, don't waste your time with half-way measures but take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine as quickly as you can.

A Cold is

an Internal

Infection and Requires Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine "knocks" a cold quickly because it is primarily a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever

Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years,

the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

Now - 20% More for Your Money.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two size. — 30c and 50c – and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20', more for your money.

Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE



Make yours a KISSABLE COMPLEXION End blackheads, pimples

• Clear up your skin the way a doctor has proven you can do it quickly. Use Ambrosia, the liquid that cleanses poredeep. Apply Ambrosia with cotton; you feel it tingle—you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor's tests prove the daily use of Ambrosia ends blackheads, pimples, clos-es large pores, clears up sallow complex-ions. An old French recipe, first made in this country only to private order, this poredeep cleanser is really a 1-minute facial. Cleanses, tones, stimulates. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener

for muddy, blem-ished complexions. You'll soon have the rose-petal skin that wins men's admiration.

Ambrosia Cleanser and Ambrosia Tightener at all 10c stores. Also in 75c and larger sizes at drug and department stores.

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The Pore-Deep Cleanser



Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous-easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on moneyback guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE ~ We send Free complete Test Package. Tryit on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

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Name	
Street	
CityState	
Color of your hair?	

New Movie's **Forecast**

(Continued from page 97)

WEST for 20th Century. In the meantime Mae's new release, "I'm No Angel," is expected to gross several millions while her next, "It Ain't No Sin," should put Paramount back on Easy Street. The West popularity should build to its climax during the year, for by 1935 its novelty will have run its course

run its course.

Miss Hepburn's fame rests on a more substantial basis. Although she skyrocketed to success in a supporting role in her first picture, her third, "Morning Glory," in which she is starred, is one of the smash hits of 1933. Already she is acclaimed Garbo's successor in the hearts of the American public, and little doubt remains that she will belittle doubt remains that she will become the First Lady of Hollywood. In
the new year many interesting parts
are planned for her. "Little Women"
successfully launched, she will next costar with John Barrymore in "The
Break of Hearts," and then will entrain for Broadway, where she will
star for Jed Harris in a new play,
"The Lake," returning to Hollywood
to play "The Tyder Women" in which to play "The Tudor Wench," in which she will portray the early life of Queen Elizabeth. After which she will Queen Elizabeth. After which she will probably star in Edith Wharton's novel of early New York, "The Age of Innocence."

JUST when Hollywood was beginning to take Garbo's exile in Sweden seriously we predicted that before Summer was gone she would be back at Summer was gone she would be back at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer making love to a microphone. As we go to press her new picture, "Queen Christina," is being readied for release, while her second picture under her new contract, "The Sacred Veil," from the masterly pen of Somerset Maugham, is being prepared for the cameras.

What "Queen Christina" will do for Garbo no one knows yet. When a star is absent from the screen a year and

is absent from the screen a year and a half her popularity is bound to suf-fer. Only Chaplin has been able to survive such folly, and even his stand-ing as a great star is in question at the moment. The first picture will gauge the Garbo popularity, while the second will determine her supremacy as one of "The Big Three" of the Holly-wood milky way. Most of the profes-sional picture people believe that the silent Swede has reached her zenith as a stellar attraction, but on the other hand the public is the deciding factor, and the Garbo fan mail is holding its own in public interest. Personally I believe that Garbo has not yet reached her height as a great actress. Perhaps she might have to share her throne with a Hepburn or a West, but she will continue to wear her crown so long as she chooses. Her art is as ageless as that of a Bernhardt or a Duse, and her influence of the acting standards of Hollywood is something that will always remain.

Interesting to note that Garbo, Hepburn and Mae West were all originally rejected by motion picture producers as being unsuitable types for the screen. Garbo was contracted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer because the late Mauritz Stiller would not come to Hollywood without her. West was tested by every major studio and found too



Treat That COLD SORE

JUST touch cracked lips and that cold sore tonight with antiseptic, penetrating Campho-Phenique. It starts to soothe pain and speed up healing instantly, and restore your lips their natural smoothness and ripe beauty. Protects against infection, too, not only on cold and similar hurts. Get a bottle of Campho-Phenique at any drug store—30c or 60c—or a trial size, 10c, CAMPHO_PHENIQUE.

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"Here is the SECRET



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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beaurify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine.

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New Movie's Forecast

heavy to play leads, while Hepsairn upon the completion of her first ride was allowed to leave the film city without having her option renewed. Oh well did you see "Once in a Life-time?"

In yesteryears Hollywood's great screen idols were male stars; the hand-some Wally Reid; the dark, fasculating Valentino: the debonar cashing Jain Gilbert. For two years the screen has not had one great male star who by charm of his name alone could draw the crowds to the theaters in good par-tures or in bad ones. Perhaps Mickey Mouse is the exception. Nils Asther, Clark Gable and George Raft, each in turn gave promise of becoming great stars that would stand the acid test of time, but in turn each slipped and receded back into the class of leading men. Now Francis Lederer looms upon the deserted horizon with a reputation already earned on three continents as already earned on three continents as a great stage lover whom the ladies simply flock to see. He is expected by RKO to repeat his tremendous stage success in the films. If he does he will be the outstanding male star of 1934. Otherwise Hollywood will have no male counterpart of Garbo, Hepburn and West to offer a female public long hungry for a new great lover. It is this writer's opinion that Lederer is not the Hollywood man of Destiny. He is yet to appear out of the intangible mystery of the great nowhere.

M ANY new leading men are on the verge of Hollywood prominence. The dearth of suitable Romeos has held ANY new leading men are on the verge of Hollywood prominence. The dearth of suitable Romeos has held up many a production during 1933, and this year the producers are going to make every effort to uncover new finds. Roger Pryor, who got his first break in "Moonlight and Pretzels," has been signed by Universal. Warner Brothers are boosting Donald Wood, having given him and lead opposite Kay Francis in her next picture, "Mandalay." Darryl Zanuck has signed Chick Chandler. Douglass Montgomery is being given some splendid opportunities. Here is one actor who is worthy of stardom. Harold Lally and Victor Jory are getting the breaks on the Fox lot, and at RKO William Cagney, brother of Jimmy is going to have his chance to prove that big brother didn't inherit all the family talent. This same studio is holding out high hopes for Bruce Cahot. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have pinned their faith on Franchot Tone and Max Baer, challenger of Carnera, who is said to be a sensation as a lover in his first picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Bing Crosby, Leslie Howard, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinsin, Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, John Barrymore and Wallace Beery are the chief contenders for first place among the present group of male stars. Note that at least six of these men are in their forties, and most lay no claim to beauty.

Crosby's popularity is rising by leaps and bounds. Paramount is starring the beloved crooner, who has proved himself an amusing actor as well. If he can learn to wear clothes with the same class that he delivers a song he might insure his popularity beyond the present musical vogue.

song he might insure his popularity beyond the present musical vogue.



HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done' No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade -Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, 🔳 🖡 you look hive to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect.

Could it be possible that you, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of tace powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and a victor shade of face powder makes. wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youteifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove the one for Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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Maybe you don't <u>like</u> your face

go through life without a single decent feature . . . and if she has a lovely skin (and a way about her) men will vow to the very end that she is a raving beauty.

If you've seen girls with complexions like a pink tea rose . . . they're probably using the right powder. And probably that's Luxor. For Luxor has one supreme advantage. It's moistureproof. You won't have a shiny nose with Luxor, for moisture from the skin is not absorbed by it. Luxor is 55 cents. If you'd like a sample, send 10 cents and the coupon.

Hear "Talkie Picture Time"

drama, love, adventure on the movie-lot. NBC, Sunday, 5:30 E. S. T. See local papers.





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Yes, the same good Hess Witch Hazel Cream that softens, soothes and whitens skin as nothing else will, now comes in a beautiful new blue and white package. Sold in Drug, Department and 10c. Stores.

Don't Let Chapped Skin

Spoil Your Winter
Instead use Hess Witch Hazel
Cream, a few drops at a time. It
penetrates both the first and second layers of skin, correcting the
causes of chap and roughness.
Never leaves oily, sticky film on
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23 Main Street



Mae West's Perfect Day

(Continued from page 68)

puts it: "We've all got some pet averbeen in one since I've been on the Coast. As far as I'm concerned the Cocoanut Grove and the Colony Club are just names in gossip columns." The are just names in gossip columns." The enormous auditorium is jammed to the rafters. The band blares a brassy "The Sidewalks of New York." "They couldn't mean me. That's Al Smith's theme song!" Movie stars packed in like sardines rub shoulders with gamblers, gunmen and gentlemen. The Marx Brothers are there. So are Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe, like Mae, loves the fights. But there's a difference in their appreciation. Lupe screams, hollers, whoops it up for her favorite boy. There's not a sound or a move from Mae. She's not an amateur devotee. Only her eyes move as she watches the men in the ring. This is the game she was brought up in. This

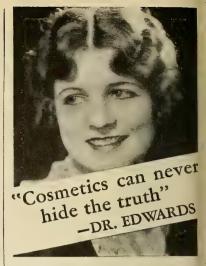
the game sne was brought up in the her dad's racket.

11 P. M. The apartment again. The devoted Libby has not retired. You know that from the aroma of freshmade coffee escaping from the kitchen. made coffee escaping from the kitchen. "Tired?" asks Libby, which is just her habitual way of greeting Miss Mae. It never really calls for an answer. "I've got a nice hot bath drawn for you, and when you're ready I'll serve some coffee while you lie down here on the divan." while you lie down here on the divan."
It's very nice, and restful and peaceful having a Libby in your life! You
don't even have to reach for your white
velvet robe, or your mules. They are
always right there in the willing Libby's hand, as you step from your bath.
It's Libby's hands that put pillows behind your back and move the reading hind your back and move the reading lamp up closer to the couch where you are lying. The drapes are pulled back from the bay window revealing the red and white lights of the valley below. The coffee is hot and fresh and the radio plays softly. "I'm going to rest here an hour," says Mae, "and then I'm going to work. You go to bed, Libby." That always begins it. "Now Miss Mae I wouldn't work tonight after vou've That always begins it. "Now Miss Mae I wouldn't work tonight after you've been out all day. If I was you I'd get a good night's sleep!" "Okay," says Mae because its the easiest way. "But bring me that script of "It Ain't No Sin" before you leave." Libby sighs—departs. departs.

12 P. M. The radio is silent. The drapes have been drawn against the distractingly beautiful view of the Hollywood valley. Only one concentrated light remains burning, revealing America's Hottest Box Office Attraction engaged in her typical "night life." The pencil pushes on and on as page after page of "Mae West stuff" slips carelessly onto the floor.

A HOME FACIAL

If you haven't the time to spare for a weekly professional facial treatment, don't forego the rejuvenating and re-vitalizing effect that one gives your skin. Send for our circular, "Manipu-lating the Fingers in a Facial." Write to Ann Boyd, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



7OU cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. For instead of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing to remove the cause of blemishes, pimples, headaches, and that dull lifeless feeling.

The Internal Cosmetic

That is why countless grateful people today think of Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets as the "internal cosmetic." A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take—they gently regulate the liver and intestines and nature clears the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of youth.

Take these wonderful tablets every day, if you want to banish the "looks" and feeling of age, and win back buoyant health. Compounded of vegetable ingredients, used by millions for 20 years, you'll know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.



HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

leething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 52)

Archainbaud and a tragic story that

he didn't quite dare shoot. Carla (Miss Bennett) (Miss Bennett) and Ritter Carla (Miss Bennett) and Ritter fall in love and Ritter discovers that the girl is betraying his country. The backgrounds, the softly significant act-ing of Miss Bennett and Mr. Roland's stalwart portrayal of the officer, cruci-fied between love and duty, make this a picture that would be more worth seeing if you didn't have to watch the

sugar-coating of the final sequence.

High Spots: The muted love scenes
between Carla and Ritter, played in a slow, almost sleepy tempo . . . The picturized course of the spy's messages, passed from hand to hand of otherwise

unseen persons . . . Surgeons operat-ing during an air raid. Sore Spot: The artificial and im-plausible ending.

My Lips Betray—C

Directed by John Bystone. Released by Fox

THE plot of this film is laid in the mythical kingdom of Ruritania, which would have been a very good place to leave it lying. It's about—all over again—a king who falls in love with a dancer.

with a dancer.

No one, evidently, seemed to know whether this was to be a musical comedy, a drama or a Mack Sennett farce. Features from each have been combined in a not too happy compromise. The settings are good; the photography, fair. The direction and acting are something less than either.

Lilian Harvey presumably trained for the part of the dancer, Lili, in St. Vitus's School for Ingenues. Charm and the jitters are not synonymous. John Boles is effective, only when singing. Miss Harvey isn't, even then.

There is also a royal motorcar, apparently designed by the ingenious Joe Cook and a lot of situations—before oil is discovered in Ruritania and the dancer and the king are plighted—with which even Mr. Cook could do little.

The Kennel Murder Case—A

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Released by Warner Brothers

THE poorest of S. S. Van Dine's detective stories has been made into the most effective cinema to be taken, thus far from his books. This is a uniformly well done and convincing detective story.

tective story.

William Powell brings life and grace to that literary effigy, Philo Vance. Those who have longed to pull a rug from under Philo, as Mr. Van Dine writes of him, or put a pie in his chair, will be pacified by the easy fashion in which his ingratiating film counterpart solves the murders in the Coe homestoad

"The Kennel Murder Case" is just about all a mystery play should be. There are no ghostly faces at the pane; no spectral hands that reach out for a horribly screeching lady, but there is in this film a deal of intelligence, which is rarer and better. Mr. Powell's act-ing and the direction of Michael Curtiz are honest and fine and the rest of the cast aid them materially.
(Please turn to page 102)



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A Revolutionary Advance in the Clopay Shades Approved By Millions of Women . . Added Durability and Extra Features Make Clopay at 15c a Greater Bargain Than Ever . . FREE Color Samples

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ADDED FEATURES

Heavier and Stronger

Wooden Slat at **Bottom Included**

Molded Shade Pull

Button packed with each shade

TES, constant research and a mania Yes, constant research and at last ac-

complished the seemingly impossible—vastly improved Clopay Shades, which women always called perfect. Now, with the prices of ordinary cloth shades constantly rising, the new improved Clopays at 15c are positively the greatest value yet offered in window shades.

Never Before Such Shades!

The new improved Clopay

Shades are heavier and stronger peet in this unusual bargain than formerly. A wooden slat at the bottom is included. And a molded shade but-

ton that makes trimming these full size shades for narrow windows much easier than ever before. Four new stunning pat-

terns just added, too. Surely there's no excuse now for you to put off replacing soiled or cracked window shades. So inexpensive—and such a blessed change besides -to have bright new Clopays at every window!

Send a 3c stamp (to cover mailing cost) and you will re-ceive complete color samples FREE-a hint of what to ex-

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Department and Neighborhood Stores

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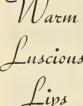
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Why suffer throbbing muscular pain? Obtain ease in 5 minutes—and real relief, generally, in 5 hours—by rubbing on good old Musterole. Doctors recommend it better than a mustard plaster. NOT just a salve, Musterole is a "counter-irritant"— its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem simply to melt pain away. Clean, easy to use, not messy. Used by millions for over 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40ϕ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience" -Columbia Stations. See your newspaper.









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OUTDOOR GIRL'S colors are pure and safe. contain no harmful ingredients. Its olive oil base keeps the lips from chapping or cracking. In 5 captivating shades. At leading drug and department stores - 50c, 25c. Also at variety stores in miniature sizes for 10c.

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ADDRESS..... CITY.....STATE.....

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 101)

Eugene Palette, creator of many robust minor characters, is at his best as the blundering Sergeant Heath. Hobart Barratt as Archer Coe, Ralph Morgan as his secretary, Mary Astor as Hilda Lake and Robert McWade as District Attorney Martin give per-formances that have a refreshing reality. The veteran Etienne Girardot, whose stage experience goes back to the original title role in "Charley's Aunt," fills the small part of Dr. Doremus, medical examiner, with vinegary humor.

"The Kennel Murder Case" may not lift you from your seat, but it will keep you wide awake and interested therein.

High Spots: Dr. Doremus, thwarted in his effort to get a quiet meal by repeated murders . . The voice of Vance, solving the mystery, travelogue fashion, to silent picture accompaniment.

The Prizefighter and the Lady—A Directed by W. S. Van Dyke: Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THIS picture of life in the semi-underworld of pugilism doesn't merit all the hoorah that has intro-duced it, but it is, all the same, a fine, hard-boiled, fast moving film. Contrary to published reports, Max Baer, the boxer, is not a combination of John Barrymore, Henry Irving and David Garrick. He is just a prizefighter who can act better than most actors could fight.

fight.

Baer has an ingratiating grin, punch-blunted good looks, personality and the ability to talk naturally on a set. This sets him, as a Thespian, far above Jim Jeffries, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey or Primo Carnera, all of whom appear in this picture, but still leaves him below nine-tenths of Hollywood's professional actors, if you insist on measuring his performance by the standards of their calling.

"The Prizefighter and the Lady," however, is something more than just a film built up to support a short ton

a film built up to support a short ton of heavyweights. It is a swift enter-tainment that doesn't pull its punches.

tainment that doesn't pull its punches. Its cast talk the language of the roughneck as though it were their native tongue. The picture has, furthermore, a reasonably plausible plot and about as exciting a series of fights as you are likely to see in celluloid or at ringside. Over and beyond Baer's good performance, the film has other claims upon your attention. The truth about Max is that he is just good enough not to clog the story that rolls along at a high rate of speed in the more deft and powerful hands of Walter Huston as a manager of fighters, Otto Kruger as a big shot racketeer and Myrna Loy as an ight-club singer who ditches her big shot protector to marry the pugilist, shot protector to marry the pugilist, Steve Morgan (Baer).

When Baer's performance is forgot-ten, "The Prizefighter and the Lady" should be remembered as the film which should be remembered as the film which first afforded Miss Loy a satisfactory role. She had been in pictures for a long time and has suffered under an apparently unbreakable curse of unsympathetic parts. Now, her interpretation of the desired state of the same parts. tation of the devoted and eventually neglected wife of the philandering Steve marks, or should mark, her step

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New Pictures You Should See

across the threshold of stardom. If anyone runs away with "The Prize-fighter and the Lady," it's the lady, not

fighter and the Lady," it's the lady, not the prizefighter.

Miss Loy was born in Helena, Montana, daughter of a ranchman. She studied art and it was her work as a sculptress that brought her to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino by whom she was persuaded to take up a film career. She has been appearing in pictures since 1925.

High Spots: Steve Morgan subduing a bar room fight. Avid faces of the national some through the ring rope.

Margan's bangerson, admiring his first covering cluttes. Belli Mercer's (Miss Loy) gradual change of expression from a multiveness to pity as Carnera batters her husband about the ring.

Sore Spot: Steve Morgan after being sore Spot: Steve Morgan after being nearly killed by Carnera, rallying and virming a draw because his estranged wite and manager cheer linear.

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi—C

Directed by Edwin L. Martin. Released by Monogram

ANOTHER film of life among college students who apparently take courses only in necking, singing, necking, dancing, rowing and necking. Mary Carlisle is the kittenish Vivian and the sweetheart of Sigma Chi which has at this institution a large chapter, with nary an actor among its memberwith nary an actor among its membership. There isn't much plot but what there is leads up to a boat race which—believe it or not—the crippled crew of Alma Mater wins.

Buster Crabbe as Bob North, the

hero, seems animated entirely by clockwork. He strokes a beaten eight oared shell to victory when the coxswain confides that his girl is waiting for him on the boathouse dock.

The Way to Love—B

Directed by Norman Taurog. Released by Paramount

M AURICE CHEVALIER has had better films. He has had, as a matter of fact, most of his current offering at least once before. His charm and skill aren't enough to make this a completely successful picture. Since he can't, it's doubtful if anyone could. It is almost time that the cinema took the mold into which it has poured Mr. Chevalier again and again, laid it tenderly on the dumpheap and left it there. "The Way to Love" is mostly a repetition of "Love Me Tonight" and its forerunners. There are, of course, some variations.

some variations.

Francois (Mr. Chevalier) is a sandwich man instead of a tailor. He rescues a dog, this time, instead of a stag; in "Love Me Tonight," his whimsicality won the heart of a princess. In his current offering, that same quality gains the hand of Madeleine (Ann Dvorak), assistant to a gipsy knife thrower.

(Ann Dvorak), assistant to a gipsy knife thrower.

What Mr. Chevalier needs most is a new story. He has everything else. Watch the face of Francois when he learns that he has attained his ambition and has won the job of guide with (Please turn to page 104)



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Should See

(Continued from page 103)

a tourist agency. That is the sort of thing Mr. Chevalier can do when he has the chance.

has the chance.

Edward Everett Horton, who plays

Dr. Bibi, consultant in love affairs, is
at times even funnier than the star he
supports. Mr. Horton is moving up
quietly, picture by picture, toward the
heights of comedy. Miss Dvorak, the neights of comedy. Miss Dvorak, the knife-thrower's target, has only re-cently come back to the films. She re-volted in July 1932, against the con-tinued insult of a mere \$250 per week salary and ran away to Europe with her husband, Leslie Fenton. Nothing she does in this film indicates that she was underpaid.

Was underpaid.

High Spots: Bibi and Francois playing checkers with glasses of liqueurs and drinking each piece that is jumped.

Bibi and Francois, embarking with a providentially supplied pair if scissors on an alcoholic necktie-cutting contest.

The World Changes—B

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Released by First National

THIS story of the rise and fall of a pioneer family might have been another "Cimarron" if the direction had been less careless. "The World Changes" attempts to picture seventy-three years of the nation's and the Nordholm clan's existence in little more than an hour's time. There is excuse for the jumpiness of the film. There is none for the inaccuracy of its background. ground.

ground.

The picture begins with historical error. The first shot, so the subtitle announces, is laid in "Dakota Territory—1856." There was no Dakota in 1856. There was no such territory established until five years later. There are many other such blunders.

Paul Muni plays Orin Nordholm, a frontier boy, whose life is ruined by the wealth he gains as a packing magnate. His characterization is forceful

nate. His characterization is forceful and distinguished by adroit make-up. Aline MacMahon as Anna, the pioneer mother, is equally impressive. Grad-uate of Barnard College in 1924, veteran of the stage in a long series of minor parts, Miss MacMahon (Mrs. Clarence S. Stein in private life) is moved by her current role nearer to the forefront of filmdom's character actresses.

As a drama, "The World Changes" is interesting. As a national epic you won't enjoy it unless you are wholly ignorant of your country's past. And after you've seen it, you'll still be ignorant.

High Spots: Orin Nordholm's cattle drive up from Texas. . . The fine emotional performance of Mary Astor as Nordholm's spoiled wife. . . Anna Nordholm at ninety surveying the grandchildren she never has seen before.

fore.

Sore Spots: Too numerous to cite in full. Whitefaced Hereford cuttle presented as Texas longhorns.

Nordholm's stockyard in 1893, with Twentieth Century locomotives moving before it.

Folk on Wall Street's 1929 day of panic entering a 1932 limpusing limousine.

New Pictures You Now Clear COLDS

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New Pictures You Should See

Christopher Bean-A

Directed by Sam Wood. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A GOOD picture might have been one of the year's best if Hollywood could have forgotten that Marie Dres-

could have forgotten that Marie Dressler is adept at rowdy buffoonery. This story of a hired girl's love for a ne'erdo-well painter who is found, after his death, to have been a great artist was a comedy underlaid with pathos in its original stage version. Its tone has been lowered by transfer to film. With Miss Dressler as Abby, the maid of all work; Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Haggett, her fusty New England employer; Jean Hersholt as Rosen, an art dealer and H. B. Warner as a critic, it would have been hard to make "Christopher Bean" a failure. It is far from that, but it is not the splendid and touching film it might have been. have been.

have been.

Miss Dressler may very well regret that she ever played in "Min and Bill."
She is doomed, it seems, to do some version of Min all her days. This is not only stupidity but tragedy, for Marie Dressler happens to be, besides a good slapstick comedian, a truly fine artist. The pathos and tenderness of which she is capable flash now and then through "Christopher Bean." Miss Dressler knows how to act. It is too bad more directors aren't equally skilled bad more directors aren't equally skilled in their craft.

Secondary honors, and not so secondary at that, go to Lionel Barrymore for his depiction of the shabby New England physician whose spirit is blown about by the winds of greed when he learns that Christopher Bean

when he learns that Christopher Bean paintings, which have been lying neglected in the doctor's house, are worth thousands. Beulah Bondi, in a minor role, does a convincing film portrait. There is a deal of good acting and much fine comedy and tenderness in this film, but it is marred, nevertheless, by the heavy hand of burlesque. The picture ends with Abby pouring the contents of a hot water bottle on a man with Keystone Comedy whiskers in the sleeping car berth below hers. Such a conclusion is as sour and insulting to a

sleeping car berth below hers. Such a conclusion is as sour and insulting to a fine story, fine actors and the intelligence of audiences as a Bronx cheer.

High Spots: Dr. Haggett trying to wheedle a portrait by Bean from Abby without letting her know its value.

. . . Abby, tearfully defiant, confessing her love for the dead artist.

The Right to Romance—B

Directed by Al Santell. Released by RKO

S TORY trouble and bad direction or cutting are all that ail this film.

That's enough. A thoroughly able cast, headed by Ann Harding, plus superb photography, plus almost perfect back-grounds, can't overcome a maimed plot and make this picture more than

The plot is the rubber stamp con-cerning the serious-minded woman who, seeking romance, marries a playboy and, later, surrenders him to a younger, gayer rival. Even that might have been good when handled by Miss Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther (Please turn to page 106)

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Mary Marshall

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New Pictures You Should See

and Sari Maritza if the film had been better balanced. So much footage is spent upon the introduction that when Dr. Margaret Simmons (Miss Harding) a brilliant plastic surgeon sees her husband (Mr. Young) kiss his lifelong chum (Miss Maritza) there is no space left for the drama that should ensue. Without any hesitation or real justification, Dr. Simmons leaves her home for her heretofore unrequited lover, Dr. Hepburn (Mr. Asther) and there the film leaves you with the feeling that you've worked for an hour toward a climax that is botched by haste. haste.

Miss Harding's classic loveliness and her cool, fluent art do their best to save the film. Mr. Young, a Hollywood newcomer who is working his way rapidly into the first flight of juveniles, does excellent work and Mr. Asther brings pathos to the role of the scientist lover.

High Spots: Wrinkles disappearing from an elderly patient's visage as Dr. from an elderly patient's visage as Dr. Simmons performs a face lifting operation. . . . The desolate figure of Dr. Hepburn, sitting alone in his laboratory when Dr. Simmons rushes off to be married.

Blonde Bombshell—A

Directed by Victor Fleming. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE movies are outgrowing the violent self-admiration which is peculiar to children. They are beginning to appreciate that even the film in the control of t dustry has its funny spots. This picture, which deals with explosive passages in the life of a pampered star, Lola (Jean Harlow) is a hilarious and favorable symptom.

Brickbats of ridicule and arrows of satire, launched by this film, may bruise and sting a number of Miss Har-low's fair co-workers. "Blonde Bomb-shell" reveals with much mirth the racket of building up a Peoria livery stable keeper's daughter into a film per-

sonage who, actually, she isn't at all.

The lovely Lola has a fly-like mind that lights eagerly upon whatever of interest comes to hand, whether it be a fan-tailed goldfish, a disreputable marquis or the idea of child adoption. Thanks to "Space" Hanlon (Lee Tracy) press agent for Monarch Films, she be-comes one of the most notorious of Hollywood's residents.

Miss Harlow is better as a siren than a satirist. She is nevertheless an acceptable comedienne. Her performance in "Blonde Bombshell" may not be especially memorable but most cinema addicts will recollect that, during the shooting of the film, she married her cameraman.

In this rowdy caricature of happen-

In this rowdy caricature of happenings in filmdom, Mr. Tracy wins new honors. Garrulous, plausible and forever in trouble, it is he who is largely responsible for the laughter with which "Blonde Bombshell" is loaded.

High Spots: Lola trying to convince trustees of an orphanage that she would be fit guardian for an infant.

Space Hanlon pacifying a temperamental studio riot by glib and whalesale lying wholesale lying.

Hoopla-A

Directed by Frank Lloyd. Released by Fox

You won't find any great heights of acting in this film of carnival life. You won't find any specially sour per-formances either. "Hoopla" may not be anything to go out through the rain to see but it has a warm, human story and competent direction and, if you feel that way about her, Clara Bow as its

Your correspondent is one of the benighted who never has been unduly moved by Miss Bow's art but as Lou, the hootch dancer with a heart of gold, she is considerably better in "Hoopla" than sometimes. There is one minute, when the boy Chris (Richard Cromwell) whom she has tried to seduce, confesses his love for her, that Miss Bow rises into fine and genuine emo-tional acting. No one else in the film gets quite that far.

The story, which is taken from the stage play "The Barker" in which, by the way, Walter Huston appeared years ago, concerns itself with the years ago, concerns itself with the effort of Nifty (Preston Foster) to keep his son straight in a carnival show and the father's wrath when the

boy marries Lou. The carnival scenes have atmosphere, movement and humor and there is a convincing "hey rube" battle to enliven things a bit.

High Spots: Hap (Herbert Mundin) a carnival employe riding the rim of the merry-go-round during the battle and clubbing each hostile head he passes. Nifty reunited with his daughter-in-law and son because he cannot endure the ineptitude of the barker who has replaced him.

Duck Soup—AA

Directed by Leo McCarey. Released by Paramount

WITH each fresh appearance of the Four Marx Brothers in films, the plot of the production grows thinner, the puns become more atrocious and the whole affair, for some mysterious reason, seems funnier than any of its forerunners. "Duck Soup" is no exception.

Groucho, Harpo, Chico, with Zeppo playing straight, can take ancient gags and the most venerable situations and by some sort of goofy hocus-pocus, turn these shopworn matters into en-during hilarity. In this film, which deals with happenings in the mythical state of Fredonia, none of which makes particularly good sense if examined coldly when the guffaws are over, the trio are goofier than ever with Groucho

rising above the others.

The film is elaborately staged and has a considerable amount of tuneful music. Otherwise it differs from its predecessors only in that it is more inanely funny and that Harpo has no opportunity to play the instrument for which he was named. To anyone who is fed up with the woes of film heroes and heroines, "Duck Soup" should come like a reviving breath of air, straight from the insane asylum.

High Spots: Shots of charging ele-phants, racing crews, cross-country runners and schools of porpoises all supposedly responding to Groucho's call for rescue on the battlefield. . . . Groucho prescribing bicarbonate of soda to repel a gas attack. . . . Harpo exhibiting his person as a tattooed memory book.

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Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

New Pictures You Should See and Why

By Frederic F. Van de Water, on page 46

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

Advance News of New Films in the Making

By Barbara Barry, on page 16

VOL. IX, No. 3	Cover Design by	Clarke Mcore MARCH 1	1934
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HOLLYWO DAY BY DAY

HOLLYWOOD'S big bad wolf for the past few months has been the much-argued-over motion-picture code and every-one was glad to hear that Maria Dressler and Eddie Cantor had been appointed by President Roosevelt to act as members of the committee to work out its problems. Hollywood collectively feels that a better choice could not have been made, for Marie and Eddie are not only very influential with the "big ones," but they are intensely inter-ested in what happens to the little fellow.

Mr. Cantor told me he had not received any official appointment and



Sam Hardy returns to Hollywood with his wife after working three months on an English film.

suggested that it might be one of President Roosevelt's little jokes.

"When I visited him at Warm Springs he refused to talk about the code so I told him all of my best jokes," Eddie said. "Maybe he is just now returning the compliment."

I went up to talk it over with my

old friend, Marie Dressler, who had been ordered to bed for a few days' rest, and found her looking so beautiful that I forgot all about codes. That is, motion picture codes.

Her bedroom is green and Marie, looking really beautiful, was propped up in a narrow pink bed. Every-thing about it was pink, even Marie's bed jacket. But keeping Marie in bed, even in that pink bed, is more than one doctor's orders could do. "I want to show you this," and "I want to show you that," she would say and skip across the room to rummage in a drawer or in her desk. And do you think anyone could get these things for her? No. "Because no one can ever find anything when I put it away," she explained with a chuckle.

"I just received a lovely gift," she said, and hopped out of bed to get it. The gift was a lovely pin, a cameo surrounded by real pearls. There was a great deal of sentiment attached to this gift because the pin had belonged to a very dear friend of Marie's who died recently. The husband had sent it on to Marie, and there were tears very near the surface as Marie showed it to me and remembered. Then she wanted to show me a funny fan letter she had received. The writer, a girl, begged Marie to adopt her.

"I could be a very good daughter to you," the letter ran, "and besides

NEMO

Joe E. Brown speaks no evil, sees no evil and hears no evil in his interpretation of Nemo. He will be seen soon in a Warner Brothers' picture, "A Very Honorable Guy."

The New Movie Magazine's man-about-town gives you all of the latest gossip from the movie colony

I want to play tennis with Clark Gable."

Before I left we did get back on the subject of the code and I found Marie's feelings about it to be the same as those of the other regulars. "We must help the little fellows," she said. "The extras and bit players need our help, for they can't do much for themselves.'

This point was brought out beautifully recently at a meeting of extra players who had been called together to discuss whether or not they should join the Actors' Guild.

Ann Harding, Thelma Todd, Robert Montgomery, Adolphe Menjou, (Please turn to page 8)



James Gleason as "Duke", the small-town big shot in "The Meanest Girl in Town," an RKO-Radio picture.







RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER-IKNOW

> THAT WILL SAVE ME LOTS OF MONEY

I'll never use a washboard again that's what ruins clothes' The Rinso way is so gentle-yet clothes come whiter than ever. I'm using Rinso for dishes, too. I'm using it for all cleaning—it's so economical.

No wonder the makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso! No wonder it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Try it. See what rich suds a little gives even in bardest water.

FORGIV



YOU'VE BEEN A BIT INDIFFERENT, TOO. SHALL I BE VERY FRANK ?

BUT I'VE BEEN A GOOD

WIFE, JOHN'S CHANGED

_GROWN INDIFFERENT

I'M GLAD AUNTIE GOT ME TO USE LIFEBUOY, IT'S GRAND!

"B.O." GONE_ romance returns! MORE CANDY! YOU SWEETS TO THE SWEET, DARLING EXTRAVAGANT BOY

"B.O." (body odor) —a kill-joy To guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies

and deodorizes pores-stops "B. O."

For a lovelier skin

Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health.





Mae Clarke and Sydney Blackmer at the annual frolic of the Thalians Club at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador.

(Continued from page 6) Charles Farrell, Richard Tucker and others—all members of the Guild—had made speeches, all giving reasons why the extras should join their ranks. The audience listened attentively and then suddenly began to shriek for Cagney, who was sitting in the front row of seats.

I wish you could have seen Jimmy. He looked as though he had been hit on the head with a mallet, he was so surprised, but he got to his feet and in his quiet way made the most effective speech of the evening. At least the crowd thought so and nearly took the roof off the building with their applause. Jimmy's



Robert W. Coburn

Francis Lederer and Duke Rudolph Martinovitch von Rovigno of Montenegro. The Duke, who prefers to be known in Hollywood as Captain Rovigno, is working as an animal man in Lederer's new RKO-Radio picture, "Man of Two Worlds."

speech was short, but he said, in effect: "Any business is divided into two groups, the employer and the employe. We actors are the employes. Come with us."

May Robson is another good trouper who doesn't forget. When she appeared on the set for the first sne appeared on the set for the first scenes in "Old Hannibal," she immediately asked for Fred Trowbridge.

"Who is he?" they asked her. "Is he working in the picture? Did he write the scenario?"

"Oh, no," May replied. "He's an extra but he was in my company.

extra, but he was in my company on the stage for fifteen years and he must be in this picture."

And so Mr. Trowbridge is now working in the picture, which is the story of Hetty Green during the 1895-1900 days. The costumes are Mae Westish in design.

N AND speaking of Mae West, I'm getting a little fed up with these slams at her billows or curves or whatever it is she has that the other girls haven't. These jealous references to her "community chest." I'll wager it was all started by a lot of skinny girls.

However, if it is true, as they say, that Mae is responsible for the numerous Bowery parties that everybody is having, I think something should be done about making her next picture nice and modern. If I have to wear a long, curly mustachio glued to my upper lip to one more party, I'm going to take drastic steps myself. But Mae is already reaping some punishment for her popularity. She wanted one of her costumes from the wardrobe the other day to wear for a portrait sit-ting and there wasn't one left that she could wear. They had been borrowed so many times for 1890 parties that they were practically in shreds.

But even if they can and do borrow Mae's costumes, none of the girls look like Mae and they could sing, "Come up and see me some time" to me for a week and I wouldn't hear them.

A local college football team wanted to borrow one of her costumes for one of the boys to wear as he paraded over the field between halves, but Mae's manager said that was just too much. And the Paramount papas say that Mae is getting too much publicity.

GETTING too much publicity is worse, if anything, than not getting any as Fifi Dorsay learned recently. A press agent sent out a story to the effect that Fift and her fiance, Maurice Hill, were going on a trial honeymoon. The story was widely printed and Fifti found herself on the receiving end of a bar-



Dick Powell and Maxine Doyle at a recent Hollywood premiere.

rage of scolding letters and telegrams from women and women's clubs all over the country.

"How dare you flaunt your immorality before the youth of the country?" was the gist of the letters, most of which carried threats to bar her pictures from their communities. The story was not true and Fifi had nothing to do with sending it out, but she is the one who will suffer the consequences. She feels that her career is in danger and is very much upset about it.



Ricardo Cortez has at last admitted his engagement to Mrs. Christine Lee, New York society woman. She was recently divorced from Lester Lee, wealthy broker, and Cortez was formerly married to Alma Rubens, who died in 1931.

Maurice Hill, who is now Fif's husband, is a nice young chap, who has had seven years' study of medicine. He lacks only a few months' interneship to become a full-fledged doctor; is ready to throw it all in the ash can for a movie career. He was bitten by the bug five years ago when he was selected in a national magazine contest as the handsomest college chap in the Middle West. And I must say he IS handsome and may have signed a contract before you read this.

But signing a contract is the least of an actor's difficulties, according to Jack Gilbert, who is suing M-G-M to find out whether or not he is under contract to that company. AND Lilian Harvey has instituted a friendly suit against the Fox Company to have the court "interpret" her contract. All of which means she wants to know if she can be forced to "dub" French and German dialogue into the English versions of her pictures which are already made. While the suit is pending she is making them under protest. "My friends and fans in Europe will think I'm crazy," she complained, "because the actions in different countries are just as different as the languages."

But any of the new crop of blondes who were casting envious eyes toward Lilian's bungalow dressingroom may as well remain satisfied with their quarters in the women's dressing-room building, for Lilian has signed a contract to remain an-

other year.

Many stars—Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Marie Dressler, May Robson and Jean Harlow—seem to make good pictures without dressing in private bungalows. In fact, all of the above mentioned stars have to climb a rickety old stairway to get to their dressing-rooms, so you can see that even though Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Ruth Chatterton and Marion Davies have bungalows, it isn't really necessary.

Norma Shearer's husband, Irving Thalberg, dynamic young producer, has a bungalow in which to transact his business. His private office, a beautiful room is about 25 x 40 feet in size with a huge fireplace at one end. French doors form one side of the room and lead out into a private courtyard. I wouldn't blame Norma if she sneaked in there to wash her hands once in a while. But of course if Norma, a great star



Adolphe Menjou and his fiancée, Verree Teasdale, stage and screen actress. They will be married in the Spring—so the gossips say.

in her own right, wanted a bungalow she could have it. It is a great tribute to her common sense that she keeps her head, demands no greater favors than those granted to the other stars and goes about her own business of making very good

Norma made a reel of film recently that will never be seen by the public. She has twenty changes of costume in her new picture, "Rip Tide," and she donned every one of them for a test film. All of her gowns and even her hairdress are being kept secret until the picture is released because Adrian, who designs all of the M-G-M wardrobe, claims that his creations are copied by cheap manufacturers before the pictures are shown. Each gown which he has designed for Norma has a name, just like French designed clothes, but there will be no advance publicity—they say.

they say.

When Norma is making a picture, she and Mr. Thalberg seldom make social engagements. At a party at the Sam Goldwyns Irving was glimpsed nervously looking at his watch and after a brief twenty minutes, they left. Since his breakdown last year he has had to guard his own health as well as Norma's.

(Please turn to page 10)



For the first time Baby LeRoy has dialogue written in his script in his new Paramount picture, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The dialogue consists of the word "mama." He is shown here with his screen mother, Dorothea Wieck, and his director, Alexander Hall.

(Continued from page 9)

N HOW anyone could leave a Goldwyn party, I can't understand, for there is the perfect host. Unlike so many Hollywood hosts, both Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn put themselves out to see that every guest is cared for and that everyone is introduced to every-

I remember one time several years ago in New York when Sam decided to fire an employe. He invited the ill-fated chap up to his house to dinner. They had a nice visit, Sam put himself out to be the charming host, even holding the fellow's overcoat for him when he was preparing to leave. And according to the fellow's own version of the affair, he was halfway home before it dawned upon him that he had been fired. It was done so painlessly.

Another guest at the Goldwyn party was Mary Pickford, who came early and stayed late. Mary is socially minded recently and, although she is always surrounded by several men, she pretends they are Gwynne's admirers.

Mary is never at a loss very long. She stepped out of the offending garment, stooped over and picked it up, with it hanging over her arm, tripped gracefully down the stairs as though nothing had happened.

Of late Pickfair hasn't been crowded with royalty and it has fallen to the lot of other stars to entertain visitors from abroad. Will Rogers did his share and entertained Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the ex-Kaiser, both at his home and at the studio. What Mr. Rogers lacks in formality he makes up in wit and charm and the bluebloods like him as much as we do. At the studio when Rogers gave quite a party for the Prince, with other distinguished guests present, he wore his usual costume consisting of blue overalls and a lumber jacket.

N CONSTANCE BENNETT and her husband, Henri de la Falaise, had Baron Jaunez as their house



Fay Wray relaxes for a few minutes of reading between scenes during the filming of "Madame Spy"—the new Universal picture in which she plays the title role opposite Nils Asther.

oulian. It looks like a romance but M-G-M officials discourage rumors that she will marry him. They think she would lose her popularity if she married. How about it, fans? Wouldn't you like Garbo just as well if she were married?

And the studio doesn't like the idea of humanizing their glamorous star by the press, either. Sarah Padden, who worked with her in "Queen Christina," told me that she didn't know Garbo was different from anyone else.

from anyone else.

"The first day I worked with her she was charming. We talked and worked like any two actresses. When (Please turn to page 12)



Jeanette MacDonald, emerges from the pool at Palm Springs to find that her English sheep dog, "Captain," has reached the community towel first.

Gwynne is her niece, you know, and is a grand girl but she's not as popular as Mary yet.

Mary had a crowd in hysterics telling of her most embarrassing moment. It was while she and Mr. Fairbanks were the guests of Count and Countess di Frasso in Rome and a very smart reception was being given in their honor. Mary had spent hours getting dressed for the occasion and finally it was time for her to make her appearance. She stood at the head of the grand stairway. She was announced. She bowed and smiled and then, instead of proceeding down the stairs, stood frozen to the spot. A very intimate piece of lingerie had slipped down and clung around her ankles. For a moment she was horror-stricken but you know

guest recently, but when he left they had the whole house thoroughly disinfected because the poor chap had typhoid fever and didn't know it. Instead of leaving town when he left their house he went to the hospital very ill.

Then Phil Plant arrived in town. Phil isn't royalty but he has lots of money and he was married to Constance once. The first person he telephoned was Constance, who invited him out to her house for lunch. And the Marquis, like an obliging husband, got very busy at the studio and couldn't go home for lunch.

GRETA GARBO is seldom seen anywhere these days and never without her director, Rouben Mam-



Alex Kahle

The first photograph of Hollywood's latest and most romantic newlyweds, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames.



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Marion Davies and Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed who made the musical numbers for her new M-G-M picture, "Going Hollywood," directed by Raoul Walsh.

(Continued from page 10) I went on the set the second day I spoke to everyone and then, because Miss Garbo was across the stage from me, I waved to her. She waved back and I thought nothing of it but everyone came to me and said I shouldn't have done that. It was done and I couldn't undo it, and Miss Garbo continued to be charming as long as my engagement lasted."

Miss Padden had a Polish dictionary under her arm when I met her. She explained that she was trying to figure out the accent she should use for her Polish role in "As the

Earth Turns."

I'll have to call on Emily Post again to settle a point of etiquette. Now it's Mary Brian and Don Cook who have all Hollywood puzzled. They met on a picture and a romance started. Don was devoted, as he always is at the beginning of a romance, and Mary was yes and noish as usual, but they were seen together constantly. Then Don had a housewarming party, followed by large quantities of slence, and the two were seen together no more. Some say there was a little argument between two fellows during the course of the evening and one contestant landed in the top of a tree. Others say that Mary called a taxi and went home. Don says they are still "going together"; Mary says they are not and, inasmuch as actions speak louder than words, it looks as if Mary is right.

AT the Fox studio where she once shook her beads as the star of "Queen of Sheba," Betty Blythe is now playing Mary Brian's mother. But she is a very gay, young mother—a very gallant person just like betty really is—and, in Betty's words, "she is on the make for Herbert Mundin."

"But George O'Brien is SO romantic in some of the costumes he wears in this picture, that I wish I were on the make for him," she said with a sigh. George is making a wide breach between his cowboy roles and his first romantic role in years in "Ever Since Eve." He wears fifteen different costumes in the picture.

I've seen several foot and hand prints recently, and not in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater either, which only goes to prove that actors are just little boys grown up. On a little piece of cement patchwork in front of Gary Cooper's dressing room at the Paramount Studio are the signatures of "Gary, Harpo, Dick and Jack," with illustrations that I couldn't describe in a family magazine. On the curbstone in front of Lew Cody's house is the one word, "Cody." And in the Chaplin Studio on the sidewalk are Charlie's footprints and his signature, written with a cane.

SPEAKING of the Chaplin Studio, the activity that has been promised for months is only now getting under way. You remember we told you Chaplin had promised to have two pictures finished before Christmas? Well, of course, if you knew Chaplin as we do you wouldn't have taken that seriously, although he was serious when he made the statement.

Even though Chaplin hasn't actually been working at the studio, he has been perfecting his story and rehearsing with his two principals, Paulette Goddard and Cecil Rey-



George Raft and Carole Lombard in the "Raftero," a new dance designed for the much-discussed "Bolero," now in production at Paramount.



Virginia Valli, wife of Charles Farrell, with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown at the Russian Eagle supper club.

nolds. Cecil wishes people would forget the doctor part of his name, so it is through no disrespect for his ability as a doctor that I dropped it. And Chaplin came very nearly not having a villain for his picture when Cecil went out in his small motor boat to fish recently. A mile from shore his motor went dead, a storm came up and Cecil had to paddle in with one oar. The fish he had caught were swimming merrily around in the boat which was half full of water, and had to be caught again.

water, and had to be caught again.

A dressing-room has been redecorated for Paulette's use—the same dressing-room that was used by Edna Purviance, Lita Grey, Merna Kennedy and Georgia Hale. Paulette chose the furnishings herself, all in soft rose and gray.

Chaplin didn't use to take so long to make a picture. "A Dog's Life," for instance, the first picture he made at the little La Brea Studio, was completed in ninety days. Chaplin has apparently been under the Mae West influence for some time for he is now a "man what takes his time." Not that it matters, only I can hardly wait to see Paulette!

I saw Buster Keaton and his bride at a party recently, and couldn't help remarking the great chance in him. He is beginning to look as he did ten years ago and everyone is hoping he will make a comeback.

They live in a house right across the street from the fourth hole at the Rancho Golf Club and when Buster sees a serious golfer about to play off that hole, he rushes outdoors and yells: "The idle rich! Bah!" and then slams the door after him when he goes back into the house. Any golfer knows what that does to a play.

DUDLEY MURPHY, basking in the glory of his picture, "Emperor Jones," which he directed in New York, now wants to change his name. Dudley says he appreciates his good Irish name, but insists he isn't like his name. He is choosing (Please turn to page 98)



Baby LeRoy knows that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Here he is, the highest-salaried baby in the world, in one of his daily play interludes. Dorothea Wieck seems to be enjoying it just as much as he.

A Baby Can Do It

By AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

SEVEN-YEAR picture contract in his nursery safe, Baby LeRoy, with five productions to his credit, sits in his high chair, ignoring all questions and refusing to eat spinach.

Up to date he has never uttered a word for publica-tion, but since even a baby's life belongs to his public when he is in the movies, here are the inside facts of the private and public career of the most popular

baby on the screen.

Baby LeRoy's real name is LeRoy Winebrenner. He was born on May 12, 1932. A year later his name was in electric lights. When he was born he weighed five pounds and eleven ounces. He has not been careful with his diet and now weighs 27 pounds and one ounce. He has blond hair, blue eyes and twelve teeth.

He got his first job because he was the only one in a whole nursery-full of children to laugh when Chevalier

came into the room.

He takes many privileges while on the set, chiseling a nap every day at the studio. He is allowed on the set only four hours—and to work only two. He always has two companions when he is working; one is his mother, now eighteen years of age, and another is Rachel Smith, from the local Board of Education.

While his vocabulary is not extensive, it's very up-to-date—comprising three expressions, "Hot Dog,"

"Bye Bye" and "Oh Boy." Slang has been barred on the set because of his aptitude in learning it.

Baby LeRoy never uses make-up. He's a merry soul

and hates to cry—even for his art.
In making "Miss Fane's Baby," it was necessary for him to cry while in his crib, and this is how it was brought about: He hates to be told to blow his nose, so Miss Smith would put a handkerchief to his nose and say "Blow." Baby LeRoy would cry vociferously, and then Miss Smith and her handkerchief would re-

The biggest moment in his career occurred when he took his first step. Moving pictures were taken and his first words were recorded in sound.

Though one of the most popular players on the lot,

Baby LeRoy has no dressing-room-merely a crib. His high chair has his name on it. All sorts of methods are resorted to to keep him quiet on the set. Executives let him throw their watches on the floor,

stars let him fiddle with their make-up boxes.

Is it Beauty, Brains or Sex Appeal which has given Baby LeRoy his great drawing power with the public—so great, indeed, that at 18 months of age he is one of Paramount's most popular players? He gives no explanation himself, but it's safe to wager, I haven't a doubt, that the answer is "Heart Appeal."



HOW HOLLYWOOD NTERTAINS



John Mack Brown, the host, in the center with two of his quests—quess who—Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at John Mack Brown's tennis party.

Playtime Movieland

HEARD of a girl in Hollywood once who gave a party to celebrate a new party dress!
Well, of course, that's going rather far even

for Hollywood.

But Hollywood does love to celebrate events. You can't possibly get a new whoopee room or a new swimming pool,-or, somebody said slyly, the other day, a new bathroom!-without celebrating with a party.

About that bathroom thing, now, I do remember a star taking me to see her new bathroom. It was decorated with wall paper representing an aquarium, with little fishes swimming all about.

Well, I did feel then that the fishes had more privacy than I!

S PEAKING of celebrations, John Mack Brown has the takingest new tennis court, and celebrated with

Tennis is the universal exercise of the moving picture folk. If you don't know tennis, you are just too stupid. I accused a producer the other day of asking a certain candidate for a big role in a picture what her tennis game was like.

"But you mustn't get too good," whispered John Mack Brown to me, "or they'll think you're not

working!"

John had to run away in the middle of the after-

noon, clad in white trousers and blue coat, to the dog show, to put his dog through his paces. His wife wanted him to change to formal business clothes, but Johnny was so excited about his dog that he ran off just as he was.

Barbara Weeks was there, and Gwynn Williams was to call for her after tea. There is something interest-

ingly romantic going on.

Fredric March and his wife came early and had breakfast on the terrace, along with Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, Billy Bakewell and William Seiter, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Grace Williams (she who was slapped by Mary McCormick)).

ALL the girls wear slacks at these breakfast-tennis affairs. Virginia Valli looked cute in gray ones with a red ribbon around her hair and one around her neck.

Barbara Weeks wore real trousers like those that men wear-but Barbara is a girl who can wear any

kind of trousers and get away with it.

W ISH you could see John Mack Brown's house. It is what somebody called in old-fashioned phrase a "storehouse of treasure."

You see both Johnny and his wife are descended

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's Hollywood society reporter, gives you an invitation to attend with her some of the gay functions of the film capital

from Mayflower folk, and their house is filled with wonderful antiques.

For instance there is the silver pitcher wrought by Paul Revere, together with the bill of sale signed by Paul himself, with a little picture (a delicate minia-ture of the first owner of the p.t her.

Whoever thought of Paul Revere having a vocation! One thinks of him simply as flying about the country on a horse. But this pitcher is a very lovely pitcher, and would be even if Paul never had done anything to make himself renowned otherwise. He was a skilled silver-and-goldsmith.

Then there is the wall paper, taken from some French palace, representing somes in French gar-dens of quaint other days, and which now adorns the entrance hall to the beautiful English house.

Johnny has taken his little brother David, eleven years old, to raise, since his parents passed away. David is a good-looking little boy, and will probably

go into pictures if he shows any inclination to do so.

E DWARD G. ROBINSON swung wide the doors of his new Beverly Hills home, and, together with the lovely Mrs. Robinson, welcomed his friends.

And when Eddie and his wife swing wide their

doors, there is certainly a rush!

John Barry more and his wale, Dolores Costello, were among the guests. But, while Dotores circulated, John retired upstairs to Eddie's den with Joe Cawthorne, Edmund Breese and other choice spirits, and swapped yarns. He didn't even come down to suppor

Nevertheless he is going about more than formerly. Went to the Mayfair, and though somebody related that he wore house slippers, just the same he danced!

W HICH reminds me of a story that an old friend of Barrymore's told about him when he was in New York.

(Please turn to page 81)



An interesting group at John Mack Brown's tennis party. Reading from left to right: Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Valli and her husband Charles Farrell, Fay Wray and Barbara Weeks. In front is John Mack Brown, himself.



You would never think of Freddie March playing the part of Death, but watch him in Paramount's "Death Takes a Holiday." Here he is saying good-bye to Evelyn Venable.



Of course, it's Lionel Barrymore, playing one of his most loved roles in the new Fox picture, "Carolina." The lady seated next to him as he offers his toast is no other than Henrietta Crosman.

Advance News of NEW

By BARBARA BARRY

REDDIE MARCH is starring in a new Paramount picture, and what a picture! And what a tite—"Death Takes a Holiday." And what a fantastic story by Alberto Casella! Let me tell you something REDDIE MARCH is starring in a

Casella! Let me tell you something about it.

Death (get out from behind that cape, Freddie March . . . we know you!) desires to spend three days on earth, as a human being. He induces Sir Guy Standing to take him into his home as a week-end guest and there, falls in love with Evelyn Venable, who is engaged to Sir Guy's son.

It is a fantastic situation. With Death gone A.W.O.L. it's absolutely impossible for despondent mortals to shuffle off this mortal coil. Bankrupt stockholders leap from the flag pole of

stockholders leap from the flag pole of

Warner Brothers are spending lots of money on "Wonder Bar," with Dolores Del Rio and Al Jolson. Here is Dolores in a dramatic scene with Ricardo Cortez.

the Empire State Building, bounce around for a while, and walk perplex-edly away from the spot where the body should have been found! Mortifyin',

should have been found! Morthyin', no less. But dandy in a way, don't you think? Or, don't you?

Freddie's original inclinations have been more or less sinister, but, when Love comes to Death, the gentleman's cruder instincts fly out the window. Cute, eh? Different . . . but still cute. When Freddie tells Miss Venable that his time on earth is un and he must

his time on earth is up and he must leave, she quietly insists that he take her with him. Horrified, he refuses, and, when he finds that she is determined, he pretends that he has never cared for her.

But she sees through his intrigue and follows him happily out into the wherever it is Death goes after vacation

March is his usual swell self and Waren is his usual swell sell and Venable has heaps of possibilities, being a cross between Miriam Hopkins, Evalyn Knapp, and with just a dash of Dolores Costello tossed in for good measure. You can't ask for more than

Mitchell Leisen directs with a picturesque and not too sinister touch.

Heat Lightning (Warner's)

ALINE MacMAHON runs a filling station in the sweltering wastes of the desert. Her kid sister, Ann Dvorak, helps out at the lunch counter, but she is dissatisfied with the solitary life and

is dissatished with the solitary life and yearns for the lights and gay romance of the wicked city.

It has been to save the little gal from the "fate worse than death" that Aline has gone into the gas and oil business, and, remembering her dancehall days, you might as well know that she isn't any too tickled with existence in the wide onen spaces in the wide open spaces.

Ann sneaks out to meet Theodore



It is an intriguing title that Fox has given their new picture—"Ever Since Eve." Above you will find Mary Brian, George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin in one of the climaxes.



This picture doesn't look very much like a "Journal of Crime." But that is the title which Warners have given to it. Here are George Barbier, Claire Dodd and Adolphe Menjou.



They call the new Paramount picture with George Burns, Gracie Allen and Charlie Ruggles, "Six of a Kind," Here they are in person, probably looking for the other three absentees.



Romance in a filling station. If you don't believe it, the new Warner picture. 'Heat Lightning,' will try to prove it to you. Here are Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak.

FILMS in the Making

For your information an intimate guide to the latest pictures now being made in Hollywood



You would not think that Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan were discussing the new M-G-M picture, "The Mystery of the Dead Police," but that is just what they are doing.



In "Viva Villa," Wallace Beery plays the fireeating Mexican general up to the hub caps and over. Stu Erwin replaces the overebullient Lee Tracy, and you're going to like this picture.

Newton, with whom-for lack of anything else to do—she imagines herself in love. Ted is really a no-good, as you ... and you, will be able to tell at a glance. But don't let on. In this particular instance, Ann's getting paid to be dumb.

While Ann is out straying from the straight and narrow, Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot, who have just pol-ished off a pair of bank cashiers, pull in to revive their sputtering motor and "check the erl, kid."

It develops that Preston has been a Big Moment among the Split Seconds of Aline's dance-hall days. This is so you won't register surprise when we all, Ann included, catch him sneaking out of Aline's room at an hour when all

good children should be dreaming of Peter Rabbit. And stuff. Ann, who has "paid the price" for running out with a rat like Mr. New-ton, accuses her sister of being no betthan she.

While they cry on each other's shoulders, Preston is downstairs, trying to force Lyle to crack the family safe for a hatfull of jewels that have been parked there by a pair of guileless (?) divorcees, Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly, who are returning home after a shuffle-off spree in Reno.

a snalle-off spree in Keno.

To save the baubles, Aline is obliged to shoot her b.f., thereby making an honest, though dead, man of him.

This story, by Leon Abrams and George Abbott, will probably be responsible for a cycle of filling station tales, but, if Aline's in all of 'em, we can take it

Mervyn LeRoy's last directorial job before headin' for the last hook-up . . . matrimony, if you don't catch on.

Ever Since Eve (Fox)

N O cowboy trappings for George O'Brien in this one. Taken from Paul Armstrong's story, "Heir to the

Hoorah," the action moves from the

gold country, to Park Avenue, and back to them thar mountings again. Three old women-haters. Herbert Mundin, Roger Imhof, and Russell Simpson, have been watching over George ever since he was knee-high to

On a trip East to purchase more mining machinery, George meets and falls in love with Mary Brian, daughter of an attractive but slightly in-solvent widow, played by your old favorite, Betty Blythe.

favorite, Betty Blythe.

Marrying him for his money, Mary eventually learns to love her Tarzan of the gold country. The thing ends happily, but not before they have played a hot and cold running game of you-chase-me and I'll-chase-you, winding up finally when Mary takes (Please tara to page 93)



You might not recognize either Ramon Novarro or Lupe Velez in this picture but this is how you will see them in "Laughing Boy."



Pictured at the surprise party given in honor of Helen Mack, screen actress, left to right are: Dick Poliner, host, Vivienne Gaye, Billy Joy, Phyliss Lee. Edward Bodell, Gloria Monroe, Irene Thompson, Marla Hayden, June Clyde, Thornton Free-land, Helen Mack. The man in the back, extreme right, is Frank O'Heron.

The Hollywood Younger Set

BY HENRY WILLSON

ID you know the little girl with the curls we've seen all these years in that soap advertisement is Madge Evans at the age of eight? . . . Junior Durkin has decided to use one of those four first names of his, and from now on, will be known as Bide Durkin, Jr. . . . Just to let you know how important dog actors are out here, we found recently that the dog playing in a nicture was actors are out here, we found recently that the dog playing in a picture was receiving a higher wage than both of the juvenile leads put together. And to top that, when the company went on location, the dog had to have a special bottle of drinking water, while the mere humans struggled along as best they could on the native supply. Helen Mack realized a life-long ambition on her twentieth birthday, when her mother presented her with a mink



Dick Cromwell and his sister, Dorothy.

coat—and a car thrown in for good measure. . . It is surprising to hear how many fans will write to the stars for their photographs and then fail to bother writing a note of thanks. . . .

FOUR years ago, two freshmen in high school decided that their greatest ambition was to play opposite each other in the movies. Algebra gave way to Plane Geometry, which, in turn, was succeeded by Trigonometry, before the girl, Jean Parker, gother first break in pictures. And what a thrill! Now, one year later, the boy, —Pancho Lucas, was discovered by the same studio and placed in his first picture, "Viva Villa." Jean's latest achievement is "Dark Sunlight," an R. K. O. picture, but it's now up to the home studio to make good the greatest ambition of Jean and Pancho.

R ICHARD CROMWELL is the most "dropped-in-on" person in Hollywood. You see, Dick has lived here all

his life, and everyone who ever knew him at High School drops in on him at his little hillside home, where he lives alone. But they don't let it go at that. It seems that each acquaintance brings three other friends and introduces them to Dick, each of whom returns a week later with several of their friends—and,—well, it's like one of those "chain letter" ideas. No kidding, it's worse than Grand Central Station on the 3rd of July! He's certainly been swell about it, though, so far, but maybe pretty soon Dick will protect himself by hiring someone to scare 'em away. After all, he still has a lot of things to accomplish in his new home and deserves some privacy by home and deserves some privacy by

THE past couple of Sundays, Ernest Schoedsack (director of "King Kong," and others) has been taking Tom Brown, Helen Mack, Anita Louise (Please turn to page 91)



Dixie Frances and James Ellison.



Frankie Darro shows Clark Gable the cor-rect way to make love to Claudette Colbert. Frankie is working on "No Greater Glory," at Columbia, while Clark and Claudette are making "It Happened One Night," at the same studio.



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY STARS



DOROTHY MACKAILL—The Hull town (in England) knows she's British because they're proud of their pulchritudinous product. From the stages and screens of

London and Paris flaxen-haired Dorothy journeyed to New York and graced the late Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies, before Director Edwin Carewe signed her for movies some dozen years ago. She's married to Neil Miller, who croons. Is an enthusiastic aviatrix. Loves to gamble. She's generous. Her pals include stagehands, players, producers and the "four hundred." Adores Honolulu and hopes to live there some day.



irnest A. Bachrach



DOLORES DEL RIO—Senora of true Latin loveliness. Daughter of Mexico's distinguished banker, Jesus Asunsolo. She was educated in Mexico City, Paris and Spain, specializing in

music and terpsichory. Her charm and grace attracted movie director on location in Mexico some years back. She yielded to Hollywood offer. And fans throughout the world appreciated her glamorous talents until her temporary retirement after her marriage a couple of years back to Art Director Cedric Gibbons. Now she has returned to the cinema swing. "Flying Down to Rio" displays her varied talents. The Gibbons menage is smartly modernistic. Dolores loves clothes, sun baths and Cedric. And of course her work.



Elmer Fryer



MARY ASTOR-A beauty-contest winner who became a real trouper! Quincy, Illinois, is the lucky town which gave Mary to the world. Only then she was known as Lucille Langhanke-a

mighty awkward moniker for one so lovely. So, when she won that beauty award, she changed her name to the flowery one now known throughout the world. She made her movie debut in two reelers for Tri-Art. Followed up with feature assignments for National-directed by her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, who met death tragically in airplane crash. Now married to Dr. Franklin Thorpe. Took brief time out to have Mary, Jr., now two years old. Prefers good character parts to heroine roles. She enjoys all sports.



Garbo today and eight years ago. Above, as she appears in her newest M-G-M picture, "Queen Christina," her first release in more than a year. At the right is one of the most remarkable pictures of Garbo in existence, made on the M-G-M lot in 1925, shortly after her arrival in America.

GARBO

Strange as it may seem, these pictures are all of the great Garbo herself, and you will find it hard to believe that they were all taken less than ten years ago.



Left, Greta Garbo, learning to ride "Beverly," the famous horse, in preparation for her role in "The Temptress," at the M-G-M studios in 1925.

Above, right, an early portrait of Garbo as the Countess Elizabeth Dolina, in her first stellar role in "The Atonement of Gusta Berling."

At the right, one of the first pictures of Garbo in 1925 when she was signed by M-G-M for "The Temptress."

At the left, a double exposure picture of Garbo made by Buddy Longworth, in which Garbo shows herself how to operate a studio light.





Manats



MARION DAVIES-Her real name is Douras. Papa Judge Douras is retired from the bench in New York, and that's where Marion was born. Blue-eyed comedienne acted in religious pageants

in parochial school, modeled dresses, sang and danced in Broadway choruses, posed for Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher before screen debut in 1918. Looks as young and freckly now as then. She'll do "Operator 13" with Gary Cooper next. Loves to sew, dance, play bridge and grow gardens full of flowers. And she's so, so superstitious. Not married, but she is considered one of Hollywood's most hospitable and popular hostesses.





DIANA WYNYARD—Her real name's Dorothy Cox, but her friends in London, England—her birthplace—changed it for her when she started her stage career in 1925. Forty roles in stock

preceded important break opposite Leslie Banks in "Lean Harvest." Then came Broadway—and the lead in "The Devil Passes," same role she had portrayed in England. M.G.M scouts saw her, signed her for "Rasputin" with the Barrymores. Option renewed and more movies! Next she'll join John and Lionel in "The Paradine Case." She's a talented pianist, reads a lot, rides horseback and swims. Her hair's golden-brown; eyes are gray-blue. Not married.



Imer Fryer

EDWARD G. ROBINSON—Bucharest, Broadway, Hollywood. That's alias Eddie Goldberg's success story! Educated at Columbia University. Speaks Spanish, Italian, French, German, Hebrew, Yiddish, English and his native Roumanian with equal ease. Played first film role with Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl" ten years back. Dropped out to devote himself to stage work exclusively until talkie time. Paramount tempted him, then dropped his option. Warners signed him for "Little Caesar" and the succession of important character roles which followed. Music is his chief hobby. His wife, Gladys Lloyd, plays and sings. He paddles the player-piano. Crazy about Eddie, Jr., who's nearly a year old!



Contributors this month—Clara Beranger, Darryl F. Zanuck, Grace Cunard, Ruth Chatterton and Carrington North.

THE BOOMERANG OF PUBLICITY



WHEN movie stars are on their way up the ladder of success, press stories concerning their private lives and personal habits give them a boost. In the past, publicity fed to avidly inquisitive fans proved of great value in increasing box-office returns.

But when the publicity turned sour, when stars became involved in

scandals, the very people who helped lift them to fame quickly turned about and kicked them to the bottom of the heap into obscurity.

Ever since pictures have had stars, headlines have shrieked the news of high movie salaries. For the edification of an enthusiastic world of movie fans, studios brazenly blew the trumpet of publicity and threw a spotlight on the earnings of their stars.

But the world of movie fans in this day of depression is no longer eager nor enthusiastic, it is envious and resentful. It does not understand that a star's

worth is gauged by box-office returns.

It blindly decides that no one could possibly be worth such large sums of money. And the Federal Government is by way of agreeing with the public. That high picture salaries are measured simply and solely by box-office value, that an artist's earning power is limited to a few years and that the preparation for these few fat years takes many lean years of struggle and suffering, that creative talent is legitimately entitled to a fair share in the financial success of a picture.

The studios have only themselves to blame for the distrust of the public and the Government. Publicity circulated to add glamour to their stars is again prov-

ing a boomerang.

And this time it may lower the financial returns of creative artists to the level of non-creative craftsmen, and tear down the whole structure of Hollywood salaries.

Clara Berarger.

THE PICTURE IS THE THING



S CREEN play production in Hollywood has been weathering a crisis which can only be definitely overcome by the overthrow of the present system of producing pictures.

The factory method of mass production, the product of which is the "program picture" designed to meet the weekly-change schedules of the

big theater circuits, must go.

My prediction is that the year 1934 will see the doom of mass production. Screen entertainment can no longer be turned out on a machine-made scale and find popularity.

In the place of mass production will come the new system of building each production as a separate unit, so that in cast, story, richness of production and entertainment, each picture will be a big one-

what we in the industry call a "special"

The public wants big pictures, and even in these times will reward super-pictures with greater popularity than even in the more affluent days of past prosperity. While it will still give a due share of favor to program pictures which merit popularity, the public has shown that in the case of the excep-

tional picture, its support is unlimited.

For that reason, Mr. Joseph M. Schenck and myself, as heads of 20th Century Pictures, have already abandoned the mass production system.

Big pictures of course, cost more—but money is not the main consideration in the making of bigger pictures. The important thing is the planning of the picture in advance, building the story so that all its situations will have strong dramatic values, abundant entertainment, and the added adornment of showmanship.

This story must be presented by a star supported by stars. Sufficient time must be given to the production and for the cast to familiarize itself with the story. That is the policy we have adopted, and which the whole producing system in Hollywood

Warry F. Januck

Read New Movie's editorial forum where you will find frank expressions of opinion by contributors who know they will not be blue-penciled

A STAR OF YESTERDAY



TIVING . . . and people . . . these are the most important things in the world.

"Nineteen years ago, when the spotlight of Fame played brightly on my every move, when wealth and success were unquestionably mine . . . I wouldn't have believed that I could be so completely happy out of things; forgotten, except for a hand-

ful of dear old faithfuls. Yet, this is true, I have found truer friends and more satisfaction out of just living, since Fame turned her nose up at me, than in all those prosperous years, when every hour of my days belonged to

everybody but myself.

In those days, when I was obliged to entertain hordes of celebrated people in the garishly gorgeous home that was an essential part of a star's fanfare, I didn't have half so much fun as we do now, in my little place, where the guest list includes a chauffeur, a song writer, a traveling salesman, and half a dozen extra people!

Instead of caviar and champagne, we have sandwiches and beer . . . and loads of fun! Why, we

really live!

I am still ambitious and enthusiastic about pictures. Occasionally, I get a small part and, when I'm finished, I'm not satisfied. I want to do more. It doesn't seem right to be going home when there's more acting to be done!

I have no illusions about playing ingenues. Character parts are more to my liking. Wrinkles...and a few teeth out. I don't care how ugly they make

me. Funny . . . these ambitions die hard, don't they?
I've seen both ends of the ladder. The top, with its gaiety, brilliance, and noise, is nice. But-the bottom is so very comfortable . . . and not so far

CENSORSHIP-BY WHOM?



"TT'S a swell story, but we couldn't get it past the Hays' Office!"-"Sure, it's a whale of a play, but the censors would never pass it!" That song rings endlessly down the echoing halls of filmdom, though every man who sings it knows full well that if a picture is good enough or funny enough, it will reach the public.

The Blue Noses would create a National Censorship and deal with all pictures in the same manner. They fail completely to discriminate between immorality, common or garden vulgarity and the sincere frankness with which strong drama must deal with life. They would denature all amusement and make it food for children.

There is only one answer. The theater of the adult and that of the child must be separated and the needs and desires of the child carefully considered in making up his programs. Who is going to do this and what have they done to prove that they can?

Personally, the most intelligent and efficient group I have ever encountered is a party of Senior Boy Scouts from a lower East Side division. These lads come to me several times a year for picture programs for the younger boys. They look me square in the eye as they refuse many of my suggestions. "No, that's too raw." "Too much love stuff, kids don't like it." Scientific and travel stuff they simply eat. . . . Fair women and brave men, action, adventure. Their taste is sure, their audiences have to be pushed out of the Settlement House when the show is over. And it is all good stuff!

Is it possible that here are the people to choose for children? Adolescence is close enough to childhood to know what a child likes, near enough to maturity

to feel responsibility for the very young?
Every high school and academy in the country is full of youngsters in their teens, youngsters awake and alive. They would enjoy taking a hand in this business of choosing their own entertainment and that of their immediate juniors. . . . And I, for one, think they would make a good job of it.



WHAT PRICE, BEAUTY?



RUTH CHATTERTON

HAVE been asked if the sacrifices which actresses make in Hollywood to meet the beauty requirements of the screen, are worth while?

It all depends upon one's viewpoint.

If regarded sensibly, the "sacrifices" are very much worth while.

Strict adherence to the laws of health, which means enjoying a full quota of sleep and rest, eating only the proper food, abstinence from dissipation, daily exercise and work, can only result in a mental, as well as physical, stimulant.

To meet the screen requirements of feminine loveliness one must rigidly observe these laws. Since the average woman is inclined to lapse into the full enjoyment of whatever luxuries life affords her, usually to her detriment, I honestly believe that the ascetic life one is forced to live in Hollywood, is worth the sacrifice of material pleasures.

Unfortunately, it is true that many misguided young women have been sacrificed on the altar of the so-called beauty standards of Hollywood, due to extremely foolish diets, etc. Such cases are as

unnecessary as they are tragic.

Beauty is only skin-deep, after all.



HAT keeps the movies moving? An exact answer to this question would be worth millions of dollars to any one of the six or seven largest producers of pictures. They don't know, themselves, what keeps the movies

You could make millions of dollars for yourself if you were wise enough to tell them, in advance, what will keep them moving.

Why did you pay to see "Little Women"?

Millions of you did pay, but why?

Was it because Katharine Hepburn was advertised as the star?

Was it because of the fame of Louisa Alcott's book? Does the success of this picture mean the return of cleanliness to the screen?

If you can answer these questions AND NOT MAKE A MISTAKE IN YOUR ANSWER—and if you can answer such questions before they are asked, you can make money in the movies!

The making of successful movies is the greatest

guessing game in all the world.

Hundreds of studio movie experts guessed, before it was put on the market, that "Little Women" would die the death of a dog.

Every studio in the land had a chance to produce "Little Women." All but one of them turned it down, for the reasons given above. They laughed at it. What! Produce "Little Women"?—a clean, old-fashioned, harmless, meaningless story? It was too absurd for words.

It was one of the biggest laughs which the insiders in the movie business have ever had-and it turned

out to be one of the biggest hits!

They were dead sure you would stay away from this picture by the million, but instead you paid to see it by the million.

They remembered the terrible failure of "Peter Pan" which was just as sugary and sweet as "Little Women." They were just positive you would reject anything of the sort.

But you didn't do it. You took it to your heart and you crowded the theaters to see it.

Why?

Was it because of Miss Hepburn? Was it because of the old fame of the book by Miss Alcott?

Was there something in the advertising which "got"

The editors are very anxious to find out the real WHY. They would like to tell the movie-makers what you like and why. This would be a real service.

This magazine will pay \$50 for the best letter of not more than 100 words on WHY you packed the theaters to see "Little Women." And \$10 each for the next five letters. In the event of a tie the same amount will be paid for each.

Have your letter here on or before March first, 1934. Only thirty days-but that is time enough to give us your answer.

The First SOVIET



The burden of the world is in her eyes as Anna Sten looks at the streets where she is a hunted woman.

The dramatic life story of Anna Sten, the unknown girl of wartorn Russia and how Samuel Goldwyn discovered her

A woman's eyes looked out of the screen in a darkened projection room in Hollywood, and the editors of New Movie Magazine realized that they were spectators at an historic event in motion picture history—the dawn of a new star. The occasion was the first private showing of the rushes of Mr. Goldwyn's new feature film of Anna Sten, the Soviet star of his discovery and development, in his sensational picturization of NANA, and the adjective "sensational" is not overworked. In its sheer drama of a woman's soul, the picture is breath-taking. Anna Sten is destined to rank as one of the greatest stars the screen has produced in all its colorful history. When you see her performance, as of course you will, you will appreciate just what we mean. And what is even more important than what Soviet Russia, in the person of Anna Sten, has contributed to American film history, is what American films have again contributed to the entertainment of the world in the daring of Mr. Goldwyn.—THE EDITORS.

HIS is the way Anna Sten's story should start. And properly it is the story of a story. One Sunday morning a Hollywood producer was reading The New York Times. As he turned its voluminous pages his attention was attracted to the rotogravure pictorial section. Suddenly his eyes gleamed. He looked at a certain picture more closely and drew a pencilled circle around it.

The producer's name was Samuel Goldwyn and the picture that had riveted his attention was that of Anna Sten—the first Soviet star to come out of storm-driven Russia. Within twenty-four hours, Mr. Goldwyn's scouts were sent to Europe in quest of Anna Sten. And what they had to report confirmed his first visualized impression. This unknown girl who had weathered all of the throes of a Russia trying to find itself through a storm of blood was an actress who might some day he rated as one of the world's greatest

day be rated as one of the world's greatest.

Promptly Mr. Goldwyn cabled, "Sign her up."
Came the answer, "But she does not know a word of English." And Mr. Goldwyn replied, "Makes no difference. We can teach her." Without the flicker of an eyelash he was shouldering an expense of fifteen hundred dollars a week—founded only on the conviction that he had found one of those rare women in the history of the world—a woman whose photographic acting could thrill millions. And you who know the history of motion pictures know there have been very few. But Samuel Goldwyn is a showman—

STAR

Anna Sten as Nana at the climax of her artistic career, due to the genius of the man she could not love.

(Below) Anna Sten as the impudent girl of the Paris streets to whom all men were legitimate prey.



By the Famous Radio Reporter

EDWIN C. HILL

You would never know what story he found for her. You may never have heard of Zola nor of Nana Maybe, he didn't-until the right picture synopsis was brought to his attention. And then he seized it-the soul-drama of a woman of the streets who through force of bitter circumstances works out her own tragic destiny. Fire—color—drama—the throb of a soul try-ing to find itself—Anna Sten could do it. But could she? Samuel Goldwyn was confident-confident with the ability of a creator who sees beyond man-made horizons.

And so he went to work in the privacy of Hollywood, where in spite of all publicity nobody ever knows just what is really going on. And now, after two years, you may see just how far right or just how far wrong he was. But forgetting for the moment the Anna Sten picture let us look at the life story of the woman you

will see in the film whose name may be one of the world's household words. It begins back in 1910.

In that year, in the ancient city of Kiev, on the banks of the Dnieper, a daughter was born to a Swedish mother and a Ukrainian father. The coming of the child interfered with (Please turn to page 83)

a sublime showman. He can see things which he can't

Hunt

explain in words.

And he was willing to back with his own money his judgment-which most people would have told him was crazy. So Anna Sten came to America and greeted the ship news reporters with only the few words in English which she could say with an effort, while Mr. Goldwyn waited for her in Hollywood to put her into a picture whose name he did not even know because he had not yet found it.

And in the meantime he had contracted to pay her fifteen hundred dollars a week while she was doing her best to learn English and he was ransacking the earth for a picture to put her in. But that is Samuel

Goldwyn.



MY LIFE UNTIL NOW

As told to ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Y life's been a lot like a scenic railway ride-one continuous succession of ups and downs.

Four years ago, just before I played "Butch" in "The Big House," I couldn't have sold my screen prospects for a plugged nickel. To-day, with a contract that pays me the biggest salary I've ever earned, I may be excused if I find life very agreeable. As far as that's concerned, I

always have, no matter what my situation has been.

Lady Luck's been very kind—and I thank her for her socks to the jaw as

heartily as for her smiles.

I've been so poor that I couldn't buy half-soles for my one pair of worn-out shoes—and, by contrast, I've had nearly a million salted away. I've been a screen failure twice—and I've been a star three times. I've swung a pick

with a railroad section gang—and to my sorrow, I've been a bank director.
Ups and downs. A failure today and a success tomorrow! That's the show business—and that's life at its best, no matter what a man's job

happens to be.

I've been in pictures more than twenty years, which is just about four times as long as the average screen actor lasts—and I believe the reason I've survived so long is that I've never taken myself very seriously. I have a good "rebound." I've always taken things as they come, made the best of them and never wasted any time wailing over spilled milk or lost opportunities. After all, it isn't what a man owns that counts; it's how much he enjoys living! What makes a difference whether a man's a screen star at \$2500 a week or a ditch-digger at thirty cents an hour, provided he gets his share of belly-laughs every day?

I've had more than my share of laughs, just as I've had more than my share of ups and downs. No matter what happens, I can never be poorer than I have been—so why worry? It's the downs that place a premium on

the ups. Life's like a screen drama; it needs sharp contrasts to make it interesting and enjoyable.

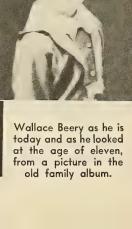
When I was a kid, my folks were as poor as church-mice. My father was a cop, pounding one of the toughest beats in Kansas City, Missouri, for less than a hundred dollars a month-hardly enough to keep the family in food, let alone clothes. We knew all about poverty—and we knew all about laughter. The Beerys, dirt poor as they were, were a mighty happy family.

Until I was old enough to earn money of my own, I never had a suit which was bought especially for me. My father's cast-off uniforms furnished his sons' wardrobes. They were cut down, first for Bill, my oldest brother, then for Noah and

finally, in a decidedly threadbare condition, for me.

I've always been glad that I was born and raised in a "tough" neighborhood, that my parents were unable to give me spending money and that I learned the necessity of work while I was still a youngster. I've always been glad that my father was unsentimental enough to deal in hard-boiled facts instead of in theories.

I learned, almost before I'd cut my baby teeth, that this is a fighter's world, a place where a man must make his own way, take it on the chin if he has to, and never whimper. My father was a kindly, understanding man, in spite of his gruff "front," but Lord, how he despised a whiner! He gave Bill and Noah and me more love than any one of us deserved, he was ready to sympathize with us in all our troubles, but he wouldn't tolerate any evidence of self-pity. And he never allowed his love to



The first authorized true life story from the man who has been the hero of one of the most remarkable careers in the films



From the album of the Wallace Beery family. When the aunt of Mrs. Beery died, three children were left, whom Watly decided to raise. Reading from left to right, they are: - George, Carol Ann, and little Wallace.

interfere with his sense of duty and justice. If he promised us a thrashing, we got it. We learned that a man has to pay the price for his own mistakes and that last-minute pleadings and repentance won't lighten the penalty. That's a lesson which is better learned as a kid than as an adult.

Thanks to our poverty, I also learned the value of a dollar—another lesson I've never forgotten. It's unjust, perhaps, but nevertheless true that the world measures a man by his bank account—even here in Hollywood where half of the population is perpetually

ranting about "art for art's sake."

Most important of all, I learned that the easiest way to get money is to work for it.

It's only by accident that I'm a successful actor. A man's life road is so cut up by intersections, forks and by-paths that Chance invariably determines his destination. But no matter where he eventually arrives or what the nature of his work may be, he's mighty apt to be happy if he's learned never to shirk a fight, never to whimper if he's whipped and never to cheat on his job.

The one gentle influence in my boyhood was my mother. She was happy enough with her own lot, but she was determined that her sons should have "ad-vantages." She wanted us to be refined, cultured, in short, to grow up as gentlemen. I'm afraid I must have

been a terrible trial to her, for it was a rare day that I came home from school without torn clothes or a black eye to prove that I'd

been in a fight.

She wanted all three of us to have fine educations, and all three of us disappointed her. Bill didn't do badly; he finished high school. Noah finished the seventh grade. I managed to race through the third grade-in eight years-before my

hatred of everything connected with school got the best of the promises I'd made to my mother.

I played hookey for nearly three months before my folks found it out. Every morning I'd leave home with the rest of the kids, and every evening I'd come home at four o'clock. But, in the meantime, I was "riding the rods" on the Santa Fe and the Chicago. Milwaukee and St. Paul trains from Kansas City to their roundhouses in Sheffield, twenty-five miles away.

A policeman, one of my father's friends, saw me and recognized me one day. Naturally he went to my parents and they started an investigation that soon revealed all the facts. I realized that I was in for

trouble, and, for the only time in my life, I tried to dodge the issue. I ran away.

I rode the rods to St. Louis, Chicago and, finally, to Mobile, Alabama. I slept in hobo jungles, panhandled and did odd jobs whenever I could find odd jobs to do. I remember stopping early one morning at an Alabama farm house to ask for a hand-out. A tall hatchet-faced woman came to the door, gave me one sour look and pointed to the wood shed. I got the breakfast, all right—but not until after I'd sawe! enough firewood to last that family for the rest of the

Wallace Beery Says:

"I've been so poor that I couldn't buy half-soles for my worn-out shoes—and I've had nearly a million dollars salted away." In this unusual life story he tells you the intimate facts of the ups and downs that he has known

year.

In all, I bummed for nearly two months. I was a big, overgrown kid, tough as they come, and I think I'd have enjoyed it if it hadn't been for thinking about my mother. I knew how deeply I must have hurt her and how worried she must be.

One night in Mobile I went into a little restaurant to see if I could wash dishes for my supper. The woman who owned the place was Please turn to page 72)

Here's To Villa!





WALLACE SMITH

Wallace Smith has traveled to the far points of the compass and has seen life in every phase which he has translated vividly with pen and brush. The reason why he has been able to transfer so glowingly to the printed page his conceptions of the characters in the M-G-M picture, Viva Villa! is because he has lived through all of its wild, stirring scenes.

Pancho Villa, himself, the hero and one time dictator of Mexico, as portrayed by our own Wallace Beery. In a role that he himself would have selected as one of those best suited to portray his own inimitable personality as the dictator of the M-G-M stirring motion picture, Viva Villa!

Drawings by WALLACE SMITH

A PICTURE STORY OF A REMARKABLE FILM



My MISTAKES



A famous star gives her frank revelations of what her marriage and her career have taught her

By JOAN CRAWFORD

As told to Nanette Kutner

URING the past few years I've made more mistakes than most people make during a lifetime. When you ask me to tell you about those mistakes, I grow dizzy. Honestly, I don't know which to select, there are so many of them. And yet . . . I am not ashamed because I've learned, learned a great deal. The real fool is the person who keeps right on making the same mistakes.

I know this.... I know when a mistake is not a mistake. My marriage to Douglas was definitely not a mistake. It was a beautiful experience. Only one who has been married

can truly understand what I mean.

But in my marriage to Douglas I did make two terribly grave mistakes. I'm sorry for those mistakes now, very sorry, but nevertheless I know that my future life is bound to profit by them.

At the time we make our mistakes they usually seem reasonable and occasionally altogether unavoidable, but there is no justification in repeating them. People rarely burn themselves twice in the same way, and so a second marriage can only benefit by the mistakes made in a first.

During my marriage to Douglas the biggest mistake I made was not being possessive enough. I had watched, with growing loathing, the horrors in the lives of others who selfishly are too possessive. I had seen too many marriages, in Hollywood and elsewhere, fail because of a possessive wife or a husband

or a mother.
"The Silver Cord," with Laura Hope Crews' unforgettable and marvelous portrayal of that possessive mother, impressed me to such an extent that I went to see the play twice and the picture once.

I even made up my mind that if I should ever have a child, when it reached the age of eleven, I would deliberately send it away from me. When I

have a child, when it reached the age of eleven, I would deliberately send it away from me. When I was only eleven I had to fight my own battles in this world. I had to work my way through school. It didn't hurt me, either. I believe that independence hardens you, gives you courage.

And so in my life with Douglas I firmly determined to avoid possessiveness. The funny part, and I guess it was pathetic too, was that no matter how much I wanted to possess him, I just wouldn't allow myself to do so. Very often when the feeling was the strongest I acted the coolest. After all, acting is strongest, I acted the coolest. After all, acting is my business, and when I Please turn to page 73)

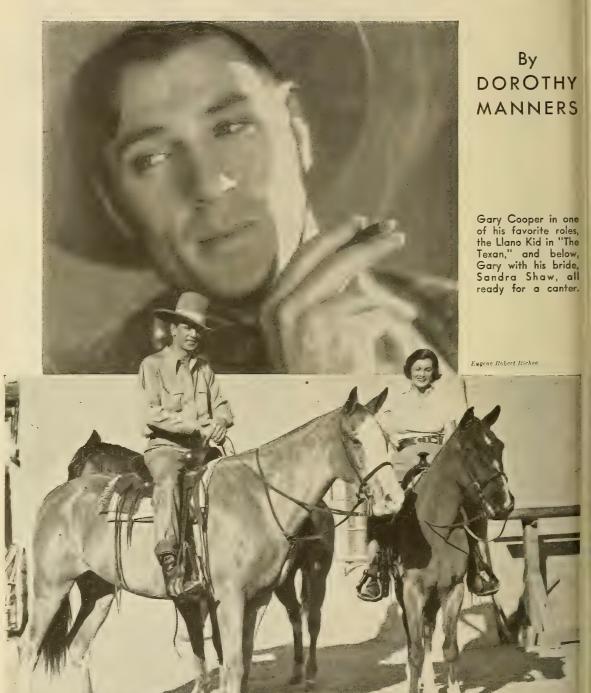
BLOND DYNAMO



None other than our own Jean Harlow and just as bewitching as ever. Her new M-G-M picture is to be with beloved Marie Dressler and what a title to live up to—"Living in a Big Way."

I(l,a)/I,per

The LOVE STORY



Wide World

of GARY COOPER

The hero of "The Virginian" enacts in real life the romantic role which made him famous, and flies across the country to win the society girl of his choice

O you remember the romantic story of "The Virginian," that classic of Owen Wister's, of the cowboy who came out of the great open spaces to woo and win the society girl who seemed to go and win the society girl who seemed so far out of his reach, and whose patrician family had to pass upon his merits before they would sanction the wedding?

Well, that was the first motion picture which won Gary Cooper fame, and at the time he was acting it little did he dream that the day would come when he would be essaying the role of the hero of the film story,

in real life.

But that is just what has happened in his tempestuous romance with the tall, gray-eyed girl whose professional name is Sandra Shaw, from the bluest blood of Park Avenue

in New York City.

Like Owen Wister's beloved hero, the original "Virginian" whose film enactment by Gary Cooper made thousands of feminine hearts flutter, Gary, the tall, lean, rather shy, onetime cowboy of the western ranges faced the ordeal of inquisition by the relatives of the girl to whom he had given his heart. Unlike the original "Virginian" he came from Hollywood to New York by the most modern means of transportation, the airplane.

He could not wait for more prosaic means of travel. He flew from coast to coast and in those hours high above mountains and rivers who can say what trepidation and uncertainty were in his heart at the prospects of the reception that would await him

upon his landing

It was "The Virginian" come to life out of the pages of a great novel and out of the reels of a great motion picture, but it was a hero just as vibrant with human emotion and just as much in love with the girl of his choice and just as willing to stake his all on

the chance of winning her.
Since it was the film of "The Virginian" which first started Gary Cooper on his way to success, it is sentimentally fitting that his paralleling the plot in real life should climax one of the most talked about love romances

of Hollywood.

Gary Cooper has been one of the most discussed and one of the most sought after bachelors of the film capital. Many persons have tried to explain him—both men and women but none with any degree of success. And finally those who knew him best were on the point of abandoning the analysis and resigning themselves to the fact that Gary had a bachelor heart impregnable to the arrows of Cupid.

When love did (Please turn to page 75)



Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw in Hollywood just before she took off by plane to await him for their wedding.

The New Movie Magazine, March, 1934

HOLLYWOOD'S ROARING 40's



May Robson



Marie Dressler

ACK in the Victorian age; in fact as late as the beginning of the World War, a woman was practically through at forty. If she was a wife and mother she was expected dutifully to settle down to a peaceful life of cooking, sewing and general housekeeping, with only the hope of a renewed youth beyond Peter's gates. But though thus condemned to the ash heap it was admitted that within themselves women of forty still had ideas, unexpressed inhibitions, suppressed follies! They termed it the dangerous age.

To use a familiar quotation, much water has passed under the bridge since those days—and much dynamite has exploded in all directions! Traditions have been blasted. Age-old laws blown to Purgatory. A new moral code erected. Women have successfully gone into business, have taken to smoking, and have even donned trousers!

Not only did the emancipation of women take place in the world of affairs-but an even greater and more visible change has taken place in the women of Hollywood. It may truthfully be said that Hollywood through its medium of reaching so many millions of people has helped to speed the acceptance of the new

woman in the modern age.

In this gradual evolution of type, the ideal age, which every woman coveted, climbed from sweet sixteen to the rounder woman covered, chimbed from sweet sixteen to the Founder number of thirty. Pickford's youthfulness went out of fashion completely with the rise of Garbo to the Hollywood throne. Garbo represented woman in the full bloom of her life; sophisticated, wise, mysterious, enticing. Even Mary Pickford realized this when she renounced child roles. Women were no longer ashamed to be thirty, and show it. In some cases if they looked younger they deliberately added on years with heavy make-up, longer skirts, and a blase expression.

All very well for the women under thirty. But what about the women who were already sighting forty—discovering fifty finding themselves in the shallow harbor of sixty, from which

To this question there seemed to be no answer. Then Marie Dressler played "Marty" with Garbo in "Anna Christie," and overnight became the national idol. The barrier of youth was



RAMON

ROMERO

Billie Burke

Above, Louise Dresser

The dangerous age that some women are achieving opens the new gates of fame in the city of the cinema



Mary Boland

broken: the autumn of life idealized on twenty-five thousand motion picture screens. Old ladies' homes became the new talent hunting grounds of motion picture scouts, and millions of American homes were suddenly paying attention to Grandmother, wondering if they had another Marie Dressler in the family!

The vogue was set—and along came Alison Skipworth, Edna May Oliver, Beryl Mercer, Henrietta Crosman, May Robson, and the late, lamented Louise Closser Hale.

But forty was an age that Hollywood had slighted. Millions of women drifting hopelessly in the midstream of life, wanted representation on the screen, wanted a voice with which to speak their new found sentiments; a voice with which to shout from the housetops of the world that forty was no longer the dangerous age.

Years ago, yet not so many at that, Broadway roared at Mary Boland's antics in "The Cradle Snatchers" and "The Torch Bearers." In both she played flighty women half way through life. The Great White Way acclaimed her a star.

While ingenues and leading women looked on in envy, Mary Boland watched her name grow larger and larger in the fickle electric lights. In spite of her success however, Hollywood made no bids for her services. Not that Mary Boland cared much.

She had made a few silent pictures which she remembers as dismal failures. In those days she tried to be, oh so dramatic. And in those post-nickelodeon days she was too old to play anything but character parts, even though she was in her thirties. Audiences liked their heroines coated with sugar B. T. (Before



Alice Brady



Hedda Hopper



Blossom Seeley

Talkies) when "Salvation Nell" was still the model heroine—and the matter-of-fact Boland could imitate anything but pastry. At that she called it quits.

Came a depression—and Broadway went hurdy-gurdy. Ambitious push-cart peddlers from Herring-Row stood out in front of dark, empty theaters and sold shoe laces, or something almost as bad. The storehouses of Manhattan were

empty theaters and sold shoe laces, or something almost as bad. The storehouses of Manhattan were filled to the ceilings with rotting scenery. Funeral wreaths were literally being hung out on once busy box offices. The Boland eyes looked West—almost wistfully.

Paramount beckoned with a juicy contract—and Mary gave in. It was not the first time in her life that someone had said to her, "you can be had," (note: please credit Mae West)—but it was the most significant.

Her second debut in motion pictures was as different from her first as a pickle is from a water-melon. At that, her first debut was a pickle, as sour as vinegar could make it. But, as you know, the watermelon has borne seeds. It's a silly comparison. I admit, but then isn't Hollywood success sort of silly, too? No logic at all—just luck and circumstances and changing conditions.

That's what Mary Boland calls this new found glory; luck and circumstances and changed conditions. Luck, because the Broadway slump happened just about the time that Paramount had a part open in which they thought she would be magnificent.

If a manager had offered (Please turn to page 79)



ACROBAT

The story of Cary Grant who ran away from home, became a tumbler, and finally ended in the movies with his name in electric lights

By HARRY B. BLAIR

OMEWHERE in New York City, right off Columbus Circle, the landlady of a rooming-house is helding a trunk for non-payment of rent. The trunk belonged to a penniless young actor called Archie Leach, who doesn't exist any more. In his place is the handsome, confident Cary Grant of the films, the sleek, well-groomed young screen personality whose sunny countenance suggests a life singularly free from all worldly care.

Yet such is far from the case. Cary Grant has known what it is to be without friends, money or even a place to sleep. Not for one day, but many weary weeks on end. Grubbing occasional meals at the National Vaudeville Club. Listening to the dreary, droning "nothing doing today," in the daily monotonous round of the casting offices.

I knew Cary in those days and he was just as handsome and capable as he is now. A little more eager, perhaps. Taking it on the chin like the real man that he is.

After being ejected from his lodging house, he sought the comforts of a park bench and an occasional hand-out. Yet, somehow, he always managed to keep up appearances. Then a kindly disposed agent, (there are such) by the name of Jimmy Ashley, let the ambitious youngster sleep in his offices, over the Winter Garden, on Broadway. Jimmy Ashley has since gone on to his reward, but his memory still lives in the grateful heart of Cary Grant.

in the grateful heart of Cary Grant.

It was this same agent who got him a part in "Oh, Mamma," a forgotten musical which never reached Broadway. However, it meant making the jump from vaudeville to musical comedy for Cary and convinced him that, given the right opportunity, he might develop into a real actor.

The previous Summer he had tramped the length of Coney Island's famous boardwalk, perched on stilts, a living advertisement for Steeplechase Pier. To his credit, let it be said that he is not ashamed of this fact and has never sought to hide it

Back on Broadway for the fall theatrical season, he landed atmosphere work in one of the R. H. Burnside extravaganzas which helped to make the old Hippodrome famous. That, too, was a step forward in Cary's transition from acrobat to actor. For it was as an acrobat that he first came to America, a dozen years ago, after running away from his home in England.

The only son of a Bristol tailor, his mother had died when he was eleven years old. Neither of his parents had any connection with the stage although his grandfather, Sir Percival Leach, was famous throughout Great Britain as an

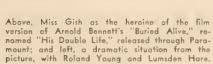
A friend of the family was stage electrician at the Bristol Hippodrome and it was through him that young Archie Leach, who was later to be re-christened Cary Grant by Paramount Pictures, got his first (*Please turn to page* 82)

WELCOME BACK

LILLIAN GISH

You might be surprised, Miss Gish, to know how many thousands will cordially echo the sentiment, "Greetings!" when they see your outstanding performance in your new Paramount film, "His Double Life," and realize that you have come to take your place again as one of the beloved stars of pictures.





I call Dad "Pete," says



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., declares, "My father has meant nothing and everything to me." Young Doug is shown here just arriving in Hollywood to do "Success Story" for RKO.

T is a wise father that knows his own child," leers Shakespeare in one of his Elizabethan "Follies" black-outs. But wiser yet is the son who really knows his father. Few do.

The fictionally pictured father-and-son relationship is rare as desert rain, for the sad and simple reason that the two enjoy no interests in common. Witness the blight with which dear old Dad's presence clouds a youthful gathering. And note the embarrassing gaiety of the Old Grad, and the bored, pitying condescension of the youngsters at the frolic following the Big Game.

With Mother and the girls it's different. Women all, they scheme, design and connive against man, the common enemy. But the "stout feller" comradery of father and son exists only in the sentimentalities of the much-read Warwick Deeping. I certainly thank

The brilliant son of a brilliant father tells frankly just what the two have meant to each other

heaven, my boyhood was free of it!
Yet my father was a typical boyhood idol. As a very young man he married my mother, Anna Beth Sully. He was only twenty-five when I was born. He had been in the theater since his eighteenth year. My first consciousness of life established him as a Big Shot.

He was a hero out of Alger—good-looking, daring, athletic, popular, successful. In an abstract, impersonal way I adored him.

Of course, I took him quite for granted, never a childish thought as to his whys and wherefores, but I was proud that in some mysterious way he was connected with the household.

I was pointed out as his son. I basked pleasurably in reflected glory. I never recall a time when his words and pictures weren't published. It seemed perfectly natural for him to be Head Man. And in reality he was ruler of a realm, the glamorous monarch of the movies.

Among the kids, there were those who were a bit hazy on kings and presidents, but nary a one but that knew Douglas Fairbanks. I was certain he could lick all other fathers. And after seeing him slay a hundred villains on the screen, other sons enviously agreed. He was something to brag about. Never but once did he let me down.

One day at the studio we met a professional track athlete, "the fastest human" of all time. There was much talk about his prowess, and I, certain that the superman who came to our house each evening could best any opponent at anything,

urged my father to show up this pretender. But to my chagrin there was no race. Then, as now, Hollywood was shy a sense of humor.

I recall wondering vaguely why my father wasn't President. I think I decided then that it couldn't be such a desirable job, or that maybe this famous father of mine hadn't the time to bother with it. Perhaps these little incidents convey an idea of what my father meant to me when I was in the confused mental state that occurs with a youngster's first consciousness of life.

I imagine that in those days my father was rather fond of me. I don't believe he was hard ridden by paternal instinct. But I, too, was something to brag about. He had that strange masculine pride in the offspring created in his image. My mere being was flattering to him. He liked showing me off, like a

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

The editors have asked me to say something on the recently revealed situation existing between Mary and my father. It is a condition about which I know next to nothing as it has always seemed to be none of my business, and I have kept my nose out of it. Any comment from me about it would seem, to me at least, presumptuous.

Consequently, I know I will be forgiven

for my silence.

(Signed)



bench dog born and bred in the home kennels. And, like a prize pup, to be handed over to the grooms when

the association palled a bit.

We had our romps together, though. He displayed a proper, if somewhat casual, parental interest in my educational beginnings and general welfare. He provided, and correctly presumed that I had the best of everything. And he didn't permit the accident of fatherhood to interfere too greatly with his design for living. He was, after all, a man of affairs.

From my tenth month to my tenth year, he unselfishly included me in four European jaunts. Then came one of those all too common, unavoidable adult situations that so tragically influence juvenile lives. My parents separated. To me the immediate result was the abridgment of my brief association with my father.

Of course, we visited together upon occasion, but the occasions grew less frequent. The slight bond of



"My father will now find out for the first time that I know his failing for stealing my ties," confides 'Jayar.'

Mary Pickford announces that she will start a stage career in a new Broadway play in which she will star.

home intimacies was definitely severed. From that day to this we have led distinct and separate lives. Since then months, indeed years, have passed without more than a casual glimpse of each other.

I went to school, had tutors, and continued to be Douglas Fairbanks, Junior—a title I came to abhor. But everywhere I continued to hear and read of him. He remained one of the "Three Musketeers," a "Robin Hood," a "Thief of Bagdad," one of the Olympians. Of course he influenced my choice of a career. His mere existence did that. With a father's footsteps so plain to follow, a son would have been ridiculous to look further. And if further argument was necessary,

his violent objection clinched my determination. He objected as only Douglas Fairbanks can. There was no common ground for argument and reason. I failed utterly to visualize him as the lad of yesterday who had leapt from a school-house window in answer to the call of a spring day, and he never returned. He wasn't to me the adventurous kid who sailed from Europe on a cattle boat. He was just the Old Man of the Tribe, once removed. What he said was spin-ach—and to hell with it!

Wisely, and fortunately for me, he stuck to his guns as I did to mine. Thus I was denied affiliation with his company, and the coddling protection of the parental wing. I stood squarely as possible on my own two feet. Naturally, (Please turn to page 77)

NEW PICTURES You



A famous writer gives you his frank opinions of the most talked about films and players of the month. You may not agree with Mr. Van de Water but you will admit he has the courage of his convictions.

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

OME day, some intelligent leader in the film industry is going to learn that movie audiences are intelligent, too. After that happens, all pictures will be better than most of this month's offerings. In addition, the leader who makes this dis-

covery is going to make a lot of money.

To Hollywood, the average picture-goer in this overpatient land is still a gum-chewing, adenoidal, pop-eyed innocent with nothing worth mentioning between his eyebrows and his bald spot. That's why calamities like "White Woman," "If I Were Free," "Gallant Lady," "The Chief," "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Worst Woman in Paris" happen.

The film industry still cherishes a nickelodeon frame

of mind.

It overlooks the fact that the people who, a quarter century ago, flocked to a made-over livery stable to see a novelty are only remotely related to the millions who now give many millions yearly to be thrilled or amused by picture plays—and too frequently are disappointed.

Audiences have changed much more than the pictures they see. Audiences today present a complete cross section of American intelligence—and American intelligence, in spite of moans by Henry L. Mencken and others, is considerably above the average of the rest of the world. The picture racket hasn't found that out yet.

Much of the improvement in films has been wholly technical. Lighting is finer; photography is better and there's the sound track, too. Apart from these advances, two out of every five picture plays still resemble something made by Vitagraph in the heyday

of Harry Morey.

Jack Holt, an excellent actor, still is doing nickelodeon stuff—with sound. His "Master of Men" proves it. As able a cast as you could wish to see takes that stage hit, "The Vinegar Tree," and by spasms of overacting, turns out something called "Should Ladies Behave." Why was this photoplay half ruined by the violent cavorting of the cast? None of them would have burlesqued her role or his role on the stage but. you see, unless points are over-emphasized, they might be missed. Movie audiences are so dumb.

be missed. Movie audiences are so dumb.

We aren't so dumb. We are amazingly patient, but we aren't stupid. We suffer in silence through linear miles of misused celluloid but we are stirred, probably more easily than any other people on earth, by even a faint flavor of that greatness of which moving pic-

tures are capable.

We absorb vast amounts of tripe—not because we like it but because we get it. That doesn't make

us dumb.

Who discovered "Three Little Pigs?" Not the film company which twice denied Walt Disney's wish to make it. Not the advance ballyhoo, for there was none. We, the movie audience, identified it as one of the most perfect bits of nonsense in the world.

"Henry VIII" and "Little Women," both films that

"Henry VIII" and "Little Women," both films that appeal to intelligence, are enormous hits. The three

best productions this month—"Counsellor at Law,"
"Dancing Lady" and "His Double Life"—are successes
because brains went into them. Everyone concerned
with each of these pictures gave the public credit for
intellect and appreciation of art. Only three outstanding films in a month among so many which vary from
pretty fair to terrible, is no great compliment to
picture-goers or picture-makers.

All that the mute and patient movie audiences hopes for is something that stimulates brain and heart as

well as eyes and ears.

We hope for it so persistently and we get it so seldom,



Greta Garbo as Queen Christina of Sweden, but Mr. Van de Water says the role of queen doesn't fit her. What do you think?

Queen Christina—A

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Released by M-G-M

THIS picture is about one-half as good as all the advance whoop-de-doo said it was going to be—which still leaves it a good picture. It has passages of real beauty and power. Its defects aren't the fault of any single person. The responsibility for them must be borne by all concerned.

"Queen Christina" is not the greatest of Greta

"Queen Christina" is not the greatest of Greta Garbo's characterizations. I'll probably be lynched for saying so, but Miss Garbo is actually an actress of definite limitations. The role of a Seventeenth Century Queen of Sweden simply doesn't fit her. Majesty

is beyond her.

She moves through this film with the smoldering grace of a sulky cat and only in her love scenes with the Spanish Ambassador (John Gilbert) she displays that glamour which has won her such immense fame. Miss Garbo can portray the love-smitten or worldweary woman exquisitely. As a monarch who domi-

Should See and Why

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Average)

Counsellor of Law Dancing Lady His Double Life

Advice to the Lovelorn Convention City Girl Without a Room

Sitting Pretty The Inv . ble Man

Alice in Wonderland Going Hollywood If I Were Free Master of Men

Roman Scandals

Should Lad es Behave Take a Chance

Flying Down to Pio Gallant Lady The Chief

The Worst Woman in Paris White Woman

nates a turbulent court, she is less successful. Mr. Gilbert, however, comes out of his long eclipse

most satisfactorily. He was one of the screen idols whom the talkies threw into the discard. After long, involuntary exile, he got this opportunity to return to films only after a number of leading men had been tried out with Miss Garbo and had failed to satisfy her. The star has reason to be proud of her selection for Mr. Gilbert acts with skill and seems wholly comfortable in Seventeenth Century raiment.

The rest of the cast are less at ease. When you put the average inmate of Hollywood into a costume, he begins at once to declaim and nothing sort of an act of God can stop him. In "Queen Christina," the Al-mighty has not seen fit to intervene, and often the characters recite their lines a little like students in

The film is intelligently, if not elaborately staged.

Mr. Mamoulian's direction is adequate—and no more than that.

High Spots: The love scenes between Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert. . . . The unfurling sails on the ship that is carrying Christina into exile. . . . The superclose-up of Miss Garbo's face at the picture's end.

Sore Spots: The long and ponderous speeches. . A mob ranging the streets of Stockholm with never a woman rioter among their hundreds.

John Barrymore in "Counsellor at Law," has never risen quite so high in all of his movie roles.

Counsellor at Law—AA

Directed by William Wyler. Released by Universal

THIS drama of a few violent days in the life of a criminal lawyer is one of the reasons so many people still go to the movies. It's better to suffer under many bad films than to miss so splendid a photoplay. In "Counsellor at Law," acting, setting and story all are hallmarked by intelligence and the skill of the director has blended them into triumph.

You'll forget, I think, while you watch events in the office of George Simon (John Barrymore) unfold before you, that these are mere shadows on a screen. The speed and power of the picture will pull you into its drama, almost bodily. That is all the movies, the stage or any form of art can do for its followers. "Counsellor at Law" is something to make even the most violent critic of the films hush his noise.

It would be difficult to praise all the members of an almost perfect cast as much as each deserves and besides, being cinema actors, excessive tribute might embarrass them. Mr. Barrymore, Bebe Daniels as his adoring secretary and Doris Kenyon as his spoiled and

adoring secretary and Doris Kenyon as his spoiled and selfish wife give flawless performances. Furthermore, no picture ever has had bits of character, atmosphere and humor more deftly handled by minor actors.

John Qualen as "Breitstein," a reformed crook, has a three-minute appearance that should be remembered for at least three years. Vincent Sherman as a youngster suffering from an overdose of Communism is memorable too. So are a half dozen more.

John Barrymore, in all his countless movie roles, has never risen quite so high. As the crafty lawyer who

never risen quite so high. As the crafty lawyer who later is bedevilled by threat of disbarment, he reiterates his right to the title of the screen's foremost character actor. Next to him, probably. William Wyler deserves the loudest hosannah for direction as close to per-fection as anything human can be.

High Spots: Simon, confronted by the ghost of his own past crookedness. . . . MacFadden (John Hammon Dailey) explaining to Simon how disbarment proceedings may be averted. . . . Simon dragged back from the brink of suicide by the chance to defend a steel magnate's son against a murder charge.



Charlotte Henry is lovely in "Alice in Wonderland," but the film loses much of the charm of the book.

The Most Fearless and Honest

Alice in Wonderland-B

Directed by Norman McLeod. Released by Paramount

IF Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," had ever heard of movie rights, he might have done a poorer book that would have made a better film. The picturization of his nonsense classic only shows that words still can do things to the imagination that the



Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals," and there is going to be a big difference of opinion about how funny he is.

cinema, so far, can't accomplish. It is unexplainable, but nevertheless true.

There isn't anything really wrong with the celluloid "Alice in Wonderland." It is as faithful a transcription of the book as anyone could expect. There certainly is nothing wrong with the film's Alice, beautifully played by Charlotte Henry. The settings are excellent and the cast is composed of most of the present stars in Hollywood and a lot of old timers whom we used to know long years ago, like Alec B. Francis, Ford Sterling and Mos Moreh or well

ing and Mae Marsh, as well.

The fact is that Carroll's dream story is something that can't well be transferred to film. It is jumpy and inconsequential and defies dramatic treatment. Furthermore, three quarters of the actors and actresses speak their parts from behind masks. You don't appreciate how important a thing facial expression is until there isn't any.

"Alice in Wonderland" turns out to be more of a marionette show than a movie. For children or those who still love the book, there will be many moments when it will seem as though Tenniel's illustrations actually have come to life.

There are other bits that will rouse the indignation of Lewis Carroll worshippers—the backward paddling duck with a steam whistle voice in the mock-turtle scene; trees playing their branches and supplying music; the presence of a large black octopus in the walrus and carpenter sequence.

For the person who hasn't read "Alice in Wonderland" at all, much of the film will be just plain boresome.

Roman Scandals—B

Directed by Frank Tuttle. Released by United Artists

N O one is going to get a prize for originality as far as this film's story is concerned. It is merely a Roman variation of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Eddie Cantor plays a delivery boy who dreams that he is a slave in the time of the Emperor Valerius. There are magnificent settings, a stirring chariot race, several songs and a lot of humor, some of it good.

Mr. Van de Water's Awards of Merit for UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of unfeatured players who this month gave outstanding performances.)

UNA O'CONNOR, for her innkeeper's wife in "The Invisible Man."

MARY ASTOR, for her hard-boiled saleswoman in "Convention City."

STERLING HOLLOWAY, for his goofy office boy in "Advice to the Lovelorn."

THE NAMELESS JAP, for his truly comic gardener in "Should Ladies Behave."

JOHN HALLIDAY, for his human man-about-town

in "The House on 56th Street."

JOHN QUALEN, for his frightened crook in "Counsellor at Law."

VINCENT SHERMAN, for his wild-eyed Communist in "Counsellor at Law."

MAY ROBSON, for the deaf old grandmother in "Dancing Lady."

NILS ASTHER, for his villainous husband in "If I Were Free."

WALTER CONNOLLY, for his fat financier in "Master of Men."

LUMSDEN HARE, for his art dealer in "His Double Life."

NED SPARKS, for his movie director in "Going Hollywood."

This querulous citizen is not wholly qualified for the art of film reviewing—which makes him even with most of his colleagues. Among his handicaps is the fact that he is unable to laugh, unless tickled violently, during most of the various antics of movie comedians.

To the vast majority that considers Mr. Cantor unfailingly funny, "Roman Scandals" probably will be a delight. Even to the benighted who can take him or leave him alone, there is much to recommend this picture to your attention. There would be more if the film were several hundred feet shorter. It is too slow in getting under way. It drags deplorably at the start. But the staging is grand, the songs are good and there is real beauty and skill in the ensemble numbers.



Bing Crosby and Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." Some good music, but are the movies going vaudeville?

Picture Reviews of the Month

The plot, what there is of it, deals with the effort of Cantor, the Roman slave, to free the British princess Sylvia (Gloria Stuart) from Valerius (Edward Arnold). The cast includes Ruth Etting, the radio star, in a blond wig.

Even with the applause of a pre-view audience ringing in my ears, I still think the picture is only one-

third as funny as everyone else says it is. High Spots: Cantor singing "We'll Build a Little Home" . . . The pursuit of the fleeing lovers by the Emperor's charioteers.

His Double Life—AA

Directed by William DeMille and Arthur Hopkins. Released by Paramount

THIS dismally renamed version of Arnold Bennett's play, "Buried Alive" is anything but dismal, apart from its inane title. It is high comedy, finely directed and in it Lillian Gish and Roland Young do some of the most delightful and skillful acting you are likely to see on stage or screen this year. The film is also significant because it marks the return of Miss Gish to the screen; and it can be said without exaggeration a triumphant return.

In this film story of a genius who feared publicity so much that he took the name of his dead valet and married the lady with whom the valet had been corresponding, Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer, takes his lessons in movie directing under the guidance of the veteran William DeMille. By the result, Mr. DeMille is a good guide and his pupil an apt student.

Mr. Young, creator of so many mentally retarded characters, does the best work of his career as the shy, high-strung painter of great pictures. His is a part in which the temptation to overact is great. Mr. Young plays with delicacy and insight and a touch of

inspiration.

Lillian Gish's role is just as praiseworthy. And she has achieved that which to most actresses would be impossible—a return to conquer anew the fields in which she reigned as mistress when only in her teens. This could not be unless she were born an artist. As the practical, calm minded Mrs. Hunter whom Priam Farrell (Mr. Young) married, she plays her role with a clear and lovely simplicity which rouses laughter often close to tears. She has the art that can fill the words of a simple line like "What difference does it make?" with sheer beauty.

The rest of the cast is more than good, notably Lumsden Hare, who brings distinction to the small



Lee Tracy again as the reporter in "Advice to the Lovelorn." And there is only one Lee Tracy who can do it.

part of an art dealer. The direction has the deftness of experience and intelligence. The result of all this :- a picture you should not miss. High Spots: Farrell attending his own funeral at

Westminster Abbey and weeping for himself. . Farrell's wife repelling obnoxious callers by perfect serenity. . . . The nightmare quality of the trial scene.



Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City." He is a highpressure salesman in one of his best roles.

Should Ladies Behave—B Directed by Harry Beaumont. Released by M-G-M

THERE is more than enough acting in this to fill a couple of films. Despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Conway Tearle, Katherine Alexander and Mary Carlisle in the cast, most of the acting is just plain bad.

Here, for once, is a story much, much better than the performances of those who portray it. The script, adapted from the stage success "The Vinegar Tree," is good and filled with fine situations. All these are not lost, but they are marred by the cast's resolution

to play cartoons instead of characters.

Lionel Barrymore can overcast less offensively than anyone else in Hollywood. As Augustus, a grouchy old husband of a younger, silly wife (Alice Brady), he does a reasonably good job that might have been better if it were more normal. All Miss Brady needs during much of her performance is a custard pie to make her characterization pure Mack Sennett. Miss Brady, an actress of high talent, should be the least bit ashamed. So should Katherine Alexander in the part of her much married sister.

When the cast tires of working so hard and behaves naturally, "Should Ladies Behave" is dramatic and moving. Such moments are too far apart to make it more than a fair film. Mr. Tearle as the fickle bachelor, Max, is less jittery than his associates and Miss Carlisle turns in a sincere performance. Only a short year ago, she was a fat-faced white-haired youngster of no visible talent. Now she is beginning to take

on the outline of an actress.

A Jap, hailed in the film as Tokio, does a clever, amusing bit as a gardener. No credit is given him in the list of the cast and the home office of M-G-M has no information concerning him. Apparently he just walked into the film by accident. It is a pity he did not stay in longer.

High Spots: Augustus trying to persuade his daughter, Leone (Miss Carlisle) not to clope with the elderly The farewell of Winifred (Miss Carlisle) to Max, her former lover.

(Please turn to page 85)

Class With a



Kay Francis in the new Warner Brothers picture, "Wonder Bar," which stars Al Joison.

What type of play do you think is best suited to Kay Francis? Do you agree with the answer that Miss Janis gives?

Ву ELSIE JANIS



HIS morning the local papers carry an interesting item about films. "Kay Francis to play the role in Mandalay that Ruth Chatterton refused. Chatterton tired of playing bad ladies."

The announcement goes on to say that Ruth's husband, George Brent, will play

with Kay in Mandalay.

By the time you read this, Mandalay will probably have become Labrador, Janet Gaynor may be playing the overadvertised heroine while Baby LeRoy replaces George Brent as the leading male interest. Such is the ever-changing Hollywood crazy quilt of casting.

I sincerely hope that whatever the pic-

ture eventually is, Kay Francis will be given a role into which she can really get ther flawless teeth. It seems to me that outside of One Way Passage (in which she was grand) Kay has been handed a lot of roles that someone must have refused to play

The Kay Francis that Warner Brothers thought fine enough "star stuff" to lure from Paramount two or three years ago should be sitting on the top of the heap by now, but it can't be done by casting her as leading lady opposite a man whose brow barely reaches to her aquiline nose, even if that brow belongs to a great actor like Edward Robinson.

I remember well my first reaction to Kay when I watched her trailing around the Paramount Studio in 1929. I say trailing because as they were busy making her into a vamp they naturally swathed her in black slinky creations, quite overlooking the fact that some of the best home-wrecking is done by blueeyed baby dolls in organdie wrappings.

My personal observation to myself was, "She doesn't even look like an actress, much less a villainess. She looks like a Junior League girl turned professional and so far it's only a half turn."

I asked people about her, who she was, where she came from. No one seemed to be quite sure. They didn't appear to care a great deal. I met her, liked her low husky voice, and by her manner of speech was more than ever convinced that somewhere there must be a family regretting that Kay had stepped from under what families invariably call "every advantage a girl could ask for" to become an actress.

Capital KAY

Elsie Janis lunches with Kay Francis and takes you behind the scenes of Hollywood to interpret the girl who has seldom been given the right role to show what she can do

Worse still, a movie actress. I don't know to this day if my mental frame fitted the picture. I've never even asked her where she came from. The fact that she came and is a friend of mine is, as dear old Sam Bernard used to say, sufficiency!

Paramount was too occupied with the business of satisfying Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Jeanette Mac-Donald, Chevalier, George Bancroft and many others to pay much attention to the Junior Leaguer, so she went along adding a dash of studio-made menace to this and that film. They admitted that she was a "comer" but they had too many "goers" on their hands to concentrate on the slim, chic Francis.

Came a day when I sat in an executorial office and heard Paramount's side of a conversation with Warner Brothers, who wanted to borrow Kay Francis for a picture. I watched the Francis stock soar as they discussed terms and, above all, what sort of part

"We will have to see the script," said Mr. Paramount. "We can't afford to take a chance on Francis not getting a part worthy of her." Shhhh! You mustn't laugh at that point, but if you don't think I nearly choked, you're not thinking.

It was finally arranged, after the script had been latered to give Paramount's rising star all that

It was finally arranged, after the script had been doctored, to give Paramount's rising star all that Paramount had not given her. Kay was again cast as the menace over at Warners, but the tendency to take care of something borrowed is a natural one, so they not only paid attention to her personality, they took a borrower's inventory of her possibilities.

Kay returned to the home lot from pastures new. Today, there exists what is amusingly called a gentleman's agreement which prohibits holding up the borrower for more than a certain amount over the salary of the player in demand. Back in the good old pre-code days, anything a studio could get for an artist was profit, and therefore actors and actresses were literally not sure where their next salary was coming from. They did hear of their salaries mounting like skyrockets while they remained holding the bag which eventually turned out to be a bunch of firecrackers. Hence the gentleman's agreement. Don't think the ladies were not equally interested in bringing it about.

Almost before anyone could tell whether the ink of the gentlemen's signatures would prove to be in the red or black, Warner Brothers staged their famous raid on Paramount. Ruth Chatterton. William Powell and Kay Francis moved their make-up kits, box-office



Yes, this is Kay in spite of her gray hair which, it must be admitted, is most becoming. You will see her thus in "The House on 56th Street."

values and protests about unsatisfactory roles over to Warner Brothers.

Frankly I expected great things, knowing that Paramount's personal milky way of stars had gone a little sour and that Warner Brothers really needed names and personalities. I have been disappointed. Can't you just see the Warner Brothers calling a

special meeting (which, when they all get together, looks like a convention) in order to formulate a plan of action that might eradicate this great wrong? With Forty-Second Street, Gold Diggers of 1933 and Footlight Parade pinned, like veritable medals, on their managerial chests, they should worry about what I think. Nevertheless, I'll keep right on thinking and oddly enough what I think, I say.

Because Ruth Chatterton once played Madame X magnificently, there has been one long series of sinning women allotted to her. Usually she grows old under the strain of a youthful misdemeanor and spends several reels getting even with someone. Ruth, the most delightful of comediennes, has met more grown-up love children in the last reel of more tragedies than is good for any gal.

Bill Powell, because he made a hit by playing a

Bill Powell, because he made a hit by playing a super-smart detective is back again clearing up mysteries. The great one is still unsolved. Why can't he just play nice guys in good stories? Kay Francis, ho is about as perfect an example of what the real and regular American girl should be, plays practically everything but that.

The expression, "well bred," should be handled with rubber gloves and I wear mittens, but having met girls all over the world whose antecedents and background demanded that label (Please turn to page 84)



CLOSE-UPS

A Chinese Cameraman Wins Fame



JIMMY WONG HOWE

JIMMY WONG HOWE is his name, and he isn't any bigger than a minute. Something like four feet ten. He is the first Chinese cameraman in Hollywood, and one of the best. He came to this country from China when he was only four.

When about sixteen he drifted away on his own, caught in the wanderlust of youth. By Chinese magic he got to California—and in Hollywood he met an old schoolmate who had become a cameraman for Mack Sennett.

One day he saw this friend shooting pictures on the street—and when he saw how easy it was to just grind a camera while a lot of figures jumped around in front of it, he then and there decided to become a cameraman.

Miraculously he was given a job immediately as an assistant cameraman on one of Cecil DeMille's pictures. Later he began to experiment with still pictures, making a few of Mary Miles Minter, who was then in the heyday of her stardom. So flattered was she by the results that she demanded Jimmy Wong as her next cameraman. But so frightened was he by the assignment that he refused to embark so soon on his own. The executives then gave him the choice of grinding on Miss Minter's next pic-ture or taking his hat out of the door for keeps. Jimmy stayed.

Today he holds a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that pays him one of the highest salaries of his profession. Stars fight for him. Directors hold up pic-tures to obtain his services. Studios try to borrow him. But engulfed in the

philosophy of his forefathers he takes it with calm and a twinkle.

The Mother Confessor of Hollywood



REV. LISA MAE GREY

THEY call her simply Mother Grey. But she is the "Mother Confessor" of Hollywood. She is a handsome woman with ruddy cheeks and reddish hair. Her smile can be the sweetest this side of heaven.

Into her ears are poured untold se-crets of Hollywood, hungry longings, haunting sins. Sometimes she cannot cope with the strange entanglements into which people have twisted their lives—but it is known that she has led many celebrities through their darkest moments to the peace that survives.

She has a daughter who is an actress, prominent both in Hollywood and on the New York stage. Her son is an orchestra leader and radio entertainer in one of the gayest dime-a-dance Emporiums in Los Angeles. Her sympathy for theatrical folk is

therefore something that

By WEST WORTH

By RAMON ROMERO

is exceedingly close to home.

Her activities are not confined entirely to her little storefront Forum on Sunset Boulevard. Recently she has taken over the little white church in Laguna, the art colony of the coast and among her new converts are many artists, writers and others engaged in creative work.

She goes on many missions of mercy in the environs of Hollywood; carrying food to the hungry, aid and consolation to the sick, cheer to the depressed.

She works like a Trojan, untiringly; heedless of time and the toll that the work demands of her strength. Her workers claim that she is a human Niagara Falls in energy. She loves praise. It is her only way of knowing

how successful she is in her efforts toward making other people happy.

The Champion Spinner of **Tall Stories**



ROBERT L. RIPLEY

 $B^{\rm ELIEVE}$ it or not, Robert L. "Believe It or Not" Ripley has journeyed through 167 countries in the interests of his extraordinary art—discovering seemingly impossible things and situations which actually exist.

The gentleman hails from Santa Rosa, California. He never took a drawing lesson in his life, but sold his first cartoon at the age of fourteen.

The "Believe It or Not" cartoons were born in 1921 when their creator got tired of cartooning sports figures and

decided to use his head a bit.
On his staff Ripley now employs a linguist, two readers, a secretary and six assistant research workers. His personal mail averages 4,000 letters a day.

He's a pleasant looking man of medium height, this modern Marco Polo. He's just out of his thirties, and somewhat

heavyish. Maybe you'd think that on account of the nerve-racking nature of his work, he'd be a finicky sort of indi-

But not "Believe It or Not" Ripley. He's gay, and a spiffy dresser, and he loves a good time, and he enjoys a good gabfest.

Among the Ripley facts are:

"Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean (proving that Alcock and Brown made a non-stop flight between Newfoundland and Ireland in 1919.)"

"Panama hats are not made in Panama.

"A Bhutan woman gave birth to a boy at the age of 82."

"August the Strong, King of Saxony and Poland, was the father By IRENE THIRER of 354 children. Can you beat these?

Personalities of Hollywood you seldom hear about. One is a dealer in midgets and giants, another sets the fashions for millions of women, another is a girl who is bound to be an actress.

DOC POWERS is a "freak expert." Any time a studio needs a fat lady or a giant or a fire eater or a few midgets or a bearded damsel or anybody else from the freak world, they call on Doc Powers.

For years he has specialized in sup-plying such creatures for stage and screen entertainment. The freak business isn't what it used to be, but Doc

keeps pretty busy.

Doc Powers, incidentally, is J. Donald Powers, and of course, not a doctor at all. He hails from Lafayette, Indiana, and started his show-business career thirty-five or so years back with Doc Voucher's medicine show.

Doc Powers quit Voucher eventually and joined up with another outfit. While playing a small town

in Louisiana, he attended the funeral of a colored

actor. As the body was lowered into the ground, Powers, who had mastered the art of ventriloquism, threw his voice into the grave, saying "Let me down easy, boys." The peace was disturbed. Doe Powers was arrested and haled to court and fined five dollars. After the court session, the judge was so amused at Doc's story of what happened that he handed him back his five bucks.

Reams of publicity followed. And Doc Powers capitalized on his new-found popularity and became a ventriloquist in a California side show. That's where he had his initial contact with the freaks he now manages. Besides supplying these people to the movie studios, he obliges once in a while by accepting a film role -as a magician or a medicine man, or a

ventriloquist. He can perform card tricks, eat fire, and do other stunts.

If You Need a Freak, Call Doc Powers!



DOC POWERS

YOU have heard of Adrian, who has made Hollywood the new fashion center of the world. Great stars owe much of their popularity to his genius. A studio pays him a star's salary to dress Garbo, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies and other

women who are as prominent.

The real Adrian is an elusive, evasive young dreamer who seems always to be wrapped up in fantastic musings. His friends will tell you he is a splendid story teller with an excellent sense of

humor.

It was he who modernized the Empress Eugenie hat for Garbo, who wore it first in "Romance." Three months later millions of women were copying He experimented again with Garbo, who likes any-thing that is distinc-By HAL HERRICK

signed a little pill-box hat for her to wear in "As You Desire Me." Upon its release it got laughs every-

where from the audience. But again the women took up the style, and soon, everywhere, they were wearing small, flat hats on top of their heads.

When "Letty Lynton" was shown and the clothes Joan Crawford wore were seen for the first time, something happened to the ready-to-wear industry. Puff-sleeved models flooded the market, and within a week fifty thousand potential Letty Lyntons were seen on the streets of New York City.

When not designing clothes Adrian is busy interior decorating. Recently he has opened a little shop in Hollywood, and his novel furniture is begin-

ning to find its way into the homes of some of the biggest stars.

He Decides Fashions for the Stars



ADRIAN

M OST people think that—so far as Hollywood goes—Cinderella is out of style. But there's the exception

tively different, and de-

proving every rule.

Take Irene Hervey. Irene has never been on the stage, she has never played extra parts and she's only appeared in two films, in both of which she's played featured roles. And, guess what? She has no pull and she's nobody's girl.

Finishing high school, she thought she'd like to go into the movies. Lots of other girls have thought the same but

Irene got there.

She decided to concentrate on M-G-M because they have the biggest stars and she intended being a big star. She had never applied for work on any other lot.

A young man sitting in the casting office with her one day started a conversation. When Ben Piazza, cast-

By ROBERT YOUNG

By RALPH MORTON

ing director, came out, the young man jumped up and introduced Irene and asked Piazza to talk to her. He told her to take some lessons and he'd put her in

At the end of the eight months, she went back to Piazza. Not having seen when back to riazza. Not having seen her for some time he had forgotten all about her. "By Jove!" he exclaimed when she came into his office, "you're just what I've been looking for. We need a girl exactly like you for the part of Franchot Tone's wife in 'Stranger's Return.'

Irene's performance more than justi-fied her faith in herself and the chance the studio gave her. They put her under contract and now she is playing her second part—a big one—in "The Women In His Life." The fu-

ture looks very bright and Irene very lovely.

She Wanted a Job in the Movies



IRENE HERVEY

Film folks who may be new to you—two of them make prehistoric animals—and one is a hermit—and another played a long shot.

They Make Monsters That Breathe



JOSEPH DAMAN GEORGE H. MESSMORE

DAMAN and Messmore are as close as Damon and Pythias. Both gave up illustrating careers some sixteen years back to become associated in the business of designing and building animated beasts and objects for the films. Sometimes they have as many as a hundred helpers working on the construction of one monster. Artists, sculptors, draughtsmen, electricians, seamstresses—workers in metal, papier-mache, fabrics and fur are on the payroll.

"We'll make anything the movies want," Joseph Daman declared as he put the finishing touches on the four-feet-tall head of a gentle little thing called "Tyrannosaurus," which rises thirty feet from the floor and moves about, and opens and shuts its monstrous eyes, and gnashes its six-inch teeth and groans.

"We made a twenty-fourfeet-high saxophone for the Warner Brothers, large enough to hold twenty human beings. "And we made the 'King Kong' gorilla for RKO, and all sorts of other strange things. We don't, however, deal only in giant figures. We can create anything from an insect to a mammoth. We can animate anything. And we do. Nothing is impossible in our factory."

Daman and Messmore are known throughout the world not only as manufacturers of prehistoric monsters, but as skilled inventors.

It was George H. Messmore who discovered another material to use in place of real ice during the making of movie thrill scenes. Although it may look to you as though the hero and heroine are ploughing their way through fearful ice breakers, they're doing no such thing.

Both men have been highly

By EDITH AMES

Both men have been highly praised by scientific centers all over the world.

The Curious Hermit of Hollywood



PETER THE HERMIT

MEET Peter the Hermit. He lives in a one-room shack in one of Hollywood's romantic canyons, far from the madding crowd. A dog is his only companion. He comes to town every day to mingle with that same crowd on the congested Boulevard. He has long white hair that blows prettily in the wind, and makes him look like a prophet from Biblical days. He has a long white beard, too.

No one has ever seen him in his stocking feet because he hasn't worn socks in years and years. He walks about in open sandals as if he were on his way to Jericho. He is usually clad in short, white ducks.

He is said to be anywhere from seventy to a hundred—but it is certain that he is at least seventy summers young. He breathes health

and vigor. He has the laughter of a child and the

strength of a giant. Of the hundred and twenty million people in the United States he probably felt the depression less than any one of them. He lives from day to day, and from hand to mouth—but he has found the blue bird of happiness.

He never works, except at living a healthy life in the open. Money is the least of his worries. Among the great personalities of Hollywood he ranks with Chaplin and Pickford and Garbo.

Peter has no use for hypocrisy. People say he is a show-off sometimes. But they don't understand that he is selling his idea of a healthy life to a lot of shrivelled-up bodies. If everyone could grow old as beautifully as Peter, what a world this would be to live in!

His bronzed, healthy body is his joy

By PAUL NORTON

His bronzed, healthy body is his joy and delight. He says it is the temple of our souls and we must make it beautiful.

He Gambled For a Screen Career



HARRY SHAFOR

A^N ax flew through the air. Narrowly, it missed a tall, broadshouldered, lanky figure, who ducked behind a bar. The ax, edge first, struck a table—and split it.

Again the air was filled. This time with a chair. It struck the head of a drunken cowpuncher—the one who had thrown the ax. The cow hand fell to the floor unconscious.

This short, fast moving incident nearly cost Hollywood one of its youthful actors—Harry Shafor.

Late in 1930 Shafor left his Detroit home for Jackson Hole, Wyoming. With only \$12 in his pocket, and practically stranded in a spot once notorious as a bandit and cattle rustlers' rendezvous—Shafor made a desperate decision. He would stake his last few dollars against the skill of the gamblers that infested this wide-

that infested this wideopen town and see if he By HENRY M. FINI

couldn't take enough away from them to finance a trip to Hollywood and a lengthy stay there. He became a familiar figure around the gambling joints. The ax-throwing incident was the outcome of one game in which Shafor was the heaviest winner.

On another night, incidentally his last at Jackson Hole, Shafor managed to get on to the signals of some of the professional gamblers and walked away from the table with enough money, which, was sufficient to take him to Hollywood and tide him over at the film capital for at least three years with careful management.

In Hollywood a friend introduced him to Gilmor Brown of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and he gained admittance to the ranks of that institution's players, many of whom have graduated into

By HENRY M. FINE players, many of whom have graduated into prominence in the films.

new Movie's HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



"It's clothes like these that make a man prince lay. Una Mond.



"After he's proposed, it's trim, conservative, well-made outdoor clothes that help keep him from proposing to any one else." For country walks, Miss Merkel chooses the black-andwhite tweed coat (above) and for early-spring street wear, Mainbocher's double rever coat of brown flecked tweed.

EVENING CLOTHES FOR UNA MERKEL

Parma violet silk net with a sash of dull jade green. "It's too sophisticated for a girl in her teens," says Una Merkel, "but it's worth growing up to wear colors like this. What a charming dress to wear," she said, holding out the shirred insets and ruffles of tulle. "But what a task it would be to make!" Costumes shown on this page are from I. Magnin & Company, throughout California.





"I just love this dress," said Miss Merkel when she selected this Biancini flowered taffeta. "The long, full, rustling taffeta flounces make a girl look like a lady whether she feels like one or not." New features of this early-spring evening dress are the two crisp ruffles posed at the front of the bodice and repeated at the bouffant hemline. Miss Merkel is featured in "The Women in His Life," with Otto Kruger and Ben Lyon, an M-G-M production.

The New Movie Magazine, March, 1934





Watch for Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne!" with Gene Raymond.



You will see Otto Kruger next in "The Women in His Life."

The PEOPLE'S Academy



"Fugitive Robert Montgomery in Lovers"—an M-G-M production.

Speak Up, Buddy!

Corsicana, Texas. Where, oh where, can the incomparable Buddy Rogers be? I eagerly await the New Movie Magazine each month, hoping to find a picture of him, or news of his return to the silver screen definitely.

What happened to his brilliant and colorful career seems to have been the inevitable, but I've been unable to comprehend just why it should be so, due to the fact that he was one of the box offices' biggest attractions.

In my opinion, he is not a genius and far from being the most clever actor, but his inimitable personality and origi-nal charm seems to be lacking in most

of the other actors.

I would like nothing better than to see Buddy Rogers and Claudette Colbert teamed together in a good picture. My guess may be far from correct, but I believe my wish is "unanimous."

T. Garrett, 102 N. Beaton Street.

You never know when you may be right. At any rate you have an interesting idea.

An Ohio Critic Speaks

Toledo, Ohio.
The public may change its favorite often, but a few performers of real merit remain year after year. Among these are Ann Harding and Norma Shearer. With these are players well known to movie fans, who, however, are of more recent fame, such as Miriam Hopkins and Elissa Landi. But my highest praise is reserved for Sylvia Sidney, whose poignant sweetness surpasses that of any other star. Give us more pictures like "Madame Butterfly" and "Jennie Gerhardt" with Sylvia Sidney of the label and the sylvia Sidney of the sy and "Jennie Gernard" with 53.552 ney as the leading lady every time! Ileen Edelman, 611 Lagrange.

We are just as much for Sylvia as you are. She is a real artist. What do the other fans think?

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the

following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3-Best performance (actor)
- 4-Best musical picture
- 5-Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture 7—Best romance
- 8-Best comedy
- 9-Best short reel picture
- 10-Best news reel picture
- 11-Best direction
- 12-Best story



Leslie Howard in "British Agent"-Warner Brothers.

More of Lilian

Indianapolis, Ind.

Something recent in origin—modern, novel—delightful! Lilian Harvey re-

reals herself to the best advantage in snappy song numbers and fast comedy. Yes, dear readers, I've just been fortunate enough to see Miss Harvey (a marvelous find) in "My Weakness." Because of his merit, we take off our beret to David Butler, due to his excellent direction and heavitiful staging. In lent direction and beautiful staging. In a production of this sort we can appreciate the true value of an actor or actress. Lew Ayres is an amiable and scure young playboy in the rough but Lilian Harvey has the picture. Al-though this role does not give her the dramatic possibilities of some of her foreign-made productions, she is charmingly naive.

Most emphatically I stress this fact: she has proved to my own skeptical self that she is a miraculous achievement of Evelyn Doty,

314 N. Chester Avenue.

Have patience and maybe you will be gratified. Watch for her new picture, "I Am Suzanne."

What makes skin Smooth -Wrinkle-free?

TWO REASONS!

I Active Oil Glands in Under Skin 2 Natural Moisture in Outer Skin

You have Two Skins. You need Two Creams—a different cream for each skin

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY







Smooth-Glossy and outer skin of the apple are both firm and

1 At its peak, the 2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple hasshrunkenaway smooth-perfect! from outer skin.

Soft-Spongy Wrinkled-Discolored 3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. in human skin, too

READ the story of the apple above!

Amazing that your skin, too, is subject to changes like that!

But there is a way to keep it youthful . . free from dreaded lines! That way is to give each of your two skins the different care it needs.

To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under Skin firm-Begin early to help this under skin. When its oil glands begin to fail you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil cream that goes deep down. That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. It penetrates to the very under skin. Your skin feels toned, renewed. Soon you feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up. No wonder it is so refreshing!

To Correct Dryness-What to do for your Outer Skin-Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to keep this outer skin from growing dry-chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. It is greaseless. It contains a marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture-actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a single application of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry chapped skin! The roughnesses are smoothed away!



lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, has already started using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Your skin is pearly looking. And this cream holds powder and rouge smoothly for hours!

The Two-Skin Beauty Treatment Society Women Use

Eleanor Roosevelt describes the method for you:

"My night cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Tissues take it off. The tissues show how marvelously this cream cleans. I

"After cleansing I like to leave a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face overnight. It's so good to keep the skin clear and smooth. And there's no heavy stickiness about it.

"In the morning, and in the day when needed, another good Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. Tissues blot it up. Then a dab of Pond's Vanishing Cream to leave on. It holds powder nicely-keeps off any shine."

Send for the samples offered in the coupon below. In a few days see your own skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier every day!



For Your Under Skin — Pond's deheious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rap-ulty, Pond's Inq-uefying Cream,



For Your Outer Skin — Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless, Overnight or daytime sof-tening. Holds powder.

S	ΕN	D	FO	R	S	Α	M	P	l.	E	S	
	900		_									

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. C, 127 Hudson Street, New York City I enclose of (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Street

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

Vews of the New

THERE have always been cranky shoppers, women who in the old days went about pinching and prodding the tomatoes and oranges, sniffing of the cheese and surreptitiously nibbling coffee beans and tea leaves before consenting to buy. Sometimes this fussi-ness was more of a pose than an indication of real knowledge of food values. It indicated to the neighbors that you were not a careless waster of your husband's income, and to the grocer that you could not be imposed upon.

The fussy shopper of today goes or should go about her business in a different manner. Apples, tomatoes, and sometimes even potatoes go to market neatly wrapped in trademarked paper. Oranges and walnuts of standard quality are stamped with a packer's guarantee. Coffee is hermetically sealed in tin cans and the old open butter tub is gradually becoming a thing of the past. First-hand sampling is be-



coming increasingly difficult and to take its place the modern woman must rely more on her knowledge of trade-marks and labels. Instead of trusting harks and labels. Instead of trusting her own ability to judge coffee in the bean and the accuracy of the grocer's scales she reads what the packer has to say on the label. She knows that "One pound net weight" is guaranteed not only by the manufacturer but by government authority. She knows that products put up by reputable food concerns come to her in as nearly uniform

quality as is humanly possible.

Going to market is still a pleasant and worth-while diversion. It keeps us informed of new food products and reminds us of the wide variety of good things to eat that we might forget if we remained at home. Being fussy about food buying is still as much a virtue as it ever was, but it no longer calls for the time-consuming, per-sonal inspection that it did a generation

Because mother doesn't have to pinch Because mother doesn't have to punch each orange or sample the cheese, sending the young folk of the family to market is no longer an indication of thriftlessness or indifference. Because mothers today know and trust brands of food, boys and girls of school age are often trusted with a considerable share of the family food buying, with the result that these young people are becoming extremely well informed. S UITS for spring; no doubt about it. And if the first half dozen you try on aren't becoming, try another seven or eight, because the designers in Paris and America have been staying up nights for the last few months, intent on giving the new spring suit universal



appeal. They have done their best to rid us of the prejudice that only a woman with a Gibson girl figure can look smart in a jacket and skirt. There will be the traditional tailored suit made of a firm, mannish type of a printing of the continuation of the contin suiting. Less traditional, but more dis-tinctly 1934, will be the suits with perky shoulders, and snugly fitted jackets cut off surprisingly near to the waistline.

Don't imagine that suits of this newer type are going to be as easy to put on and take off as vagabond swagger fashions of a few years ago. And don't begrudge the time or extra cash that will be required to make needed alterations.

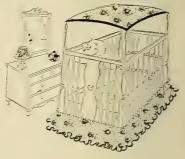


TAP dancing, aesthetic and drawing room. Which shall it be? The very young lady of today must have her dancing lessons. Taking daughter to dancing class isn't the drudgery that it used to be in the days when she had to be dressed up in formal afternoon clothes that made her pout and squirm. The approved dancing class costume is an abbreviated gingham romper, danc-ing slippers and a fillet for the hair.

If the generation of babies now in their cribs doesn't grow up with a cultivated taste in furniture, it won't be the fault of the furniture dealers. be the fault of the furniture dealers.

Ability to distinguish between early Colonial, late Colonial, mid-Victorian and some of the other periods that too frequently puzzle us adults ought to be a fairly simple matter.

For the last ten or fifteen years much has been done to popularize furniture built to the scale of the younger children. It hasn't been enough just to provide them with a chair in which they could sit without dangling their legs. They have had bureaus and desks, settees and work tables, all graded down to their small size. For a time the prevailing idea seemed simply to be to make furniture that they would find amusing. Bunnies and chickens and creatures from Mother Goose were used as decorations. Furniture of this sort is still highly acceptable, but if you take your own furniture seriously you will be delighted with the newer vintage of juvenile furniture which follows faithfully the patterns of the authentic Colonial model.



THIS growing spirit of hospitality is more than a matter of sentiment. It is making itself felt in the designing of our houses and the planning of our furniture. Having a house too small for a guest room need not mean sheltering out-of-town friends and relatives in a nearby hotel. A double berth built into the wall of one of your rooms may solve the problem. We have seen a number of these within the last few months. One was a recent addition to the bedroom of a boy of high-school age. At no great expense a six-foot niche was provided, with two frames, one above the other, on which were placed box springs and mattresses. A pair of steps, painted to match the frames and the woodwork of the room, adds to the sport of occupying the upper berth. And asking two boys to spend the night means no more extra work than setting extra places at the table and preparing a little more to eat.

At country places and summer homes, numerous small guest houses are under construction. If your funds are plentiful the house may contain perfectly appointed living room, bedroom and bath, with a possible kitchenette attachment. But the essentials of hospitality are served just as well by a simple one-room shack built tight enough to insure protection against rain and wind

rain and wind.

A Hand for Elsie

Piedmont, California. Piedmont, California.
Others may hand become to the stars, but I'm hand have a great by conquet to Eisle Janns, through who colorful writings we get intimate glimpses of our film favorites, their habits and habbas. When I we have a written by Elsie Janis, I know I'm going to get the real low-down on the movie felbs and not a bet of contraging ballyhoo that will later be contraging. up ballyhoo that will later be contra-

dicted by the stars.

Long may NEW MOVIE's pages sparkle with Elsie's brilliant writings!

L. J. Stephens, c o Mrs. A. Cook, 100 Greenbank Avenue.

We thoroughly agree with you. That's mliv Elsie is ariting for us.

Hands Across the Sea

Minneapolis, Minn. Recently one of our prominent Hollywood producers made the following statement, which to my way of thinking is rather idiotic: "Foreign studios have nothing to offer the American motion picture industry. We producers don't have to go outside our own city limits to find the finest acting talent. Foreign to find the finest acting taient. Foreign stories, like foreign actors, are all right for foreign audiences, but they just will not fit properly into the entertainment demands of American theatergoers." Evidently this man has never heard of the following foreign stars, who came from far outside our own city limits: Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Maurice Chevalier, Lilian Harvay, Gaorga Av. Chevalier, Lilian Harvey, George Ar-liss, and so many English players that liss, and so many English players that would take too much space to mention them. Also he must have missed seeing, and I believe being entertained, by "Be Mine Tonight," "Congress Dances," "Rome Express," "The Good Companions," "Maedchen in Uniform" and "Bitter Sweet."

I believe it's a matter of give and take. We have much that is fine to offer them and there is no denying the fact that they have given us much in the way of fine acting and entertain-

the way of fine acting and entertain-ment. Let's be fair to our foreign sisters and brothers in the moving picture

C. H. N. Minneapolis, Minn.

A hundred per cent right. Pictures are



Ralph Bellamy who will appear in "Sweet Cheat."

Sullavan vs. Hepburn

Wildle Ltd. Mass.
Today I can Mar act sallayan, the
your after the tar seen halled a"the new Katharine Hepbern" Instead "the new Kathanne Hepbern" Instead testice senjart in any deep of provide Help worth he to an intense Janet Garnor. I tely the magic of her talery more formally in the early sense of "Only Ye ternay"; not, I think, he assessed for early sets were letter acted, by because, after the first pleasure of meeting her, her promisity was not of the extent to the extent of meeting along the steen to the extent of meeting this on



Margaret Sullavan, Universal star, in "Only Yesterday."

the screen, supporting cast, play, scenery, direction—all are overshadowed by the breath-taking combination of her personality and genius.
(Miss) Adele Thane,
55 Highland Street.

You have a suggestion worth thought. And, incidentally, you have struck one of the big psychological factors of the movies.

A Crawford Fan

Chatham, N. J.

In my opinon, Joan Crawford is a splendid actress, as well as a woman of charm and poise. Her beauty is as refreshing as a morning breeze, and her personality is as fragile and easily broken as the gardenia which sym-bolizes her so well. She is an artist in the true sense of the word. An artist whose works are characterized by beauty and color.

She has been criticized unjustly by many, mostly by those who have not the mentality to see two sides of a story. Nevertheless, I am 100 per cent for her, and I think she is one of our great-

est actresses on the screen today.
Oh, Lovely Joan, if I could loan, your beauty for a day; and dance one night, to my delight, in "Franchot's" arms so gay!

Julia Magley, 52 Center Avenue.

Speak straight out. That's what we like, and, maybe, we agree with you!

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Ad-dress communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Take a Bow. Bob!

Robert Montgomery (you know, that guy with the perpetual smile)

Every picture which stars him seems to be before than the a. I feet, saw it in "Mane in Braches," "When hastness Meet" and "Ar. they Language," and I really cannot tell in perrayal he is the same "Ilb." marly always plays the ame rich that of a humorous high-hat who thinks ght to get what he war as the Let's hope they don't run out of parts for the polo champion. For "the more of his shows the merrier."

(Miss) Catherine Methods.

Here is another Bob Montgomers fan. How many more are there?

What a Teacher Thinks

Quemado, New Mexico. During the State Teachers' Convention held recently in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I, like the other 2,000 or more teachers who attended from all over the

teachers who attended from all over the state, expectantly visited several of the theaters hoping to mix work with pleasure and to find some desirable talkies to counteract the depressing elect of prevalent lectures on the teachers' deplorable condition during the depression.

"Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's poignantly beautiful, sentimental operetta which was elaborately produced by an English company but released by United Artists, and splendidly sung and acted by a superb cast, helped me to forget such humdrum everyday affairs as teachers' slashed salaries, short school terms, etc., and transported me into a terms, etc., and transported me into a

realm of artistic satisfaction.

Miss Neagle as Sari, the sheltered flower of aristocracy, who for true love runs away with her music master, Carl, and later assists him in their struggle for recognition in the music world and for self support by dancing in a cafe in Vienna while he conducts the orchestra, is charming above description.

My only adverse criticism of this charming fascinating operetta is that the cast should have been All-American and the ending should not have been so realistic, lifelike, and heart-rending, but more idealistic, happy and soulsatisfying. Clay W. Vaden.

Most pictures are designed as a way of escape from the cares of life, but there can't always be happy endings.



Miriam Hopkins in "All of Me"a Paramount picture.

Coiffures for Constance





Not even the hairdresser advises Miss Bennett how to arrange her hair and it is her opinion that every girl is her own best critic



HOULD a girl vary the arrangement of her

hair to suit the occasion?

To this question the truly dress-conscious New Yorker or Parisienne would usually answer, "Emphatically, yes." But Constance Bennett says, "Certainly not."

"An arrangement that would be appropriate for

the opera would be out of place on the golf links," says the well dressed American who is not an actress. And the clothes-wise Parisienne considers the line of her costume, the smartly tailored trotteur, or the simple but elegant evening gown before giving directions to her hairdresser. But Constance Bennett says, "One's hair should be dressed in the most becoming fashion regardless of the occasion." And perhaps Constance is right.

This does not mean, however, that Miss Bennett has only one hair arrangement. She has learned the trick of doing her hair in a dozen ways that are all supremely becoming. And in "Moulin Rouge" she even hid her lovely golden tresses under a transforming straight black wig.

Is a girl the best judge of how to arrange her own hair, or should she follow the suggestions of others? To this question Miss Bennett answered, "If she knows her type she should be the best judge. If knows her type she should be the best judge. not she should make a really serious study of her

features and then arrange her hair accordingly." Does Miss Bennett get the hairdresser to make suggestions? No. Does a director or anybody else ever make suggestions? No. Miss Bennett knows

her own type better than anyone else, and needs no assistance. And it is her own personal opinion that any girl, whether or not she is gifted with introspection or exceptional self understanding, should decide for herself what hair arrangements are most becom-

for herself what hair arrangements are most becoming and therefore most desirable.

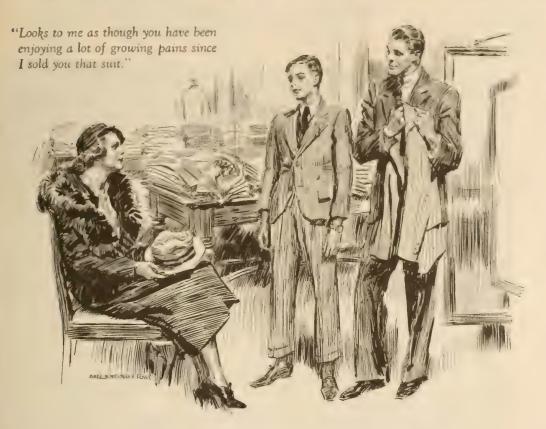
"The care of the hair should be of the utmost importance to all women," she said, "regardless of their profession, for hair has been and always will be woman's crowning glory. But no matter how naturally lovely your hair may be, how fine and soft and glossy, it won't take care of itself. Ordinary hair, if well cared for, is more attractive than the most beautiful hair in the world left to its own dayies?"

Miss Bennett spends an hour at least in arranging her hair before the first scene of the day is photographed, and between scenes time enough to match it

up with the preceding scene.

While Constance Bennett and the other leading screen actresses undoubtedly do settle the important question of hair arrangement for themselves, skilled barbers and hairdressers (Please turn to page 70)

The "Growing Pains" Delusion



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician.

"Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection.

Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ву JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

What's new and best in melodies in the movies and on the records



Manatt

One of the outstanding scenes from "Going Hollywood," M-G-M's picture, featuring Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

ID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING which has made the grade so fast, is easily the head-liner this month. Leon Belasco and his Hotel St. Moritz orchestra do the recording of this, and right smoothly too. This is from the picture "Sitting Pretty" and regardless of whether you saw the film or not, you're sure to enjoy this record. Belasco himself sings the vocal. "Many Moons Ago" is the tune on the

other side. This is another excellent tune from the same picture and also played by Leon Belasco. Dick Robertson sings the vocal in this one. (This is Vocalion record No. 2590-B.)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO from the picture of the same name is played for us by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Vallee does a good job with this one, and it should meet with your approval. Of course the vocal work is by Rudy.

"Orchids in the Moonlight" is the tune on the other side from the same picture and by the same band. It may appeal to some. (This is Victor record No. 24459-A.)

BEN SELVIN and his orchestra are Belly IN and his orchestra are next, and this time it's "My Dancing Lady" from "Dancing Lady." Good smooth stuff, well handled. This is a McHugh and Fields tune, so you know it won't be ordinary. Jerry Cooper does the vocal work.

"I Guess It Had to Be That Way" is the tune on the other side. This is played by Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers. Just so-so. No. 2844-D.) (This is Columbia record

(Please turn to page 71)

BIGGEST HITS

"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking," fox trot—played by Leon Belasco and his Hotel St. Moritz orchestra.

(Vocalion) "Flying Down to Rio," fox trot—played by Rudy Vallee and his orchestra.

(Victor) "My Dancing Lady," fox trot—played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra.

(Columbia) Beautiful Girl," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby, with Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Brunswick)

Her face was covered with Pimples"

Here's a typical "Case History"
as described by DR. EDOUARD ANTOINE, the
noted Paris hospital authority!

SKIN ERUPTIONS—pimples, blotches, boils. Nobody likes to see these telltale signs of ill health!

Below, one of the foremost medical experts in France—Dr. Edouard Antoine, who numbers a king and other royalty among his patients—tells about an all-too-typical case of skin trouble . . . describes how quickly he corrected it!

As Dr. Antoine says, "Skin troubles—like bad breath, coated tongue, loss of energy—are danger signals" -symptoms of sluggish intestines!
Do you realize how easy this evil is
to get rid of nowadays?

"In my opinion," he states, "the most effective way to combat intestinal sluggishness is eating yeast . . . Skin disorders such as pimples and furunculosis (boils) are cleared up by its purifying effect."

So, if your skin is bad—or your health is "run-down" in any way—read the case below, very carefully. Read this whole advertisement!



 Dr. Antoine is connected with the noted Hôpital de la Glacière

Paris hospital. He is

a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"THE PATIENT," reports Dr. Antoine, "had suffered for years from pimples. Had employed ointments, lotions, etc., without result...



"FXAMINATION SHOWED a bad condition of the intestines—obviously the cause of her bad skin. She had treated herself with purgatives...



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It quickly brought about the desired result." Chart shows intestinal tract, where Fleischmann's Yeast works.)

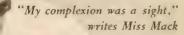
PLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food which actually strengthens the intestines. It also softens the body's waste matter so you can expel it easily.

Then, as Fleischmann's Yeast cleans out the poisons in your system, you feel so much more energetic! Your digestion improves—you eat better—you suffer fewer colds, headaches. And—most gratifying of all—there's such an improvement

in the condition of your skin!

It clears, Freshens, Takes on new color, Becomes smoother. Is there any medicine, any cosmetic you know that will do this?

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Won't you eat it regularly—3 cakes daily—starting this very day?



"My skin was all broken out," writes Miss Ruth Mack, of Los Angeles, Calif. "I thought my complexion was ruined. One of the boys at the office told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up my sluggishness and in two months my skin was all right again."

Capacight 1944, stimilard Brands Incorporated

Late Winter Styles

Rochelle's new crocheted cap and scarf set and Irene's velveteen scarf

FRANCES COWLES



Rochelle Hudson has chosen for early Spring a pompon cap and a chevron scarf crocheted from brown and yellow wool.



HESE younger girls in Hollywood take their clothes seriously but comfortably. And when Rochelle Hudson starts out on her morning walk she chooses a closely fitting soft little cap that no March winds can ruffle and a matching scarf that is as cozy as it is becoming. Hand crocheted or knitted scarfs and caps are year-round fashions in Hollywood. The Tyrolian berets with their colorful little feathers at the side were a special favorite in Hollywood in Autumn and Winter. But now for a change Miss

Winter. But now for a change Miss
Hudson chooses the cap with two little pompons posed
jauntily at the front. Sets of this sort are sold at the smart
shops, but it is a simple trick to crochet one yourself.

Paris set the style for higher necklines and Paris designers invented some intriguing accessory scarfs to give this built-up neckline to a round-necked dress.

Irene Bentley has chosen one of the new velveteen bow scarfs for Spring. It can be worn with a suit, but on warmer days it may be used in lieu of a jacket over a one-piece frock.

Hollywood shops offer all sorts of interesting solutions to the problem of the late-winter wardrobe. There is really no excuse for letting your spirits lag or your wardrobe flop during those late winter and early spring days when you are waiting for the time to blossom forth in your Easter wardrobe. The dark woolen or silk dress that was so precisely right for midwinter will take on new life and animation by the addition of lingeric collar and cuffs. Or you can achieve a complete transformation by means of one of the new toppers, a sort of bib-like bodice front that fastens about the neck and waist.

To obtain diagram circulars please turn to page 92.

DO BANKERS' WIVES WEAR THE BRIGHT

Cutex Coral_Cardinal_Ruby Nails?



"OF COURSE," said these three prominent ones

RIGHT dawn to their finger tipe the banking ladies are practically the standard for correctness in every American community.

And now that even they have gone in for bright finger nails (see above), there's no need for the most timid of you to hold out against your instincts any longer.

So, if you've been secretly yearning to wear deep Ruby nails with your new navy spring suit—go ahead!

But don't be foolish and speculate with uncertain, inferior polishes. Buy a polish that can be trusted. Buy Cutex.

The 7 smart Cutex shades are made by the World's Authority on the Manicure and have preferred color rating. They'll never streak, peel or blotch.

And, whatever you do, remember the big idea is Variety. So check over your spring wardrobe and see that you have the right shade of nail polish for every single costume.

You may as well buy up all the Cutex colors in sight. It won't put you in the red (except as to finger nails)—and just see if it isn't a great big paying investment!

NATURAL goes with all costumes, best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

ROSE is lovely with pastel pink, lavender or blue frocks. Smart with dark green, black, brown.

CORAL is a perfect shade to wear with white, pule pink, beige, gray and blue gowns. Also with black or brown.

CARDINAL contrasts excitingly with frocks in black, white or pastels. Good with gray, being or blue.

GARNET is smart with gowns in tawny shades, brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

RUBY new A real red red you can wear with any costume when you want to be gay.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York Montreal • London • Paris

CUTEX Liquid Polish_

What's To Eat In Hollywood



Marie Dressler, Warner Baxter and other favorite stars, turn a deft spoon in their own kitchens. Here are some of the latest culinary triumphs from out Hollywood way.

ARIE DRESSLER likes to cook, especially when she can do most of it in the refrigerator. And there isn't a hostess in Hollywood who can boast of a more conveniently equipped or immaculately kept kitchen than Marie. She is not the kind of home cook that delights in running downstairs to supervise the preparation of her own breakfast, but when appreciative guests are expected she will don her apron and deftly put together some delicious dessert.

Here's how to make her latest triumph, pineapple parfait:

Put a quarter of a cup of sugar and a quarter of a cup of the syrup from a can of pineapple in a saucepan. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and then let boil until the syrup spins a thread. Quickly beat up two egg whites until stiff, and pour the syrup slowly over them, a little at a time, adding two tablespoons of lemon juice. Let chill and then fold in three-quarters of a cup of drained, crushed canned pineapple. Also fold in one-half pint of cream, beaten stiff, and just a few grains of salt. Turn into the freezing tray of your electric refrigerator or, if you prefer, put into individual moulds and place the moulds in the freezing section.

Warner Baxter favors a Roquefort cheese dressing which he mixes himself. It is made of the cheese,

olive oil, English mustard, lemon and paprika. He uses this on practically every salad.

Kay Francis loves fried onions and fresh popcorn. If you don't think this is a swell combination, just watch the beatific expression on Kay's face when she sits down to a plate of onions and a bag of popcorn!

Clara Salad, named after Clara Bow, is made with mixed spring greens, cole slaw, Julien cut tongue and ham with Thousand Island dressing.

Joan Blondell specializes in "nut hamburger" sandwiches. These are exactly what the name implies: ground round steak, mixed with chopped pecans, broiled speedily and served between the halves of a well-buttered bun.

Fredric March starts each and every day with a tall concoction that is half orange juice, one quarter lemon juice, and one quarter grapefruit juice . . . unsweetened.

Every Saturday night, Bette Davis serves an informal dinner of Boston baked beans and brown bread to her friends.

Barbara Stanwyck is a (Please turn to page 91)



Let's talk about Something Pleasant!



A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And you ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh, violent purgative was ever more effective!

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better!*

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

So next time when you have to "take something," get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.





MAKE-UP BOX

IF you would have beauty after thirty—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep, Sound sleep, healthful foods, and internal cleanliness are a sure foundation for beauty. No, the foregoing is not quoted from a kindly family physician but is the sane advice of the makers of a cold cream which has been used by discriminating women for over twenty-five years. They have entirely modernized the package, new labels, a new jar, and, of course, the whole is wrapped in shiny cellophane. But the cream itself hasn't changed a bit—it is still the same smooth, rich cream with the same delicate fragrance which has had the place of honor on the dressing tables of many women for years.



HOW we women do love to test and experiment! Here is a test we tried out in our beauty department the other day, feeling very scientific indeed. We dropped a small quantity of powder into a glass of water. Not a grain of it dissolved. It was proof positive, so our chemists told us, that the powder was quite free from starch and moisture proof as well. The texture of the powder, too, was as soft and smooth as rose petals. You'll like it and the box in which it comes . . . a Dresden sort of beauty in white and coral with a French blue bowknot.

PINCHED, pink noses and chilly toes these wintry days do not improve your looks. And, if those same toes persist in pushing their way through your best hose, then you have a foot problem. But there is a new convenience that ought to solve the double problem simply and inexpensively. Foot pads, soft and warm, which can be purchased in sizes just like hosiery, and sun-tan in color so that they defy detection. Slip a pair of the dainty footlets either under or over your stockings to give hosiery a longer life.

NEVER let it be said that we are not tireless in tracking down the newest and most exciting of feminine accessories. Compacts have always delighted the feminine heart and this season we're back on the gold standard with a gleaming, golden compact. A particularly captivating one contains

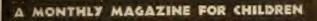


rouge and powder in a slim and oblong case and the richness of the gold-toned metal is emphasized by color accents of soft turquoise blue or coral red. The vanity case is so luxurious looking that it makes a fitting accompaniment for your new tiara, ostrich feather evening bag and gold kid evening sandals.



H AVE you ever had a big date, a miserable cold in the head, and straggly, oily locks all at the same time? It's a horrid fix to be in, isn't it? But be of good cheer for now there is a liquid dry shampoo that performs a miracle. Not a soap, a soapless shampoo or a wave set, this liquid shampoo dry cleans the hair and does not spoil a fingerwave. It takes but ten minutes to cleanse the scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair soft and lustrous and the fingerwave as though you had just emerged from the hairdresser's.

For further details including names and prices of the articles described above as well as other beauty news, send a stamped, addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.





ITORIES - COMICS - SURPRISES - PICTUR

T RIGHT are excerpts from a few of the A many letters we have received since the publication of Tiny Tower. Your boys and girls will love this new magazine, too, because it is gay and colorful with every page full of fun for younger children. Stories, puzzles, rhymes, a song, picture strips, drawings . . . dozens of things to do in this one and only national monthy magazine of its kind. The coupon below will bring your children and little friends twelve happy issues of Tiny Tower. Will you please let us know with what issue you want the subscription to begin.

The greatest thing since MICKEY MOUSE

A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST SAYS:

"I gave a copy of Tiny Tower to a three-year-old friend for Christmas. We couldn't tear her away from it for two hours. Then eight of us adults read it from cover to cover and were fascinated by this new children's magazine. One woman sent you eight subscriptions. . . . I sent three. Mickey Mouse."

A MOTHER SAYS:

Clark Moore. "We have three children of five, seven and nine years; and that little book is ideal for them. We had often spoken of the fact that there was no magazine printed for very little folks."

A PROMINENT EDUCATOR SAYS: Mrs. Roy P. K. Johnson.

I turned over the copy of Tiny Tower to my seven-year-old. She enjoyed it immensely, and I am sure from her pleasure in reading it that you have a very good thing for children."

A RADIO BROADCASTER SAYS: Ernest R. Groves. It is delightful! Captivating is a better word. And oh my, the pictures are grand."

W. Orton Tewson.

FIFTH AVENUE . NEW YORK, TOWER 55

Please send a year's subscription to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 and want the subscription to begin with the Month

CHILD'S NAME.....

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS....

The New Movie Magazine, March, 1934



If you want a baby-smooth skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dulllooking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baoy-smooth complexion.

Ivory, you know, is the soap that keeps so many millions of babies' Sains rose-petal soft. Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive complexions because it is so pure-because it won't dry up the natural oils that lubricate your skin. Yo dyes -- no soapy perfumes in Ivory!

It's smart to be a baby about your bath, too. Quaintly enough. your complexion doesn't stop at your neck-it extends all over you. And your all-over skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as your face does. So hop into your Ivory bath and scrub yourself shining clean with Ivory's cleansing lather. You'll step out radiant and glowing. Ivory's the best daily beauty treatment your skin can receive. Lucky for you that its price is so modest! And you can buy Ivory at any grocer's.

Soap

lvory 99⁴⁴/100⁰/0 pure • It floats

Coiffures for Constance

(Continued from page 60)

play a big part in giving Hollywood a preeminent position in this matter of hair arrangement. It is one thing to know that a certain type of bang will add a note of infinite bewitchment to the face and another thing to know how to achieve that type of bang by a few deft clips of the scissors. It is one thing to appreciate the charm of softly curling ear locks, and another thing to know by what expert manipulation they can be effected. lation they can be effected.

A CTUALLY the methods and the preparations used by Hollywood's hairdressers are no different from those used by successful hairdressers here, there and everywhere. There are no secret formulas or applications. The difference between the tactics of the Hollywood coiffeurs and those of other coiffeurs is one that can be easily ex-plained by Hollywood's own require-ments. If your interest is one of smartness, of keeping up with the fashions, then when you go to the hair-dresser you will naturally ask him to arrange your hair in the latest fashion, a style that will be precisely right for a style that will be precisely right for that new hat copied after a Paris model. If you are an actress who must register her individuality on the sensi-tive film of a camera, then the most important thing is to choose a head-dress that is above all else becoming and individual. Mere smartness is not

ONE thing that may strike you on your first visit to Hollywood from New York, Chicago or Paris is that hair is cut longer there than elsewhere. You have heard of the new sleeker coiffures have heard of the new sleeker coiffures from Paris, and you have seen them successfully worn in American cities. You are surprised when you see the best Hollywood barbers more chary with the scissors. But that your Hollywood barber easily accounts for when he reminds you that an actress never knows precisely what role she may be called upon to play next and that it is very much simpler to give a sleek contour to hair that is a trifle too. sleek contour to hair that is a trifle too long than to give a soft, girlish effect to hair that has been cropped too short. So we may give blame or credit to Hollywood for the continued vogue of the longer bob.

OTHER present-day fashions in hair dressing may undoubtedly be laid at Hollywood's door. The most important of these is the present insistence on glossiness and sheen. Fuzziness and roughness of the hair that might once have been tolgrated show up glaringly. have been tolerated show up glaringly on the screen. You may have noticed this yourself in your own photographs. Hair that will stand up under this new requirement must be free from broken ends, it must be smooth and lustrous and soft.

If you could compare the beautifully kept hair of the modern young woman of today with the frizzed and scorched and ratted hair of the girl of the pom-padour age, you would begin to appre-ciate the vast improvement that has taken place in hair treatment, hair preparations and waving methods. And if you stop to think you will give motion pictures a share of the credit.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 62)

BEAUTIFUL GIRL" sung by Bing Crosby should please any one who enjoys vocal recordings. This is from the picture, "Going Hollywood" and if you saw the show, no doubt you recall the tune. Bing has excellent support from Lennie Hayton's orchestra.

chestra.

"After Sundown" is on the other side, and is from the same picture, and recorded by the same artists. Bing is just as good in this one, but I don't like the tune as well. (This is Brunswick record No. 6694.)

HERE'S one from the film "Football Coach" and it's played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. "Lonely Lane" is the title, and I find it a very agreeable tune. Eddie does some outstanding piano playing in this one, and the record is swell in every sense. Lew Sherwood sings the vocal. "Dark Clouds" is on the other side, and this is also by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. A good tune. (This is Victor record No. 24441-A.)

No More Love" is the lament we get from Ruth Etting, and this is from "Roman Scandals." This is a good tune for Miss Etting to put over, and she does it with ease. You'll find no flaws in it.
"Build a Little Home" is on the other side, also from "Roman Scandals" and also sung by Ruth Etting. This is much more optimistic, and affords an agreeable contrast. (This is Brunswick record No. 6697.)

HERE'S a list from the current movies that are okay if you run across them. On Brunswick we have: "Lucky Fella" from the picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady" played by Tom Coakley and his orchestra. On the other side "Clean as a Whistle" from "Meet the Baron."
"Good Morning Glory" played by Jay Whidden and his orchestra, from "Sitting Pretty" and on the other side, "I Wanta Meander with Miranda" from the same show and by the same

from the same show and by the same

from the same show and by the same bunch.

"Love Passes Me By" played by Gus Arnheim and his orchestra, from "The Worst Woman in Paris?" and on the other side "Summer Is Over" by the same band. No show.

"We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines" sung by Bing Crosby, with Lennie Hayton's orchestra, and the reverse is "Temptation" by the same artists. These are both from "Going Hollywood."

Victor gives us "My Dancing Lady."

Victor gives us "My Dancing Lady,"

Victor gives us "My Dancing Lady," played and sung by Rudy Vallee and his band, and on the other side "Everything I Have Is Yours" also by Rudy. These are both from "Dancing Lady."

"After Sundown" a rumba played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, taken from "Going Hollywood" and on the reverse, "La Cumparsita" by the same band. No show.

On Vocalion you should hear, "Doin' the Uptown Lowdown" played by Dick Himber and his boys, and "You're My Past, Present and Future" played by the same. These are both from "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

Why does my Cuticle get so RAGGED?"



It costs so little to use Ivory for all soap-and-water tasks, why ruin your hands with strong suds? Ivory keeps busy hands looking nice 99 44/100 0/0 Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"



"I found out why my baby wouldn't eat"

"WHEN Peggy was 5 months old, and I put her on strained carrots and spinach...well! The struggles that child and I went through!

- "Here's what the Doctor said: 'You've probably been giving Peggy vegetables that aren't strained fine enough. Baby is used to liquid food. And habits are hard to change. So when she finds her food rough and lumpy, she just doesn't like it!
- 'Try Clapp's. I've never seen the baby who didn't like them. They're so smooth, and they never vary in that smoothness. Clapp's were the first to make a business of medically-approved strained baby foods. So they fully understand how to prepare them to give the right consistency, and to retain the maximum of mineral salts and vitamins!'
- . . . "Well . . . Peggy took her Clapp's Strained Vegetables like a hungry robin—and was I happy"!
- There are 15 intriguingly delicious Clapp's Baby Foods. And every one now comes in Clapp's Enamel Purity Pack, preserving the highest purity.
- Only the finest selected foods are used. And these foods are prepared in tiled kitchens under modern sanitary conditions . . . and are cooked in glass lined kettles. Then they are sent on their way to help bring your baby better health.
- 15c each. At druggist's or grocer's.
- ◆ FREE:—Abooklet, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables." Write Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. 71 Rochester, N. Y.



Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

My Life Until Now

(Continued from page 33)

standing with her back to the counter, talking to one of her waiters. I was startled out of a year's growth when I heard her voice, for it was like my

I didn't wait for supper. An hour later I was riding the rods on a fast freight, headed for Louisville and Kanfreight, headed for Louisville and Man-sas City. I was anxious to get home and face the music. And I had to face it. Father and

Mother were delighted to see me. bought me a new suit and showered me bought me a new suit and showered me with proofs of my welcome—but not until my father had given me the soundest thrashing a kid ever received. Having upheld the inevitability of the "law," he then felt free to prove his own understanding and mercy. He asked me to explain just why I hated school and just why I should not go back to it. I did—as eloquently as I could. He listened very patiently, said that he would talk to my tiently, said that he would talk to my teachers and promised to give a decision within a week. Evidently my teachers confirmed my own opinion of my ability as a student, for his deliberations ended with the verdict I'd been hoping for. I didn't have to go back to school if I could find a job.

Employment was plentiful in those days, and I landed work on my first application—an engine wiper's job in the Sheffield roundhouses. I felt at home there, but I didn't keep the job long, for the wages were too low. I was deterthe wages were too low.

tne wages were too low. I was determined to make money.

My next job was with the Sheffield Nut and Bolt company, feeding blast furnaces. Then I landed a job with a Santa Fe section crew, at a man's wages. I felt that I'd "arrived" and was perfectly satisfied with my estate until letters began to arrive from my until letters began to arrive from my oldest brother, Bill, who was working with the Ringling Brothers Circus and had been promoted to manager of con-

My imagination ran wild. Bill could My imagination ran with the cir-undoubtedly get me a job with the cir-cus! Travel, excitement, adventure and william somewhere in the offing! The

cus! Travel, excitement, adventure and millions somewhere in the offing! The more I thought about the circus, the more I grew to despise my routine job on a section gang.

I talked it over with my folks, wheedled them into giving a rather reluctant consent, and then wrote Bill a plea that would have melted the heart of a stone image. I waited for a month the longest month of my life—before the longest month of my life—before

his answer came.

Two weeks later I joined the show—as chambermaid to the elephants, at three-fifty a week and my board, plus a bonus of a dollar and a half a week a bonus of a dollar and a half a week if I stayed the entire season. In my estimation, then, that was a princely fortune. Since then I've made more than a thousand times that salary, but I've work felt a gigh. And I've your I've never felt as rich. And I've never been happier or more convinced of my own importance—which all goes to prove that the value of everything in life depends on the point of view. I was with the circus for three sea-

sons, and I wouldn't take a lot for the

experience.

A circus crew is "hard" and wastes no sympathy on weaklings. A man has to fight or foot-race—and if he runs he can't come back unless he's willing to crawl.

As a kid, running with one of the toughest gangs in the Kansas City "Bottoms," I'd learned to use my fists; traveling with the circus, I learned to fight with my head as well as my fists. I learned that while it's fatal to dodge a fight, it's folly to pick one. A circus crew, like the world at large, despises a coward, yet has no use for a bully, and loses no opportunity to put him in his place. his place.

Another lesson I learned was that the Another lesson I learned was that the world never gives a sucker a break. In those days, every circus crew listed its pickpockets, short-change artists and shell-game men—and they sneered at the "yokels" while they robbed them. They considered that their superior "cleverness" gave them the right to loot wherever they could

wherever they could.

Of course I've modified most of the hard-boiled philosophy that was pounded into me then—but a few experiences with genteel stock brokers, big business men and modern philanthropists have convinced me that the circus "grifters" were graduates of the same world-wide school.

From Ringling's, Bill and I went with the Forepaugh-Sells circus. We spent our summers traveling from coast to coast and our winters strutting around in Leavenworth, Kansas, where my father had gone into business. I was still a punk kid and you can im-

was still a punk kil and you can imagine how much pride I took in bragging to stay-at-homes of my own age about my adventures with the big-top.

The bubble of my self-importance was rudely exploded by a letter from my brother Noah. He was in New York and announced that he'd gone on the stage. He'd landed a job as a on the stage. He'd landed a job as a chorus boy, at the almost unbelievable salary of eighteen dollars a week. And I was making only three-fifty, a small

bonus and my board.

I decided that I was going to be an

I decided that I was going to be an actor! And by the end of my next season with the circus, which I finished in order to collect my bonus, my decision was strengthened by a second letter from Noah, telling how his singing voice had lifted him from the chorus to a small "bit" and a seven-dollar region.

raise.

If Noah's voice could earn that much money, mine could! Thanks to my mother's insistence on culture, I'd had some musical training. I could sing as well as Noah—and at least twice as loud! I caught a train to New York.

Noah welcomed me with open arms and escorted me on a tour of the booking offices.

ing offices.

Lady Luck was kind! Within a month I was rehearsing with the chorus of "Babes in Toyland."

Next month Wallace Beery tells of his rise from chorus boy to leading man, of his debut in the earlyday movies and his first stardom -of his marriage to Gloria Swanson and his ups and downs in the pioneer studios of Hollywood. Watch for the continuation of his intimate life story.

My Mistakes

(Continued from page 36)

want to act cool, I certainly can. Why, frequently when Douglas used to come home, I'd barely ask him if he had had

home, I'd barely ask him if he had had his dinner.

Oh . . I was wrong there, for like a boomerang, such coolness is bound to react on the woman. We women can't kid ourselves. We love to be possessed. That's a singularly feminine trait. Don't misunderstand me, by being possessed I don't mean bossed. All anyone has to do is to tell me to do something, and I'm as atubborn as a mule, but if they ask me, it's a different story.

With Douglas I made the mistake of going to extremes. This mistake has taught me that there is a wide, wide difference between interest and indifference, interest and possessiveness.

In another marriage, instead of be-

In another marriage, instead of being afraid of that possessive "Where were you this evening?" I shall compromise with "Did you have a good time?" I want, above all things, to be able to strike a happy medium. I think this need applies to any wife. To maintain a successful marriage, she must not go to extremes.

maintain a successful marriage, sne must not go to extremes.

I admit that in our business it is more difficult to be possessive than in any other field. We work so hard, and we come home so tired that we have nothing to give. The only times we world the content is between pictures and the content is between pictures. really see each other is between pic-

The other big mistake I made in my The other big mistake I made in my marriage to Douglas was the mistake of not having a baby. To my mind no marriage is complete unless there is a baby. I suppose nearly every woman wants a baby to satisfy her ego, and I'm no exception. I do not say that a baby would have made that first marriage of mine a success, but it would have given me something conit would have given me something con-

My marriage to Douglas smashed a great many of my ideals, but I thank God that I have a few left. And I'm afraid for them, those ideals. I'm afraid of making more mistakes, and thus losing them. That's why I'm not going to tell you what those remaining ideals are; that's why I intend keeping them to myself them to myself.

You see, in my personal life my greatest mistake is being too trusting. I'm too impulsive. I judge people too

I'm too impulsive. I judge people too hastily. I talk too much. This has given me a lot of trouble.

I made the mistake of telling interviewers too much about my personal affairs. The public knows too much about me. They know I like gardenias. They know I'm sensitive. They know I cry easily.

Time and again I've felt sorry for an interviewer who says she can make one hundred dollars on a story, and time and again, to my ultimate grief, I've answered a lot of impertinent and unreasonable questions.

unreasonable questions.

There is one interviewer in particular, who has hurt me often. At length I vowed I would never see her again. Then she begged me, she had such a and such a good angle for a story, she said, and so I finally consented to see her. The whole while she was with me I carefully remained on my guard. She wrote a lovely story. And then . . . to my amazement . . . to my disgust . . . the very next week she followed that lovely (Please turn to page 74)



THE Charmof LOVELY EYES

can be yours with

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Eye Beauty Aids





Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens evelowbes, making them appear langer, darker, and more luminant. It is non-smerting, tear-mode and absolutely harmless. The largest selling evelash beautifier in the world.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural ef-fect. Of highest quality, it is entirely barmless, and is clean to use and to carry.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and spar-kle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyeeyebrows. Apply

× ×

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply

that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but-insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations-for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

My Mistakes

(Continued from page 73)

story with the meanest one I have ever

She said that just as George Brent became Mr. Ruth Chatterton, so Franchot Tone would become Mr. Joan Crawford. She said I would ruin him because he would see Hollywood through my eyes. She said that I was only a graduate of the night clubs and whome parlors and that such a perwhoopee parlors, and that such a person was nothing for a man of Franchot Tone's culture, a man who was a Cornell graduate.

Imagine . . . giving Franchot, who has begun to do such really fine things

on the screen, imagine . . . giving him an unfair handicap like that!

I've learned from that mistake. I'm like an elephant, I never forget! That woman will never get an interview with me again. In fact, if I ever see her I might be tempted to slap her face!

All the average interviewer cares about is an "angle" and selling the story. She doesn't care what she does to me. When I'm misquoted I can't do a thing about it.

The mistake of impulsively allow-The mistake of impulsively allowing my better nature to influence me has misled me in charities as well as interviews. I used to give freely, and I wound up by having people signing checks with my name, and walking off with everything in my house! Now I'm careful. I ask questions. I look before I leap. That's what I learned from

the mistake of being too trusting.
In my personal life there is another grave mistake I make. I have never spoken about this before because the mistake is a selfish one. I lead too secluded a life. I do this to please myself, and I know it is a mistake. People in Hollywood, the Ritzy kind, who walk around with their noses in the air, severely criticize me for this.

Do you know that I'm more secluded than Garbo! She has at least fifteen friends of her own whom she constantly entertains. I see only three people. They are Franchot Tone, Lynn Riggs who wrote "Green Grow the Lilacs," and a magazine editor. Every Saturday night I have those three to dinner. Then we sit and talk for hours

The latest I go to bed is twelve-thirty because I rise at six-thirty. I do not go dancing anymore. I have been to exactly one night club in the past five months. As for dinner parties, they bore me to death. You know, I don't drink, and at the usual Hollywood dinner party the guests first drink cocktails until nine o'clock. By that time I'm both famished and tired. When they once begin to eat I'm no longer hungry. And so I've cut it all out. I know that's a mistake, but as far as I'm concerned, that's one mistake I'm

Connie Bennett is one of the few people I do see. She is one of my friendship, although it is a perfect one. Sometimes we don't see each other for as long as six months, but when we do meet it's as if no time has passed. We immediately resume where we left off. I feel so at home with Connie.

I can run over to her house and sit with her while she breakfasts in bed, or I can go to one of her dinner parties and, if I grow bored, disappear upstairs to read a book. She doesn't care what I do. She is a real friend. Only the other day she sent me a box of gardenias. In the box was a card on which she had written the hope that we'd have lunch or tea together just as soon as our respective pictures are finished. Few people can understand a friendship like ours, a friendship in which the two friends see each other so seldom, but believe me when I say that it's absolutely perfect.

The mistakes I have made in my professional life have been many. The biggest, I think was when I played Sadie Thompson in "Rain." I dare say every actress experiences the longing to do "Rain," and I'm just like all the

others.

We spent two weary months in Catalina, filming "Rain." It was Hell. We got on each other's nerves. The whole cast grew to despise one another, and I think you can tell this by the picture.

The director was distinctly a man's

The director was distinctly a man's director. He has done marvelous men's stuff, but he was no good for me.

The mistake I made was in going on, in sticking it out and not saying anything. I should have stopped when I saw that the production was all wrong.

I learned, for that experience will never happen to me again. The next time I'll stop before it's too late. I wanted to be a good sport. Too many people would have suffered if I had insisted upon quitting. This showed me that sometimes being a good sport is the biggest mistake a person can make. It may be unselfish, but at the same time it may be something infinitely worse . . . foolbardy.

Another mistake I made in my ca-

Another mistake I made in my career was the lip make-up in "Letty Lynton," and "Rain." To me Letty Lynton and Sadie Thompson were fundamentally the same girl; Letty, with culture, Sadie, a tramp. I liked the way I painted their mouths, but the fans protested. This taught me that year often was professionels have that very often we professionals have no perspective toward our own work. It's like the composers. I heard that George Gershwin cut "The Man I Love" out of several shows before he could be persuaded to use it, and they say Vincent Youmans had "Tea for Two" in his desk for months until someone insisted that he put it in "No, No, Nanette."

I, who adored that extreme mouth make-up was wrong. One critic went so far as to claim that it made me look like a high school girl playing grown-up. That mistake taught me never to rely solely on my own judg-ment and instincts.

I told you that mistakes should not be repeated, and that I have no patience with people who do repeat them. And still . . . there is one mistake I know I will repeat . . and that is "Rain." In a second production of "Rain" I hope to profit by all those first mistakes, just as in a second market riage the sensible woman hopes to avoid the mistakes she made in her

I want to make "Rain" again if it's ten years from now. No doubt by that time another actress will have done it. But I want to do it anyway. I've got to . . . for my own satisfaction . . . to show myself that I have learned. It's a challenge I feel I must fulfill.

Love Story of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 39)

come into Gary Cooper's life it came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that even romance-alert Hollywood did not suspect it until the wedding bells were practically ringing in its ears.

of course, it was mentioned in gossip columns that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were being glimpsed together, and the news picture boys brought in evidence of the fact... but what did that mean? Gary's name had been linked with too many women for new name in the list to arouse any a new name in the list to arouse any

particular suspicions.

There had been that shy-and-embar-rassed-Gary who had been in love with Clara Bow; there was the beginning-to-learn-a-little-more-about-women Gary whose name had been briefly linked with Evelyn Brent; there was the Gary who loved Lupe Velez and went away to forget her; there was the slightly-disillusioned-Gary who returned to Hollywood the escort of such fascinating women as Tallulah Bankhead and the Countess di Frasso.

and the Countess di Frasso.

By the time the questions began to pop: "Who is this Sandra Shaw... where did Gary meet her... where does she come from?" Gary, and the girl he loves had taken off for New York "to be married at the home of Sandra's parents!"

There are, however, a few close friends of Gary's and Sandra's in Hollywood who were not surprised by the "sudden" wedding announcement. They had watched the romance from the beginning and they had known that for the first time in his life Gary had met "the real thing." Though he wishes to remain unnamed, it is one of these close friends who was prevailed these close friends who was prevailed upon to give the following "eyewitness" account of the love story of "two people I love very much."

"Gary met Sandra," he began, "last Easter vacation on a yachting party given by Howard Hawks. As I look back on it, I can realize that it was not the actual physical location of where they met that was important; it was the place they had reached in their

inner life that mattered.

"Gary had reached a point where he had mental indigestion about women. You know all this stuff about Gary's change in personality, all that social, cynical line that had been written about

cynical line that had been written about him since his return from Europe?
"Well, it was only partly true. He had acquired a veneer of sophistication... but under it that big cowhand hadn't changed a bit from the first day he ever set accidental foot in Hollywood. He didn't admit that, of course, I think he rather fancied himself in the role of the soured old apple. He had arrived at that dangerous stage in a man's life when he thinks he in a man's life when he thinks he knows women!

"On the other hand there was Sandra, fresh from an eastern social background where the big events of her life had been centered in Todhunter's and Bennett's schools, a round of debutante parties, and the adoration of her mother, and step-father, Paul Shields,

"Sandra's real name, you know, is Veronica Balfe. Her parents were divorced when she was two years old and (Please turn to page 76)

Stella's teeth grew Brilliant Grace's remained dull



Grace used Tooth Paste "B" in the same way. Stains little better, lustre still dull.

IN NATION-WIDE TEST ON TWINS, PEBECO PROVES SUPERIOR TO FIVE OTHER LEADING TOOTH PASTES

The real truth about tooth pastes! Proved in a nation-wide test by leading dentists. On hundreds of Twins. Because Twinswith their similar mouth structure and conditions-provide the fairest basis for a true comparison.

One Twin in each pair used Pebeco . . . the other Twin used one of the five other leading tooth pastes (called here A, B, C, D and E).

On the main points of mouth hygiene, Pebeco leads all tooth pastes tested. Pebeco cleans better. Polishes more highly. Removes stains and destroys film

Why? Potassium Chlorate! Pebeco is the only tooth paste that uses it as a base. With this ingredient Pebeco helps check ACID MOUTH, counteracts the unhealthy acids that cause tooth decay, stimulates the glands to action, in-

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See how swiftly and surely Pebeco cares for YOUR teeth. Buy a tube today.

creases the flow of saliva which keeps the

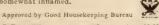
mouth healthy, vigorous, refreshed.

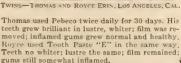
PEBECO PROVED BEST ON FIVE VITAL POINTS OF MOUTH HYGIENE

1. WHITENESS: Pebeco whitened teeth in 93% of cases-other tooth pastes in only 48' .. 2. LUSTRE: Pebeco-without the least scratch-improved the lustre in 90% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes only 70% 3. FILM: Pebeco removed film from teeth of 97% of users - others from only 60% 4. GUMS: Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened gums of 100° c of the users, other tooth pastes of only 76%. 5. ACID MOUTH: Pebeco alone actually assisted in stimulating the flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start tooth decay.

Note! New 25é tube of Pebeco now on sale at all drug and department stores . . . giant size, 50¢ . . . also 10¢ size.

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E. S. T., WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion **CAN BE YOURS**

WHEN people look at you, what do they see? A clear, smooth, vibrant skin? Or a skin that's dull and muddy, marred perhaps by ugly spots and blemishes?

New skin beauty can be yours! A remarkable corrective food is helping thousands to get and keep the charm of a lovely skin.

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or a run-down nervous state. Both of these common ailments are frequently caused by the shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage you need a food super-rich in these essential elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are nothing but pure, scientifically pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes go. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is again smooth and lovable.

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Love Story of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 75)

a couple of years later Mrs. Balfe married Shields. If ever a girl was brought up in the lap of love, luxury and protection it was Veronica.

"Until she made her debut at eighteen, she was never permitted out even in the daytime without her mother, or the little Swedish woman who had been her governess. It is this woman, who has been mistakenly referred to as her

"aunt," who is her companion and chaperone in Hollywood.
"But it was only a short time after her debut that she began to be restless with the round of debutante parties in New York Late in "21 her deailed to New York. Late in '31 she decided to come west to visit her grandfather Balfe . . . and while she was so close she decided to come to Hollywood to visit Cedric Gibbons, her uncle, and the aunt she had not met, Dolores Del Rio.

"Cedric and Dolores were delicated."

"Cedric and Dolores were delighted with the girl, for she is stunning after that statuesque goddess fashion, and in their home she met many of the most interesting men and women of Holly-wood. One evening at one of Dolores' parties, David Selznick (then at RKO) asked Veronica if she would be interested in a movie career.

"I suppose this was the most radical and devilish thing that had ever hap-pened in her life. She knew there was going to be the very old Nick to pay with her mother and step-father . . . but she accepted the offer. It was Selznick who changed her name from Veronica Balfe to Sandra Shaw.

"For a year under the amused super-vision of Dolores, who was under con-tract to RKO and therefore right on the scene of Sandra's professional activities; the amazed and almost angry supervision of her mother and father in New York who had practically a telephone wire to the sets; and the worried supervision of the little Swedish companion, Sandra did bits and parts at RKO. When her contract was not renewed at the end of the year her

rride was hurt.

"After raising all this fuss about a movie career she wanted a good one for herself...so she went out and got

another contract with Twentieth Century Pictures.

"Thus, we find Sandra and Gary at the time of their meeting on Howard Empley best The contract of the contr Hawks' boat. The girl was just reaching out for life and color because she hadn't had enough of it! And Gary had had a little too much of it!

"it wasn't a case of love at first sight...or anything like it. The first thing that impressed Gary about Sandra was her height! Sandra holds herself so erectly that not a whit of her five-feet-seven inches is lost in the currently fashionable slouch.

"I remember Coop said: 'That girl is the only woman I have ever seen who isn't afraid to stand up straight!' I don't know whether he noticed, or not,

I don't know whether he noticed, or not, several other attractive features of Sandra's...her clear gray-green eyes, for instance, and her sweet, cool poise. "It wasn't until the second, or third day of the jaunt that we began to notice that Gary was spending considerable time in the company of Dolores Gibbons and her young niece. You couldn't exactly say they talked together a great deal because I have never met two people less inclined to talk than Gary and Sandra.

"Like all good things this delightful trip had to come to an end and I know that before Gary and Sandra parted he asked her for a 'date'. I know this because it was with the greatest per-plexity he later repeated the details of that conversation and invitation to me. 'Do you know what she said when I asked her to go dancing with me? Coop demanded. Obviously, I didn't. 'She said,' repeated Coop grinning, 'She said,' repeated Coop grinning, 'that if the chaperone I selected was acceptable to her chaperone she would be glad to go. And if I couldn't get anyone who was acceptable she would bring her own companion, the Swedish woman, along!

"You can imagine how this hit Gary. I doubt, very much, if he had heard the word chaperone since he hit Hollywood. He was terribly amused. He had a lot of fun raking over some very unsuitable chaperones he could think of, and it finally wound up by Coop taking the little Swede and Sandra to the Beverly Wilshire for Sunday night dinner.

"The gossip columnists began to mention their names together more and more frequently, their pictures were snapped together at tennis matches and premieres, and of course this eventually got back to New York. Believe me, things began to pop then! Mr. and Mrs. Shields got one load of their adored daughter doing the stay-up-late places with Gary Cooper, of whom they had read considerable romantic ru-mors, and there was the very old Ned

to pay!
"Mrs. Shields took the first train out to Hollywood bent on saving her pride and joy from the clutches of Gary Cooper, evidently a leading local Don Juan. When, after she met that great big overgrown cowboy, and did not immediately snatch her daughter back to New York and safety . . . Mr. Shields

got on the phone.
"He wanted action, and he wanted it promptly. Well, he got it. Coop hopped a plane to New York and visited the Shieldses for two weeks! No one in Hollywood knew that, of course. It was just figured Coop was back in New

was just rigured Coop was back in New York doing the shows.

"After that, it was a cinch the wedding bells would ring for Gary and Sandra. They were head over heels in love with each other . . . and with all paternal objections removed, only a few details remained to be ironed out.

"One of the details was certain."

"One of the details was getting Sandra out of her Twentieth Century contract. With the advent of Gary into her life, Sandra had completely abandoned her ideas of a career. The only career she wanted now was to be Mrs. Gary Cooper.

"Another little item was getting Coop's Paramount contract arranged

so that he would have plenty of time

so that he would have plenty of time between pictures to go gypsying around the world with Sandra.

"Late in October they officially announced their engagement at a small intimate dinner party at Sandra's home. A week later Coop bought a wedding ring. And if this marriage between the old kid who found he wasn't quite the disillusioned cynic he thought he was and one of the sweetthought he was, and one of the sweet-est, most sincere girls I have ever known doesn't pan out...then there's no hope for real romance in Holly-wood!"

I Call Dad Pete

though, his name, which was mine, too, was an asset. And his friends, who had known me all my life, helped show me the ropes. But, nevertheless, I actually launched my career on my

Mactually launched my career on my own.

His fame continued to follow me, his personality to obscure me. He was a terribly vital chap, intense, vibrant, exciting. If we chanced to be in the same gathering, I was utterly shadowed. Unconsciously I determined not to compete. Like him I was an easy laugher. I joined the audience, and affected indolence together with my concention of a semi-studious min. conception of a semi-studious mien.

Sometimes his sheer exuberance embarrassed me. And sometimes it does

So things went on for another five years. He grew younger, I grew older. We both encountered our experience— We both encountered our experience—success, failure, happiness, discord—all the things that make a heap o' livin', as Mr. Guest might say. I had been doing my share of climbing toward the top of my own particular ladder, and had become quite complacent. Then one evening about eighteen months ago, I looked into the mirror, and for some unknown reason I began to take stock of myself in a very serious way.

I decided that I had really been sliding along in a hit-and-miss fashion, failing and succeeding by turn, and that I was utterly stagnant, both emotionally and professionally. In reviewing my recent life I found that I was fast succumbing to a despotic system that threatened to interfere with every cherished ambition, to stifle the ambi-

tion itself.

realized that I had submitted, docile as a contented cow, to instructions as to how a role should be played issued by some lordling of the studio who hadn't even bothered to read the script. Of a sudden it became tremen-dously important to me that I gain freedom, to do things over which I could honestly enthuse. In this crisis, and quite by accident, I met Douglas Fair-

I told him my story. Not only did he prove a good, and sympathetic lis-tener, but to my surprise he related a tale of woe that paralleled my own. Ten years ago my father was one of the four founders of United Artists, an idealistic association, the enormous success of which had thwarted its own

Formed to encourage and provide free scope to individual initiative, the company had become Big Business. So company had become Big Business. So big, indeed, that the intimate enthusiasm conducive to the production of its early hits had been superseded by the machine-like efficiency necessitated by its growth. Outside interests became so pressing that there was no time for inspiration. My father had grown restless. He was straining at the leash—a practice he will never outgrow. outgrow.

Suddenly I found my father!

Suddenly I found my father!
Curiously, and much to my surprise,
he was neither Santa Claus, the Old
Man of the Tribe, nor the Slippered
Pantaloon. He was young, human, likeable, understanding. The sort of friend
a feller needs when a feller needs a
friend! I think that he discovered me,
as well. And I believe that he found
(Please turn to page 78)

(Please turn to page 78)



but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

We don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent

as your assurance of extra protection.

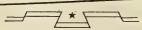
Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps-does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores-removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-NRA in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

LIFEBUOY Ends B.O."
HEALTH SDAP (BODY GDOR)

Dear March Babies



Your birthstone is THE BLOODSTONE
Your flower is THE VIOLET
Your birth month is the same as these famous
persons' - ANDREW JACKSON - LUTHER BURBANK - LAURA JEAN LIBBEY - GROVER CLEVELAND - WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN - GENERAL
PHILLIP H. SHERIDAN - JAMES MADISON
ALEXANDER GRAHAM

BELL OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

DEAR little strangers—welcome to this world of ours. We know you're going to like it as soon as you get used to it.

Right now you're probably wondering in a sleepy little way what it's all about. Mealtimes. Sleeptimes. That daily weighing. And lots of big strangers peering down at you. But your mother's already looking ahead

But your mother's already looking ahead—so's your pediatrician. They know it won't be very many months before it's time for cereal, spinach, carrots, other vegetables.

When Vegetable Time comes—we hope they'll remember Gerber's. So many leading doctors and pediatricians prescribe them because they're known to be better for Baby.

They're specially grown, harvested, prepared, processed and strained. And don't forget—Gerber's are more than just ordinary commercial vegetables converted for baby's use by straining. They're picked, prepared, packed, as well as strained for Baby. Just one feature of Gerber's is that they're cooked with oxygen excluded—which means that valuable vitamins are retained. So often, you know, they're lost in ordinary cooking methods.

In fact, Gerber's are the finest of FRESH vegetables for Baby—in cans. Which means convenience, time-saving and economy. Not only vegetables for Baby but that fine new Gerber Cereal, too (which your doctor may prescribe weeks before Baby's ready for vegetables), all ready to warm and serve. All baby's own—all "better for baby."

Strained Tomatoes... Green Beans... Beets... Vegetable Soup... Carrots... Prunes... Peas... Spinach... 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal... 10½-oz. cans... 15c.

-a Baby Department at Your Store

You'll recognize the Baby Department of your grocery or drug store by the Gerber display around which it centers. It shows you at a glance the eight strained Gerber vegetables, and the popular new Gerber Cereal for Baby.



Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby



Gerber Products Company Fremont, Michigan (In Canada: Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario)

Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontano'
Please send me free copies of "Mealtime Psychology" and "Progress in
Infant Feeding." (Enclose 10c if you
would also like picture of the Gerber
Baby ready for framing.)

Name	
Address.	
City	State

I Call Dad Pete

(Continued from page 77)

me young, but not too young, a bit too human, perhaps, and a fairly decent companion besides. I've tried to be a friend.

Our first interview led to others. We found ourselves dining together; actually choosing to be together rather than selecting other company. We found ourselves mutually inspirational. One was a natural complement of the other, like flint and steel. Each proved more amusing, more interesting than the other had expected. Our ideas jibed. He was old enough to get my viewpoint—I sufficiently youthful to understand his. It was delightful!

Our conversation buoyed us. He had the province of the providers and I for his.

Our conversation buoyed us. He had a topper for my ideas, and I for his. Over the coffee we'd be deep in an enthusiastic discussion of new worlds that needed conquering. Riding the crest of one of these inspirational waves, we decided to chuck it all and go abroad—together. This was the beginning of what we have come to term our "Collaboration on Life"!

The phrase and what it means to us are difficult of accurate definition. Perhaps the "Collaboration" is too recent to be thoroughly understandable even by the collaborators. It is so surprisingly pleasant, such an extraordinary and unfamily-like arrangement. But it is an intimacy, and affection, based upon independence and respect.

Neither of us is in material—that is, financial—debt to the other. Our expenses, our business affairs, are kept distinct and separate. If, upon occasion, my comparatively limited funds run low, I politely bow out with an explanatory, "I'll see you later." These exits, or other personal preferences, so to speak, are never discussed between

us. We don't question each other. It prevents embarrassment, and it has strengthened our friendship.

The new deal, however, is not an unmitigated blessing. At times I am obliged to look upon him as my charge, to be responsible for his responsibilities. And he looks upon me as an exacting nurse. Then, too, it is something of a trial for a fellow of my inclinations to be awakened at four in the morning by an exuberant bounding Bedouin who explodes, "How about us climbing the Jungfrau?" And I still gasp when he suggests crossing the Alps on a bicycle, or golfing on the Sahara. He doesn't seem to grasp the necessity for me to catch up on sleep!

The truth is we're rather a good balance for each other. He's a born nomad. I'm inclined to be a stay-athome. He's a spiritual tramp. I'm a physical loafer. If it weren't for the new-found enthusiasm in our work, the chances are our labors would be confined to what was necessary for the lives we choose to lead. More than thirty-six hours in one place gets on his nerves—I like to linger along.

He'll learn here that I'm perfectly aware of his shameless thefts of my

He'll learn here that I'm perfectly aware of his shameless thefts of my neckties, which he has ever indignantly denied. He'll learn, too, that he's right in suspecting me of purloining his hats, although they are usually old and disreputable, and that this is the reason I affect bare-headedness in his presence.

Another difficulty arose in the question of how we should address each other. Obviously, some names were necessary. I have never called him Father to his face, nor have I addressed him as Dad for years. I went to him

(Please turn to page 98)

What About Your Bath?

A LISON SKIPWORTH once gave Baby LeRoy a bath. But it wasn't a real soap-and-water scrub-all-over-and-behind-theears kind of bath. It was just one of the amusing scenes in Paramount's "Tillie and Gus," and it didn't make any difference whether Alison was an expert baby bather or not. But if you have a baby you should know that the right kind of baths make a great deal of difference in his young life. Baths of the right sort are important at any age. Given in the right way they will improve circulation and build up resistance to colds and other illness. They will make you sleepy when you are wakeful, or make you alert when you are sleepy. It all depends on the temperature of the water and the way the bath is taken.

If you would like to take full advantage of the health-giving, heautifying effects of scientifically planned bathing, just write for our new circular, Up-to-Date Baths. Send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of New MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and the circular will be promptly mailed to you.

Hollywood's Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 41)

her a play about that time she has no doubt that she would have accepted it instead of pot luck in Southern California. Circumstance: because she was cast opposite Charlie Ruggles. Together they happened to click. If they had put her opposite George Raft she might be back on the Main Stem any design her stuff instead of

Stem now doing her stuff, instead of an international celebrity.

Mary Boland brought to her char-acterizations a new type of screen acting. Neither a straight lead, nor a delineator of character roles, commonly identified under the heading of "mothers," she established a technique which has subsequently been used with great success by her contemporaries of the new woman of forty; Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Blossom Seeley and others. It was she who blazed the

and others. It was she who blazed the trail to stardom for these versatile and gifted actresses, who might otherwise have been lost in a maze of supporting roles of little consequence.

Long before the advent of Boland that attractive screen veteran, Hedda Hopper, had tried valiantly and with the ratione of John to create a screen the patience of Job, to create a screen character not unlike the roles that Boland, Brady, Burke and the actresses of this school are playing today. But instead major studios kept her under

instead major studios kept her under contract for years and merely used her to dress up sets.

Instead of capitalizing on the Hopper wit and ability to play smart, gay, very modern women who could look back at their thirties and laugh, they utilized her services exclusively as a back at their thirties and laugh, they utilized her services exclusively as a clothes horse. What she failed to achieve Mary Boland has accomplished magnificently—and perhaps if the demand for this type of star grows Hedda Hopper will yet come into her own in Hollywood.

own in Hollywood.

Billie Burke indirectly owes her present screen success to Mary Boland. When the piquant comedienne came to Hollywood to recapture the laurels she had won years before in silent pictures she found she would first have to compromise with Time.

No longer could she gallop through merry comedies with the abandon of a Flapper in quest of a happy ending. It was a case of "be your age"—and so in her first talkie role Miss Burke played the mother of Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement," albeit it was Hepburn who walked away with the Hepburn who walked away with the honors. It was a discouraging beginning for the Broadway star, but like the rest of the world she too proclaimed the newcomer, conceding her star billing, wondering what her own screen future would be thereafter.

Then producers realized that the screen needed more than one Mary Boland, and decided that Billie Burke could be an exponent of the same type of character. This led to her being cast as the flighty hostess in "Dinner at Eight." So assured is her future that Samuel Goldwyn has signed her

to a contract.

Alice Brady is another star who hesitated in coming back to Hollywood to embark on a second motion picture career. Way back in the silent dramas, in the heyday of Clara Kimball Young, she had enjoyed popularity and star-(Please turn to page 80)

Discouraged SECRETARY JANE GETS RID OF HER COLD QUICK

How She Found Simplest, Quickest Way









How to Stop a Cold Ouick As You Get It

If you catch a cold-don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

This is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Just do this:

- 1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
- 2. Drink Full Glass of Water. Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.
- 3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Your cold should be relieved quickly when you do this because the real BAYER Aspirin embodies certain NRA medical qualities that strike at the base of a cold almost INSTANTLY.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin as directed. Sore throat can be eased by gargling this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle,

it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

Does Not Harm The Heart



CLIMB the Alps before breakfast! That's about the way you feel when your digestion is tip-top. But a touch of indigestion and you don't want to go anywhere. Sometimes you know what's wrong. Sometimes you don't. Chewing Beeman's regularly is a good plan. It often helps those slight digestive troubles. And the flavor is so delicious, you'll enjoy chewing it every day. You'll want to try Beeman's right away-in the new triple guard pack. New freshness, new flavor.



Hollywood's Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 79)

dom as a Selznick star. In returning co screen work she wondered what sort

of roles she could play.

Personally, she felt that leading woman assignments were not for her—and she realized that Hollywood did not cater to young character actresses, into which category she had placed herself. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finally annexed her signature to a long term contract with the understanding that she was to have her pick of parts.

Attractive enough, and certainly young enough to portray straight dramatic leads she decided against them with the great intelligence which is hers, in favor of young matrons. Complying with her wishes the studio cast her as the talkative hostess in "When Ladies Meet," and Leo, the Lion, awoke to find a new star in his

cage.
"Why," I asked her, "do you play mothers on the screen?"
"Because," she answered directly, which to me, It's more "age means nothing to me. It's more of a kick being thirty-five and playing forty-five than being forty-five and playing thirty-five. In New York playing thirty-five. In New York there are actresses on the stage who there are actresses on the stage make fools of themselves by trying to play roles unsuited to their ages. only wins them ridicule and makes them appear even older.

"On the other hand I play the mother of Maureen O'Sullivan, Mary Carlisle and other girls and the audience is pleasantly surprised. They say, "My, but isn't she young to be that young lady's mother." And instead of adding on to my years they simply chop them off." Evidently Blossom Seeley doesn't

feel that way about it at all, for when she was told the subject of my interview she refused to talk with me. The idea of the number 40 in cold print idea of the number 40 in cold print frightened her, I guess. Not that it's altogether against her, for after all it's human nature to want to stay as young as it is sensibly possible.

Miss Seeley, who is obviously being groomed for Mae West roles at Twentieth Century, has not yet been in pictures long enough to have established a following but from reports

lished a following, but from reports on her first two films it is felt that she has a big chance of hitting the bull's eye. With twenty years of vaudeville and radio experience behind her she embarks upon her new career with a fairly good idea of what it's all

Her chief objection just now is the similarity of her parts to the lady who said to the world, "Come up and see me sometime." Both she and West me sometime." played the vaudeville circuits together for years, and no one ever thought of them as being alike, but Hollywood has its own ideas.

If you think the mature woman hasn't sex appeal then just take a good look at Mae West. I'm not saying that La Belle Wast is forty or sixteen or that she plays women of any certain age on the screen. It doesn't really matter. West could be sixty for that matter and still be sensational. Her age somehow doesn't enter into her success at all. But women of forty who go to the movies, and there are millions of them, look at Mae West and visualize her as playing that age —and admire her tremendously because to them she has immortalized the mature woman, as a woman of great fascination, teeming life, gorgeous

Lynne Fontanne, who is the darling of the New York Theatre Guild, admits to being almost fifty! Does her popularity suffer? Not if one is to judge by the lines that stand out in front of the theaters she plays. Such wamen are heautifully ageless. They women are beautifully ageless. They soar to the heights on the very wings They of Time. Such women were Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Isadora Duncan.

If Miss Fontanne chose she could come to Hollywood at a fabulous salary, for her sterling performance in the film version of "The Guardsman" is still being raved over. But seemingly the sham of the microphone world holds little appeal to her artistic senses. In New York she can go on being fifty—and proudly admit it. In Hollywood a publicity department would tell her just how old she must

Marjorie Rambeau and Laura Hope Crews are two other ex-stage artists who have found a new deal in Holly-wood under the "gay forties" code. Miss Rambeau made her first cinematic im-pression in support of Marie Dressler and Wally Beery in "Min and Bill," and so deep an impression did she make that other studios would there-after cast her for nothing but old soaks, broken down streetwalkers and waterfront flotsam. She consumed enough fire water playing these roles to float a gambling ship.

Laura Hope Crews made her fame

as a comedienne on Broadway long be-fore the cinema barons ever thought of her as a star possibility. Early in the talkies she made a few appearances in supporting roles, arresting attention, however without any real distinction. A little more roly-poly than Mary Boland, and not quite as attractive, the odds were against her to set the stage for this new type of express each of the role of the stage. screen star—but now that the stage is set Laura Hope Crews fits right into the scene. Her rendition of the pro-fessional mother in "Silver Cord," which she created on the stage, proved be-yond a shadow of a doubt that there is

a real place for her.
Encouraged by the success of their sister players, Ruth Donnelly, Helen MacKellar and Catharine Doucet, all well known on Broadway, have come to Hollywood to enter their bids for film fame. Miss Donnelly and Miss Doucet have both made their mark in comedy, but Miss MacKellar's laurels rest entirely upon her New York dramatic achievements. Probably this accounts for the fact that Miss Mac-Kellar has had a more difficult time getting started, for as producers see the ladies of forty just now, they must be gay and vivacious and funny.

be gay and vivacious and runny.
Oscar Wilde once wrote that the tragedy of old age isn't that we grow that we stay young. Only tragedy of old age isn't that we grow older, but that we stay young. Only it isn't tragedy any more, Mr. Wilde, it's a pleasure! Hollywood has made it that—a pleasure. Youth is wonderful—but, it isn't everything. The connoisseurs of talent realize that like wine, it grows better with time. So ladies of the roaring forties, here's an invitation—come up and insult me sometime. sometime.

Playtime in Movieland

(Continued from page 15)

"He was going down town in the street car one night, carrying his laundry!" related the friend. "Everybody pointed him out as the great Barrymore, but he went serenely on his way, and took his laundry to the place he started for."

I love that independence and demonstrated for."

I love that independence and democratic spirit. Whoever says John is high hat is all wrong. I have never known a finer, kinder, more courteous

spirit.

By the way, John simply worships his brother Lionel. The two brothers visit back and forth at their homes. And John and Lionel always play "Michigan."

BUT to get back to the party-and it was such a nice party!

Fancy sitting in a perfectly wonderful Louis Quinze chair and listening to Bing Crosby and Dick Powell sing—in person! Dick sang "By a Waterfall"—and when Dick sings it certainly makes you wonder who you're

tall"—and when Dick sings it cer-tainly makes you wonder who you're in love with!

When Dick was singing the irrepres-sible Bert Kalmar got up and did a spring song dance—and did interrupt Dick a bit. And so when Bert was singing, Dick also horned in with a dance.

dance.

But all in good, clean fun, and no-body a bit mad.

Down in the whoopee room, Dolores Costello Barrymore was being so nice as to bring plates to two or three people—it was a buffet supper, and you were supposed to buttle for yourself. Everybody adores Dolores.

JANET GAYNOR was there, all by herself, and looking sweet in a black

velvet gown.

And did our hostess look lovely! She wore a wine colored velvet, princesse, with a train, and a golden cord about her waist. In that old Tudor house, with its oak panellings, she might have been Guinevere!

OOKING at the baby is the new Hollywood recreation at parties. Even if the baby is asleep one goes

and looks at it.

So at Edward G. Robinson's party, everybody tiptoed upstairs to take a look at Eddie, Jr.

Harry Ruby alone wasn't enthusiastic.
"Why," he exclaimed, "it was such a little baby, it was hardly worth while looking at!"

WILL ROGERS had a swell time entertaining royalty. Prince Ferdinand of Germany, who came to stay a day with Will, remained a week at Will's ranch.

What todos over politics they did have, too!

But it was the release the release the research of the resea

But it was the polo that particularly fascinated H. R. H. Will's son Bill plays at Stanford, and Bill came down for the week-end, all attending the Riviera polo together.

And that reminds me, too—
Will Rogers went over there one day
to see a polo game, and because the
man on the stable gate didn't know
him, he wouldn't let him in. Will went
have discreted home disgusted.





yet they cost

The sweeping success of Faoen Beauty Aids is a tribute to the buying wisdom of American women. No longer do they consider it necessary to pay \$1 or more for the finest beauty aids. They know that Facen gives them similar quality for only 10¢. Here is the report of a famous Research Laboratory that has convinced thousands:

"Every Facen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

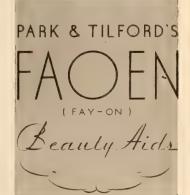
Your own trial of Facen Beauty Aids will convince you that science has told the truth!



No. 37 A New FAOEN Perfume Triumph!

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece —and its price of only 10¢.

CLEANSING CREAM . COLD CREAM FACE POWDER . ROUGES . PERFUMES



=10¢ each at== F. W. Woolworth Co Stores



-and it works!"

 "Mother's cough wore her out," writes
 Mrs. Johnston. "We finally decided she must see a specialist. His advice was simply, 'Pertussin.' It was certainly good advice. Mother's bad coughing quickly stopped . . . Pertussin has helped us all again and again."

INSIDE your throat and bronchial passages are millions of glands—like tiny water faucets—that keep the tissues healthily moist.

But these glands clog up when you "catch cold." Thick mucus forms. Your throat tickles—feels dry. You cough so hard, but you can't "raise" a thing.

Get those little moisture glands working again, to stop that cough! . . . That's what Pertussin does!

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin stimulates the glands and starts their natural moisture flowing freely. Your throat feels relieved. Germ-laden phlegm loosens up almost instantly. Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!

There are no narcotics or harmful drugs in Pertussin . . . it's the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors to treat the most severe coughs known. Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin now?



DOCTORS PRE-SCRIBE Pertussin for bables . . it's safe!
"I have prescribed it
for 25 years," writes
one doctor. It won't upset digestion; and is pleasant to take.

RTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . It works safely!

Once an Acrobat

(Continued from page 42)

fleeting glimpse of show business. Always interested in electricity, he hung around back-stage and thus met many of the performers. Soon he was offered a part in a travelling company of juveniles similar to the one in which Charles Chaplin made his theatrical start. The result was that Cary ran away from home, at the ripe age of twelve years, to become an actor.

His irate parents promptly had him looked up and brought home. Then came a period of enforced education, with the kindling ambition to go on the stage mounting into a raging in-ferno of rebellion. When, at the advanced age of sixteen, he found the opportunity to join the Bob Pender troupe of acrobats, he again took French leave.

This time, the boy's father realized that interference was useless. Besides, he had acquired a new wife and

sides, he had acquired a new wife and had all he could do to provide for her and their child. So he made no effort to bring back his first-born.

Then, in 1920, came the marvelous news that the troupe was to go to America. Thus it was that Cary arrived in New York, the city of his dreams. Had he known what was in store for him he would methodly have store for him he would probably have stayed with the act when it returned to England. Instead he remained here, playing with various turns, constantly striving to abandon the art of tipups and back-bends for the more dig-

nified song and dance routine.

At last his chance came. Cary abandoned his fleshlings for a tuxedo. He sang, danced and spoke lines. He did all three well. He was on his way up the ladder. "Looking back, I consider that making the jump acrobatics was the greatest hurdle of all," he confided to me. "As in pictures, vaudeville people are classified and expected to keep within those limits."

Still, things were far from easy for Cary. America, the land of opportunity, had turned a cold shoulder on the ambitious youth. Discouraged, he scraped up enough money to buy a steerage ticket to his native land.

ticket to his native land.
"Night after night I lay in my bunk thinking... thinking," he told me, in reviewing his career. "I decided that I must get more experience as an actor and then come back and conquer Broadway. I was discouraged but not defeated. I felt confident that I would again have the opportunity and when it came along, I wanted to be prepared." pared."

Arriving in London, he signed with Arriving in London, he signed with the Nightingale Stock Company and did a season of one-night stands in England and Wales. His chance came quite unexpectedly while playing in a suburb near London. Reggie Hammerstein, the theatrical producer from New York, was in England on a visit. He happened into the theater and immediately made arrangements to bring Cary back for a role in a musical play "Polly."

So a more seasoned Cary once more came to New York, this time with a contract. "Polly" was delayed in getting started so he was given a role in "Golden Dawn" which proved to be a hit. When "Polly" finally got under way, he was taken out to play the role

for which Hammerstein had signed him. Again disappointment. "Polly" flopped so badly in its tryout that it was withdrawn.

Here Fate took a hand. A Shubert scout who had caught the play, recommended Cary as a good bet and the Shuberts thereupon bought his con-Shuberts thereupon bought his contract from Hammerstein and gave him the lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom Boom." This was his first really good break as the show had a

really good break as the long run on Broadway.

His career launched, Cary made another visit to England. "I wanted to show off a bit back home," is the explains it. On his return to show off a bit back home," is the way he explains it. On his return here he did a season of musical stock in St. Louis. Upon arriving back in New York he was immediately signed for an important role in the stage version of "Nikki" with Fay Wray and Deceler Matters and the stage was not become to the stage were so that the stage were so that the stage was not seen that the stage was not se

Version of "Nikki was version of "Nikki was Douglass Montgomery.

When this closed, he decided on a Hollywood. Naturally he was victures, but When this crosses, trip to Hollywood. Naturally ne was anxious to break into pictures, but too hopeful. Picture offers had actual film work in the East was limited to one short.

limited to one short.

Arriving on the Coast, he visited his friend, Marion Gehring, the director. It happened that the day he came to the studio, Gehring was making a test of a young actress in whom the studio was interested. He asked Cary to make the test with her as a tayor. As a result, Cary was signed while the girl wasn't, which has frequently been the case. The story that Cary got his break through Jeanette MacDonald is untrue, he says, although he admires that young lady very much.

Of course, as everyone knows, Cary really admires only one girl and that is the charming blonde, Virginia Cherrill. About their romance he has little to say, although if they are Mr. and Mrs. by the time this article appears, I shouldn't be in the least surprised.

He's terribly in earnest about his screen career and not entirely enthusiastic about the parts which have been assigned him. Of Mae West he says: "It's an education to work with says: "It's an education to work with her. The industry owes her a debt of gratitude."

His favorite picture is "The Eagle and the Hawk" although he has great hopes for "Sailor, Beware," in which he will play a roistering gob. He's rather fed up with being the gentleman and wants to play roles which have plenty of dash and color. "Human beings" is the way he explains it.

He shares a modest bungalow with his pal, Randolph Scott, and his one extravagance is a good car. "I'm the extravagance is a good car. "I'm the quietest fellow in Hollywood," he says. "I don't know how I manage to crash the columns so often."

His visit to England came as a much-needed vacation after appearing in fourteen pictures during the past two years. He hopes to make fewer

in fourteen pictures during the past two years. He hopes to make fewer and better pictures from now on.

He gets a big kick out of being recognized and I suspect he's still pretty much the young fellow walking on stilts, his head in the clouds, firmly but surely striding ahead. Right now the world is at his feet. It's great to be young, successful and in love. Lucky Cary Grant!

The First Soviet Star

(Continued from page 31)

the mother's ambition to become an actress, but it affected the rowing, gay, gypsy-like dancer of a father, not at all. For a few years, though, things went well enough. Then some one fired a shot. Some one else blew a bugle. There were marching feet and prancing the state of t horses. War had come. And the slender, laughing father threw a musket on his shoulder and danced off to battle, blithely as he'd trip a meter in a market-place. Anna was twelve when he came home to die.

market-place. Anna was twelve when he came home to die.

A dancer and a soldier—of course, there wasn't a kopeck left for the Swedish widow, her tall, young daughter, and the child that had come later. And what with first the Germans goose-stepping through the town, then the galloping Ukrainian revolutionists brandishing lance and sabre, the storming of the White Army, the mad attacks of the Bolshevists, the gaunt Polish warriors singing wild songs of victory, life became a complicated terror to the three feminine creatures the dead man had left behind him.

A furtive market was found for the family trinkets, and later for the household goods. Anna was on bowing terms with all the pawnbrokers, and others that fatten on poverty and despair. When everything was gone, bold with hunger she invaded a peasant hashouse and demanded work. She got it, from dawn to dark. Her pay, food for the family. But there came a time when in the once prosperous city of a half-million souls the most meagre scraps

in the once prosperous city of a halfmillion souls, the most meagre scraps million souls, the most meagre scraps were at a premium. The whole country was bare and desolate and cold. There was even talk of the wolves. But nothing daunted, Anna, bundled in every shawl and petticoat the house afforded, foraged the countryside for food. Somehow they managed to live through these desperate wears. desperate years.

But some order finally came from this chaos. And one of the Soviet's first steps was the establishment of a State theater. God knows the people needed entertainment! So Anna, full of her entertainment! So Anna, full of her inheritance from both parents, joined a group of amateur players, and found favor in the discerning eye of the great director, Stanislavsky. She acted for him in a production of a Gerhard Hauptmann piece, and through him, at fifteen, she was admitted to the Soviet Film Academy. For the new Russia was quick to see the potentialities of the motion picture screen as an agent the motion picture screen as an agent for propaganda. It encouraged actors, directors, and established the school where promising material might be de-

During the next three years Anna served her apprenticeship both before the camera and behind the footlights. the camera and behind the footlights. She learned picture acting under Inkijinoff. If you recall the much-mentioned film, "Storm Over Asia," perhaps you'll recall Inkijinoff as its star and director. In the theater she worked under the tutelage of Stanislavsky. At eighteen, a more matured, experienced trouper, she made a Moscow debut as a member of his stock company which presented the plays of Pirandello, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and the rest. The girl was receiving as fine a foundation for her art as money could have bought.

(Please turn to page 104) wish somebody would her!

TSN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has 'come hither' if I ever saw one. But it becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women-attractive ones, too-who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the quick, the easy, the sure way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from the unpleasantness which every woman fears.

Now May's Lips Class with a Capital Kay Say"KISS ME" Lips Class with a Capital Kay (Continued from page 51)







Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up yourself—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, Special Theatrical Color. This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you tonight. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades including the Special Theatriall shades, including the Special Theatri-cal Color, at all toilet goods counters and

Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

I feel qualified to say that it fits Kay as snugly as one of her own con-servatively chic gowns. Here is a girl whom I have never

seen make a gesture in bad taste. Of course, I'm no spy. Keyholes are out of my line but I've watched her in many different environments.

On the tennis court she manages to play a splendid game without stripping down to a costume that suggests most anything but tennis, as a lot of the modern players do. Her game of bridge is excellent and serious. The bone is excellent and serious. The bone rimmed glasses she wears while playing give her a "don't ask me why!" expression which causes an ordinary gabby card player like myself to return to her game of rummy on tip-toe.

When Kay dances, she is dancing, not taking indoor exercise. She drinks slowly and as if she were enjoying it, instead of rushing into a competition as many of us do. She smokes a lot, but never nervously and her snow white teeth are a red flag of contradiction waving in the face of any anti-nicotine fiends. Kay talks well and listens well. I've never heard anyone say they did not like her, but there again I don't risk my ears on keyholes either.

She came to lunch with me in my honored backyard on one of those hot days which no Californian will admit exists. Cool and calm in a blue and white illustration of what only the Cool and calm in a blue and well-dressed woman can wear. dare ask her to take anything off, though I had been playing strip poker with myself for two hours and had lost steadily. It's very easy to talk to lost steadily. It's very easy to talk to Kay. I could have chosen most any subject from the N.R.A. down to emerald jade, but I was hot and miserable anyway so I picked what is with most women a cooling one, marriage.

You see she has been married three times and I am still trying to learn the rudiments of the game which I took up at an age when I should have either been an expert or retired for distinguished service. The first two marriage knots we skipped over lightly. "I was very young," said Kay looking so pristine that I visualized her stepping from her cardle to the her stepping from her cradle to the altar for that first marriage.

She virtually did, and probably leaped from her scooter into the second mat-rimonial boat. The last one to Ken-neth MacKenna took place two and a years ago.

With the salad we drifted from the sea of matrimony back to that great shore of indecision, Cinemaland. We discussed her last few pictures. She is not pleased with them, yet she doesn't rave and talk about the parts she would have liked to play which other stars were given.

"What would you really like to play if you could have your choice?" I

asked and waited, expecting that, as with most actresses, there must be a suppressed if not censored desire.

She thought fully half a moment,

sne thought fully half a moment, tapping imaginary ashes off her cigarette—"I don't know. I want to go on and do better work. I want to save my money so when they kick me out—"

I, not being well bred, cut in with, "So the spot they kick will be well padded?"

"Yes!" she laughed they arrived.

"Yes!" she laughed, then seriously said, "You know, Elsie, it's a short career comparatively. In the theater you can go on acting with a double chin or lines about the eyes. Those things don't matter, but with the camera, well, you know what I mean!"

I looked at her perfect face, lineless in our California sunlight, which is guaranteed to bring out everything in-cluding one's past, and said, "But, my dear, you've nothing to worry about!"
"I'm looking ahead," she answered.

And that's where you are going, I thought. Far ahead, just because you can see the hand-writing on the wall of film fame before you get near enough to it to read your own epitaph. O. K.

For two years now I've been going around with a sort of Elsie Semple McPherson attitude. All I've needed McPherson attitude. All I've needed was a Temple and they cost money, which I have learned is very important when you have it, but becomes strangely uninteresting when you learn how ly uninteresting when you learn how many lovely things there are that it cannot buy. I was McPhersoning a bit at Kay. She was very sweet and understanding. "You must read All Men Are Enemies," she said. "Tony in that book has ideas that you will love. I'll send it to you."

Well! I'm still waiting for a lot of books that folks promised to send me when I was a child, but Kay must have gone directly from my house to a book

gone directly from my house to a book store. The book arrived and I read it at once. In it I found the character Kay should play. The girl's name is

Perhaps Kay knows it, perhaps she longs to play it and is too well bred to snatch at anything. I don't know, but I know this—if I am wrong in my impressions of Kay, if she is really a roughneck and people who know her better than I do laugh at my "well bred" fixation, then all I can say is, she is the best actress off the screen today and the sooner-they-stop-remodel-ling-Ruthie's-"cast-offs"-for-her-andrun-up-a-little-model-designed-for-Kay Francis-as-she-is—the quicker she will be considered one of the best actresses

on that same screen.

No, thanks, Messers. Warner Brothers, I couldn't write the story for her
myself, but you've all heard of a kibit-The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

FAVORITE BREADS FOR EVERY MEAL

Old-fashioned housewives made their own bread—and so do up-to-date housewives today. With improved ranges and reliable yeast, fleur and other ingredients, making bread, muffins, rolls, baking powder bisseits, and griddle cakes is much easier than ever. To obtain this month's food circulars send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun care of Mystery Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Here they are:

- 1. Making yeast bread
- 2. Special yeast breads
- Rolls and buns with yeast
- Muffins and breakfast breads
- 5. Baking powder leaves
- 6. Baking powder biscuits
 7. Griddle cakes and waffles
- 8. Teast in many forms

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 49)

Going Hollywood—B Directed by Raoul Walsh, Released by M-G-M

GRANDPA, dear children, is real spry for his age and still can stand as many film musical shows as most. As a steady diet though, they raise tarnation with Granpaw's innards and bring spots before his eyes. There have been plenty of such shows this month and "Going Hollywood" is just another added to a list that is overlong already. overlong already.

Movies have pretty well eradicated vaudeville from the land and now they are adopting most of its features themselves. "Going Hollywood" is really Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi Dorsay and a lot more going

vaudeville.

In this opus, the vital Miss Davies In this opus, the vital Miss Davies is amazingly versatile. She is, in succession, a boarding-school teacher, an extra in films, a blackface comedian, a dancer, a singer, an imitator and a star in pictures. Mr. Crosby, a better actor than most radio luminaries, sings on every possible occasion and there are several opulent ensemble numbers. Gentlemen billed as "Three Radio Rogues" have an act that is really funny, and Ned Sparks does a genuinely comic impersonation of a bilious director.

As a vaudeville show, "Going Hollywood" isn't bad and if that's the sort of thing you like to see, help yourself. High Spots: The ensemble number that supplies the chorus for Mr. Crosby's and Miss Davies' song, "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

Dancing Lady—AA
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Released by M-G-M

N one form or another, audiences e seen most of the plot of (Please turn to page 86)



Lilyan Tashman tells Doug Junior a new story which he evidently finds very amusing.



SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES OUT EVERY MONTH 99

66 | PITY POOR IDA! 65 SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN 99

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

		MA	\R(СН		
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	×	×	×	17
18	12	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet



glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.

Periodic pain is out. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain in seven to ten minutes.

That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process-just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements-and keep themwithout worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the

toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.



Capable Hands must be lovely, too!

Woman's place in the scheme of living has changed, but Romance still holds sway. Wise indeed is she who preserves her feminine charm at any cost!

Don't let the workaday world rob you of the allurement of soft, smooth, white hands. It's too easy to keep them lovely with Pacquin's! Apply a pat of this marvelously penetrating, skin-feeding cream every time your hands have been in water. Use it before and after every exposure to the wind and weather. You'll be delighted at the way rough, chapped skin regains a smooth, soft texture. Pacquin's protects your hands against the drying out of natural oils that is so fatal to hand beauty.

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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 85)

"Dancing Lady" many times. It is the same old story about the woes that involve cast and director in the production of a musical comedy, but people of great ability have turned a sleazy

of great ability have turned a sleazy set of situations into something that is alive and human and exciting.

Robert Z. Leonard, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and a number of others have used their brains. It's a pity these aren't employed oftener in films. In this instance, intelligence has made a hackneyed theme the best of all backstage pictures.

stage pictures.
You'll see no better acting this year than Miss Crawford's as the burlesque strip dancer who becomes a Broadway star. The ordeal of her recent divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems to have increased Miss Crawford's emotional stature. Whatever the cause, that growth is plain.

Her throaty, slurring voice; her sensitive face that wears at times the look of a younger Ethel Barrymore; her personality that seems to glow with an inner light lift her high in this picture. Clark Gable is more than satisfactory as the rasping, bitter di-rector. Franchot Tone who, according to Hollywood gossip, is Miss Craw-ford's current devotee, does well with the role of an aristocratic playboy.

Mr. Leonard brings style to his directing. The pace he sets is swift and it doesn't let up. He has given humanity to even the most minor characters and has decorated his plot with acters and has decorated his plot with telling bits of satire and comedy. May Robson is a delight as a deaf old grandmother and Sterling Holloway whose gift for caricature has not yet had its real opportunity does a fine thumbnail sketch as the hapless author of the show.

High Spots: Janie Barlow (Miss Crawford) defying the judge after Janie, in search for a part in the new show, dogging Patch Gallegher (Mr. Gable) Gallegher hiding his love for Janie beneath sham impatience.

The backstage atmosphere of "Dancing Lady" is familiar to Joan Crawford who, before she entered pictures, appeared in a number of New York musical comedies. She was born Lucille LeSueur in San Antonio, Texas,

Lucille LeSueur in San Antonio, Texas, and got her love for the stage through her father, a theater owner.

She is five feet four inches, 110 pounds, Her hair is reddish gold; her eyes, blue.

She likes dresses of blue or green, tight at the hips, loose at the shoulders; swimming, crackers spread with mustard, diamonds, golf, pajamas, malted milk and driving her car at sixty m.n.h. sixty m.p.h.

Among her pet dislikes are bridge, cheap jewelry, being waited on and her own previews. She never wears stockings, walks pigeon toed, is forever los-ing her gloves and is genuinely afraid to go to sleep in a dark room.

Advice to the Lovelorn—A

Directed by Alfred Werker. Released by United Artists

SEEING a Lee Tracy picture is a little like riding a particularly violent roller coaster. "Advice to the

Lovelorn" dives toward disaster and soars into mirth even more successfully soars into mirth even more successiony than its forerunners. This story of a rowdy reporter who is forced to run a column for the love smitten is the best of the Tracy films.

His current offering adds new laurels to his record. No one else in Hollywood can do one character over and over and offill keep it alive and impudent. Mr.

can do one character over and over and still keep it alive and impudent. Mr. Tracy is an actor of definite limita-tions. Whether he is cast as a hoofer, a press agent or Toby Prentiss, the scandalous reporter in "Advice to the Lovelorn," he is always the same and

always amusing.

Alfred Werker, director of the current film, has made the most of the bits of humor and characterization with which the script abounds. The cast, which includes Sally Blane as the heroine is excellent and Sterling Hol-loway, a youngster who is rising fast in films, is downright funny as Benny, an office boy whom Toby Prentiss makes his secretary.

Mr. Holloway trained for the stage with the Theater Guild in New York. He has appeared since then in revues and night-club floor shows and, for several years now, has been doing small

eral years now, has been doing small parts in pictures, each of which has been better than the last.

High Spots: Toby mistaking an earthquake for a hangover...

His horror when he is assigned to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column...Mr. Tracy's fine portrayal of grief when Toby's mother dies.

Flying Down to Rio

Directed by Thornton Freeland. Released by RKO Radio

H ERE is still another film musical comedy, this time without much of either comedy or music but an awful lot of film. It is liberally bestarred with names whose owners don't live up to their reputations. Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, all added up together, don't contribute more than about one good performance among them and about three-quarters of that is afforded by Miss Rogers.

by Miss Rogers.

There is some good dancing by Mr.
Astaire, a spectacular airplane ballet
and one elaborate ensemble number. If you think it's worth sitting an hour and a half in a theater seat to see that much, nobody is going to keep you from going. Only don't say after-ward that I didn't warn you.

The House on 56th Street—A Directed by Robert Florey. Released by Warner Brothers

GOOD acting by all concerned makes this a good picture, even though most of its plot should have been retired long ago to an Old Stories' Home. Thanks to the glamorous art of Kay Francis, fine support and good direc-tion, the film is worth seeing. That doesn't mean that the author of the script should feel called on to take a bow. The cast and director deserved something better than a revival of the moss-covered situation in which an erring mother sacrifices herself to save the daughter who does not know her. You can forget the script's inade-

The New Movie Magazine, March, 1934

Should See

quacies and idiocies in Miss Francis' smooth performances as Pergy, first a kept chorus girl, then a millionaire's

a kept chorus girl, then a millionaire's wife, then a convicted murderess, then a blackjack dealer in a speakeasy that had been the house on 56th Street to which she had come home as a bride. Miss Francis is one of the blessed who never overact. She has converted the rest of the cast, who behave like human beings throughout. Years do not improve Ricardo Cortez's looks but he plays the role of Peggy's gambling partner acceptably and Margaret Lindsay, as Peggy's daughter, brings to a brief part a deal of warmth and power. John Halliday also merits citation for his quietly forceful portrayal of a man his quietly forceful portrayal of a man about town.

High Spots: Peggy telling her lover (Mr. Halliday) that she is leaving him to marry another man.
. . . Peggy beating Bill Blaine (Mr. Cortez) at his own crooked

stud game. Sore Spots: Eleanor Burgess (Miss Lindsay) supposedly a woman of breeding, yet signing a note "Mrs. Burgess"... Peggy waiting leisurely for the moment when her daughter sails from New York, as though there were no wireless that could apprehend her later for murder.

Son of a Sailor—B

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Released by First National

I f the theater showing this one is an easy walk from home, Joe E. Brown's latest may be just about worth the effort—that is if your shoes don't

hurt. Much of this film which deals with the adventures of a gob on and off an airplane carrier is mildly funny and there are one or two genuine laughs. That's about all you can expect from Mr. Brown. He has worked his way up through an acrobat act, through a term as baseball player with the Yankees, through sundry engagements in burlesque and musical comedy to an annarently warm place in the hearts Much of this film which deals with apparently warm place in the hearts of film fans.

of film fans.

During the course of his latest, Mr. Brown is kidnaped during shore leave by the daughter of an admiral; is entertained at dinner by high officers of the navy; is almost seduced by an international spy and is finally deposited in the stack of a warship that is about to serve as target for an air attack. Through all these trials, Mr. Brown shows more durability than skill Brown shows more durability than skill The only difference between this and the old Keystone Comedies is that the latter didn't have sound tracks

High Spot: Handsome Callahan (Mr. Brown) romancing about a pair of baby shoes and thereby dating up sundry girls.

Convention City—A

Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by Warner Brothers

THIS photoplay, depicting the ma-jor and minor disasters that attend annual convention of the Honeywell Rubber Company at Atlantic City (Please turn to page 88)

New Pictures You World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



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JACK FALLS when Jane Finds the "keynote" of CHARM







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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 87)

is several miles ahead of what the film trade usually labels "comedy," for lack of any other printable title. It is doubtful whether Atlantic City will be pleased by the fun poked at its chief industry. Serious business men chief industry. Serious business men may writhe at the mockery with which this film exposes the convention racket. I think the rest of the nation will relish the spicy satire and irreverent burlesque in which "Convention City" abounds.

Here is a picture with no hero or heroine, despite resounding names in its cast. Adolphe Menjou, Frank Mc-Hugh, Dick Powell and Guy Kibbee appear merely as salesmen who lay hold upon the convention as an opportunity for inebriety and impropriety. Mary Astor, Joan Blondell, Patricia Ellis and other women have equally minor roles. There isn't much more sustained plot

than there is in an actual convention. Human bits of irony and humor and abounding comic incident make "Convention City" a scandalous delight. The by-play and smooth acting by all concerned are the picture's best quali-ties. Grant Mitchell is fine as the pompously hypocritical head of the concern and Mary Astor again sur-prises those who have thought her beauty greater than her ability. gives an expert performance as a hardboiled saleswoman. This and her earlier role of the spoiled wife in "The World Changes" prove that Miss Astor has something above her shoulders more valuable than mere good looks.

High Spots: The Mayor of Atlantic City address:

lantic City addressing a series of conventions from a moving plat-form... The soused salesman's belated discovery that he's at the wrong convention.... The solution of the problems of the various characters by a series of shots through car windows as the rubber company's special train pulls out.

Girl Without a Room—A

Directed by Ralph Murphy. Released by

RALPH MURPHY, director, must have been thinking hard of Ernst Lubitsch while he was shooting this film of student life in Paris. There are worse guides to follow. If the picture hasn't all the sugar coated impropriety which Mr. Lubitsch deals out so deftly, it is good entertainment and at times—chiefly when Charles Ruggles is on the screen—is extremely

Into each of the fuzzy-minded, scat-ter-brained roles he plays, Mr. Rug-gles manages to pour a warming jigger of humanity. The world is filled with people like his characters, which may be one of the chief troubles with ex-istence. In "Girl Without a Room," he has expert assistance from Charles Farrell as a gawky young artist from Farrell as a gawky young artist from Tennessee, Marguerite Churchill as the heroine and Grace Bradley as Nada,

heroine and Grace Bradley as Naua, a Russian gold digger.

Not so long ago, Mr. Farrell was just another fair-faced juvenile, dedicated to sugary films. His stature as an actor is increasing. Besides being the hero of this picture, he manages to give an amusing and realistic characterization of a bewildered youngster from the sticks.

There is some satire and much slap-stick comedy in "Girl Without a Room." The picture is well cast and the pace it sets is fast and funny. You the pace it sets is fast and funny. You won't regret, I think, making an effort

High Spots: Hordes of hungry students, dropping in to share Tom Duncan's (Mr. Farrell's) first meal in Paris . . . Virgil Crock (Mr. in Paris . . . Virgil Crock (Mr. Ruggles) explaining to Duncan the true meaning of art . . . Crock making Nada yell "Uncle" by a well applied toe hold.

If I Were Free-B

Directed by Elliot Nugent. Released by RKO-Radio

H ONEST acting and a good plot have been mutilated by someone in the cutting room who chopped large chunks out of this story with a meat axe. Irene Dunne gives one of the truly fine performances of the month as Sarah Casanove, a divorced wife who loves another woman's husband. Clive Brook carries the role of that husband as smoothly and gracefully as he does his correct British attire. film is further blessed by Nils Asther as the villainous Tono Casanove. There is also an excellent subordinate cast.

There might have been an excellent story, too, but as it stands it is filled with holes and adorned with a lot of flapping loose ends of plot. One of the finest scenes is that in which Mr. Asther attempts to blackmail his divorced wife (Miss Dunne). What hap-pened thereafter only the butcher in the cutting room can tell. No one else knows whether the scoundrelly Tono succeeded or not for the picture never mentions him or his blackmail again.

mentions him or his blackmail again.

In spite of the fragmentary story, Miss Dunne is immensely skillful and appealing. She had gone steadily forward since her appearance as "Sabra Cravat" in "Cimarron" years ago. In her current role she had many opportunities to rant. She resists them all and makes a difficult part seem real and easy to play. "If I Were Free," with a more complete story might have been a fine film instead of just a fairto-middlin." to-middlin'

High Spots: The shrill and brit-tle gaiety of Sarah Casanove (Miss Dunne) in greeting her friends just after her husband has threatened to shoot her . . . Sarah at the hospital bedside of her lover (Mr.

Sore Spot: Gordon Evers (Mr. Brook) supposedly paddling a punt while sitting in its center bottom, beside Sarah—a process that could make no boat go anyway but in a circle.

Master of Men—B

Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Released by Columbia

THIS is just one more Jack Holt film in which the hero's chest is hairy and the plot has long white whiskers. The story concerns a steel mill executive who makes so much money that he neglects his wife and almost loses her and all his cash as well. Someday some brilliant script writer will turn out a plot in which

New Pictures You Should See

money brings happiness. That will at least be novel, but because of its novelty, Mr. Holt won't be in it.

Jack Holt is known as a gentleman who, in the Hollywood hothouse of gossip stoutly minds his own business. He would mind it more ably if he insisted now and then on a film worth his abilities. He has magnetism and virility. These qualities redeem "Master of Men" from complete triteness his abilities. He has magnetism and virility. These qualities redeem "Master of Men" from complete triteness but even these, plus the aid of Fay Wray as the wife and Walter Connolly, who does a fine characterization as a fat and canny financier, can't triumph over clumsy dialogue and a dismally unoriginal story. "Master of Men" has its moments, but they aren't couch to make more than fair enenough to make more than fair entertainment.

High Spot: Buck Garrett (Mr. Holt) dazedly watching Sam Par-ker (Mr. Connolly) manipulate the steel market.

Sore Spot: Guests in the home of Kay Walling (Fay Wray) flee-ing in squealing panic when a delegation from the steel mill calls to see her father.

Sitting Pretty—A

Directed by Harry Joe Brown. Released by Paramount

THANKS to the performances of Jack Oakie and Jack Haley, a new-comer to film plays; thanks, too, to I Jack Oakie and Jack Haley, a new-comer to film plays; thanks, too, to smart direction, this is one of the bet-ter celluloid musical comedies. In it, Messrs. Oakie and Haley are linked as a song writing team. As a step to-ward originality, the show's scene has been moved from backstage in the theater, where nearly all similar pro-ductions alight, to the movie lots in Hollywood.

What traces of plot there are make very little sense and less difference. If you're satisfied with one good song, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking," and a lot of Oakie and Haley you'll probably laugh your head off. This old grouch did, anyway which is

saying something.

Mr. Oakie is his assured and breezy best as "Chick Parker." Mr. Haley as "Pete Pendleton," the other half of "Pete Pendleton," the other half of the firm, is not only funny but on occasion sincerely pathetic. He has reached a headliner's rank in Hollywood by a crooked road that ran from Boston, his birthplace, through apprenticeship to an electrician, a long sojourn in vaudeville, and years of clowning in New York musical shows. He has appeared in many movie shorts but this one is his first full length film

There is much humor in this crazy quilt and some gorgeous photography of dancing ensembles. "Sitting Pretty" doesn't lift the art of motion pictures to any new height but it's darn good

High Spots: Parker and Pendleton trying to tune up an octave of glasses, filled with liquor, by sipping the contents . . . Parker telling Pendleton their partnership is over . . . The film's final, spectacular chorus.

(Please turn to page 90)



EXQUISITE! NEW!

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EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly-leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

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"NERVOUS POWDERING"

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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 89)

Take a Chance—B

Directed by Lawrence Schwab & Monte Brice. Released by Paramount

THE film version of last year's successful musical comedy has fewer bird's eye shots of choruses in action and more humor than many such offerings. If you like that sort of thing in general, you'll probably like this. It's all about the trials that attend the production of a musical show. idea has become about as original as serving ham with eggs.

There never was much plot to "Take a Chance" and the film version's story is perhaps a little foggier than the original show's. Several new songs, most of them tuneful, have been added to it. James Dunn and Cliff Edwards supply the bulk of the comedy and June Knight and Lillian Roth are the leading women characters. A thin-ner, more world weary Buddy Rogers sings well and acts not so well.

The Chief—C

Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Released by M-G-M

ED WYNN is funny over the radio and pretty amusing on the stage. In motion pictures, he is neither. "The Chief" is something to stay enthusiastically away from. Mr. Wynn's type of humor simply can't be embalmed in The process is a complete failure.

The cast of "The Chief" is on a par with the film's star. Mr. Wynn's as-sistants might have been drawn from among the less proficient members of small town dramatic club of which Mr. Riesner, the director, may be the head. Discussion of the film really isn't the duty of this department. It should be directed elsewhere under some such heading as "Major Calami-tics of the Month" ties of the Month.

The Invisible Man—A

Directed by James Whale. Released by Universal

THIS picture is worth while for the very thing that keeps it from being more hair raising. The magical camera work, whereby Jack Griffin (Claude Rains) turns invisible before your eyes, takes away from the drama's horror. You keep puzzling over how the thing was done, instead of being stirred by the picture's grisly events. The mechanical mystery behind the film is more absorbing than the plot of the picture play, which is an adapta-

of the picture play, which is an adapta-tion of the H. G. Wells story. Griffin,

tion of the H. G. Wells story. Griffin, a chemist, discovers a draught that makes him invisible. He terrorizes England, until at last, a snowfall reveals his tracks and he is shot down. Mr. Rains has the oddest role ever a film actor had played. Most of his work is limited entirely to the sound track. In his visible moments, he is entirely without facial expression for entirely without facial expression for only by wrapping bandages about Griffin's invisible head can it be seen at all. Until death destroys the effect of the drug and his actual body gradually reappears on a hospital cot, his face is always hidden. The cast that supports him is not particularly noteworthy, though Una O'Connor does an excellent bit as the virago wife of a tavern

The real honors go to no actor but to the technician who invented this most baffling of camera tricks.

High Spots: Griffin, unwrapping the bandage about his face to re veal no head at all . . . A crowd falling back as the invisible man ploughs his way through it . . . Griffin's footprints, stamped one by one upon the snow and the mold of his unseen body therein as he falls, fatally shot.

The Worst Woman in Paris—C Directed by Monta Bell. Released by Fox

MARGARET VANE (Benita Hume) isn't really the worst woman in Paris for she has a heart of gold. The film in which she appears however has a strong claim to the title of the worst story of a lady of light virtue and a train wreck in Kansas and a hick school teacher and varied implausible complications.

Despite the presence of Adolphe Menjou and Helen Chandler in the cast, this picture is distinguished by as un-distinguished an exhibition of acting as the long suffering audience of this nation are likely to endure.

In the heyday of silent pictures, Mr. Menjou was a star of the first magnitude. Since sound was added to films, that star has been declining. It is to be hoped that Mr. Menjou's languid interpretation of a boulevardier in this item marks the end of his descent. Miss Chandler as a wistful small-town girl is as effective as anyone, which is small praise. Harvey Stephens as the school teacher is dismally miscast. So is the director.

Sore Spots: A school class reciting in unison, after the fashion of 1870 . . . The unmuscular figure of Mr. Menjou on a rubbing table . . . Innumerable close-ups, showing Miss Hume's face forever wearing

the same expression.

White Woman—C

Directed by Stuart Walker. Released by Paramount

A SHOPWORN drama sets forth, once again, the dire things that the tropics do to the souls of men. It might just as well have been shot by Biograph in 1910. It looks like that and, thanks to the advance of cinema sections, it counds were a

science, it sounds worse.
"White Woman" is Charles Laugh-"White Woman" is Charles Laughton's farewell to films, prior to his return for a while to the stage in England. It will make you miss him a little less. Mr. Laughton plays a fat tarantula of the rubber trade in a comic cockney make-up. It is not the

best of his characterizations.

All the reliable old situations, which really are no longer so reliable, appear in "White Woman." Carole Lombard is the unhappy wife of the rub-ber trader, thrust into the company of assorted scoundrels at the tropic trading post. Kent Taylor is the sin-scored hero whom she redeems. Miss scored hero whom she redeems. Lombard seems to be suffering bravely from facial neuralgia throughout the film and Mr. Taylor is scarcely more impressive.

What's to Eat in Hollywood

A Gaynor sandwich, named after Janet herself, is made of ream beese. Janet herself, is mare if its with a dash of horseradish.

Bob Montgomery's favorite sand-wich, incidentally named after the star, is an open sandwich consisting of four oblong pieces of toast. One is covered with egg salad; another with the white meat of chicken; still another with cream cheese, topped with currant jelly; and the fourth with thinly sliced

In the center, serve a mound of fruit salad in aspic.

Lew Ayres puts plenty of sugar on herring and swears this is the best way

Paul Muni eats oodles of sour cream. He mixes it with chopped onions, pickles, and radishes, and eats the result with a dessert spoon.

When George Raft is in training for a dancing part, he has nothing but chocolate malted milks.

Three times a day, Ruth Chatterton has a glass of hot milk and yeast.

A Boles cocktail, a la John Boles, is half and half clam and tomato juice, with a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

Hollywood Younger Set

(Continued from page 18)

and a few others in the gang, sailing on his new seventy-six-foot schooner. Last Sunday afternoon, Schoedsack said to his hard-boiled Irish captain: "Did you know all these kids are

in the movies?"
"No-zat right—well, I don't go to
the movies much." And the subject was
promptly dropped. The following Sunthe movies pruch." And the subject was promptly dropped. The following Sunday, when all the young stars came down to the boat, they greeted the skipper with the usual cheery: "Hi, Cap"—but they didn't receive the usual happy response. Instead, the captain leered at them. He was, plainly, very angry.

"What's wrong, Skipper?" inquired Tom, good-naturedly. "Did your girl leave you?"

"Say, listen! I t'ought youse guys wus actors in the movies."

"Well, we are," said Helen, somewhat surprised, "at least, that's what we thought"

"Oh, yeah! Well, don't give me none o' that, see—'cause las' nite I went to a movie jus' to see—and NOT A ONE OF YEZ WUS IN IT."

The captain was in earnest, too.

(Please turn to page 92)

Take Care..

celery themst. All obsides the diffusion of a portion for favority part and the stantily on hard. Colds-Susceptible!

An eminent physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U.S., many are due to neglect in treating the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

In thousands of clinical tests, under medical supervision, Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds has greatly reduced the number and duration of colds - has cut their dangers and expense. The Plan provides proper care and medication, at the proper time and place, for different types and stages of colds. (Full details in each Vicks package.)





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CONTROL OF COLDS VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER

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For health and well-being, fruit is an important part of the diet during these late winter months when vitality is apt to run low. Fruit is full of vitamins and minerals that you and your children need for health. Send today for the

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COLDS Go Overnight

When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection -and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated, At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinne opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now-20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes-30c and 50c-and is sold by every



Hollywood Younger Set

(Continued from page 91)

JUNIOR DURKIN swears this is J true, so don't blame me. The script of Junior's picture called for him to fall off a horse and lie in the sand (supposedly injured) until someone comes to his rescue. It was about the fourteenth time the scene had been shot this particular day, and Junior was just about as black as he was blue, when he suddenly felt a tickling sensation in his right ear. An ant, no less! The entire company stopped work while the director tried, in vain, to catch the dizzy ant with the corner of his handkerchief. But no soap-or rather, no ant. One of the extras, struck by a bright idea—(sure, "extras" have ideas)—tore over to a nearby cafe (they were on location), secured a bowl of sugar, and while Junior lay on the ground, the director sprinkled little grains of sugar around the edge of the actor's ear. This was too much. The insect's sweet-tooth got the better of her. (P.S. The ant later died.)

GEORGE WHITE, who was brought out here by Fox to produce the "Scandals," in picture form, claims that seventeen-year old Dix Dunbar—that belle from "Gawja," will be another Ann Pennington. The dancing Dixie was discovered in a New York cabaret and brought to the Coast to play second lead to Lilian Harvey. She's plenty cute, so don't miss her.

AKE a tip! The next time you TAKE a tip: The hext that your favorite star asking for a picture, don't be foolish enough to do as one group of girls did by sending one post-card with four names signed, and asking for four pictures. It makes the guys and gals out here pretty sore.

JESSE LASKY hired two hundred honest-to-goodness college men and debutantes for his picture "Coming Out Party"—as well as a society author from New York as Technical Director, so that everything would be just right. They almost ruined a scene or two by chewing gum and looking into the camera, but everybody had a swell time. All the new young actors were very fond of John Blystone, the director, and his brother assistant, and also Mr. Hartwig, the dialogue director—all of whom treated them with genuine good will. It's funny—on maybe it isn't—that the people in Hollywood who really mean something are genteel, level-headed and cooperaTHE production activities on "Dark Sunlight" suspended for two days, while Jean Parker nursed a couple of

while seal rarker hirsed a couple of swollen eyes infected by make-up. "Jean," asked Mr. Lewis, the producer. "How soon do you think you will be able to work again? We should finish the picture this week."

"Well, Mr. Lewis, I'm tired of sitting around waiting, so I'll tell you what—if we can come to terms, I'll be a stand-in for Ann May Wong."

A THIRTEEN year old girl was singing and dancing away for all she was worth, on a community house sne was worth, on a community house stage in Kansas City, one night four years ago. After the show, she went up to Randy Rogers, then with the Paramount School of Acting.

"I want to go into the movies. How do I get in, Mr. Rogers?"

That was probably only the hundredth time Mr. Rogers had heard that guestion that week

question that week.
"The best thing to do is take your banjo and your mother to Hollywood the first opportunity you get," and with those words of wisdom, the question was dismissed from his mind.

One day, three years later, Mr. Randy Rogers was busying himself on the set of a picture over at Fox, when someone tapped him on the shoulder. He quickly turned around to find standing there the little gal from Kansas City.

"Here I am!—How do I get into the movies?"

When he recovered from his shock, he told her that the only way she could do now was to get a job in a local cabaret, singing and dancing, and hope that some producer would see her. Again she was dismissed from his mind. The next time Mr. Rogers saw this little straggly-haired country was six mouths later comgirl, it was six months later—com-pletely transformed in actions, ap-pearance and make-up, to a young lady of Hollywood. She had secured the night club position—been spotted by a studio producer—given a screen test and placed in the picture—"My Weakness." Her name is Dixie Frances. Now watch her climb!

MUST have a little romance in these columns, I am told, so here goes on the latest: It's Patricia Ellis and Howard Wilson (R.K.O. contract player); William Janney and Jacque-line Wells; Richard Cromwell and Katherine DeMille; Tom Brown and Anita Louise—and well—I think Paula Stone is a pretty swell girl!

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Smart accessories of the latest style you can make with the aid of our New Method circulars. Man. 288. The new topper, made from plain or floured slik to wear in place of blouse with a suit, or to dress up a simple frock.

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ma. 209. Envelope purse made to match your suit or dress or of contrasting plaid material.

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Ma. 293. Hollywood bow collar made of velvet, silk or satin to wear with suit or one piece street costume.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the number given in the accompanying descriptions.

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 17)

time out to present her startled spouse with a new edition. And you just know the effect of baby fingers on any man, no matter how stubborn. Direction by George Marshall.

Wonder Bar (Warner's)

AL JOLSON, tearing your heart out again with that good old tear behind the smile . . . the sob in the throat of a song. It's lovely hokum. And of a song. It's lovely hokum. And one of the most gorgeous sets we have seen in many a moon.

Jolson is proprietor and head en-tertainer in the spectacular gold and

tertainer in the spectacular gold and ivory Wonder Bar, a Paris night club. Al is hopelessly in love with a dancer in his place, Dolores Del Rio, who is hopelessly in love with her partner, Ricardo Cortez, who is hopeless . . . no, that's another story. Ric is playing around with Kay Francis, wife of a prominent banker, who has foolishly given the dancing man a diamond chain. Her husband misses it and, being more or less normal, gets and, being more or less normal, gets suspicious.

Frantically, Kay tries to get it back, but Ric . . . the nasty mans! . . . has sold it to Al for enough money to scram to the United States. And is Al ever-glad he's going? Now, he thinks, the coast will be clear for him to win the dancer's heart.

There is a knock-em-down dragment Anache dance in which Ricardo

em-out Apache dance in which Ricardo treats his lady friend (Dolores) so rough that she sort of resents it. She decides to teach him a lesson and, at the close of the number, stabs him so thoroughly that, heh, that's all there there isn't any more!

Al figures out a scheme to save her from paying for the crime, but, by the time he gets back from disposing of the body, Dolores has run into an old sweetheart from America and they're getting along fine. So-oo-o, there's nothing for him to do but go into his theme song. And here is where you reach for the Christmas hankie

Aunt Emma sent from Dubuque.

Dick Powell, who has just signed a brand-new high-figure contract with Warners', plays the American sweet-

heart.

Karl Farkas and Geza Herczeg wrote the play and Lloyd Bacon di-Herczeg

I Like It That Way (Universal)

S O far, we haven't been able to discover Who Liked What How. But, titles being what they are, we've decided not to let it worry us. Unless, of course, there comes a day when we're all caught up with our other worrying

worrying . . . The play itself is what really counts, anyhow, and in this one, Roger Pryor, comedian of "Moonlight and Pretzels," is a fast-talking salesman who high-pressures himself into the hearts of beaucoup fair ladies, until . . . aha, there's always one! . . . he meets up with Gloria Stuart, who works in a night club, only—mind you, to get money for an operation on her blind brother. Tck, tck. . . . (Please turn to page 94)



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New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 93)

Roger doesn't know this, believing her to be the sort of gal you can take home to mother, providing mother is home herself.

When he discovers the horrible double life Gloria is leading, it's just

too mortifyin'.

In trying to protect Roger's sister, Marian Marsh, from the oily clutches of Noel Madison, the night club owner, Gloria gets herself in worse than ever. For a long while, it looks as though love's young dream is destined to be just another nightmare. But Marian comes to the misunderstood lady's dedashes up on the other, and Roger is made to see that Gloria is pure as the lily and really worthy of a good man's love.

Do you like it that way? Harry Sauber wrote the story and Harry Lachman directs.

No More Women (Paramount)

WHAT! No women?
Victor McLaglen and Edmund
Lowe are at it again. This time, they are deep sea divers, working for rival companies and, as usual, Eddie has the best of things until he accidentally knocks Victor out of a scenic railway car just as it reaches the highest part of the ride directly core the companies. of the ride, directly over the ocean. To get even with his rival, Vic lets the world in general, believe that he has been drowned and is tickled to death when Eddie is arrested for

murder.

A big job comes up—\$2,000,000 at the bottom of the sea—but, with Eddie in jail and Vic playing at corpus delicti, it looks like curtains for the crew of the Pelican.

Duty triumphs. The show must go on. Loyalty to his job overcomes hatred for the pesky Eddie, so Victor comes "back to life," gets Eddie out of jail, and, together, they go out to give their all for dear old Pelican.

And don't let the title fool you. No More Women, my hat! Sally Blane is the gal over whom the two boys battle so consistently, and Minna Gombell is the dame who holds life insurance policies on practically the ensurance policies on practically the entire fleet. And how she stands around waiting for wrecks!

Albert Rogell directs the tough guys in this tale by Delmar Daves and

Grant Leenhouts.

Journal of Crime (Warner's)

RUTH CHATTERTON murders her husband's lover, stops long enough to drop the smoking gun in a pail of water and scrams for home, with no-body in a crowded theater being the

Neat, eh? And practical. A lot of husbands would have a lot less girl friends if a lot more wives could get

away with what Ruth does in this play by Jacques Deval.

She confesses to husband Adolphe Menjou and he begs her to give herself up to the police and clear her conscience. But Ruth says "No!" And, after all, why should she?

The police have searched the theater and found an escaped murderer hiding

and found an escaped murderer hiding in the flies, of all places. Naturally, they suspect him of committing the murder and, as long as he's up for one crime, what matter if he takes the responsibility of the other?

However, Menjou insists that Ruth come to the fore with a complete confined to the complete confined to

fession. She is just about of a mind to do so when she visits the condemned man in his cell. The murderer, Noel Madison, convinces her that it would be silly and useless. He has to die anyhow. Why need they both sacrifice their lives?

Just before losing his head, permanently, on the French guillotine, Noel confesses falsely to murdering the

other woman. At this, Ruth breaks. Hurrying down to tell all to the police, she is struck by a car and comes out of the hospital, her mind a blank. Convenient, no less. Direction by William Keighley.

Hold That Girl (Fox)

HAMILTON MACFADDEN directed this rapid-fire comedy thriller by Dudley Nichols and LaMar Trotti.

The story is so full of action that just watching them shoot a few scenes

left me weak and exhausted. Jimmy Dunn, a fast-talking detective, falls in love with Claire Trevor, a lady reporter who gets places and corners scoops by hopping convenient running boards, trucks, limousines . . . anything going in the general direction of news.

Cornered by a maniac, Claire writes a message in lipstick on her step-ins and tosses 'em out the window. Jimmy finds the cute whatcha-macall-ems and dashes to her rescue.

After saving her, he has to dash off to raid a fan dance. Claire wants to

to raid a fan dance. Claire wants to go along, but Jimmy puts thumbs down on the idea. So, the little gal grabs a fan and joins the ladies of the ensemble, just in time to be hauled off to the hoose gow. And Jimmy, the meanie! makes her pay her own fine. They get tangled up with gangsters and Claire is being taken for a ride because of what she knows.

For a smart newspaper, woman the

For a smart newspaper woman, the lady manages to get into more trouble than a Hibernian at a Kosher picnic. With our Jimmy always roaring to the rescue.

In fact, he becomes so indispensable to her that Claire decides to marry him so he'll always be around in case

of emergency.
Fast work. And should have plenty of laughs.

Gambling Lady (Warner's)

BARBARA STANWYCK, daughter of an honest gambler, takes up her father's profession after he has killed himself rather than stack the cards when a tough gambling syndicate

commands him to do so.

She falls in love with Joel McCrea and, after assuring himself that she is really the fine, honest girl she seems, Joe decides to take a long chance and

Right there, trouble starts. Claire Dodd, who had hoped to marry Joel herself, makes disparaging remarks about the bride's gambling past. Barbara is hurt . . . have you ever seen

New Films in the Making

a picture where Barbara wasn't hurt? but takes it big and suggests that Claire might like to see how it's done.

Before the evening is over, our Nell has won all of the unpleasant lady's jewels. And serves her right, don't you think?

Stanwyck's intentions are honorable and she really intends returning the stuff, but, before she can get around to it, she learns that Pat O'Brien, an

to it, she learns that Pat O'Brien, an old friend of her father's, is cooling his heels in the local jail house because he can't get anybody to bail him out. Joel angrily refuses to advance the bail, being just about convinced that he's made a bad bargain. So, Stanwyck hocks the jewels and does her one good deed for the day.

Complications set in but, true to the usual code, the story ends happily for everybody but Claire and poor loyal Pat.

Pat.

Archie Mayo directs this original by Doris Malloy.

Six of a Kind (Paramount)

F this isn't the funniest picture you I ever saw, we'll play Post Office with Frankenstein!

The story is loaded with hokum .

The story is loaded with hokum . . . switched suitcases, harum-scarum chases, cross country . . . most of the lold stand-bys and a lot of new ones. But, I'm telling you . . . it's some fun. Charlie Ruggles and his wife, Mary Boland celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary by taking a motor trip. To cut down expenses, Mary advertises for a young couple to travel with them, and who should pop around but George Burns and Gracie Allen! You just know this particular anniversary is going to be one Charlie won't forget.

Charlie has mapped out his course to the minutest detail. So what? Every time he starts to turn right, Gracie tells him just why he'd do much better to turn left. And vice versa. Ad infinitum. Ad nauseum.

Where they wanted to spend their anvitagement decent it is considered.

Where they wanted to spend their anniversary doesn't mean a thing. Gracie drives from the back seat and Charlie,

to preserve his sanity, goes where she says. And likes it.

Sheriff - Constable - Justice of the Peace W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth add hilariously to the fun. There's an insolvent gold mine, \$50,000 worth of absconded bank funds, and more general whoop-de-dah than you've seen in years

seen in years.

The story, by Keen Thompson, is handled by that ace comedy director, Leo McCarey.

Laughing Boy (M-G-M)

S HELVED for so long for want of the right person to fill the title role, this novel, by Oliver LaFarge, is finally seeing the light of day, with none other than our own Ramon Novarro in the title spot.

A beautifully picturesque production, "Laughing Boy," tells the story of a Navajo maiden, torn between the American customs she has learned and the traditions of her own people.

Lupe Velez, as Slim Girl, loves Ramon. But, because she is known to (Please turn to page 96)



THAT'S right! You can make your own patterns from this new diagram method and get six or more diagram patterns in each 15c cir-

It's fascinating to sew from patterns you make. So easy, too, when you follow this new diagram way of making pretty things for yourself and for gifts.

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futures for robe . . . coat and hat set . . . agint, carried . . . window draperies and crib hangings . . . rag doll and cloth acg. (Fe set.)

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☐ PRACTICAL GIFTS

Patterns for back cover . . . tabacco rough . . . ra'ama bag . . . :ilk shorts . . . gingham apron and bag . . . patch-work table doilies. (No set.)

PATTERNS FOR TOYS AND DOLL'S WARDROBE

Patterns for five smart garments for the doll's wardrobe . . . rag doll . . . calico au k . . . jet , tean too . . . to, turn'-ture . . . d . k p a, sur . . . (De tern)

PEASANT NEEDLEWORK

Patterns for Italian drawn work table cloth and napkins . . . Mexican table linen designs . . . Czecho-Slovakian table dislies . . . the famous From A A is chillen in crossertth . . . Russ or combroidery . . . embroidery, crochet and drawn work stitnes. (Se set.)

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New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 95)

his people as a bad girl who has done the "worst thing" for American men and their money, he tries desperately to avoid her. But, a love that cannot be denied draws them together.

He offers marriage and honest affection, but, with whisky and candy, Lupe does him wrong, knowing full well that Ramon (and Will Hays) will make an honest woman of her in the morning.

And so . . . they are married. The hard, brutal life of the Navajo tells on Lupe. She begins to fade and, desirous of holding her man, goes into town and plans a return engagement with her American boy friend for the sole purpose of obtaining the wampum she thinks necessary to buy beads and beauty.

Ramon follows and finds her in a compromising position. There is but one thing to do. Taking his bow and arrow, he draws a neat bead on the little woman. What happens after that is for me to know and you to find

out, you curious rascals.
W. S. Van Dyke will make the most of directorial possibilities.

Rip Tide (M-G-M)

ATYPICAL Norma Shearer vehicle; risque to a delightful point and carrying plenty of emotional possi-

Norma and Lilyan Tashman are sis-rs. Lilyan is the faster of the two, ters. Lilyan is the faster of the two, but Norma manages to get around a bit with no knees skinned until she meets Herbert Marshall. And there, kiddies, is the banana peel on the broad highway.

Giving all for Love, and the world well lost, she spends the night with him, without benefit of clergy. In the morning (Mr. Hays still on the job!) they are married and leave for Herb's home in England.

The change in climate apparently changes friend husband into a stuffed shirt. He goes around resenting Norma's joie de vivre and, while she still loves him, it's a pretty unpleashow've-you-been.

While Herb is away, as he often is, Norma runs into Bob Montgomery, an old b.f. from the States. Glad to see a friendly face, Norma agrees that they should go on a binge to celebrate their purely platonic reunion.
They do. And how!

Herb hears of the caper and believes the worst. "Don't forget," he cracks nastily, "you weren't so virtuous the night we met!"

Nice talk. He also states that he is going to divorce her without further ado and Norma, in despair, figures she may as well have the game along with the name. Touchdown for Mont-

Now that she's actually gone and done it, Herb begins to see things in a different light. Ah, husbands!

They are eventually reunited and all ends happily . . . or nearly so. Charles MacArthur wrote this

pecially for Miss Shearer and it fits the lady like her super-colossal evening gowns. Edmund Goulding directs. Take a hankie and leave the kids to do their home work.

Mystery of the Dead Police (M-G-M)

Some of the beaten path marked off for all mystery thrillers. There is a mysterious gent, known to the world as simply "X," who goes around polishing off policemen, leaving everything except his name and address in the way of clues, and still all of Scotland Yard can't lay a finger on him on him.

Always, the villain turns out to be the hero, the begins turns out to be the hero, the heroine, the priest around the corner, or the poor blind cripple who has two wooden legs and both arms in a sling. Somebody like that who just couldn't have committed such

But this time you're going to be fooled, my friend. For when Robert Montgomery finally corrals the fiend ... it isn't Elizabeth Allan; nor Lewis Stone, her father; nor Ralph Forbes her fiance. It isn't even Bob Mont-gomery, himself. In fact, it's nobody you ever heard of! And how they

get away with such a business is the real mystery of the piece.

Bob Montgomery is a gentleman crook who steals diamonds and turns them over for the reward. But, don't be misled. He is really a good fellow at heart. Just minding his own busi-ness and even helping the London bob-

ness and even neighing the London bobbies mind theirs.

He is in love with Elizabeth Allan, and when her father, Lewis Stone, head of Scotland Yard, is getting grayer by the hour over not being able to sneak up on this "X" person, Bob gallantly takes it on himself to do some plain and fancy slavthing.

and fancy sleuthing.

If you like hair-raising mysteries, get a load of this one. It's different.

From the novel by Philip MacDonald.

Directed by Edgar Selwyn.

Bolero (Paramount)

THIS is the tale of a dancing man who climbed to success on the broken hearts of his feminine partners.

Supposed to have been taken from the life of the world famous Maurice, whose terpsichorean prowess placed him practically among the immortals, Bolero takes you through every dance creation, from the late 19th century, up to date.

No one has a better right to the role than George Raft, who has shaken a mean heel in a good many places. And, if you've been around at all, I shouldn't

Hydroc been around as any resolution have to tell you.

George loves his women . . . and leaves them. Uses them just so long as they are of advantage to him . . . tosses them overboard like a sucked lemon when their period of usefulness

is past.

He does meet up with one who gives him a generous sample of his own medicine, but not before he has broken

hearts a-plenty.
Sally Rand's fan dance is a feature the production and Raft's interpretation of the bolero should catch your jaded fancy, as well.

Carole Lombard, Frances Drake and Sally, herself, are among the ladies of George's emotional ensemble. Story by Carey Wilson and Kubec

Glasmon.

New Films in the Making

Cross Country Cruise (Universal)

DIDN'T I tell you? You're being taken for a ride these days. And let these bad examples be a lesson to drivers who leave their buses lying around, alone and unprotected, posttively duck soup for fleeing criminals who just step inside, kick the starter, and scram into the night, usually bearing the kicking, screaming heroine with

Alan Dinehart, married, but in love with June Knight, kills his wife in the sporting goods section of a department store and props her up in the front window of the store in place of a dis-

play dummy.

When the police catch up with him and it begins to look like curtains, he gallantly places the blame on his surprised girl friend. But this doesn't work without how here he was the size of the surprised girl friend. work, either, when Lew Ayres, also in love with June, shows him up as a prevaricating so-and-so.

It is then that the villain grabs the proud beauty, tosses her into the empty bus, and away they go . . . forty miles an hour, with nobody able to catch them but the airplane cops.

It's a wild chase, but, don't you worry . . . we always get our man! And Lew gets June, too. That being that.

Elmer Harris and Stanley Raugh wrote the story which Eddie Buzzell directs.

The cast includes Alice White, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette, Rob-ert McWade, Henry Armetta, and

Trouble Shooter (United Artists)

OPERATOR ... Line out of order?
... Just a moment ... we'll send
Spencer Tracy right out to take care

In this original story by J. R. Bren and Leonard Praskins, Tracy plays the part of a tough but honest lineman, in love with Constance Cummings, a telephone operator—and a mighty

telephone operator—and a mighty pretty one she is, too.

Like most "hello" girls, Constance believes in dishing out a few "wrong numbers" before breaking down and coming through with the dope that Spencer is the fondest guy she's of. So, for the good of the cause, she steps out with Dan Sutter, Tracy's crooked assistant, who don't mean right by our little Nell and offers the gal \$2,000 and a week-end in Mexico to prove it.

it.
Tracy discovers that Sutter is tapping lines for stock market information, and the trouble really starts shooting, all directions.

Sutter is murdered and Spence gallops off to Long Beach on the trail of a hot clue.

The murderer won't talk, eh? until the L.B. earthquake sneaks up on them and then, crushed by a falling wall, tells all, thereby exonerating Constance, who has been under suspicion on account of the \$2,000 check, made out to her and found on the body.

It's a happy ending, and Director William Wellman makes the most of a good story and a swell cast that includes Jack Oakie.





TAKE A WINTER VACATION FROM MENU PLANNING

Here's a three-week vacation from the bother and worry of planning meals! The Home Service Bureau of Tower Magazines does it all for you in this helpful food circular, "Three Weeks' All-Purpose Menus." It has sixty-three menus . . . special menus for children . . . rules for gaining and reducing . . . delicious recipes. Send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York.



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get blotchy—don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloomagain with girlish beauty, have made women everywhere feel and look like new.

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much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in liver and bowels and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

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I Call Dad Pete

(Continued from page 78)

and explained my quandary, and together we went into the silence. Then I pointed out that I couldn't very well call him Douglas, or even Doug, because I might be accused of talking to myself, a habit which would ill be-come me because it presumes that one has money in the bank! Finally I asked him who he would prefer to be if he weren't himself, or rather, what name he would chose if he weren't Douglas. The only name he could think of was Pete. So Pete he became—Pete he remains—and to me, always, he'll be Pete.

There was a problem about my name, too. He respected my abhorrence for the title "Junior." To me there's some-thing that's "always belittlin'" in being called "Junior." It offends what I please to call my pride and dignity. It smacks of subservience and immaturity. A "Junior" is always, quite slightingly, "the boy." He couldn't call me by my given name for the same reason that his own was taboo with me. But finally a way was devised for me to retain my individuality. Pete took the abbrevia-tion of the despised Junior—Jr.—and pronounced "Jayar"—it is my nickname. Thus in finding each other we have lost our names—at least, our identities!

Our "Collaboration on Life" has already yielded important dividends. Contemplating our trip abroad, we planned starts for many places, but we ended in London. There we encountered Alexander Korda, who was associated with United Artists and had produced that great picture, "Henry VIII," with Charles Laughton as the merry monarch. He told us a tale that extolled the virtues of England as a

spot to make movies, and his argument stressed the point that conditions were such as to make possible for my father that professional freedom which made the first years of United Artists so impressive.

"Pete" told his story, and "Jayar" told his. Between us three it was decided that the thing to do was to form a subsidiary of United Artists to produce pictures abroad free from the complications of Big Business. The move, as we see it, is fraught with great possibilities, among which is the opportunity to increase the international aspect, and the world-wide popularity of the motion picture by appealing to all nations. The arrangement ing to all nations. The arrangement gives the actor his share of responsibility and reward—if any. If he succeeds he may pat himself on the back. the fails he may kick his own pants without even an attempt to blame supervisors and kindred gentry.

The "collaboration" thus far has proved highly successful in a business way, and ideal for personal living.

So far as our work is concerned, we have considered to the fact of the

So far as our work is concerned, we are carrying out our own noble experiment, doing the things we wish to do, and working sincerely, seriously for success. Our enthusiasm has to be mutual and cooperative. We have to mean a great deal to each other or else—or else-well there is always the South Seas.

I have no intention of losing the friend just found. We are important, indispensable to each other. So here, perhaps, is the answer to that query as to "What My Father Has Meant to Me." The response is—"Nothing—and Everything!"

Hollywood Day by Day

a new one according to numerology. Janet Gaynor's stand-in for "Carolina" is Mary Jane Irving. Remember her? She was a child star when Janet was playing extra parts, and has grown up to be a very pretty young lady. Perhaps she will be able to make a comeback although Madge Evans is the one outstanding example of a child actress who managed to grow up and attain stardom.

There are two small boys in "Carolina" who play Janet's brothers. Janet wanted to feel that the boys knew her and that she knew them so she took them home with her and kept them for a week before

work started on the picture.

Janet was reading "One More
Spring" on the set and said she had read up to the last chapter and was saving that. "I can't bear to finish it," she said. "It's so grand!"

T'S hard to imagine Will Rogers reading any book, but he admits that his favorite is Charles Marion Russell's "Good Medicine," which was published after Russell's death by his wife, Nancy Russell. It is a compilation of illustrated love letters from

the author to his wife and has a grand introduction by Mr. Rogers.

We have our intellectuals, too. Some months ago Elissa Landi told a newspaper reporter that she would like very much to meet H. L. Mencken and Ernest Boyd. When she arrived in New York recently for a vacation she received a telephone call from a strange woman. "Did you mean what you said; that you wished to meet Mr. Mencken and Mr. Boyd?" the voice asked. Elissa confessed it was one of her greatest wishes. Whereupon she was invited to dinner—a very small dinner—to meet them. "I had just as good a time as I had hoped I would," Elissa said. "We went to the Philharmonic afterwards and it was altogether de-lightful. After this if I wish for anything very much, I'm going to tell it to a reporter."

ARTHUR COLLINS, a director at Warner Brothers, learned some from a reporter recently. news He picked up his morning paper and read that he was to direct Richard Barthelmess. It was a surprise to him but he was panicky for fear the studio officials would think he



A soft gloss of a lamp for your mounlight ... the alluring fragrance of L Ordry Air Perfume for your flower garden. Romance thrives in such a setting! Apply a few drops of L Orday Air Perfume on a light bull, on any hot surface or on a L Orday Exportator and revel in the magical effect of this liquid incense. Try it oday! Three fragrances: Romance, Gayety, Exercise.

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L'ORDAY



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HAIR PINS WAVE SET

Hollywood Day by Day

had put the the paper. He in hed to the studies and into Product on Manager Wallis' other.

"I dedn't put that in the paper," in explained to Mr. Wall's.
"Well, I did," Mr. Wall's told him. "It's true."

ALL Hollywood goes to Palm Springs during the season to take sun baths. Or to watch other people take sun baths. Of course there's always sunshine in Hollywood but during the winter season they have a different brand of sun in Palm Springs. The principal difference is in the price. Not the price of the sun but of the hotels. And, since the prices are high everyone seems to feel the need of going there. Or, maybe it's the other way around, but as Al Jolson says, "the more it costs the better they like it" and I presume he was referring to the hotel rates.

At one hotel, where Durante always stays, I understand they have put in the third new piano because Jimmy put the other two out of commission. Whenever Jimmy is around people ask him to play, and did you ever see Jimmy at a piano? Although he can play beautifully, when he starts clowning nothing is safe.

Anna Sten was down there but left after two days because "it was too crowded." With her two beauti-ful Russian wolf-hounds she attracted too much attention for com-

Tala Birell sale the same and left after a couple of days. Tala had just finished a picture, "Let's for Columbia. Har-Tala Birell said the same thing riett Lake, who is now officially Ann Sothern, played the leading role. Tala, after a year at Universal, during which time she learned to speak English and made only one picture, said she was happy to play a supporting role.

Harriett Lake told me the com-

pany had written to Julia Marlowe-Sothern in Switzerland, asking her permission to change Miss Lake's name to Sothern, and had received a charming reply. Miss Marlowe not only gave her permission but also wished Harriett a lot of luck.

Genevieve Tobin and her sister Vivienne spent several weeks at La Quinta, which is even deeper in the desert than Palm Springs, and only came into Hollywood in time to enter Genevieve's dogs in the show where three of them won ribbons. Beau Geste, her pride and joy, was not entered because he had lost a tooth in a fight with another dog. Afterward Genevieve was told that she could have entered him and said the lost tooth was an honorable scar

(Please turn to page 100)



A INCW TYPE EYEBROW PENCIL with a delicate tone

THE MAKERS of Wing mascara - Americe's foremost authorities on eye mala up -have just brought out a NEW type eyebrow pencil.

This pencil has a delicate tone . . . and, therefore, gives just the right, delicate. gossamer touch to evebrows. It never looks coarse or smeary or spotty - as so many pencils do.

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Test it **FREE** ~ Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on single lock snipped from hair? No risk this way. We send complete Free Test. ...Mail coupon.

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1	Name
	Street
i	City State
1	Color of your hair?

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 99)

won in a fight with a badger.

Genevieve was not at all talkative about her engagement to Felix Chapellet and "begged the privilege" of keeping her personal affairs to herself. But she did rush to the hospital to see him after he was hurt in an accident which occurred while he was en route to visit her.

The Bing Crosbys and Dick Arlens have solved their desert problems by taking a house large enough for the two families, babies, guests and all. It has often been said that no house

but this one seems to be.

"We never have the feeling that
"me families here," Dick there are two families here," Dick told me. "We never plan to come down. Sometimes Bing decides in the middle of the night to come down and he packs up and comes. If we are here or if we happen to arrive while they are here, there is room enough for all of us."

There is a nursery large enough for both babies, "but they are on different feeding schedules now,"

Dixie told me.

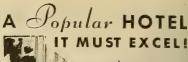
"One reason it is easy to have a lot of people down here not interfering with each other," Dick continued, "is because there are so many things to do. Some of us are playing golf while others are playing tennis, or swimming or bicycling. We never interfere with each other. And the sleeping rooms are in a distant wing of the house, so if Bing decides to sing when someone else is trying to sleep, he doesn't disturb them," Dixie Crosby put in. Then I made a discovery which

I suppose everyone else knows about and that is that Dixie can imitate Bing's singing and all of his little trills and whistles so that you would

swear it was Bing.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent took a house for a month and kept very much to themselves. George is still holding out against Warner Brothers for better roles and is still under suspension and off salary. He contends that every time he was offered a grand part by some other company, the Warners said they needed him. And he doesn't think the parts they have given him to do were worth turning down the lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Trigger," which was one role offered him.

ANOTHER remarkable example of big business was when Charles R. Rogers wanted to borrow William Gargan from the RKO studio to play a role in "Baby in the Ice Box" (and thank goodness they are going to change that title). Everything was set, the contracts ready to sign when all negotiations were called off be-



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Hollywood Day by Day

cause it couldn't be decided just which of the RKO executives had the right to loan a player. The deal fell through and the role fell to Robert Armstrong.

Can you imagine the well-dressed Adolphe Menjou lying on the floor, even for a scene in a picture? Neither could Mr. Menjou and when the director asked him to make the scene he refused. "I'm not going to get down on the dirty floor," he said, brushing off his immaculate sleeve. And, incidentally, it was Menjou's suit, for he always furnishes his own clothes for But the director was his pictures.

"Listen!" he shouted. "I've had just enough. Get down on the floor!

And you'll see Menjou on the floor

in the picture.

Ricardo Cortez had several arguments with his director, John Francis Dillon when "The Big Shakedown" was being filmed. Finally Ric turned to Mr. Dillon, after a heated argument and said: "Say, I don't need you and you DO need me."

And when someone asked Georgie Raft if he was having a little trouble with his director, Wesley Ruggles, Georgie said: "Trouble? Me? Naw.

We don't speak."

But George did have an argument with Mack Gray, otherwise known as "the Killer," the other day and threw a pen at him. The pen hit the killer in the ear and he turned to Georgie and said reproachfully: "I never had trouble like that with you when you was getting \$300 a week."

Jimmie Cagney and Alice White are making a picnic out of their scenes for "The Heir Chaser." Alice was lying down in the scene and the director wanted her to jump up quickly. "How can I?" she asked. "I'm lying so flat."

"Couldn't you get up quickly if there was a mouse under the couch?" asked Jimmie.

"No," Alice replied. "I'm not afraid of mice. I'm used to rats."

A MAN with a funny-looking dog stopped Clark Gable on the street one day recently and asked him if he would buy the dog. Clark said he didn't need a dog, and especially SUCH a dog, but the fellow insisted. told a hard luck tale and finally offered the dog for \$5. Clark couldn't resist and paid his five. The fellow went down the street and Clark went into the studio leading the dog. He was just explaining to some people how he happened to have such a funny-looking mutt when he heard a peculiar whistle and away went the dog. He ran out and looked down the street but all he could see was the dog disappearing in the direction of the whistle. It was just another racket.

And I'll bet the sorriest little girl

(Please turn to page 102)



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WINS LOVE

. My skin was so blotched I thought nobody would ever care for me, but 10 days after beginning to use Ambrosia people began to compliment me on my complexion. Now I am very happy."

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T.G -A3



You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 101)

in California was the one who picked Clark up on the road and gave him a lift but refused to drive him back when he told her he had asked for a ride to win a bet. She didn't know he was Clark Gable, or he wouldn't have had to walk back from his ride -two miles!

FRANK BORZAGE has been having his troubles directing fifty boys in "No Greater Glory." They almost ran everyone else out of the studio they were so noisy and finally the big boss, Harry Cohn himself, went to the stage door where the boys were working and called Frank's assistant over. "I don't know what to tell you to do or how you're going to manage it," he said, "but you'll have to keep your bandits quiet."

So Frank, suspecting that Frankie Darro was the ring-leader, called him over and told him that he was to be the sheriff of the gang. And that was the end of that.

Six months ago Paramount bought the story of "Baby in the Ice Box" with Baby LeRoy in mind for the title role. But by the time they got around to make it, Baby LeRoy graduated to shorts and, in other words, had outgrown the picture and another baby had to be hired for the part.

AND that reminds me that I received a fan letter this month and how susceptible I am to the ladies. This letter was from one of my favorite actresses, little Cora Sue Collins. Even when it was pointed out to me that the contents of the letter concerned chiefly the do-ings of Cora Sue's "Uncle Pat" (meaning Pat O'Brien, who isn't her uncle at all but merely calls himself that) I still felt quite set up to think Cora Sue wrote to me.

T HERE are more funny gadgets in Warner Baxter's new home than he will have time to play with if the Fox Company continues to keep him as busy as they have been. The entire house and grounds are protected by light beams. If anyone passes through the path of one of these invisible beams, a burglar alarm is set off.

But the thing that appeals to my low taste is a light beam in the playroom. There is a tiny bar at one end of the room and when Warner waves his arm a certain way, one of these busy little beams starts a stream of beer running out of a barrel spiggot.

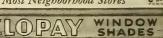
Dick Cromwell thinks his romance with Katherine DeMille is about over. "She refuses to be photo-



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MOTHERS

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Tan and Colored Shoes

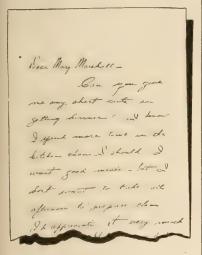




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Director of Home Service

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Hollywood Day by Day

graphed with me any more, so I think it's getting cold," he said. Dick was asked to re-sign two of

his paintings recently. They have been hanging in the Pantages Theater in Hollywood for two years but had his real name, Roy Radabaugh, signed in the corner. The theater management said the picture attracted so much attention that they thought it would add interest if people knew who painted

STEPIN FETCHIT, the colored comedian, is quite a philosopher. "White folks used to give me lots of advice about how to invest my money when I was in Hollywood in 1928," he said. "Now they ain't got a cent and I ain't got a cent. But they lost theirs in the stock market and I had fun with mine."

Lupe Velez doesn't invest her money in stocks, bonds or real esstate either. Every cent she earns, besides what she spends, goes into a safety-deposit vault. She has five boxes in a row "and thousand dollar bills don't take up much room," she said. Of course I wouldn't know about that.

"But I keep a few hundred dollars in a checking account just in case I want to do a little writing," she added. "The rest goes into the safety deposit."

NIGEL BRUCE, an English actor, born of American parents in Mexico will soon be seen in Fox films. He is well known on the New York stage and is fast becoming known in Hollywood on account of his most extraordinary Filipino servant, Steve.

One night recently Nigel was invited to a party and Steve assured him that he knew exactly where the place was. But he didn't, and drove around and around, and Nigel arrived at the dinner party, two hours late. He was furious and what he said to Steve we couldn't print here. Next morning Steve told Nigel he felt very happy. "Yes?" replied Nigel. "And what

makes you so happy this morning?"
"I got bawled out last night," Steve

explained with a wide smile.

Are you reading Mr. Van de Water's reviews of the new pictures of the month? They are the frank opinion of a famous writer, and the editors will be glad to hear just what you think of them.



Itching Kash

"For more than a month", writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinoi Olintment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

Does your skin annoy or embarrass your Does it itch so that at times you can't resist scratching, no matter where you are? Does it get chated or rough, then burn and smart unbearably? Is it pimply.

Here is the way to get real relief. Bathe the affected parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. Pat dry, and freely apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots. See how quickly the discomfort is Remember, Resinol Ointment is safe for any part of the body. Physicians have recommended it for thirty-five years.

Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate tex-ture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

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The New Movie Magazine, March, 1934



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Star

(Continued from page 83)

She liked the movies best, and stormed the Sovkino for a chance to play in pictures. They sent her into the frigid Crimea to do minor roles in a small company. They thought they'd discourage her. But she went. Storming the countryside in the family petticoats she'd learned how to keep warm. From the Crimean steppes back to Moscow and the studios of the strange-sounding "Meschaprom" she came. And so kept plugging along—good pictures, bad pictures, little parts, larger ones, developing her talent, establishing character, learning to keep her chin up.

Somewhere along the line, romance intruded. He was a film director, not famous, but young, as she was. He made fiery, ardent love to her, and the flame of his passion embraced her as well. There were still fierce, sudden days in the Soviet. Tomorrow might bring anything. Only the hour was sure. He breathed mad, amorous promises in her ear, and held her tight in his arms. Together they visited a village Commissar and signed a paper.

So they were wed.

But Love failed to thwart Destiny. It wasn't meant to be, this marriage. Indeed, no marriage was meant for Anna Sten. Not yet. So there was a year of blind, frantic groping after life, and love and happiness. Then the youngsters made another trip to the Bureau, signed a paper, and were free again. A simple and direct procedure, no book and ring to begin with, and no perjury to end. Later Anna wed again. But that's another love story.

Then with the speed of Fate, things began to happen. Feedor Ozep was chosen to direct "The Yellow Ticket." And he picked Anna Sten as his star. The finished production blazed with The finished production blazed with genius. That of Ozep. Especially that of Sten. Not only did it bring universal recognition to these two, but to the entire Soviet film industry as well.

If a picture made with the scant resources of the Russian studios could spread such fame, what might be ac-complished by Russian films made with the superior equipment available in the German movie-marts? A plan was formed, and the head men sent Sten German movie-marts? and Ozep to Berlin.

In their absence from Moscow changes occurred. The scheme was abandoned. But Anna stayed on in Germany. She spoke only Russian, but offered a role in a German film she crammed the language for two weeks and played her language for two weeks and played her part. And after another two weeks with French tutors, she played the Gallic version, too. Finally she won permission from the Soviet to sign a contract with the mighty Ufa company, and to stay away from home. She played opposite Kortner and Jannings. Triumphs grew with her portrayals in "Trapeze," "Tempest," "The Brothers Karamazov."

Fate was being a good fellow and

Brothers Karamazov."

Fate was being a good fellow, and even relented sufficiently to allow Love in her life for a second visit. Romantically enough, a slight motor accident in a soft twilight had literally thrown Anna into the waiting arms of a new lover. No fiery fledgling this time, but a substantial, serious man-of-the-world, a widower with a thirteen-year-old daughter, honored in the two

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The First Soviet Star

professions of law and architecture, Herr Doktor Eugene Franke. Soon they were married. And this brings us back to where we started, with Sanuel Goldwyn peering at an amusement page picture in an American newspaper of a Russian girl, starring in a German picture that was playing a split-week in an obscure theater. That was two years ago.

It wasn't a very good likeness of Anna Sten that Goldwyn saw. But hidden somewhere the great discoverer visualized a star of blinding brilliance, with an aura of gold—fresh-minted gold—radiating from her brow. Now, if Goldwyn is a man of vision, he's a

man of action more.

man of action more.

Emissaries sped to far lands with instructions to investigate the probabilities, the possibilities, the potentialities of Anna Sten. They reported all that we already know. And they reported it in glowing terms. And the home office pulse throbbed encouragement in the published hint of Regina Crewe, of the New York critics, that Anna Sten was the film discovery of many seasons.

So again the couriers went forth, and returned with the Sten signature on the dotted line. The Soviet Cinderella embarked in a sea-going pumpkin for

a fling at Hollywood fame and fortune.
"What do you think of America?"
queried the ship-news reporters as

Anna took her first look. "I loff it," Anna beam Anna beamed. And that was all the English she knew.

She wasn't quite the finished product She wasn't quite the finished product then that she is today. More or less, she was raw material. Maybe you'd have liked her better. It's a matter of choice. A tall girl, strongly knit, her slender, poorly gowned figure was all rounded femininity. There were curves at her arms and shoulders, strength in the depth of her bosom, and in the firm grip of her large, shapely hand, devoid of jewels.

Broad Slavic features suggested the

Broad Slavic features suggested the Russo-Swedish heritage, and her low forehead had an arrow-shaped scar that served as a beauty-mark at one temple. served as a beauty-mark at one temple. Her eyes were a sombre, clouded gray, further shadowed by a sooty fringe of long, curling lashes. But they had a way of dispelling that dreamy gray in a flash of electric-blue sparks. Then her hair was dark, at the roots, anyway. Her lips were full, and wine-red conject how white skir. Hen teath ways against her white skin. Her teeth were small, and white, and unsymmetrical.

small, and white, and unsymmetrical.

All these little imperfections, the smoky hair, the scarred temple, the uneven teeth were part of an indefinable and ineffable charm. There was nothing artificial about her in appearance or in manner. What she was—she was. And what she had was her own, from the shapely ankles and long, lithe legs to the tiny, tip-tilted nose. That was Anna Sten when she arrived in New York on the last lap of a journey that had carried her from Kiev toward Hollywood. She was twenty-two. And behind her lay a life of excitement, adventure, heart-break, tragedy and romance. That was Anna Sten upon whom Samuel Goldwyn was to spend \$300,000 without a dime in return. return.

She came without fear, and nothing (Please turn to page 106)

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES





Whenever eyes become bloodshot from cry ing, late hours, or exposure to sun, wind and dust, just apply a few drops of Murine. So safe that its use is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, it quickly clears up all signs of redness -leaves eyes looking and feeling simply fine! And-it costs less than a penny an application.

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The First Soviet Star

(Continued from page 105)

excited her. New York seemed familiar to her because she had seen it in the movies. Through an interpreter she explained that she intended to learn English as she had learned French and English as she had learned French and German. She seemed utterly unemotional, almost stolid. But she could be gay and laughing if she willed. She may have appeared phlegmatic, but she wasn't dumb. She said her favorite star was Mickey Mouse. And you knew the way she said it that there were reservations. Herr Doktor Franke was not in evidence, although he came was not in evidence, although he came along, maybe to cast a legal eye on future contracts, or perhaps to provide supervision for the structure of her screen career.

Hollywood eyed her askance. It had seen 'em come—and go. It waited to be shown. There was curiosity aplenty, but it was veiled. And both Sam Goldwyn and Anna Sten saw that it went unsatisfied. Rumor said she was to make "Cynara." The picture was produced without her—and without explanation. Then she was slated for an American "Karamazov" with Ronald Colman. This slipped into forgetfulness. "The Way of a Lancer," a drama of her own time set in a familiar locale. Hollywood eyed her askance. It had of her own time set in a familiar locale, was mentioned as her debut vehicle. But weeks slipped into months, and months made years, and nothing hap-

pened. That is, nothing that the world knew of. Behind the scenes there was something doing every minute. Never has a star received such grooming. The tests, the lessons went on unceasingly, and Goldwyn paid the bills with a smile. Stories were read, re-read and discarded. Then finally one was found that suited perfectly. It was Emile Zola's story of a bad girl who made good. Its name was "Nana." The analysement was was "Nana."

nouncement was made, and production went full speed ahead.

Went full speed anead.

How careful the casting! How lavish the sets! How handsome the investiture! No pains were spared, no pennies pinched. There came a day when \$250,000 had been spent, and the picture was half finished. Samuel Goldward set in a projection room and server. wyn sat in a projection room and saw these reels run over, again and again. At the end of hours he arose, stretched, and facing his grouped associates said:

"It's good, but not good enough. Throw it away. We'll begin again!"

And with that simple gesture Sam Goldwyn tossed a quarter-million dollars over his shoulder!

Every foot of the film was destroyed, the cast was dismissed, a new one as-sembled, directors were changed, the story was altered. And finally Anna Sten started on the second version of her first picture. Again expenses piled up, thousands, tens of thousand, hunup, thousands, tens of thousand, hundreds of thousands. And Sam Goldwyn paid the bills with the same smile.

He knew what he was doing. He always does. When the picture was finally completed and ready for the screen, he had his usual last laugh. It

was sensational!

was sensational!

It would be interesting to know what Anna Sten thinks of America, of Hollywood, of Sam Goldwyn. Of a man and an industry that tosses away a fortune to get the best. Of a motion picture going public that will, eventually, pay back a profit on any investment that results in top-notch entertainment. Things were different in Kiev, different in the tawdry trouping of the Crimean days, different even in of the Crimean days, different even in the Moscow studios, and the comparative affluence of Berlin.

But, thus far, her campaign of si-lence continues. No real interview has been given since her first arrival. There is no conspiracy of effusiveness, there is no conspiracy of effusiveness, both she and Mr. Goldwyn aver. It's simply that Anna feels she has nothing to say. Not, at least, until her picture introduces her to the American public. So with "Nana" in the can, as they say, and "Barbary Coast" already prepared for the second Sten production, it won't be long now before the Russian Sphiny answers our riddles— Russian Sphinx answers our riddlesor tells some of her own.

Meantime, of course, Anna speaks flawless English, with just the sus-picion of an accent that makes her melodious intonation all the more enchanting. She studied hard to get our tongue-twisting language straight. It's tough for a foreigner, somehow, even though all Continental tongues come easily.

easuy.

Anna read a lot, everything from Oscar Wilde to O. Henry. She made English her table talk, and the language of her menage. Familiar with Shakespeare in German, French and Russian, she read the Bard in English, and has remarked that one day she'd like to play Shakespearan roles in

and has remarked that one day she'd like to play Shakespearian roles in Russian for American audiences.

Anna sees four or five films a week, and voices enthusiasm for the histrionics of Lionel Barrymore, Paul Muni, Eddie Cantor and Mae West in Austriania and cathelia prof. Mun, Eddie Cantor and Mae West in particular—a wide and catholic preference. She doesn't go in for Hollywood parties, but has renewed friendships that originated in Moscow, Berlin and Paris. There are many strange reunions in Hollywood. She has developed a deep interest in spiritualism, mental telepathy and applied metaphysics. She reads on these subjects, and does what she can to learn about them. But she fights shy of fads and hobbies.

She is liberal in her praise for other actors on the screen. She's got the Hollywood habit of attending the fights and wrestling matches, and she's disand wresting matches, and she's dis-covered a little Hungarian restaurant, frequented more by musicians than film folk, which suits her taste in food. She likes the desert at Palm Springs. But she lives near the sea and is a strong swimmer. She is fond of poetry, flowers and embroidering, and boasts a nowers and embrodering, and boases a collection of dolls for which she has names, yet with these very feminine traits she dislikes anything kittenish, giggly or girlishly nonsensical.

And now you know as much as anything the

one, and more than most, about the girl who has overcome so many ob-stacles in a determined struggle toward the top of the profession she loves. Perhaps, reading more between the lines than in them of her beauty and her character and her talent, you'll get a glimpse of what the genius of Samuel Goldwyn saw in that first news-paper picture of her. If I've failed to give you this—then see Anna herself in "Nana"—she'll make it plainer than I have done.

New Movie's Review and Forecast Bulletin Mailed Direct to You

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them, will give you-

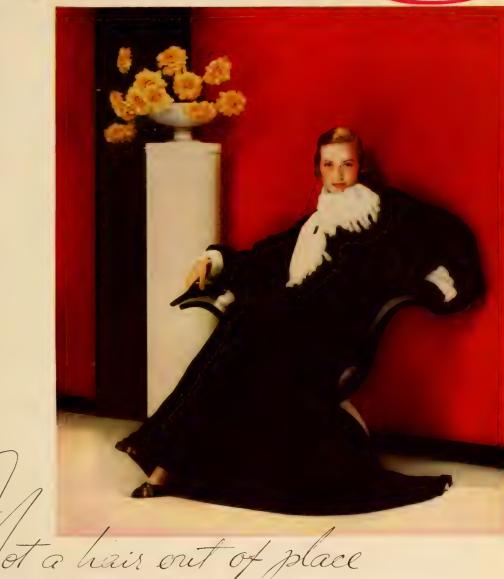
1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual

2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the boxoffice or artistic success of the pictures reviewed. 3. Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer-in other words, the fan-who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

The cost of the Bulletin will be ten cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VOL. IX, No. 4

APRIL 1934

Cover Design by CLARK MOORE

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DIETRICH!

Reports say that she has changed her personality again.

For the newest story of the glamorous star from Germany see page 29

KEEP UP WITH THE LATE MOVIES AND READ

New Pictures You Should See and Why. By Frederic F, Van de Water. 48.

and

Advance News of New Pictures in the Making. By Barbara Barry. 14.

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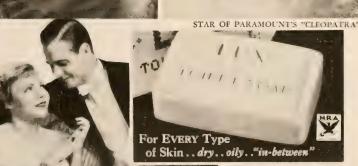
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Hollywood YBY



Mary Brian, co-featured with him and George O'Brien in "Ever Since Eve," a Fox picture.

By NEMO

THE NEW MOVIE'S MAN ABOUT TOWN

EAUTY shop owners along the boulevard almost had apoplexy one day recently when they learned that Greta Garbo had walked into the Du Barry Shop and asked to have her hair waved.

The girl in the reception room was shocked into speechlessness at the sight of her idol walking in unannounced. The fact that every operator was busy and she had to ask the Great One to wait added to her discomfort. But Garbo, who has never before been seen in a beauty shop, probably thought it was customary to wait and was not at all upset. She picked up a magazine, sat down and waited for almost an hour. By that time everyone in the shop was nearly hysterical with excitement, for Garbo's presence anywhere is equal to a first class earthquake for creating a furore. Her

Lovely Anna Sten, Sam Goldwyn's "find"—who scored a smash hit in her first American picture, "Nana."

glamour doesn't seem to diminish with a second glance and her recent frequent appearances in public with her director-friend Rouben Mamoulian, have only increased the public's interest in her.
(Please turn to page 8)

Irene Bentley strolls along Hollywood Boulevard during a lull in studio assignments.





news of the stars at work and play



then rinse. Do this rightly watch your skin





grow clearer, fresher - lovelier toan ever

Its very scent is different!

Clean, fresh, vanishing asyourinse, Liteback spleasant, trygienic secret tells you this decay, to ful toilet soap purifies pores, gives extra protection against "B. O." (body odor).



HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY









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Hollywood DAY BY DAY



Debonair as ever, Maurice Chevalier returns to Hollywood to play in "The Merry Widow."

Alluring loveliness is exemplified in this photograph of Irene Dunne, RKO star, whose next picture is called, "Transient Love."

(Continued from page 6)
WHEN Mae West steps out she
shuns Hollywood cafes and Wshuns Hollywood cafes and night clubs and patronizes the ultra conservative Victor Hugo in downtown Los Angeles. But on Friday nights you can always find her in a ringside seat at the Hollywood stadium, cheering lustily for her favorite boxer, and always she is accompanied by the stolid Jim Timony.

Mae seldom attends a Hollywood party. "I don't drink," she explained to me one day, "and if you think it's any fun to sit through a party when everyone else is drinking and you're not, just try it.'

KATHARINE HEPBURN inspires a Garbo-like loyalty in her friends and associates at the studio. When her last picture, "Trigger," was finished she gave each one in the crew—cameramen, props, grips and electricians—a gift. But will one of them talk about it or her or even tell what she gave them? Certainly not!

Dick Barthelmess makes the most of his vacation at Palm Springs, with Mrs. Barthelmess and a few friends, before starting work on his next picture, "A Modern Hero."

Just mention Hepburn to one of them and the best answer you'll get is a stock phrase: "She's swell!" Or its equivalent.

FOLLOWING the death of his father and mother in Alabama, Johnny Mack Brown brought his eleven-year-old brother, David, to Hollywood to make his home. David is the youngest of the six Brown brothers and as handsome as a picture. Soon after his arrival he was spotted by Frank Borzage, who immediately wanted to put him into a picture. But big brother Johnny put an end to that, "Listen," he said severely, "the Brown brothers have been actors, football players and everything else. You're going to be the Brown brother that gets good marks in school.



PAULETTE GODDARD was almost in tears when I met her on the street today. "I've never had so much bad luck as I've just had," she complained. And then went on to recount that, returning to town from a week-end trip she had lost her dressing case which contained some jewelry and other personal things she had bought some stock which started going down an hour later and had been given two tickets by motor' cycle officers. "I wasn't speeding either, and besides, two tickets in one day is too many," she said.

I agreed with her but what surprised me most was that any officer would have the heart to give her a

DURING a conversation between James Cagney, his pal, Bob Sill, Lowell Sherman and Albert Hackett, one of the four mentioned that in Beverly Hills the sun never seems to be directly overhead at noon. Lowell Sherman, who is quite a smart fellow when it comes to directing boxoffice hits, advanced as a reason that the Beverly Hills streets have so many curves in them. With a per-fectly straight face, too! So the others decided to let the matter rest.

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton continue to find pleasure in things other than the usual Hollywood pastimes. Their ranch, and all (Please turn to page 10)



Carl Laemmle, Jr.



CHALLENGE of YOUTH!

Carl Laemmle, Jr., Executive Producer of Universal, Looking for New Faces

By DEXTER WYNNE

RAMA! Movement! Color! Youth! But above all, youth—challenging youth, new faces, new blood, new zest! That is what young Carl Laemmle—they call him "Junior"—production head at Universal City, is looking for. Which is right too. For he's the spirit of youth in his own is right, too. For he's the spirit of youth, in his own life, his own personality, his own smile-this chap who is himself little more than a boy and who is known as the youngest major producer on the Coast.

His smile was more youthful than ever when he

this smile was more youthful than ever when he told me of Universal's plans for the Spring as he sat at his great flat desk in the New York offices.

"We have some great pictures coming," he declared, "pictures that we are all proud of and that the exhibitors will rub their hands over. And in them all we are trying to emphasize that spirit I've been telling you about—the spirit of youth. You

can spell the word in as big capitals as you want. We have 'The Countess of Monte Cristo' with lovely Fay Wray, which Karl Freund did for us. And we have 'Let's Be Ritzy' with Lew Ayres, which Edward Ludwig is directing. And, speaking of this, we have 'Glamour' with Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas. There is a play for you. William Wyler is handling

the megaphone. "And not to be outdone, Universal is going into romantic plays. There is, for instance, Vicki Baum's 'I Give My Love.' And there is that realistic romance of modern futility, 'Little Man, What Now?' This will be Margaret Sullavan's second picture, and Universal is counting heavily on Frank Borzage's handling of this actress. And, did I hear somebody mention John

handling of this actress. And, did I hear somebody mention John Stahl's name? Well, he is deep in Fannie Hurst's 'Imitation of Life.' Just wait until you see what he does with such a story! "But don't forget," he concluded, "what I told you about youth. That is what Universal is pounding hardest at in its program—the spirit of youth—not the coming generation, but the generation that is here now!" —Advertisement.





Fannie Hurst, distinguished novelist and author of "Imitation of Life."



Margaret Sullavan of "Only Yesterday" fame, who stars in "Little Man, What Now?."





Hollywood Plays

EALLY the stars should form the Stars' Tea Protective Association! A tea-and-cocktail party sounds such a simple thing. But you just don't know your Hollywood. You think, "Oh, I'll take just one and then toddle along!" But you don't. Because, maybe, Estelle Taylor will be along pretty soon, and you just must see whom she's with. So you may stay until two or three in the morning, though your invitation reads, "Three to six."

Jack Oakie read his invitation to Colleen Moore's party, and exclaimed: "Three to six! All right, I'll be there at four in the morning!"

I just know that poor Colleen didn't dine or sleep,—unless she slipped away somewhere around midnight, which I hope she did.

James Cruze used to leave his parties flat and go to bed, and Adele Rowland did the same the other night. But I'm sure all of Hollywood passed through Colleen's doors some time during the afternoon or night.

A lot of young romance brightened up that party, too. But, dear me, why won't those youngsters stay put! Mary Carlisle was with Billy Bakewell, and it looked quite serious. Though last we knew Billy was putting fresh flowers in front of Mary Brian's picture every morning.

And then there were Sally Blane and the handsome Phil Ormsby, and Hoot Gibson and June Gale.

But Patsy Ruth Miller and Marian Nixon arrived alone. Smart gals! What a chance for a lot of masculine

attention that gave them!

And was Fay Wray surrounded by men! One of them was her husband,—and he seemed delighted at the admiration she was getting. We really are getting quite cosmopolitan, aren't we? Jealousy is out of fashion.

C OCKTAIL parties are such nice affairs in one way— husbands and wives can come without their mates, and nothing said. And it does make for greater freedom.

Gloria Swanson, wearing a long cape and a black Juliet cap, with her hair flowing loose, arrived alone; and John Emerson came without Anita Loos, who was slightly ill, he said; while Edgar Selwyn said that his wife, Ruth, was in Europe.

Colleen confided to me in a corner that she thinks short separations make married life more interesting. Albert Scott, Colleen's husband, was in New York. "It's another honeymoon when we're together again," explained Colleen. "But all the same I'm a home body. Some actresses are dividing their time between the stage The New Movie's Hollywood social reporter invites you to attend with her some of the functions of the famous film capital

> Ву GRACE KINGSLEY





Carl Laemmle's 67th birthday was celebrated at the Universal studios with a huge birthday cake which boasted 67 candles. Margaret Sullavan, Alice White and Carl Laemmle, Jr., were among the first to get a piece.

The cocktail party given by Colleen Moore at her home in Beverly Hills was attended by practically all the leading lights of Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald, Colleen Moore, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders are in this group.

and screen. I'm dividing mine between home and the screen."

D OLORES DEL RIO wore one of those little black felt hats folded away from the face,—not so becoming as the things she usually wears.

And here's a joke. Dolores was giving a dinner party that night, and some of Colleen's guests were to be Dolores' guests. So they ran away hastily from Colleen's party to be on time. And ten minutes later Dolores arrived with husband Cedric Gibbons, and was still there when the Man Who Goes to Parties With Me and I left, quite late!

Those dinner guests of Dolores' must have been cooling their heels and drawing in their belts a long time before their hostess arrived!

Here's a good birthday story I heard at Colleen's party. Sally Blane had bought a birthday gift for a certain young man. He didn't show up at the appointed time. Another youth had a birthday the same day. He did show up. She gave him the present!

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames just aren't matey! I mean with the other guests! I think both are a little shy. They seem to withdraw, at a party, as they did at Colleen's, and be on-lookers. But all the same, they are as nice as they can be.

A HAPPY marriage is a lone star that draws people to the home of the happily married.

That's how it is with Otto Kruger and his wife. Nobody

That's how it is with Otto Kruger and his wife. Nobody who is invited ever is absent or tardy at their affairs, given at their hilltop home in Westwood.

Otto's birthday was the signal for a very nice one—a buffet supper. But we hadn't been told about the birthday angle, and nobody brought any gifts. And everybody would have liked to.

There was a buffet supper, after which, if you liked, you played games.

And such smart entertainment—Irene Franklin singing some of her songs—particularly bright are the ones she saves for these private parties!—and Adele Rowland sang.

Isabel Jewell was there with (Please turn to page 83)

ADVANCE NEWS OF







OU wouldn't dare insult me, sir, if Brother Jack were here!"
Sylvia Sidney, a very good little girl, finds herself broke and stranded in the middle of a big bad carnival in Paramount's "Good Dame."
She doesn't like the idea, but, it looks like a long, bard winter, so, to give the like a long, hard winter, so, to give the

plot a break, she signs up with the show as a "kootch" dancer.

It's a great life. Just one "Sir . . . how dare you!" after another, with Freddie March and Jack La Rue making the forward passes.

ing the forward passes.

March, a card juggler, has learned at his mother's knee (or somebody's mother's knee) that death, taxes, and kootch dancers are in a class by themselves. So, imagine his surprise when little Sylvia says: "NO!" . . . and proves that she means it!

Intrigued by this strange and unusual turn of events, Freddie goes on the

make in a big Way and soon . . . ah, Spring . . . love comes to our hero. Once more, the gentle influence of a "good" woman makes an honest man of a potential rascal. And let this be a lesson to you. Leaving the vulgar atmosphere of the carnival far behind, they start out, hand in hand, selling Fuller brushes. Or something. There are complications but . . . Love triumphs and the Good Dame gets her

William Lipman wrote the tale and Marion Gering pulled the directorial strings.

She Made Her Bed (Paramount)

THE title of this one, from an original story by James M. Cain, refers to a fleeting and incidental sequence in the last few scenes of the picture. While the majority of titles have little

Above, left, Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan say good-bye over the latter's death bed in "Men in White."

Fredric March finally understands that Sylvia Sidney is a "Good Dame." B. P. Schulberg production for Paramount.

Below, Mary Astor and Warren William in a scene from Warner Brothers'
"Upper World."



PRE-REVIEV

N THE MAKING



Above, the lovely Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy in the RKO production, Transient Love.

Right Ramon Novarro and Jeanstle MacDona'd in the M-G-M musical "The

Below, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Geneviere Tabin in the RKO picture "Success Story."



bearing on the plots of our modern productions, this is probably the most flighty example on record. It might just as well have been titled "He Ran II's Fingers Through His Hair" or "She Reached for Her Nail File."

Sally Eilers and Robert Armstrong are married and run an auto camp. Robert is a no-good with an eye for feminine pulchritude and, as long as Grace Bradley is around to "understand" him, makes life pretty miserable for the little woman.

Richard Arlen, a camper, falls in love with the unhappy Sally and she reciprocates. They are about to flee to the them has a baby and that naturally takes the "flees" out of them for the moment.

Amustrong has a victors le par I that no one but Sally can control. Anxious to be rid of wife and baby (now a toddling cutie) so that he can marry Grace, Bob turns the leopard loose in his own kitchen. Funny how some people hate divorce? Or don't think of

Anyhow . . . Sally quick-wittedly pops Junior into a convenient ice-box, jumps behind the nearest door and crosses her fingers while Mister Leopard makes a lunch out of her erring

Ralph Murphy directs.

I Believed in You (Fox)

VICTOR JORY, who is so intriguing-Ames that "it isn't Life that matters . . . it's the courage you bring to it" (and don't raise your eyebrows at me. I don't explain 'em. I just tell 'em.)

(Please turn to page 86)

By BARBARA BARRY

Rugged masculinity is re-flected by Walter Huston, RKO star



The PEOPLE'S Academy

> THE VOICE OF THE PUBLIC

A Friend of the Stars

New Albany, Indiana. A^{LL} this agitation over the high salaries of the movie stars seems to me a very unfair attitude on the

part of the public, since it raises no protest against the huge sums paid to a famous prizefighter or baseball player, or against the enormous fees of leading at-torneys, or the immense share of the profits in a business deal that goes to the man who successfully engineered the deal, or against the large remuneration demanded by a specialist in any line.

What are the popular screen artists but specialists of the highest order in the art of entertaining and of drawing the shekels of the public into the coffers of the motion picture industry? Surely, any fair-minded person will admit this fact and will grant that the immense salaries some of the stars are drawing are not out of proportion when the entire profits on the pictures whose success is guaranteed by the names of these stars are taken into consideration.

Mabel Argo.

You are right. Pay them what they earn-no matter nhat walk of life. And they earn it, or they would not get it!

Be Yourself Always!

WE read and hear a lot about the wisdom of choosing a certain line and specializing in it if we hope to attain fame and fortune in this day and age, and throughout the professions, we see shining examples of successful specialists.

This being the case, I cannot understand the aversion of screen performers to developing their peculiar trait of personality or acting ability which first brought them into public favor, and their loud howl of in-sistence that they must be permitted to display versa-

tility. It seems to me the wise course for them to follow would be to give the public finer and finer demonstrations with each succeeding picture, of this peculiar "something" which they possess. Mae West has the correct idea. What a "specialist" she is!

Lola Argo, R. R. 1, Dixie Highway.

We are all for what you have to say. Right or wrong. specialize in your own personality!

Wants More Humor

East Haven, Conn.

THE present films are in my opinion overly serious, and lacking in the qualities of charm, real humor, and natural expression that every silver screen admirer enjoys. It seems one goes to the movies to forget dull cares, but when a morbidly serious picture is shown

the individual too often leaves with a headache.

Most books contain in their plot all the pathos of life in a balanced and blended form, but the movies apparently pick novels or plays that go to the extremes of either humor or serious drama.

"Cimarron" was a pleasant exception, and too, the most recent "A Man's Castle" was thoroughly entertaining, both were my idea of what pictures should be like. All of the Laurel and Hardy pictures are enjoyable comedy, a relief from the many dull pictures

Withal I am for more real humor, more real human dramas, more pictures of the tangible, and less of the

synthetic overplayed dramas.

Lester Knapp, 80 Francis Street.

Give us more and better comedy. The world needs to laugh. But good comedy is rare, too rare.

Blames the Audience

Louisville, Ky.

W HY must some people show their lack of consideration for others by ridiculing a miraculous feat in motion picture production such as "The Invisible Man"?

Surely, common courtesy demands the respect of silence when one fails to appreciate the trick photography responsible for this picture of fantasy. But in

What



Above, intriguing Claire Dodd, new Warner vampire.

At right, Jean Harlowe, next to be seen with Marie Dressler again.



The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1-Best all-around feature picture
- 2-Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
 4—Best musical picture
- 5-Best human interest picture
- 6-Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9-Best short reel picture
- 10-Best news reel picture
- 11-Best direction
- 12—Best story

to give people a thrill.

George Arliss, the new Twentieth Century star, and always a supreme artist.

the audience of which I was a member, someone uttered a hoot of derision after the showing of a few scenes, others fell in line and the remainder of the picture was utterly spoiled for those of us who never cease to marvel over the achievements of the producers and their cameramen. Although we may not particularly care for horror or mystery pictures, or any kind that depart from realism, still we find them enjoyable as a revelation of the skill and ingenuity required to produce them.

Mabel Kramer, 905 Lydia Avenue.

Courtesy does demand respect to other people. In this particular film the illusions were obtained after long and hard work. You are not the only one who enjoyed them.

She Expresses Her Mind

Vernon, Texas.

I HAVE written a number of criticisms to movie magazines and have never had one published. But I should like SOMEONE to read this. So I shall sum up several preferences in this one note.

First of all, I want to offer my highest praises for Joan Crawford's acting in "Letty Lynton" and although it is not a recent picture I think it the best of her entire career. She was not so extreme in dress and mannerisms and I liked everything about the picture. Second, I saw "When Ladies Meet" and enjoyed it

Second, I saw "When Ladies Meet" and enjoyed it immensely as all my favorite stars were in the cast. I thought it one of the cleverest of the newer sophisticated stories. In fact, all the players were splendid in their roles. And I was perfectly charmed with "the little country house." I don't think I have ever seen more attractive interiors. Let us have more of them and fewer modern settings which appeal to very few people.

And third, I want to voice a complaint which I shall make on the women's gowns in recent films. I often wonder just what idea the (*Please turn to page* 92)

Food Times Girls with LEXIONS!



Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face-judge your looks-and

notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion-a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration-yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane,



CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



The New Movie Magazine, April, 1934



Ben Pinchot

BOUGLASS MONTGOMERY —From California to Broadway to California to Broadway to California! That's Doug's story. Born in Los Angeles not twenty-five years ago. Started career at Pasadena Playhouse. Drew roles in Theater Guild productions. Then appeared in films as Kent Douglass. Despite acclaim in "Waterloo Bridge," returned to Broadway for more stage experience. Now back in Hollywood using own name. Next is "Little Man, What Now?" for Universal.



Bert Longic ett.

BETTE DAVIS—Forgot early desire to be a nurse in high school eagerness for stage career. Studied with John Murray Anderson. Given initial opportunity in George Cukor's stock company. Then to Broadway. Made good in several plays. Hollywood beckoned, and a Universal contract. No luck—option dropped. Bette changed her disposition; turned snappy instead of sweet. A Warner contract and flicker fame! Married to Harmon O. Nelson.



The KINGS OF GOLD



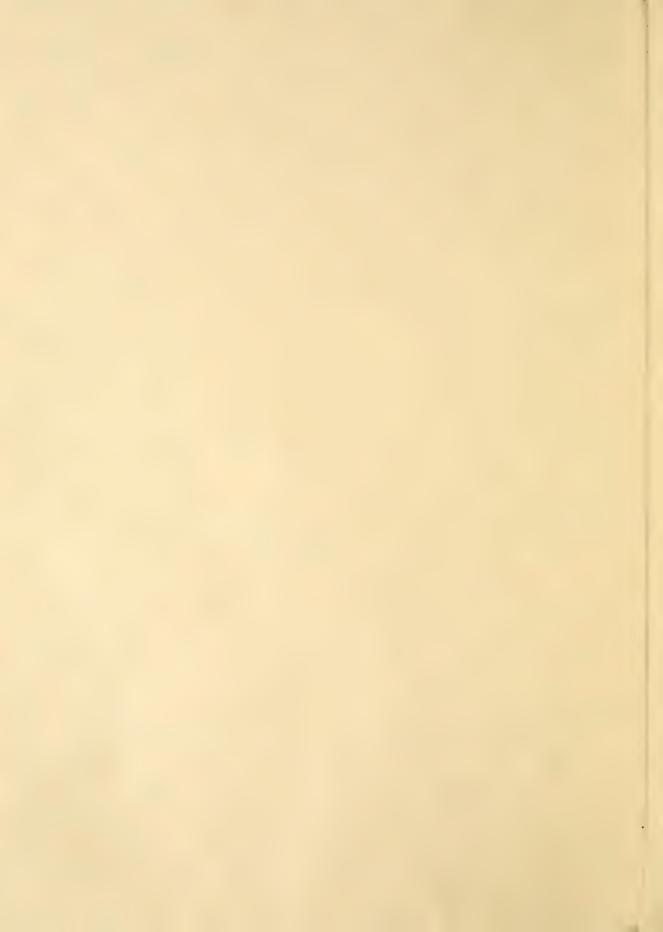
George Arliss gives you for the first time on the screen the dramatic secrets of the family who became the uncrowned monarchs of Europe's gold empire. That is the stirring drama of "The House of Rothschild," the family that became the private bankers of Europe, whose colorful story makes the new Twentieth Century picture of Joseph M. Schenck and Darryl Zanuck. The director is Alfred Werker.

Above, you will see most of the members of the Rothschild family assembled in their screen personalities, with George Arliss as Nathan, Noel Madison as Carl, Paul Harvey as Solomon, Murray Kinnell as James and Ivan Simpson as Amschell.

At the left, you find one of the most romantic scenes of young love you could wish to see, with Loretta Young and Robert Young.

At the right, one of the appealing love scenes when the adorable Julie Rothschild (Loretta Young) gives her heart to Lt.-Col. Fitzroy (Robert Young).





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Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEANETTE MacDONALD—From Philadelphia hails red-haired, blue-eyed Jeanette, M-G-M's singing star in "The Cat and the Fiddle." Danced and sang in theatrical school revues with sister Blossom. Then came a Ned Wayburn tryout. Eventually discovered by scouts for Ernst Lubitsch, who signed her for "The Love Parade" with Chevalier. Follows musical studies religiously. Reads mystery novels. Engaged—or secretly married—to her manager, Robert Ritchie!



Anthony Uprin

ROCHELLE HUDSON—You've heard of Claremore, Oklahoma, in Will Rogers' pictures. Rochelle hails from there. Three years back her momma took her to Hollywood. She was sweet sixteen, blue-eyed and brunette. Didn't have much trouble rating screen test—because of her natural beauty. Drew leads in several RKO productions. Now free-lancing and doing well. Loves all outdoor sports. Eats rich food but doesn't get fat!



JUNE KNIGHT—Her real name, Margaret Rose Valliquiette, would never fit in marquee lights. So she changed it! Doubled for Garbo in "Mata Hari." Did other screen bits. Then quit Hollywood for New York. Scored in Ziegfeld's "Hotcha" and later in "Take a Chance." Duplicated this role in screen version for Paramount. Now has long-term Universal contract. Writes stories in her leïsure moments. Always reported engaged to somebody.



NOTHING

BUT THE TRUTH

THE following communication has been received from the author of the recent series of anonymous articles in The New Movie Magazine in which he set out to prove that all real stars are nutty, all good producers are nutty, and all authors just plain nuts. Because his communication seems so human and so down to earth, the editors have decided to publish it as this month's expression of public opinion.

THE EDITORS.

THOUGHT it was about time for some truths to be told to movie fans. I thought the glamour should be stripped from the movie business to prove that it is really a business, that it is work, not glamour, that brings the

shekels into the coffers of the favored ones.

Well, my articles brought forth thanks, but they also brought forth heart-aches.

There is a fine woman out in Chicago who has a yearning to write and who wants someone to help her and show her what is wrong with her writing. She has a daughter who yearns to become a movie star, and she is puzzled to know why she never got to first base. There, in one family, I hurt two with one stone.

If you don't like heart-ache, don't read any more of this. But if you are human, if you have a heart that beats and a soul which can feel, go on and suffer with me—and with others.

First, read this letter which I received through The New Movie Magazine in answer to my series of articles published during the last few months:

This man, who should know, states that Margaret Sullavan, Universal star, did not get her position by favoritism, accident or "pull"



Chicago, Ill.

A FAMOUS FILM PRODUCER, Somewhere in Hollywood.

Dear Sir:

Yes, here comes a letter from another "nut," as you so playfully call us poor devils who dare to have a slight hope of "getting in" on a little of the glamour so beautifully painted in every "New Movie Magazine."

May I ask you just one question, before going any further? Were you always the "Famous Producer" you are now? Have you become so hardened in your own success that you have forgotten the hours you must have spent in longing?

Unless you had an awful, strong "pull" with some one out there then surely you

one out there then surely you have not forgotten the hurt of being scoffed at, the ridicule.

Surely at some time or other every one wishes that she or he could do something worth while. I am nearly forty years old now, but even you with all your sarcasm cannot discourage me.

When one sees some of the pictures you producers give us on the screen, it is no wonder that a good many of us feel that surely we can do as well. It is then and there that the "nutty" ideas come to us.

I can sympathize so well with the poor devil that you so cruelly ridiculed in last month's "New Movie," for I have experienced the very same feeling. I sent a story out the same way, a story that I was willing to put before any one for the sole purpose of trying to find out, if it were so bad, what it was that ailed it. I expected comments, corrections by the dozens, but the

Are you one of the thousands who are ambitious to break into the movies? If you are, you will profit by these letters to a noted film producer.

awful feeling of waiting, waiting for two months, only to have it returned unopened. Boy! Have you not experienced such a feeling?

You say that you are always wanting new "ideas," that you want to please the public. How then do you know so well that one or two out of that great audience may not have an idea worth while?

To prove that we, the "nutty" public, are not all to blame, let me tell you, please, of another way you professional people have of making fools out of us. About a year ago a certain paper in California advertised for a young lady to take part in a play that was to be produced in the near future. The only requirements were that she be able to take the part of a young girl at first, then to the end of the play portray the same character years older. A southern ac-

cent would help, but was not essential, and she was not to be professional. Oh, no.

Well, sir, my daughter, like dozens of other young girls, was thrilled at the idea of this "wonderful break," pardon the slang, but nothing would do but we go to the studio for the try-out. We had to borrow the money for our carfare. Oh, yes that is funny to you fellows who have so much, but it meant sacrifice to us and a good many other poor little girls there.

After keeping these girls outside the offices, while the men behind had another good laugh at the "nuts," they allowed them to walk through an office and out onto the street again.

I sat on the bench with a few of the disappointed girls, waiting for a

train to get back home, and could not help but hear some of their remarks. To you I suppose it would seem even funnier than the rest, but believe me it was pitiful.

We have to give "New Movie" the credit of letting us in on a good many of the truths of what really goes on in Hollywood. It gives us the drab side as well as the golden,



Anita Loos



Sarah Y. Mason



Sylvia Thalbera



Vicki Baum

Frances Marion

Here are five young women winners in the movie writing game, all with M-G-M

But with so many people starving, with men worried to death about how they are going to provide for their families, is it any wonder that some of us are "nutty" enough to hope that we too can share just a little of the money that seems to flow so easily into the laps of the favored few?

So, Mr. Producer, whoever you are, don't make light of another fellow's desire to express his innermost soul; however hopeless it may seem, it hurts, believe you me. For after all if you know anything about the stars, or happen to believe in them at all, it is our place in the sun that makes the difference. So be patient with us, if you can. We may get a chance to shine too, if you fellows don't try to cloud up and cover us altogether.

Whoever you are, I wish you luck, heaps of it; not for a minute do

I begrudge you your brilliance, but I beg you not to think that God forgot all the rest of us when he made you.

Whether you get to read this or not, I feel better for having believed that it might reach you, and beg to remain, Sincerely,

Mrs B----

P. S.

In my excitement I forgot to tell you who got the part advertised for, and made a lot of us go hungry for two days; it was Margaret Sullavan. No, oh no, she is not professional, not much. Please tell us why they did that to us poor "nuts."

HAT would you do if you received a letter like that? You would do just what I did. You would the thirty would be the thirty wo

sit down and write just as honest an answer as you knew how. So that's what I did. I wrote her this:

DEAR MRS. B.——
The "New Movie Magazine" has sent me your letter of Nov. 3, addressed to "A Famous Film Producer."

I am the guilty man, (Please turn to page 98)

The NEW Marlene

DELLA MASON

ITH the exception of Joan Crawford, no front-line star of Hollywood has changed her off-screen personality with such unsettling

abruptness as Marlene Dietrich.

In the comparatively short time the glamorous German has been with us we have been treated to the off-stage character of the pining girl who longed for her native country and her own little Maria; who loved to cook meals with her own hands and complained there was nothing interesting to do in Hollywood except listen to the radio.

It was something of a shock to the local press when this girl whom they had set down as a beautiful. blond hausfrau, suddenly did a complete right-aboutface and developed into the sensationalist of the Von Sternberg-Dietrich studio walk-out, the trouser fad, and the four burly bodyguards.

It was not at all unusual for one of Marlene's antics-either her appearance with Chevalier or Von Sternberg at a premiere in tuxedo, the bars she had placed on every upstairs window of her Beverly Hills home to protect Maria from kidnapers, or the supposed Paris ruling against her trousers—to reach you via the front page along with your orange juice and fried eggs. Interviewers came away from Marlene, no longer with excellent German recipes, but with bulging notebooks filled with fashion tips for men, how to dodge kidnapers and tips on exotic temperament.

For a while she became as aloof as Garbo. Interviews were refused. Visitors were banned from her sets and even the camera crew and technicians were invited outside while Marlene rehearsed.

That Josef Von Sternberg had a great deal to do with this radical change in Marlene cannot be denied. An intensely effective showman himself, there can be little doubt but that he moulded Marlene's off-screen personality with as deft a touch as he created her

screen portrayals.

It was he who first objected to the fraternizing of his exotic star with the studio co-workers. It was Von Sternberg who created the unapproachable aura about her. He is too keenly in tune with public reaction not to realize that too much down-to-earth normality was out of line in the character of the fascinating woman he shadowed with his camera lens.

But the story that Marlene was a dazed Trilby to Von Sternberg's Svengali was as silly and mistaken a rumor as ever came from the Hollywood hills.

As the new off-screen personality of Dietrich begins to be as freely circulated as her two other private life transitions, I think this particular fact will become increasingly clear.

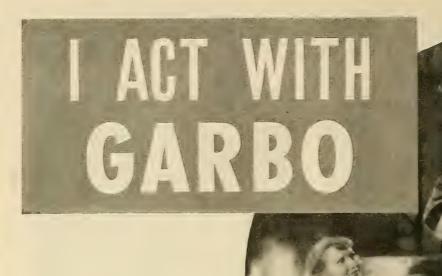
For there is a new Dietrich, a Marlene who is a strange composite of her two former selves, plus a new independence that is created solely by her own

thinking and her own moods.

So far as their studio work is concerned she is still perfectly willing to let Von Sternberg write the gospel. If he works better on closed sets, in isolated privacy that is something which will not be disputed by Marlene. She has implicit faith in his ability to guide her professional destiny. (Please turn to page 70)



Marlene, as you will see her in the new Paramount picture, "The Scarlet Empress." Truly feminine, we say, or is it just another phase of her many-sided personality?



By BARBARA BARONDESS

'M going to loosen Greta Garbo's laces and show you the size mark inside her shoes. First time that's been done, too!

But more important-I'm going to loosen some of the knots of mystery about the great Garbo's soul. And when I get through you'll have something real to tell the girls around the bridge table because my own eyes and ears witnessed everything I'm passing on.

My first contact with Garbo wasn't a contact at all. If I'd been able to talk to the great actress then, I'd probably still be a newspaper woman in New York instead of what the critics call a "rising young actress."

That was late in 1931. Garbo was in New York but a small army of New York's best reporters and picture snatchers couldn't get near her. They climbed through windows, put on false beards, became waiters, plasterers, gas inspectors—but no result. Garbo simply wouldn't be interviewed.

I was in that crowd. And not a minute passed that

I didn't remember what my managing editor had said:

"Get me a 10-word quote from Garbo and a picture showing you actually talking to her and I'll give you a hundred bucks bonus for each word. Don't worry about the expense. . . .

Well, I didn't worry about the expense. I re-plenished my wardrobe and checked into the St. Moritz Hotel where Garbo occupied an inaccessible suite. I ran up a bill of \$350 in three days.

I bribed one of the floor maids and was actually



Rouben Mamoulian

WIII GARBO

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

love! Or so they say! Adding

there is no longer any doubt that the lonely Swede has fallen in love with Mamoulian, the dark, idealistic radical among Hollywood's directors.

For the first time since the tempestuous John Gilbert, Greta's name is being romanced from the Hollywood housetops, and for the third

time in her seven years in Hollywood they are whispering, "Will Garbo marry?"

The first man, of course, was the soul-tortured genius who discovered



in Garbo's suite twice. But, as they say on Broadway, the whole stunt "laid an egg"—never got within two rooms of the Great Lady of the Screen. That was that and I cussed in my best ladylike manner when I was dragged off the story; although my poor little pink tea words were nothing to the language spilled by my Managing Editor when he got my expense account.

But let me hurry on with the story.

A very famous newspaper man who thought Broadway was his private shooting estate hit just as big

a snag as I did in Garbo. He did do a little better than I because he actually got a glimpse of her when he chased her down to the pantry which was her secret exit from the hotel. I went back to my office and confessed failure; but the very famous reporter went back to his office and wrote a story about Garbo's feet.

Now time passes and I'm back to my first love, the stage. After all, five years on the boards, winding up with a year-and-a-half as the ingenue lead in "Topaze," hadn't been (Please turn to page 79)

Marry MAMOULIAN?

her and brought her to America, Mauritz Stiller. They say he died of a broken heart in Sweden after Greta's second Hollywood love came into her life.

John Gilbert? Perhaps Greta loved him. More likely she was swept off her feet by his impetuosity after the cold, moody affinity of Stiller . . and lived to learn too late the mistake of her emotion.

Now it is Garbo and Mamoulian. They say the Queen loves again . . . and all Hollywood wonders. Because it is impossible for anyone to know Garbo's

heart, just what this alleged new love has brought into her life can only be guessed at and imagined. Is it merely an interlude of companionship in the span of a life which she once told a friend "will always be lonely"? Or is it so absorbing a passion that it can erase her plans for her strange existence?
Garbo, of course, says nothing . . . after her

Mamoulian only shrugs. "The story that Miss Garbo and I plan (Please turn to following page)

HAS GRETA FOUND LOVE AT LAST?

to be married is absurd. Cannot people be friends in this town without all this pursuit?" This is the statement he made to a reporter who had insistently dogged his footsteps ever since the rumor was heard connect-

ing his name with Greta's.

The reluctant interview took place on the rain-soaked steps of the home of Salka Viertel, Garbo's great friend and feminine companion. Mamoulian, Greta and Mrs. Viertel had been dining together, enjoying the quiet evening until the arrival of newspaper reporters and photographers. Mamoulian had hastily telephoned a studio publicity man demanding the removal of "these people."

The press agent had advised him to say something to them if he wanted them to go away. At first Mamoulian had protested. "I refuse to be browbeaten into making a statement about my private affairs. This is absurd." But they hadn't gone away. At last he spoke to them briefly, his dark, sombre

face seemingly more moody than usual.



"But, Mr. Mamoulian," panted one of the rainsoaked news boys, "just last week you told me you were going to Yosemite on a little vacation. You said you would be there alone and yet news dispatches report Miss Garbo was vacationing there, too. Can we believe you mean it when you say this marriage rumor is absurd?"

There was no answer to this. The Viertel door had been politely but very firmly closed

question.

That was the last, final and only statement made by either principal. If Garbo and Mamoulian are planning to be married the world may rest assured it will not be taken into their confidence. For the man Greta has fallen in love with is as silent, unapproachable and insistent on his rights to privacy as is Garbo, herself.

He is not in any sense a handsome man, this Rouben Mamoulian, but there is a dark, brooding distinction to his angular face. A great many people mistakenly believe him to be Russian. He is an Armenian, born in Tiflis, Caucasus, near the border

between Georgia and Russia.

When he was twenty he forsook his law education at the University of Moscow to return to the love of his boyhood dreams . . . the theater. Before he was twenty he did not speak a word of English, but at thirty he was recognized as one of the great artistic stage directors of this country and England. For years he guided the destiny of New York's Theatre

Of the man himself little is known except that he has

It has been said this new enveloping influence of Mamoulian in her life has changed Garbo. That she is gayer. Happier. When she recently made a trip to a Hollywood beauty parlor to have her hair waved,

"I had always adored dancing, but it would fatigue me. I loved sports but could take part in none. I found myself sinking lower and lower," says Dolores Del Rio as she bares her private life for New Movie Readers.



Exotic Dolores

NHE interviewer sank into the downy divan in the Del Rio draw-

ing-room, and actually turned down a high-ball proffered by the exotic, smart Dolores. Smart! That's how Dolores Del Rio strikes you

immediately. Smart, well-poised, charming of manner. Her voice is softly modulated, with the merest trace of Latin accent.

One isn't surprised to learn that she completed her education in the finishing schools of Spain and Paris; that her father, Jesus Asunsolo, president of the bank of Durango, Mexico, sent her abroad to study painting, sculpturing, dancing, piano and singing.

Her mother-and the two are still inseparablechaperoned her and encouraged her, especially in the matter of vocal training. And Dolores, familiar with all the arts, would rather dance than sing or paint or play the piano.

She is an actress, and as such has full chance to

By IRENE THIRER

display dramatic outbursts such as no ordinary mortal can get away with but she

doesn't. Nobody ever hears Dolores raise her speaking tones unless she's on the set and her part requires a flare of temper.

Then, at the director's word, her bright eyes flash. her white teeth gleam between parted red lips, the nostrils of her perfectly chiseled nose dilate in tempestuous fashion.

"I do not say that I take the screen as seriously as I did in 1926, right after I was named a Wampas star," Dolores declared to me. "For six years, I lived for my work alone. I enjoyed no private life. I gave up whatever domestic happiness I had for a

career.

"And it was amazing how great a hold the movie studios managed to get on one, considering that it took months of persuasion before I finally consented to accept a screen test. (Please turn to page 71)

MISS SHEARER



We won't try to tell you the principals in this new picture presenting Miss Shearer, the first

in nearly two years, now called LADY MARY'S LOVER and directed by Edmund Goulding.

WITH US AGAIN





As Irving Thalberg calls it (and who should know better) it is a drama of modern love.

Of course, it's sophisticated. You wouldn't expect anything else from glamorous Norma.

WILD CARGO

BUCK

Ву

EDWIN C. HILL



The famous radio reporter takes you behind the screen and introduces Frank Buck, the hero of a lifetime's adventures, as he really is

E comes swinging in, big, bulky, hard; lusty as a locomotive, scratched and scarred by horn and hide and feather, burned to the shade of tanned leather by twenty years of tropical suns; a two-fisted son of a gun if ever one strode in shoe leather—Frank Buck, who brings 'em back alive in wild cargoes, who lassos tigers, corrals wild elephants as a cowboy rounds up steers; slaps down cobras and passes the time of day, in their own chattering speech, with the tailless apes.

thattering speech, with the tailless apes.

He comes swinging in, shucks his big fur coat, drops into a red leather chair (which curiously becomes his exotic personality) and produces by some swift legerdemain a gold cigarette case as big as one of those pint flasks we used to carry on the hip in the days before Repeal. Every move he makes is swift, sure, effortless, a human being geared to clicking coordination. And faith he needs it, this greatest of

wild animal collectors. Between him and the fangs of death, more often than he can remember, instantaneous reaction of muscle to brain-cell alarm has saved him from prematurely joining the better known angels.

The cigarette case is arresting. It bears a monogram, raised and embossed—a royal crest and initials. Humanly and naturally he responds

to curiosity.

"O, that. Well, that was a little present from my pal, the Sultan of Johore, Ibrahim—kind of a blood brother now, he is, and a great little fellow. What he has done for me in my job of collecting wild beasts for zoos and circuses is nobody's business. The Malay States are one of my best hunting grounds you know—tigers, cobras, pythons, orangs, most of the best stuff we trade in, and Sultan Ibrahim has just about given me the keys of the city and the freedom of the state. Let me tell you a little about him, Ed. Among all the rajahs and princes of south Asia he stands out like an electric light. And yet none of those splendiferous chaps ever

had a worse start. He's about fifty-seven now, but in fine condition—the best shikari in the land, but when he was a kid he was the playboy among sultans—the Jimmy Walker of Malaysia. He slapped an Occidental education—in England—upon his Oriental cosmos and then hit Paris for the high spots. Wine and women were the bill of fare, and believe me, friend Ibrahim wasted little time on song. Money meant nothing, because it came from the bottomless pit of Asiatic traditions and loyalty, but finally the ruling sultan died and young Ibrahim was haled back to the boredom of palace life and the duties of a ruler. Do you know what he did? He looked around, saw that the government was bankrupt and everybody broke. He knew that rubber was being grown successfully in the neighboring Malay states. He didn't see why rubber couldn't restore the prosperity of Johore. So he went out and borrowed a couple of hundred thousand

A native, perched in a dangerous, slippery position on the back of Frank Buck's swimming elephant crossing a stretch of treacherous water deep in the jungle.





"Bring-'em-back-alive" Frank and his Malay boy, Ali, for whom he cherishes a sincere affection.

pounds, started rubber cultivation and in ten years had Johore back on its feet.

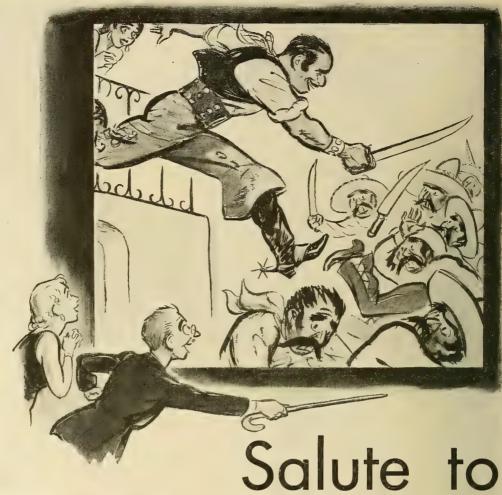
"He tells me about it now and then—those early days. 'I had a swell idea, Buck', he laughs, 'but oh, such a bad record! How they kept an eye on me, those clever English. And I didn't blame them either. I used to raise hell!' And he throws back his head and laughs while the sun gleams on two rows of solid gold teeth that have replaced the diamond-studded toothies that Ibrahim used to sport in playboy days.

"I got to know him first in 1918, and we became good friends right off the bat. We don't stand on ceremony, and the Sultan is a great kidder. He doesn't live in his place in Johore, for that has become a museum, full of marvelous gold plate, jewelled swords, diamonds, rubies and emeralds enough to keep Tiffany's going for years and a thousand souvenirs of the old days of war and rapine, when sultans really had a good time—before the British moved in and started cramping their style. It was in his real home, a big house on the outskirts of the city, that we were having curry one day and the (Please turn to page 67)

In the heart of the jungle, Frank conducts a dangerous little experiment with one of his native guides.

R K -O Photos

The camera snaps him in front of a line of his captured elephants.



"I'm in an early American mood today," says Joan Crawford. "Have this redecorated at once!"



The Boulevardier returns to his corner boasting a Max Baer personality and explains his absence

with a---

Reunion in Hollywood

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

I'M happy to allay the alarm of my admirers—and how do you like m' new Max Baer personality, or is it new?—who wrote to ask what happened to me. No, Miss Cronie, I wasn't up to see Miss West. Alice Terry returned from France. A legionnaire's first duty is to Alice. Constant Reader will recall my boast of belonging to the Terry foreign legion. We've been holding reunions. At General Lodijenski's Russian Eagle, Alice bloomed out of black velvet, curves accentuated, cavalierish hat setting off golden coif.

Everyone in the dazzled spot put down their drinks in silent tribute. A party drenched with Old Fashioneds tweedled fingers at Alice and squealed, "I know you, Mae West." A legionnaire dissented. Alice said she hoved there was a resemblance, as it would help to hold her husband. "Rex's only request was to bring him back a signed picture of Mae West. First interest he's shown in Hollywood since we left here."

Walter Lang came to our table. Walter is a legionnaire. He invited us to join him and Carole Lombard at the Cotton Club, but Alice had promised Legionnaire Novarro we'd hold reunion at his fort after dinner. You never get an evening alone with Alice. She believes in mass formation. She accused me of dallying, though I was doing my best to get Gen. Lodijenski's attention. "In France when you want your check you snap your fingers at a waiter. What do you do here?" I said she couldn't very well expect me to snap my

I said she couldn't very well expect me to snap my fingers at a General, and inasmuch as she had his exclusive attention, she might direct a little of it my way.



A^S our high-powered cab panted starward through the Los Feliz hills to Ramon's lookout, Alice told me of his concert triumphs abroad. I hadn't seen him since his return and had no way of knowing that London ladies had lost arms and legs in battling to see (hear?) him. She assured me that despite these sacrificial demonstrations, Ramon hadn't changed at

all, looked as young and was as gay as in Tunis.

While Rex Ingram was making "The Arab" in Tunisia, he, Ramon, Alice and I were dubbed by the company the "Royal Family" because of our happy brawls. We've remained sort of a family, though not

so royal as in those pre-crash days.

An interviewer that afternoon had asked Alice if she didn't think it strange Ramon had never married. No, Alice had said, considering the size of his Godgiven family and his interest in them. added, "his religion forbids divorce." "Besides,"

Reminded that her own marital ties had stood the strain, she said, "But I married a Mohammedan. With the privilege of having a harem at home, there's no point in a man straying." Observing Alice surrounded by her legion, some one remarked that Rex got the religion but Alice got the harem.

Asked if Ramon was serious about Myrna Loy, Alice replied: "Yes, in Europe I helped him shop for gifts for her. If she ever hears Herb thinks that this walk-out would be popular with movie-goers if it gave some new faces a chance on the screen.

of this she'll wonder what happened to them. I admired

them so volubly poor Ramon had to give them to me!"
Pretty hard for a legionnaire to marry unless he finds a gal with the good old Mohammedan outlook. It's a cinch no legionnaire would ever give up the fascinatingly beautiful Alice. (Please turn to page 74)



Know MUNI

An intimate word picture of the great character actor

Ву DAVID EWEN

HAVE read innumerable stories about Paul Muni, now that he has established himself as a success on the screen. None of them, however has scratched the surface of the real Paul Muni. I have met Muni on and off during the past ten years.

The real Paul Muni—the Paul Muni I have

The real Paul Muni—the Paul Muni I have known—is someone altogether different from the person who rears his head in the avalanche of personality stories printed about him.

What is the real Muni like, the Muni behind that cold reticence, that stern aloofness, that insurmountable modesty?

The Paul Muni that I have known through all these years is, in many respects, the warmest and tenderest heart, the most genial and affable personality—the "swellest guy," in short—that I have ever met in my life.

I have ever met in my life.

I first met Paul Muni when he was still a young, struggling actor in New York's East Side. He was then a member of a repertory theater which was struggling for existence, and his salary at the time could not have been more than forty dollars a week. Yet, each pay-day he would walk across the street to the Cafe Royal—where all the actors, employed and unemployed, of New York's East Side used to congregate during all hours of the day and night.

Here, he would sit at the tables of actors whom he knew had not been employed for a long time, enter into conversation with them and then, surreptitiously, slip two or three dollars into their pockets. This is not a legend—for I myself many times visited the Cafe Royal in those days, met Paul Muni (his name at that time was Muni Weisenfreund), and saw him indulge in generosity he could ill-afford.

After the evening was over, Muni was quite fortunate to have half of his salary left.

But that—I can almost hear you whisper—

But that—I can almost hear you whisper—was before Paul Muni became an outstanding success. Success has been known to turn a good many heads. How has it affected Muni?

SUCCESS has affected Muni only in that it has enabled him to be more generous. The story I am about to tell to illustrate this point, has never before been mentioned in print. Muni, with his customary modesty, has jealously guarded it from the press—and with such scrupulous care that it has never been mentioned.

I know about this story because I still visit occasionally the Cafe Royal for the purpose of meeting old friends. I, therefore, can vouch for the authenticity of what I am now narrating. Whenever Muni is in the city he makes it his habit to visit the Cafe Royal every Thursday evening.

On that evening, tremendous tables are spread—and anyone who has fallen on miserable days is invited to be Muni's guest at a sumptuous dinner. Many of Muni's one-time friends—now unemployed—can be (Please turn to page 82)

Paul Muni plays a New York managing editor in his latest Warner picture, "Hi, Nellie!"

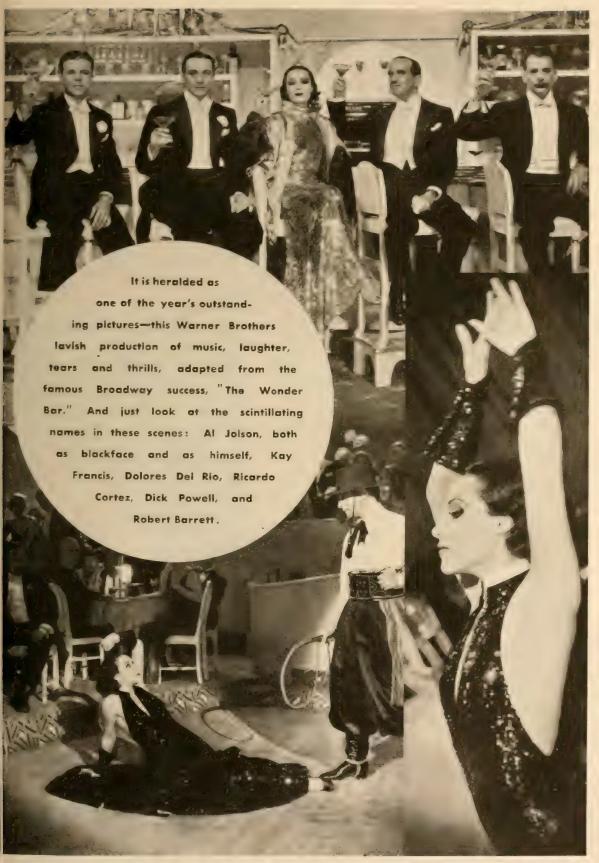
WOO CATHERINES



WHICH IS CLOSEST TO YOUR IDEAL

(Above) Marlene Dietrich as *Princess Sophia* and John Lodge as *Count Alexis* who escorts her to Moscow where she becomes the *Empress Catherine*. From Paramount's "The Scarlet Empress." (At the left) Elizabeth Bergner also as the great Catherine, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as *Grand Duke Peter* in the London Films production released by United Artists.





BY WALLACE BEERY



Just twenty-one, thank you! An old family picture of Wallace Beery.

MY LIFE Until Now

As told to Eric L. Ergenbright

The first authorized true life story from the man who has been the hero of one of the most remarkable careers in the films

T'S a lot of fun to look back over your life and try to figure just what might have happened if you'd taken the other fork in the road.

There I was-an elephant-man with a circus-suddenly converted into a chorus boy in musical comedy, merely because my brother was earning more money as a hoofer and a singer than I could make manicuring "bulls."

If Noah hadn't been on the stage, and if I hadn't been forced as a kid to take music lessons, I suppose I'd still be with the "Big Top," working like a slave in the Summer, loafing like a remittance-man in the Winter, and, with it all, just as happy as I am now

I'm frank to admit that I became an actor to earn money and that I'm still an actor for that same reason, yet I've never acquired the champagne taste. Few actors do, for Show Business is ruled by luck, and Lady Luck's a fickle hussy who usually provides a famine to temper every feast.

She was unusually kind to me at the start. I was in the chorus only a few weeks before a series of lucky "breaks" gave me a comedy bit—very appropriately, too, for there was more than a little unconscious comedy in a big, overgrown lout like "Jumbo" Beery, product of the Kansas City "Bottoms," tripping gayly about in a chorus.

The only recommendation I had for such a job, in the first

place, was an unusually heavy bass voice.

The only credit I take to myself is that I tried to improve my opportunities. I spent most of my spare time-and after "Babes in Toyland" closed, I had lots of it—studying music and

At the right, Wallace Beery in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Above, as he appeared in his favorite United Artist role of *King Richard* in "Robin Hood."







eccentric dancing. During the summers, when the New York theaters were in the doldrums, I went back to Kansas City and played with the old Woodard Stock Company.

Stock, incidentally, offers a young actor his most valuable experience. It gives him a wide diversity of roles, and, since he's seldom allowed more than two weeks to learn a new part, it forces him to become adept at memorizing "lines." I've noticed that almost every prominent motion picture director prefers actors who have served their time in stock.

The breaks continued to come my way and, a couple of years after I landed in New York, I was safely established as a featured comedian. I was walking on air, drinking in new experiences as greedily as a sponge takes up water. I became acquainted with some of the most interesting people New York has ever known.

I swapped yarns with Richard Harding Davis, boxed with Jim Jeffries, explored the waterfront with Raymond Hitchcock. Sometimes I was flush, more often I was broke; but, broke or flush, I enjoyed living. My salary, when I worked, was thirty-five dollars a week, not much if judged by Hollywood standards, but a princely fortune in those days. I wouldn't have traded places with a Morgan or an Astor.

In all, I was on the stage for nine years. I played in "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Student Prince" and "The Balkan Princess." I was with Sir Henry Irving for one season in "The Princess of Kensington."

I had my first big break as an understudy to Raymond Hitch-cock in "The Yankee Tourist." One night, soon after the show opened, he was taken ill and rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. I was rushed (Please turn to page 75)

At the left, Beery in one of his early-day comedy roles, impersonating a Swedish housemaid. Above, you will find him in an extremely different role in the Paramount picture, "Chinatown Nights."

Confessions of a

By
Dixie
Dunbar



Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye and Thornton Freeland. The first two play the star roles in the first motion picture edition of George White's Scandals for Fox.

O you'd like to be in the 'Scandals.' would you? Okay. Come around to my office tomorrow."

And was I excited? Was I! Why, to have George White say that to you is like having the Prince of Wales ask you to dance. It simply makes a girl. Look at what happened to Dolores and Helene Costello, Winnie Lightner, Ona Munson and dozens of others who rode to fame on the "Scandals" ticket! So you can see why I felt like going up with the balloons that night in New York when Mr. White spoke to me in the Paradise Club.

I'd been dancing there for a year. Spotted as "baby of the show world" because I was sixteen and just short of being five feet in height. I wore a bib and huge diaper that would have put Gandhi to shame That was the outfit I made my screen test in—when Mr. White was choosing the girls he'd bring to Hollywood where he was going to put his show in the films for the first time.

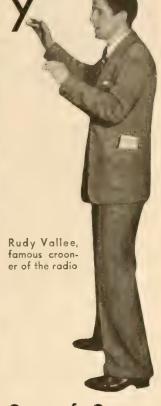
I was right in the middle of my song, praying inside of me that I'd get to go, when something awful jabbed me. One of those blasted safety pins had snapped loose and scratched me across the . . . Well, it scratched me. And did I squirm!

The face I made must have broken the lens. But here's the pay-off. After

Dixie Dunbar, the author, featured in the "Scandals."

Scandals Beauty







One of George White's beauties gives her own story of what goes on behind the scenes

Above, Hilda Knight, Lois Eckhart, Peggy Mosely and Eunice Coleman.

Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante and Dixie Dunbar in the "Scandals."

they'd seen the test in the projection room Mr. White called me. "You certainly got 'hot' in that number, Dixie. And your funny face went over big." Imagine! Anyway, I got to Hollywood.

I'D heard about this man's town. Plenty. And it didn't disappoint me one bit. Even though the boys don't send as many flowers as they do in New York, they're more informal and lots more out-doorish. The bronzed he-men you read about. They call you up before breakfast and tell you to "get in your duds, we're going riding . . ."

No, they haven't got the subtle technique of the eastern fellows, if you know what I mean. But they do things faster— On Broadway you go around with a man for months and no one says anything. Here you're with him twice and they tag you "engaged." Maybe, it's the climate...

From the minute we stepped off the train things

started popping. Rehearsals, costume fittings—and is Mr. White particular about those costumes! Every stitch has to be just so. Most of them are lined with silk because he says, "A woman has to feel luxurious next to her skin to look luxurious."

But the funniest thing was the supposed "quarrel" between Rudy Vallee and Lilian Harvey, who were the leads. The tabloids called it the "tempestuous fight that rocked the studio." Wonder if they'll call the Maxie Baer-Carnera bout a "breath-taking event!"

At any rate here's what actually happened. We were

At any rate here's what actually happened. We were all sitting around going over the script that first evening when Lilian limped in. None of us, including Rudy, had ever met her before. She seemed awfully tired—and sweet.

She smiled at everybody although anyone could see with half an eye she was suffering like anything with those two toes she'd broken in "I Am Suzanne." Knowing how Mr. White puts you (*Please turn to page* 94)



NEW PICTURES

A famous writer gives you his frank opinions of the most talked about films and players of the month. You may not agree with Mr. Van de Water but you will admit he has the courage of his convictions and that he is not afraid to express them.

HE film industry's mascot should be that useful though comic bird, the hen. Movie magnates and chickens have so much in common. They utter similar racket after the production of each new egg—or photoplay. These are, generally, very like others that have preceded them, though the egg is usually fresher than the cinema, but that doesn't hush the cackling.

The barnyard, when a hen finds a worm, and Hollywood, when someone gets a new idea, behave in the same fashion. In either case there is uproar and then a wild stampede of the unlucky in the direction the

I can't recall—and probably you can't, either—the very first of the gangster films, but we are only just beginning to recover from the tidal wave of crook pictures which it started. "Forty-Second Street," with its back-stage shots, was the signal for every concern that had a camera to move it back-stage. Some of them still are there. "Moulin Rouge" and "Fashions of 1934" are this month's representatives of an idea that is no longer really novel.

Look out, fellow sufferers, for an avalanche of trans-continental bus pictures. That is Hollywood's new worm. The last four weeks have seen the release of

"Cross-Country Cruise" and "Fugitive Lovers." There'll probably be a lot more.

Picture fashions run in grooves, until the groove wears out. An actor who makes a hit in one part is doomed, unless he is stronger than most, to play some variation of that role all the rest of his days.

James Cagney, in "Lady Killer," is doing the same stuff all over again. This is a pity, for Mr. Cagney is thoroughly able to create something besides gutter types. Paul Muni, another fine actor, is more stub-born. He refuses to be kept in a rut. "Hi, Nellie" is different from any other film he has had. As far as general excellence is concerned, it's the best bet for

the month, too.
Both Mr. Muni and Mr. Cagney are finished artists, but if they continue their present courses, Mr. Cagney, whether he knows it or not, is much more nearly

finished than his colleague.

The rating of "Nana" and "Man of Two Worlds," among the excellent pictures in the current list, needs explanation. They aren't excellent pictures at all. Each of them, by itself, is an example of the way Hollywood welcomes the stranger.

Anna Sten, star of "Nana" is a recent importation

from Russia. Francis Lederer, a Czech, made a crash

James Cagney and Margaret Lindsay in Warner Brothers' "Lady Killer."





Marjorie Rambeau, Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young in Columbia's splendid production of "A Man's Castle." Mr. Van de Water hails it as one of the month's best pictures.

You Should See and Why

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Poor)

AA

Hi, Nellie A Man's Castle Catherine the Great

A

The Women in His Life
Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen
Moulin Rouge

Moulin Rouge Man of Two Worlds Cre

Cross Country Cruise

Four Frightened People

As Husbands Go

Fashions of 1934

Fugilive Lovers

Bombay Mail

Lady Killer Massacre

I Was a Spy

EARLIER BUT WORTH WHILE: Counsellor At Law, Dancing Lady, His Double Life, Duck Soup, Little Women, Eskimo, Design for Living, Berkeley Square, Henry VIII

-0 -

В

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

hit on Broadway last year in "Autumn Crocus," a stage play. Both Miss Sten and Mr. Lederer are actors about whom film publicity departments can't possibly lie—no matter how much they praise. They are exceptionally glamorous newcomers to the American screen, but the plays in which they appear are far from worthy!

The theory seems to be that if the strangers can do

The theory seems to be that if the strangers can do anything with these items, no photoplay can be too bad for them. Each of these two has scored a personal triumph. The ratings attached to their photoplays are tributes to the stars, not to the pictures.

I can recommend, more heartily, the wistful and lyrical "A Man's Castle" and "Catherine the Great," a fine film in the mood of "The Wives of Henry VIII."

And now we'll look, as tolerantly as possible, at the rest of this month's offerings:

Hi, Nellie—AA Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Released by Warner

Here, also, is a cast, headed by Paul Muni,

Tullio Carminati, Franchot Tone and Constance Bennett in Twentieth Century's production, of "Moulin Rouge."



Madge Evans and Nat Pendleton in M-G-M's "Fugitive Lovers," one of the first of the new cycle of bus pictures.

The Most Outspoken and Honest

that behaves more or less like actual reporters and editors. In consequence, "Hi, Nellie" is one of the month's best films, and don't you let its silly title keep you away.

The plot may be more than faintly familiar. In places, the story is almost identical with Lee Tracy's "Advice to the Lovelorn," but that was farce and this

is melodrama, well flavored with humor.

For his performance as the managing editor, Brad, who is reduced to conducting the Nellie Nelson heart-throb column as punishment, Mr. Muni should have still another star in his crown. He is one of the rare actors of Hollywood, or elsewhere, who can throw himself so completely into his part that you forget he isn't the actual person he is portraying. As the tinvoiced, high-strung newspaperman, Mr. Muni is superb.

Glenda Farrell as a woman reporter is almost equally good, and Ned Sparks does another acidly comic characterization as a newspaper sleuth. Watch, furthermore, for the three-minute bit by an unknown who portrays Steve, a tenement-house janitor. It's a jewel, though no one in the Warner organization seems able to unearth the name of the actor.

Intelligent care has been spent on "Hi, Nellie," and the picture shows it. So



Lew Ayres, June Knight, Eugene Pallette and Alice White in Universal's "Cross Country Cruise."

Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens, in Universal's "Bombay Mail."

does the sound track. This reproduces the noises of Broadway, the city room, and of a lower East Side tenement accurately with a fine atmospheric effect. Even the typewriters employed in the film are the jangling, decrepit wrecks with which all newspaper offices are afflicted.

Beyond these incidental merits, "Hi, Nellie" has lots of speed and control and a dramatic pull that steadily increases from the film's beginning to its end. It is one of those rare and blessed photoplays that will make you take back some of the things you've said about moving pictures in general.

High Spots: Brad quarreling with the newspaper's owner (Berton Churchill) . . . Gerry (Miss Farrell) trying to sting the drunken Brad into resentment and self-respect. . . . Brad and Shammy (Ned Sparks) exploring an empty and sinister tenement.

Son of a Viennese Jewish actor, Muni Weisenfreund—Paul Muni to you—came to America as a baby and has been here ever since. He made his reputation as a legitimate actor and now alternates between stage and screen.

He is married, five feet ten, 165 pounds, black hair and eyes. He is fussy about the roles he plays and won't attempt one he doesn't like. Refuses to make more than two pictures a year. If he couldn't be an actor, he'd like to be a musician—he plays the violin well. If he couldn't be actor or musician, he'd like to manage prize-fighters. He's fond of Eugene O'Neil's plays, scrambled eggs, Tolstoy's novels, New England inns, Beethoven's music and watching football and baseball games. He likes the stage better than the screen and doesn't want to get rich but wishes to live well.

A Man's Castle—AA Directed by Frank Borzage. Released by Columbia

JUST about as satisfactory a job of acting as you're likely to see this month makes this story of life in shacks of the unemployed squatters a moving and worth-while picture. Thanks to the skill of all concerned, "A Man's Castle" is sentimental without being syrupy and heart-stirring without becoming hokum.

The plot is one of those things that a lesser direc-

Picture Reviews of the Month



Mr. Van de Water's Awards of Merit for UNFEATURED EXCELLENCE

Subordinate players this month, win citation as follows:

NED SPARKS, for his acid reporter in "Hi, Nellie!

AN UNKNOWN for his three-minute bit as janitor in the same film.

WALTER CONNOLLY, for his jobless minister in "A Man's Castle."

C. HENRY GORDON, for his racketeer in 'The Women in His Life.'

ANDREW TOOMBS, for his glib press agent in "Moulin Rouge."

STEFFI DUNA, for her Eskimo wife in "Man of Two Worlds."

FLORA ROBSON, for her Empress Elizabeth in "Catherine the Great."

HUGH HERBERT, for his ostrich magnate in 'Fashions of 1934."

DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE, for his crook in "Lady Killer."

DUDLEY DIGGES, for his hypocritical Indian agent in "Massacre."

ARTHUR HOHL, for his dope-taking doctor in the same film.



Paul Muni and Pat Wing in Warner Brothers' "Hi, Nellie!"

tor than Frank Borzage would have adorned with a nice thick coat of sugar icing. A bum (Spencer Tracy) picks up a homeless girl (Loretta Young) and takes her to his vacant-lot hut, where, presently, she learns that she is carrying his child.

This is the first two-thirds of the story. The rest of it is scarcely more startling. "A Man's Castle" has flavor and a soft, moonshiny luster because of Miss Young's beautiful portrayal of the world-hounded girl and Mr. Tracy's characterization of the roughneck who hides his love under mock brutality. Some of the scenes between these two are as lovely as any a screen ever has reflected.

Walter Connolly, as a broken-down minister, once again lifts a minor role into something more important. Marjorie Rambeau does well with the part of a gin-sodden older woman. Whoever wrote the script rates citation, too, for simple and moving dialogue. shouldn't miss "A Man's Castle." High Spots: Miss Young's gentle mockery of Mr.

Tracy because of his fear of a baby yet unborn. . . . Mr. Tracy's hard-boiled love-making. . . . Miss Young looking wistfully through a show window at a real stove.

Catherine the Great—AA

Directed by Paul Czinner. Released by United Artists

THEY do historical photoplays better in England, and if that be treason, it's also truth. The company that made the magnificent "Henry VIII"—London Films Productions—has created this only slightly less splendid story of how a German princess, through the murder of her husband, Czar Peter, became Empress of all the Russias. England has, of course, borrowed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to play the part of the mad Peter.

Mr. Fairbanks is no more fitted for the role of a maniacal and bloodthirsty czar than Wallace Beery would be to play Peter Pan. Apart from a hairline mustache and a tendency to yell, he displays no traces of insanity. He is picturesque but not psychopathic. He is not a sensation in this picture, but Elizabeth Bergner is.

At first glance, this German actress, with her doll's unlined face and enormous eyes and soubrette's figure. seems thoroughly disqualified for the part of Russia's robust, philandering empress. It may be magic that Miss Bergner uses, or perhaps just art. In some way, she magnifies herself to fit (Please turn to page 100)

CLOSE-UPS



INTERESTING PEOPLE OF

One Man Who Was Born for Adventure

HOLLYWOOD knows him as Marlene Dietrich's chauffeur and bodyguard. His name is Harry Wright, and the dyed-in-the-wool adventurers of three continents could identify him at a glance.

It was love of adventure that made him enlist in the Boer War, where he fought twenty-one engagements, as attested by his Distinguished Service

Nearly two years were spent trading and adventuring among the tribes of Central Africa-and then London and a job as personal bodyguard to Lord Kitchener. In 1902, he went with Kitchener to India—and again his flair for high adventure brought him laurels when he penetrated, in disguise, into hostile Afghanistan.

He has been chauffeur to Lord Northcliffe and to King Albert.

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT



HARRY WRIGHT

He Crooned Before We Had Crooners

B ACK in the old days of Hollywood a young fellow named Arthur Tavares came into Los Angeles carrying a small handbag and a guitar. He had less than a dollar in his pocket and-a voice such as you hear about but seldom hear.

Unslinging his guitar, Tavares stepped into the dining room of a Los Angeles hotel and sang. Diners stopped eating and stared. They were listening to the first "crooner." Money flowed into his hat.

Then pictures beckoned. Tavares became one of the famous Keystone Kops.

Voice was forgotten as the pies flew thick and fast. But the picture business changed. Tayares learned to edit and cut film and became head cutter of the old First National Distributing Company.

British National Pictures heard of him and sent for him Now he is returning to Hollywood.

By HAL HALL



ARTHUR TAVARES

He Can Dance as Well as He Can Fight

EROY PRINZ can slug with one hand . . . with the other create rhythmic masterpieces for his dances.

Prinz is director of all dancing numbers on the Paramount lot. His name is known throughout the world of dance. He has staged shows of practically every description in every country in the world except Russia.

At fourteen, he ran away from home to dance on street corners all over America. Two years later, the famous Gaby Deslys saw him in Paris and hired him to teach her his intricate steps. So enthusiastic was her reaction that she secured him the enviable post of dance director at the Follies Bergere.

During the War, he entered the flying corps. He carries a silver plate in his head, from being shot down.

After the war, he traveled around the world and studied dances of various nations.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS



LEROY PRINZ

A determined Eskimo—a stunt woman a celluloid maid—a fighting dance director-a born crooner-a bodyguardchauffeur—all these help to make the glamour of Hollywood what it is

MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO ...



An Eskimo Makes Good in Hollywood

WHEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made "Eskimo," they risked it all on an assistant cameraman, half Eskimo and half Jewish. This man's life

story is an epic in itself.

A Jewish trader sired him. An Eskimo woman gave him birth in Candle, Alaska. At fourteen he discovered the town of Candle needed water. He secured two five-gallon oil cans and started in business for himself, carrying water from the river to the town at twenty-five cents per can. He reached Nome and there met a wandering cameraman who gave him his first taste of pictures

A Hollywood company was going to the Arctic to make "Igloo." They took Aghnichack as technical adviser. When M-G-M started to make "Eskimo," he asked for a job.

By ROD GOLDMAN To his amazement he was given the role of Mala.



CHERIE MAY

She Flirts with Death in the Day's Work

CHERIE MAY is Hollywood's premier "stunt-woman." She earns her daily bread by daily flouting death! And mother-love dictated her profession! Several years ago she stood in a Los Angeles courtroom and heard a judge rule that her two babies should be taken from her unless she could produce one hundred dollars in evidence of her ability to support them.

A Los Angeles newspaper that day had printed an item stating that a certain studio wanted a stunt-woman to make some hazardous parachute jumps. She applied for the job, representing herself as an experienced "chute" jumper. She was hired—and her salary was fixed at one hundred

And Cherie May, stunt-woman, was born! She doubled for Fay Wray in "King Kong"— By HENRY MATSON and others. And she has kept her babies.

LOUISE BEAVER

Maid to All of Your Favorite Stars

ALL through the depression she has worked almost every week in the year. Her salary isn't anything to brag about—but down on the street where she lives she is the envy of every girl on the block. She's the color of coal. And her name is Louise Beaver.

Whenever they need a nice, big, round colored gal in Hollywood to play a maid, they always send for Louise. She has played maid to more big-time movie stars than any other person on earth. Bebe Daniels, Mae West, Barbara Stanwyck, Carole Lombard and a flock of other movie queens have all been her mistresses. When not working at the studio she usually mingles with her own race down on Central Avenue. Here, she feels she can

retain a proper perspective.

Her constant companion is her mother, who By RAMON ROMERO is the cinema's one and only stage-mammy!

WELCOME DEATH!

IX hours to live!

Otto Kruger lay in a white hospital bed and heard

listlessly the famous doctor's pronouncement.

It didn't matter too much. He had lived a full and beautiful life . . . enjoyed the power and the glory of Success, enough for a dozen men. Of course, there was his beautiful wife . . . their cuddly year-old daughter. That was the hardest to bear. But, Death was revealing her loveliest side . . . Peace . . . eternal peace . . . and surcease from the agony of pain that racked his tired body It was time . . . A blood vessel in the stomach had burst and, while skilled

physicians stood helplessly by, it was slowly but surely spend-

ing the life of Otto Kruger on its red torrent.

Packed in ice, from shoulders to knees, the man lay quietly

... waiting ...
"I should have died then," Otto told me seriously, as we sat in his dressing-room on the Twentieth Century lot. "It was, undoubtedly, the most propitious time for such a gesture. My illness had been a revelation to me. Acquaintances proved themselves to be unbelievably staunch friends. Sixteen men organized what they called a Transfusion Club and presented themselves, collectively, to my doctors, offering their own blood to save my life. And that was only one of a dozen touching incidents. I should have died," he repeated, nodding slowly. "Anything else would be a weak anti-

climax

And then . . . the miracle!

Chilled by the ice, the blood coagulated, forming a clot that closed the break in the blood vessel. The crimson torrent decreased . . . ceased entirely. And, Otto Kruger, ready for his final dramatic exit, was recalled to bow again before the plaudits of an audience that would not let him go! Death flung a bony arm across her eyes and fled into the wings.

OTTO'S life was predestined to be one of glorious adventure.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

His grandfather was a ship builder, on the north coast of Maine. One day word came that a schooner had been wrecked on a sand bar, miles out at sea. Every fishing boat, no matter how small, dashed to the rescue of the passengers.

Grandfather Kruger's tiny dory would hold but four people. And one of the four was a comely girl, who huddled silently in the (Please turn to page 96)

When Otto Kruger, famous matinee star, awaited the end and yearned for it

Bv BETH BURTON





CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Paramount player, chooses black for evening but believes that gray and navy blue will have a spell of popularity this spring. It would seem that fuller skirts are due, she says, but every season we find ourselves encased in skirts that are skin tight from hip to knee. Miss Colbert would like to see bouffant skirts revived for evening. She thinks they are intriguing and she loves to wear them. She does not foresee any radical changes in the next year, but believes that clothes will gradually become more elaborate and at the same time keep their classical lines.



CAROLE LOMBARD, Paramount Player, believes that the skirt fitting closely over the hips will continue in favor. If a real fashion change comes it will be toward more feminine clothes, due, she thinks, to the Mae West influence. Here you see her in a gown of gold tone crepe with ties of tomato color crepe that fall from the low cut back into a graceful train.

For street wear Miss Lombard predicts beige.

FAY WRAY, Columbia star, would like to see a revival of Grecian styles and here you see her in a black and white evening gown with a neckline that is distinctly classic in design. While Miss Wray favors black and white for evening, she hopes that yellow will be popular for Spring. Miss Wray doesn't like fussy clothes and predicts that except for afternoon they will be definitely passé.



HEATHER ANGEL, featured by Fox, is seen here in her new spring costume with the skirt of gunmetal gray with bodice of a lighter tone. The fastenings on the belt and bodice of the dress are of vivid red enamel and the feather on the hat picks up the same note of color. She predicts the passing of the larger sleeve but there is no current foshion that she really dislikes and she is glad to learn that there is a chance of fuller skirts for evening wear.

Stars in Hollywood predict blue for Spring and Summer with gray running a close second. Opinion divides about evenly on the question of a radical change within the next year with a one hundred per cent vote in favor of the passing of the large sleeve. Grecian styles are favored by a significant number of well dressed women in Hollywood. Second choice is given to the Directoire styles with their high waistlines and long clinging skirts which Carole Lombard says are becoming to almost any type of woman. Elissa Landi would like to see full peasant skirts for evening. Five out of six are in favor of flower trimmed hats and believe they will be worn for Summer. Miss Landi says that the flowers will be like real flowers, too, not the tailored modernistic things that resemble flowers in shape only but are made of leather, felt, or wood. She likes the old fashioned flowers made of silk, satin or velvet. Miss Wray predicts wreaths of flowers on floppy hats with streamers of velvet ribbon and bow knots, while Claudette Colbert, reflecting her French conservatism, believes in flowered hats only with limitations. The allflowcred turban is bound to return, she says. It is

Claudette Colbert says that flapping things on the shoulders are about the only things she dislikes in present fashions. Fay Wray predicts that masculine attire will go out altogether within the next twelve or eighteen months. She believes, moreover, that clothes will become more and more formal, with stiff collars and bustles, high top shoes and other Victorian symbols.

Here is ELISSA LANDI of Columbia studios, telling you that she thinks fussy fashions have been popular long enough and predicting a change toward simpler styles. When she says that green will be popular this Spring, also blue and a good deal of the violet shades, she admits that "the wish is father to the thought." These are her favorite and most becoming colors.



ROUGHER

TARZAN

Lupe Velez gives the truth about Jimmy Durante and admits that at last she has found her match

O-O-OO-O, thees Jee-mee! You know why I love heem so moch, eh? Because he play more rough than Tarzan. An Lupe like plenty excitement. No dull moment w'en thees Jee-mee is around, I

tell you!

We are playing together in thees "Strike Me Pink," in New York, w'en I find out what fun I am meesing, right on the M-G-M lot, all the time.

Always, w'en I don' get my way about sometheeng, I kick, an' scratch, an' bite, until they say: "Oh, well . . . what the heck. Go on an' do eet then!"

Not thees Jee-mee! I say: "I will seeng thees song!" An' he say: "No-you don' sing that one!" So I say, veree sure: "Lupe seeng thees song . . . you hear?" an' I kick heem on the shin. I think that feex heem, hah! But I am mos' surprise girl in thees town. What do you think thees crazy fellow do? He don' say notheeng. Just kick me in the shin, too!

First, I am so mad, I yell like every-theeng an' jump all over heem. But, the

more I jump, the more he jump right back at me! What you do weeth a man like thees, eh? So I shake hands weeth heem an' say: "O.K., Ba-bee. We call eet queets, eh?" An' then I theenk an' theenk how I can get the best of that guy.

I am suppose to seeng a song weeth Jee-mee. I seeng one line an' he seeng the next, so on, you see? That night, I meex thees song all to pieces. Make up my own words an' everytheeng. It ees terrible, Poor Jee-mee stan's there, just dumb.
"Gimme da cue!" he mutter at me. "For heaven

sake! Gimme da cue!"
But I make like I don' hear him. Jus' go on seenging loud.

"Get your own cue!" I seeng weeth the music, an' dance the Spanish dance all around heem.

He don' know what to do. So he grab me by my neck, like he choke me, an' say: "Yer drivin' me to subtraction! Gimme da cue, or I t'row ya in-a orchestra pit, s'help me!"

I don't theenk he can do eet. I am fooled. Because w'en I keep on weeth thees Spanish dance, Jee-mee pick me up an' carry me to the front of the stage. I kick an' yell like crazy.



But I fool heem. I say, "Mm-m-m, you big, handsome cave man! Kees me, my Tarzan!"

"Will ya gimme da cue?" he say, underneath the

audience laughing.
"No!" I yell. "NO! "I don't geeve you the cue!
Put me down, or I scratch your bee-u-tiful face!"
An' he does. BOOM! Right in the meedle of thees

nice orchestra!

The audience yell until the house shakes all over. Fonny, eh? I am teeckled myself. Thees crazy guy he ees the leemit. So moch fon I never have.

I climb back on the stage an' start for heem again. He theenk eet ees more fight, you see, an' honch heem-

self up . . . ready to take it.

But I fool heem. I say: "Mm-m-m . . . you beeg, han'some cave man! Kees me, my Tarzan!" An' w'en he theenk I am wheeped an' lean hees face over to kees me, then I grab hees nose weeth my teeth an'

to kees me, then I grab nees nose weeth my teeth an hang on for the dear life!

The next show, he say: "Loopy, I warn ya. Lay off-a da bumps in dat number, or you'll be sorry!"

"Poof!" I say, an' snap my feenger. "You can't take eet, eh?" An' that night I feex it to geeve heem the one beeg bump he don' forget for a long (Please turn to page 77)

ryness-a fault of your outer skin

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME







Smooth-Glossy are both perfect! outer skin.

Soft-Spongy Wrinkled-Discolored 1. At its peak, the 2. A little past its 3. Later, the outer inner and outer prime, the inner skin has wrinkled akins of the apple tissue of the apare both firm and ple has shrunken under skin. This smooth—they away from the causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No single cream can care for Both your skins!

TWO SKINS-Your Outer Skin, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your Under Skin is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

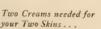
And no single cream can be made to contain both kinds of substance.

That is why there are two kinds of Pond's Creams. Why beautiful women constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks deep down into the under skin. It is oily. See how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream stays on the surface to soften and lubricate the outer skin only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.



Your UNDER SKIN where wrinkles start needs an oil cream that goes deep down supplies failing oil Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquelying Cream. Your OUTER SKIN where dryness comes needs an oil-less cream that stays on the surface, restores moisture Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Miss Cline Gould i the hor some, cach with a different to the Great

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it:

1. "Every Night, I cleanse my skin to its depths with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I pat it in to bring up the circulation. It makes any skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use

Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands ... And I use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "In the Morning, and during the day when needed, I repeat this. Pond's Cold Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly.'





For your Under Skin Pond's oil-rich Cel t Cr. am or rhon se Pen E. Li poety-

For your Outer Skin -Pond's Vanishing Cream Grack Ca-

SAMPLES 127 Hull in Str. 1, New York City

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The reasons women give for preferring Camels

Women seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a fine flavor they don't tire of. That is why they like Camels.

"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

"Camels are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The mild taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.

Boston.
"I like Cambecause they:

Washington "Itheroughly orion

"I thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel it relaxes me—and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.

"I like Camels best because they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous."

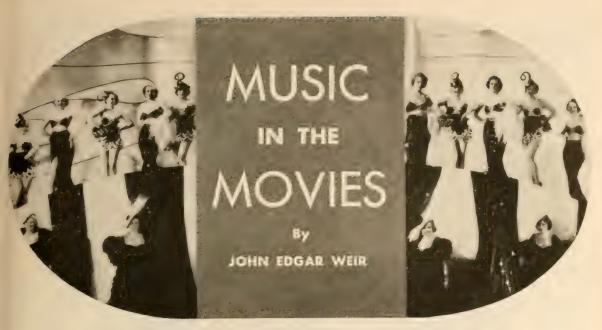
MRS. POWELL CABOT

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"There must be better tobacco in Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor."

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND



One of the scintillating scenes from the new "Fox Follies."

"THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS" from the picture, "Moulin Rouge" is by far the best tune, in my opinion, that the movies have turned out in quite some time. Once heard, it haunts you for weeks. Hal Kemp and his boys really do this one justice and the vocal by Deane Janis is

Justice and the vocal by Deane Jan's is swell. Be sure and hear this.

The other side is played by Gus Arnheim and his orchestra. It's called "Coffee in the Morning" also from "Moulin Rouge." This is okay too. Jimmy Newell sings the vocal here. (This is Brunswick record No. 6734.)

FROM the picture "Joe Palooka" we get the tune "Inka Dinka Doo," played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. This is a silly sort of ditty, but through the work of Lombardo it's made very enjoyable. The vocal is by the trio from the orchestra. "Night on the Water" is the melody on the reverse side, and Carmen Lombardo had something to do with the

bardo had something to do with the writing of it. Done in true Lombardo style, featuring the vocal trio again. (This is Brunswick record No. 6714.)

H ERE'S one from "Sitting Pretty," called "Many Moons Ago." This time we listen to Meyer Davis and his orchestra. No doubt you are familiar with the tune, and this is a very pleasant recording.

ant recording.

"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" is on the other side, from the same show and played by the same band. (This is Columbia record No. 2852-D.)

FROM the film "Jimmy and Sally" we get one called "You're My Thrill," played this time by Mike Doty and his orchestra. This is a good tune but if my memory serves me right, I've heard it before your serves me right, I've heard it before under various names. Sillaway sings the vocal.

The tune on the other side is from the same picture and is called "It's the Irish in Me." Use your own judgment. (This is Bluebird record No. B-5277-B.)

What's new and best in the melodies in the movies and on the records

"CINDERELLA'S FELLA" is from the picture "Going Hollywood" and is played by Ferde Grofe and his orchestra. There is some nice arranging in this one thanks, I suppose, to Grofe, and it makes a very fine record. The vocal work by the Rhythm Boys

is great.
"Temptation" from the same picture is on the other side. This is also played by Grofe and has a vocal refrain by Al Dary. Very good. (This is Columbia record No. 2851-D.)

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" inspired, as they say, by the film of that name, is played by Eddie Jackson and his orchestra. This is nothing more than a glorified nursery rhyme but it's a lot of fun anyway. There's a nice vocal refrain by someone whose name they forgot to mention.

BIGGEST HITS

"The Boulevard of Broken Dreams," fox trot—played by Hal Kemp and (Brunswick) his orchestra.

"Inka Dinka Doo," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"Many Moons Ago," fox trot—played by Meyer Davis and his orchestra. (Columbia)

"You're My Thrill," fox trot-played by Mike Doty and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

"Throw Another Log on the Fire" is the tune on the other side, also played by Eddie Jackson and his orchestra. This is a swell tune and very well done by the orchestra. (This is Vocalion record No. 2618-A.)

H ERE'S another one from "Sitting Pretty." This time it's "You're Such a Comfort to Me," and Ozzie Nelson and his boys do the puffing and blowing. This is a band I like, so you have you that the L'I contact to tall know right away that I'm going to tell you it's good. Ozzie and Harriet Hilliard do the vocal work. Where's Penner?

The other side is also by Herr Nelson, and is that popular ditty, "You're Gonna Lose Your Gal." This is also good ripe stuff. (This is Vocalion record No. 2600-B.)

FERDE GROFE again. Now with "Count Your Blessings," from "Joe Palooka" and he does right by it.

Frank Parker sings the vocal.

The other side is, believe it or not.

"Inka Dinka Doo." It's still Grofe.

(This is Columbia record No. 2858-D.)

"YOU ALONE" from "The Girl Without a Room" is played by Freddie Martin and his orchestra. This is a good example of Martin's vergetility.

Our old friend Elmer Feldkamp sings the vocal.

"Roof Top Serenade" is on the other side. This is from the same show and is by the same orchestra. (This is Brunswick record No. 6720.)

HERE are two more that are recom-mended if you run across them. "April in Paris" played by Freddie Martin and his orchestra, and on the other side "Count Your Blessings" by

the same band.

"I Raised My Hat" played by Guy
Lombardo and his orchestra, and on the
other side "Did You Ever See a Dream
Walking?" played by the same band.
These are both Brunswick recordings.

FILM TEST for BEAUTY



Lovely Madge Evans says she didn't believe her eyes when she first saw herself in pictures

ANN BOYD

AYBE you think you are beautiful-and doubtless you are in an off-the-screen way—but wait until you have a film test. It's enough to make any girl—at least until the first shock is over—wish she were an old-fashioned Mohammedan lady, going about veiled except in the flattering seclusion of a dimly lighted harem. Then, if she is a sensible sort of girl, she recovers from the first shock of seeing herself as the motion picture camera sees her and does correctly about it. Formy important extress sees her, and does something about it. Every important actress in Hollywood—whether she'll admit it or not—has gone through some such disillusionment about her own good looks when she first sees

herself as others see her.

Lovely Madge Evans was especially frank in admitting her own original imperfections.

"On the New York stage," she told me, "no one seemed to notice that my teeth were out of line. People in the audience probably couldn't see and people I met at closer range were too polite to mention it.

see and people I met at closer range were too polite to mention it. And my coiffure too passed nobly without a bit of criticism.

"But when I saw that first screen test here in Hollywood—well, I just couldn't believe it. My hair was unusually thick and I was wearing it in a roll at the back of my head, so that my head had all the proportions of a prize pumpkin at a country fair. It was a simple matter to have it thinned and (Please turn to page 85)

Rest for Sick Lungs



PREMENDOUS progress has been made dur-6 ing the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

from the sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

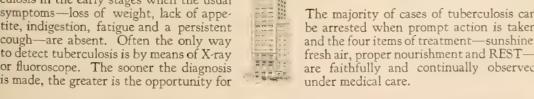
Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the United States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis proper treatment to bring about recovery.

Of the four factors in modern treatment rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where it will do the greatest good-in the sick lung. The relief from continuous motion and irritation due to breathing or coughing enables the resting lung to heal more rapidly.

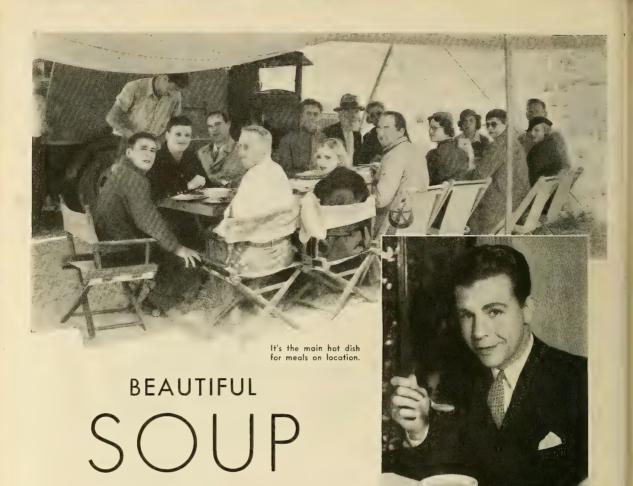
The majority of cases of tuberculosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and RESTare faithfully and continually observed under medical care.



METROPOLITAN INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Dick Powell, popular Warner Brothers' star, chooses puree of pea and onion au gratin.

Chicken noodle and onion au gratin come first in Hollywood esteem

ON'T blame Cary Grant for Hollywood's growing passion for soup. Screen folk were in the habit of taking their broths and consommes and chowders seriously long before he ever thought of being a Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland" and warbling the famous lines about Beautiful Soup.

Take, for example, William Powell. For years his work-day lunch has consisted of a bowl of hot soup and three slices of brown bread zweibach. Will Rogers takes soup to start with—and breaks his toast in his

soup no matter who is looking on.

At least they all have a chance to develop a taste for soup—because there's nothing easier and better to serve to a group of hard-working actors and actresses for luncheon on location than bowls of

steaming hot canned soup.

At Hollywood restaurants where your favorite stars drop in for lunch or dinner, soups are a favorite first course in Summer as well as Winter. Onion soup au gratin—served, by the way, from a casserole at Levy's Tavern—has been a headliner everywhere this Winter. Chicken broth with matzo balls is second best seller at Sardi's and appears at Levy's under the more impressive name of Matzo Kleise soup. It is James Cagney's favorite bit of nourishment. Any home cook can make it by serving chicken broth over a ball of matzo.

Noodle soup as well as meat and vegetable soup demand serious consideration at the famous Brown Derby. They are served with a flourish and cost as much as an entire meal at many a less-renowned Hollywood cafe.

When Lilyan Tashman lunches at Sardi's her choice follows the crowd, and Alex, the gracious maitre d'hotel, serves her a plate of steaming, aromatic onion au gratin. But just as often she drops into the Gotham for a nice bowl of craplach, which is no more nor less than chicken broth with chicken ravioli that any home cook can make.

Wally Beery's first choice at Levy's Tavern is onion au gratin, with puree of pea running a close second. Dick Powell makes the same selection.

Dorothea Wieck patronizes the Russian Eagle because cream of mushroom soup is served there just

as she likes it.

Marlene Dietrich and Garbo go to the Russian Eagle for borscht—that famous Russian beet soup that so seldom appeals to the American taste. Lyle Talbot goes to Sardi's for vegetable soup and Chester Morris drops in at the Gotham for good old chicken noodle.

For information about this month's food circulars, please turn to page 82

Havid of Sept. of Internal and Classed Fulfiology, Reculty of Medicine, Marzellies, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, Important Marzeilles, heapitels.

The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

She was nervous, Run-down - 9 advised yeast

"Her Elimination became Regular...Energy returned...Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports



"THIS CASE," Dr. Mondes reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down subject to frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly...



"THE FLUOROSCOPE showed her colon was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives. I advised eating yeast...



"HER IMPROVEMENT was extraordinary. Eliminations were regular. Energy returned." (X-ray shows healthy condition of intestines—result of yeast).

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help you get rid of indigestion—boils—pimples—loss of pep? YES—very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food with astonishing "corrective" properties:

CONSTIPATION. It softens the waste in the body, strengthening the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better.

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—often deficient in our diet.)

You do feel better—the minute your system starts carrying off its impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life...quickly rids itself of pimples, boils, blemishes. You look so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before

meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Won't you start now?



"I HAD HEADACHES—and pimples brokeout on myface," writes Dahlia Upchurch, of Richmond, Va. (at right), "I decided to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon—no more headaches. My skin cleared up."



For Hollywood's Youngest Set

Here is the Gargan baby's new spring bonnet and sacque and some other baby accessories you can make

FRANCES COWLES





HERE aren't too many babies in Hollywood anyway—and what few there are are seldom in evidence. Certainly a motion-picture studio is no place for a baby unless he happens to be in the picture and when he is, he is whisked on and off the set as quickly as possible. And if you go to Hollywood expecting to see a lot of fancy styles in baby clothes you'll be greatly disappointed, because these possible stars of the future dress as simply and sensibly as babies of sensible parents do elsewhere. Their clothes and nursery accessories are simple, easy to keep clean and easy to wear. Here is a list of a number of them that any amateur needlewoman can make at home:

Ap-294—An amusing floor pad covered with glazed chintz. Just the thing for baby when he sits on the floor at home or outdoors on the grass or sand.

Ap-295—Bird and animal appliqués for baby's spring wardrobe. You can cut them from scraps of material and sew one or two to baby's dress or jumper by way of trimming.

When Baby Gargan first saw his new spring cap and sacque he said "Ga," and when his father, William Gargan, held him for the cameraman, he said, "Ga-ga," which may be interpreted to mean that the young Gargan thoroughly approves of the new fashion and recommends a similar outfit to all his movie-minded contemporaries.

Ap-296—Diagram pattern and embroidery design for smart bonnet made of flannel or linen. Baby Gargan's set is made of white flannel with pink ribbon.

Ap-297—Diagram pattern and embroidery design for a useful short-sleeved jacket, made to be slipped on over the head and trimmed with a bunny motif in contrasting color.

Ap-298—The newest thing in knitted rompers. They are most attractive in gingham.

Ap-299—Pads for the nursery chair made from scraps of colored cotton.

Ap-300—Small coat hanger and cap stand covered with satin ribbon.

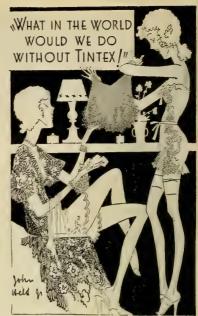
To obtain diagram circulars, please turn to page 91





Tintex Acts Like Magic on **Faded Fabrics!**

Presto — these famous Tints and Dyes restore gay color to faded Apparel and Home Decorations!



In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains Drapes Doilies Dinner Cloths Luncheon Sets Blankets Cushions Bed Spreads Table Runners Slip Covers

THERE'S no need to have washed-out looking "undies", dresses or any other faded article in your wardrobe. There's no reason why you should put up with faded curtains or other drab decorations in your home.

And you don't have to buy new ones either. Simply buy Tintex. These famous Tints and Dyes cost but a few cents-but what color-magic they bring you!

Faded fabrics are restored to their original colorbeauty so easily, so quickly when you use Tintex. Or you can give everything different colors if you wish. The results are always perfect!

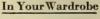
Do as millions of other women are doing. Make your wardrobe and home decorations color-smart, colornew with Tintex. Choose from its 35 brilliant, longlasting colors.

> On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

.. World's largest selling TINTS and DYES

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors





use Tintex for

Underthings Negligees Dresses Coats Sweaters Scarfs Stockings Slips Blouses Children's Clothes







To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMO



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one ...



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourselfeither light or dark.

Wild Cargo Buck

Sultan kidded me about going after a

marea'ng tiger.
"'You are all such bluffers, you Americans, he said. You'll have to show me, fried Back! He harghest -lowing those flashing gold teeth.

"There was a bad one in the country-

side. It had the natives green with and nobally troubled to look for the little mite, for they knew what its fate had been—just an hors d'oeuvre for Shere Khan, the Striped Killer. The tiger isn't a man-eater, normally. But if it gets injured, loses its speed or its ceth as getter and the speed or its speed or its speed or its ceth as getter and the speed or its s teeth, or gets so old that it can't run down and kill a deer or a buffalo, then

teeth, or gets so old that it can't run down and kill a deer or a buffalo, then it is apt to go after man.

"Well, one day in 1926, I think it was. I was in Singapore at the Raffles Hotel and along came a telephone message from the Sultan. Did I still want a man-eating tiger. There was one loose and a demon that had already destroyed several natives. Would I come? Would I? I met him at the fort in Johore, and then we drove in my car and with a motor lorry into the jungle where we had to go on foot. The body of the slain coolie was right where the killer had finished his lunch—one leg eaten off to the thigh, shoulder torn away—not much left of anything resembling a human being. And the natives were chattering with terror. "Sizing matters up, I felt sure that the brute would return to the scene of his kill and his meal—for more. And so I had a pit dug just within the bamboo fence over which the tiger had leaped to get at the coolie, and I hal a hole torn in the fence, big enough for

leaped to get at the coolie, and I hall a hole torn in the fence, big enough for the tiger to worm through. We covered the top of the pit with palm leaves and earth and made everything ship-shape, and then I drove back to Johore. The third day the alarm came. The tiger had dropped into the pit! Back I rushed to the jungle, and there was to man eater, an enormous brute, nicely trapped in the hole and tearing mad. Now here's the way I got him. I come from Texas, you know—Gainesville—and when I was a youngster forty years ago we were taught how to use a rope—a lasso—lariat. Already I had had built a big, strong box with a sliding bottom and I had plenty of rope, so I went to it. The Sultan, standing by, gave me the laugh.

"Big American cowboy,' he chuckled, 'going to catch tiger like cow. Very simple, eh?' And he threw back his head and roared.

"Tell you what I'll do, Your Highness, I'll bet you a bottle of champagne I have him alive and boxed by sundown!"

"Then I went fishing for tiger in that rushed to the jungle, and there was t

"Then I went fishing for tiger in that pit—fishing with a noose. He clawed and bit and threw the noose off a dozen times, but finally I got a noose over his neck. Then I managed to noose his front legs. And after that it was fairly easy. I had eight ropes on him in half an hour, and he was trussed up like a fowl. But that wasn't getting him in the box. So I let myself down in the pit, where the tiger was threshing about in the rain and mud like a crazy thing, and the bottom was so narrow that his three hundred pound weight was constantly being hurled agains me—and there were no ropes on those

the face . Tem taber. Well, to their a range boy lift the brute about a first and then drop the box with the sliding bottom—which was pulled out, all ready, down over him. And then I simply slammed the sliding bott and there was Mr. Man Eater, F.O.B. About an hour later I drove up to the United Service Club in Johore and dumped my tiger right under the nose of his Royal Highness, Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, and collected my bottle of champagne, then and there.
"You're just back from Asia, aren't you, Frank, with a new RKO film?"
"Yes, and with the rarest and most valuable wild beast in human captivity—an Indian rhinoceros, worth anything

valuable wild beast in human captivity—an Indian rhinoceros, worth anything you like these days—thirty thousand anyway. No story in that much. I got him easily. What gave me the biggest kick on my last trip was photographing a hundred thousand feet of jungle life—the inside story of the big cats, elephants, apes and snakes. I'm cutting it now into a feature of six or seven reels, and calling it 'Wild Cargoss.' Lively stuff in that film, I'm here to tell you. A twenty-five foot python came within an ace of getting me while I was having him filmed. I thought he

snake got a coil almost around my ing of his muscles as that coil be ... of Frank Buck that I shpped f

game—collecting wild animals
"Twenty years now. I started as a
kid down in Texas, catching horned
toads and selling them to dealers;
stuffing birds and all that sort of thing. And finally I said to myself: 'Frank, if haven't a thing in the world to look forward to but a job at forty a month and food, punching cattle. So I cleared out and went to Chicago and worked at a lot of things before I had saved up enough money to go out on my own as a wild animal collector. That had always been my ambition, and I was determined that I would never work for anybody. I would be my own boss or nothing. So I went to it—South America, Africa, Asia and began to bring 'em back alive. And then I began to deal with such folks as Dr. William T. Hornaday, who used to be Director of the New York Zoo, (Please torp to page 188)



"I love Johnny and Johnny loves me, but we have two terrible tempers," says Lupe Velez.

Wild Cargo Buck

(Continued from page 67)

and with his first lieutenant, Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, the greatest snake man in the world, and with zoos and man in the world, and with zoos and circuses all over the country. I have lions, tigers, elephants, buffalo, pythons, apes and all sorts of creatures with Barnum & Bailey's and Ringling Brothers, with the Al G. Barnes circus and with many others, and also in about all the zoos in the country."

"Any idea what your total hag runs

"Any idea what your total bag runs to, Frank, after all these years?" "Pretty close, Ed. I figure I have captured and brought to this country thirty elephants, sixty tigers, twenty-eight spotted leopards, twenty black leopards, ten clouded leopards, four Himalayan snow leopards, fifty-two orang-utans, over five thousand monkeys of different species and varieties,



Tom Brown plays the role of Lionel Barrymore's son in "This Side of Heaven," directed by William K. Howard for M-G-M.

forty bears, two Indian rhinoceroses, forty kangaroos and wallabies, ninety large pythons, every one of them over twenty feet in length; two great king cobras, the biggest ever captured—and oh, I don't know-crocodiles, wild dogs, humming birds, birds of paradise; pretty much everything. Just Noah's Ark, all over again."

"Is there money in it, Frank?"

"No, never was, much less now, when about all the zoos in the country are on half rations and just about managing to exist. But I made a living and had a grand time. I wouldn't take a had a grand time. I wouldn't take a million in hard cash for the fun I've had. Of course the by-products of the game have paid—motion pictures, books and so on. They won't have to put Frank Buck in an old man's home, exactly. But it's been the thrills of the game that paid me. A lot of people call me an adventurer, but, shucks, I never took a chance in the world I didn't have to take. They came without looking for 'em. You don't have to hunt for calamity in my game. Calamity comes and looks you right in the eye and then you have to move fast to avoid saying good morning to St. Peter at the Pearly Gates."
"Want to tell me what your closest

calls were—the nearest you ever came to death?"

"Yes that's easy. I pretty nearly got

'Yes, that's easy. I pretty nearly got "Yes, that's easy. I pretty nearly got mine in Johore, on my last trip, getting film for my new picture. I had tried all one day to get a big tiger out in the open—smoke pots, beaters, horns everything I could think of to flush the brute. No go. He stuck back in a deep thicket of thorn, impassable. Night came on but I kept at it, determined to get the Striped One in action. So I had my boy, Ali—he came over with me this time, and a great kid he is, for nad my boy, All—ne came over with me this time, and a great kid he is, for a Malay—to light flares and go poking them into the thicket to the right and left. I had left my rifle leaning against a tree and moved into the edge of the thicket—the light stuff—as Ali poked his flares about. The first flare died down and Ali was just lighting a second when there was a frightful roar and out came Mr. Tiger, fighting mad. As I leaped back my foot caught in a creeper and down I went, flat on my back. And over me, that tiger leaped over me and the spluttering torch. could see his striped belly and smell his fetid breath. That lucky fall was all that saved my bacon. Back into the thicket he went again. I picked up my rifle and held it all ready while Ali lighted another flare. I decided to get out of the place and try again in the daytime, and we were just starting to back away into open ground when the pack away into open ground when the great brute charged again, coming like an exploding shell, with roars that fairly shook the air. He came at me direct. I had no time to think and shot from the waist. The heavy bullet stopped him dead, smashing his shoulder, and he fell at my feet threshing wildly as I stepped forward and put another shot through his brain. Then I took a tape measure and measured the distance from the imprint of my foot on the ground where I stood when I fired the first shot to the nearest front paw of the tiger where I dropped him. The di four inches." The distance was just twenty-

"And the other time?"

"O, that was a cobra—and what a brute! In Johore I had trapped the greatest king cobra that ever glared greatest king cobra that ever glared through the glass walls of a cage. I got him for my friend Dr. Ditmars, who wanted a champion of the class. He was the father of all evil, that king cobra, the biggest, meanest snake I ever laid eyes on, and I've lamped a few. Twelve feet, six inches of sheer ferocity, moving with the speed of a lightning flash. Well, I had him. Getting him was simple enough. But I had to transfer him from an old native wicker cage, which was foul, to a new wicker cage, which was foul, to a new box I had had made to transport him to United States.

"I was working in a shed which had only one entrance. Three sides of it were piled high with animal cages of all kinds. I was all ready to make the transfer from the old cage into the new, when the native boy who was assisting me made a move that nearly got me. The task was simple enough —to place the old box over the new

and knock the bottom out of the old. Then one quick slide of the plateglass top of the new box would imprison my big snake securely. But the Chinese boy who was lifting the old box to set it on top of the new, stumbled and dropped it with a crash. The jar knocked loose the rotten old bottom. In a second the king cobra was out and ready for business, rearing its ugly head three feet in the air and spreading its greenish-brown hood.
"There I was, caught in a blind alley, the big cobra between me and the

door, and no chance of getting past him. The boy, of course, had taken to his heels the instant he dropped the box—panic-striken. Piled up animal cages to the right and left and behind cages to the right and left and behind me. The cobra blocking escape. And then the snake struck with blinding speed. Its fangs whizzed by my leg, missing by not more than an inch. I leaped back and flattened myself against the wall, cold with terror. admit it. Sick with fear. The cobra coiled and reared again and I looked about frantically for some weapon-a club, a stick, anything. There wasn't a thing in the place. All I had was my bare hands to protect me against this horror—this thing that would attack and continue to attack as long as it had life in it.

"I slipped out of my white duck coat, spread it wide and then, as the cobra lunged again, I threw myself squarely upon the snake, with the strong, coarse duck coat protecting my hands, arms and face. My whole weight fell upon the cobra, pinning its flat head and steely neck to the cement floor. I bore down with desperate eagerness, wishing I weighed a ton instead of a mere hundred and eighty or so, and while I bore down I fairly screamed for my native boys who were outside, quivering from fright. And there for five terrible minutes I lay on that floor, holding down the struggling, writhing co-bra, nailing its head to the floor so that it couldn't use its fangs, holding

that it couldn't use its fangs, holding on for dear life to keep it from slipping from my grip—that writhing, lashing, twelve-foot horror.

"Then my Chinese boy did, for him, a very brave thing. While I kept the snake firmly pinned to the floor, the little chap reached under the coat, caught the cobra just behind its deadly head and held it until I could get my. head and held it until I could get my grip on it and slam it in the new box. Boy! I was as white as a ghost and shaking in every limb."

That giant cobra, Rex, was the prize exhibit of the Reptile House in the New York Zoo until it died in nine-teen-twenty-nine, and mounted and lifelike, it can be seen today in the American Museum of Natural History. Stuffed terror without a constriction around the heart and cold chills creeping up his spinal column.

Quite a man, Frank Buck, whose playground is the jungles of the world;

whose friends are rajahs and native whose friends are rajans and native hunters and gentlemen with restless feet who meet up with him in odd corners; who play the game for the love of it. And if you don't believe it see his new film "Wild Cargo"—a gentleman much beloved of the red gods be-

cause he heeds their call.

AT FIRST ... HAPPY CLUB MEMBER NOW





UNPOPULAR?

Avoid Offending Underthings absorb perspiration odor.. Protect

daintiness this easy way:

So many women who think they are fastidious never suspect that *they* may be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings.

Yet no one is safe. All day long we perspire, frequently over a quart a day. Underthings absorb this perspiration, and the odor clings.

It's so easy to avoid offending! Simply Lux underthings after each wearing. Just whisk them through Lux, and perspiration odor vanishes! Takes only 4 minutes a day.

Lux saves colors, too—keeps underthings like new longer. No harmful alkali, no injurious cakesoap rubbing with Lux. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX for underthings

Removes perspiration odor_Saves colors



Take it from me

It's a funny world! People are so inconsistent!

Take this matter of laxatives, for instance. A youngster slips a bit of delicious chocolate Ex-Lax into his mouth, and the laxative question is settled for him-pleasantly.

But many mothers and fathers, when they have to "take something," think that they need something different, "something strong". And they resort to all sorts of nasty, harsh purgatives.

They're wrong! What's good for youngsters is good for grown-ups -as far as Ex-Lax is concerned.

To the taste Ex-Lax is delicious chocolate - smooth, sweet, pure. Yet no bitter laxative was ever more effective!

Ex-Lax is mild. So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. Yet it's thorough completely effective. It works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty - Ex-Lax is effective. Get the genuine Ex-Lax - spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all druggists. In 10c and 25c sizes.



The New Marlene

(Continued from page 29)

But Marlene, herself, is at present a creation solely of her own moods and temperament.

 $T_{
m Dietrich.}^{
m HERE}$ are no rules for this new Dietrich. "You cannot say "Sne is so sweet and lovely and unassuming just like she used to be" any more truthfully than you can say "She is pulling a Garbo with her new temperative truthfully in the control of the co ment and isolation."

No longer is Dietrich definitely etched as a hausfrau or a trousered sensa-tionalist. Marlene is doing exactly as she wants to do about everything as it comes along. There is no definite

mood . . . or pose. She is being decidedly, and excitingly, herself.

I have known Marlene ever since she first arrived in Hollywood and I rather think she likes me. Yet I have never interviewed her except in the formality of the publicity department or in her studio dressing-room.

Recently I requested an appointment at her luxurious home in Beverly Hills so that I might get a more vivid picture of her intimate background. Her answer was typical: "Perhaps sometime you will come to my home as a guest. That would make me very happy.

"But interviews are part of my professional life. I do not take the studio work home with me . . . to Maria!" And that, bluntly or not, was that. It meant, that as a guest my lips would be bound by all the laws of good taste ord social decorators. and social decency not to gossip about her intimate home life.

ner intimate home life.

For Marlene does not tolerate tattling. Her two German maids, the negress cook and her chauffeur would cut off a right arm before they would reveal Marlene's home life.

Just recently Dietrich's studio "stand in" mee chaptil diminist her and in the life.

in' was abruptly dismissed because of an interview she granted about how it felt to double for the great Mar-lene. "I feel," she told me the last time we talked together, "that I should have the privilege of revealing what I wished revealed about my private life. It is too easy for others to distort my actions for publicity 'color'."

In spite of this decided yen for privacy the new Dietrich is in no sense

a recluse. She attends movie premieres and the opening of local stage plays. The other evening she stood in line at her favorite cafe waiting for a table. She is frequently to be seen darting in and out of the smart shops. Strangely enough, she does not mind people star-ing at her, or pointing her out so long as they do not ask her silly questions or hound her for autographs.

or nound her for autographs.

There was a time when Marlene was accused of "ritzing" everyone on the Paramount lot. But if those accusations were true . . . they belong back in Marlene's second Hollywood personality, her days of being The Great

Now if she feels like crawling through one of the office building wincrawling dows to chat with the girls in the publicity department . . . "Because I do not feel like walking around to the door" . . . she does it.

BUT lest you think by these telling examples that Dietrich has slipped back to the personality of her first months in Hollywood, let me hasten to assure you that such is not wholly the

case. She can be as imperious and imperial as Catherine, the great queen she portrays. Yesterday's intimacy and yesterday's jokes do not mean tomorrow will find her in the same mood. She walks moodily and unspeaking past the same windows she crawled through with surprising lack of dignity the

week before.

Last week's gay "Hello" may be to-day's frigid "How do you do?" On one of her gay days she may give her confidence freely and actually enjoy granting interviews. The next day she will

see no one.

But it is quite obvious the new Mar-lene has gone feminine with a ven-geance. She is no longer a striding, swaggering masculine figure among her swaggering masculine ngure among her four bodyguards. The strong-arm boys have completely disappeared from the studio, and only one remains at her home to protect Maria.

DIETRICH'S new "suits" have skirts and luxurious furs to trim them. She wears a great deal of jewelry with everything . . even in the day time. Her studio dressing table is burdened with exotic perfume bottles and the most expensive blossoms. the florists shops have to offer. By the way, she has a unique and different method of applying perfume to her person. She sprays scent on her long, ruby-red finger tips; and toilet waters more expensive than your treasured bottle of imported stuff are used to curl up the ends of her blonde hair. In place of the beach slacks, and heavy tweed suits she used to wear to the studio, she has lately been seen in trailing velvet hostess gowns.

When a friend recently accused her

of going in for an ultra luxurious mode

life, she merely shrugged:

of life, she merely shrugged:
"I surround myself with beautiful things for one reason . . . Maria. I want my little girl to grow up with the love of beautiful things in her heart. Everything I have, and everything I do, is for her alone."

For, through every phase of Marlene's changing Hollywood personality that one thing, her consuming maternity and her idolatry of her little blond daughter, has not changed. Maria is the one definite, set influence in her whole life. whole life.

Many people were surprised, in view of her consuming protection of the child, that Dietrich permitted her to play a small part in "Catherine the Great." And no matter what reason Marlene may eventually give for this, the truth is simply that Maria begged her to . . . and Dietrich cannot say. "No" to her little girl's pleadings. Of course, she would not permit her to continue to work in pictures if she could not he present to supervise every

could not be present to supervise every gesture she made. She has no inten-tion of launching Maria on the career of a "child actress." But Maria's heart would have broken if some other child had been selected to portray her glamorous and beautiful mother as a

And so Maria it was! The pros and cons of what people might think about Maria's advent into the movies were not considered by this new Marlene who is doing just exactly what she wants to do for the first time since she has been in Hollywood!

Exotic Dolores

(Continued from page 33)

I am sure there are hundreds of girls as capable as I who can get nowhere

near a studio.

"It seems as though I wasn't grateful for my opportunity. And I wasn't. But from the moment I visited the projection room and saw the 'rushes' on my first 'bit' with Dorothy Mackaill in 'Joanna,' I felt a great desire to become a film star. I looked at myself and realized how much I had to learn. "For six years I gave myself over completely; neglecting home duties, endangering my health in my very enthusiasm, making one picture after another, always hoping for praise and endeavoring to take advantage of helpful criticism. I loved every nook of every studio in which I worked. "I got tremendous satisfaction out of every role I played—even if the picture was poor—because I managed to make myself believe the part.

When my health broke down, nearly two years ago, my physicians warned me not to take my career too seriously. My bedroom substituted for a studio set, and as the months went by I actually learned to like to relax. I never had done so before.

"From school, I entered the social world and was having a hectic swing at it when Director Edwin Carewe won me over to the movies. So my life re-"It seems as though I wasn't grate-

world and was having a hectic swing at it when Director Edwin Carewe won me over to the movies. So my life remained active and emotional to intensity—what with the tragedy which entered (the death of Miss Del Rio's first husband, Jaime Del Rio, Mexican writer whose name she still uses for screen purposes) my screen work, and constant other difficulties. Energy was gradually sapped from me.

"I had always adored dancing, but it got so that the slightest attempt at it would fatigue me. I loved sports, but eventually could partake in none. I found myself sinking lower and lower—even as a conversationalist. I was what we call 'all in.' And I gave in—to the doctors.

to the doctors.
"There is nothing like complete rest There is nothing like complete rest to revive the spirits, and change the attitude. I relaxed. My wits began to function faster. My limbs grew strong again. From a morose—yes, morose, remorseful figure, I found my-self gathering renewed energy, eager for another lease on life—not a hectic one; a sensible, sane, colorful but calm future

future.

"I fell in love. I married Cedric Gibbons, one of Hollywood's best known art directors. And still I was not ready to return to the films which had learned to dominate me. I felt simply marvelous.

simply marvelous.

"After a year of domesticity, I felt the urge—but not as it was before. No surging, all-powerful desire to give myself over to the call of the camera. myself over to the call of the camera. Just a readiness to work, because I was strong again. And a strong, healthy person with an active mind, cannot and will not be idle. Of course I had my home to direct. But I have an excellent service staff. I do not case for bridge games. So I returned to the studies and took up my career to the studios, and took up my career—allowing it to become part of me, but not—as it never will again—all

but not—as it included by the control of me!

"I signed with RKO for four pictures. First came 'Bird of Paradise.'

'Flying Down to Rio' was the second, and I loved doing it. Shopping for costumes was a problem—but not (Please turn to page 72)

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT ... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN ! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-tale!"..."Tattle-tale!"... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash musty and gray!

For that gray says plain as day that your soap isn't getting out all the dirt! Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly . . .



Whatto do about it? Change to Fels-Naptha Soap! It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise theminstead of whispering about them.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is not one of those

soap - golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added to it!



Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-tale Gray" from your clothes.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for filmiest lingerie, stockings and dainty woolens. It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's a wonder in tub or machine-in hot, lukewarm or cool waterwhether you soak or boil clothes.

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha is good soap—full-of-action day!...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. co., uca ac. in almost twenty years. Get a few bars to-

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"

... banish it with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. Use pure, mild soap. "Tvory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washa-bility Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is fluffy . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds,

or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

99 44/100 0/0 PURE

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too . . keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY-INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

Exotic Dolores

(Continued from page 71)

nearly the problem I would have allowed it to become in the 'old' days. The girl of the character was sweet, and she had to wear filmsy summer things. We worked on the movie in the early Winter. I couldn't use last summer's clothes because the film won't be released all over the world until next Summer and a movie star just has to set the fashion.

"I couldn't get any of the important stylists to do my clothes because they stylists to do my clothes because they were at work on spring things and had not yet thought about costumery for next Summer. So I sat down and in one evening designed my own wardrobe—the Del Rio idea of what the well dressed debutante will be

the well dressed debutante will be wearing in August, 1934.

"It made me awfully happy. I enjoyed tremendously working with the cast—everybody in the picture was sweet. Director Thornton Freeland was patient and clever. But—do you know what intrigued me especially about starring in 'Flying Down to Rio'?"

The interviewer wanted to know

The interviewer wanted to know. "Having the dressing-room next door to Katharine Hepburn's. I think she's marvelous. Quite the most interesting personality who has come to the screen since Garbo. She's a vibrant creature; a brilliant actress."
The interviewer asked—"And a charming person?"

Dolores answered—"I don't know. You see, I've never met her. We had adjoining dressing-rooms, but I didn't want to be introduced to her because she's my fewarit activation. want to be introduced to her because she's my favorite actress, and I was afraid to have my illusions spoiled. If I don't know her personally, I'll have a belief that she's just as exciting a person as she is in her picture parts. "But her natural speaking voice is so loud and so dramatic that I couldn't

help but hear her conversation. Really, I wasn't ever eavesdropping. In one way I'd like to know her—and then again, I wouldn't. I'll never forget my reactions to Garbo whom I met for the first time last Summer—after having admired her on the screen for years. To me she was the illusive, the exotic, the glamorous, the grand. Then one day Cedric and I were swimming in our outdoor pool which adjoins our tennis courts.

"A young blond girl, wearing a simple sports dress, flat-heeled shoes and bandanna, approached us with a young man and shyly asked if she might use the tennis courts. I said 'Certainly.' Then I realized that I

'Certainly.' Then I realized that I was talking to the great Garbo. She thanked me sweetly, played her game, and before she left she stopped to thank me again. I was tongue-tied.
"I'm a movie fan myself, you know. And here I was face-to-face with my idol. And in my new, cut-out bathing suit I might have looked more exotic than the timid creature who stood beside me—the glamorous Garbo! Since then I have not met Garbo socially. then I have not met Garbo socially, although I understand that she often uses our tennis courts. Cedric knows her well—he designs many of the sets for her pictures, and he thinks she is a price weet uncertainty of the sets. nice, sweet, unassuming girl who hap-"So, you see, that's why I'd rather not meet Hepburn. My admiration for her histrionics is so sincere. When (Please turn to page 73)

Exotic Dolores

(Continued from page 72)

she returns to the studios after her play has closed, we'll probably be oc-cupying adjoining dressing-rooms again. So perhaps I'll have more to

again. So perhaps I'll have more to report to you about her on my next visit to New York."

Miss Del Rio's forthcoming RKO production will be "Dance of Desire," written especially for her by Donald Henderson Clarke, widely known novelist who is also a contributer to THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. The actress is delighted with the part, and hopes to "do right by it."

"It traces a dancer's career from her start in the dives of the slums to the time when she is famous in the theatrical world. I feel that if ever I had opportunity to show the result of many opportunity to show the result of many years' study, here it is. I will wear many lovely clothes in the picture. I've been on a continuous shopping tour since I've been in New York."

Whereupon, the lady opened for the interviewer's benefit a host of packages. Black chiffons, black crepes, banded with silver, reds, greens, white evening frocks of shiny satin and dull crepes. Gorgeous things.

"I hardly ever wear my personal."

crepes. Gorgeous things.

"I hardly ever wear my personal wardrobe in pictures," Miss Del Rio said, "because what is correct for formal wear and on the street is not photographic material. The camera lends itself to solid colors. And often

lends itself to solid colors. And often my personal taste leans toward floral prints and stripes. I have purchased a number of printed evening gowns. I believe they'll be the rage in 1934.

"And when," the curious interviewer wanted to know, "do you intend to take time out to—well to put it bluntly—to have a child?"

Said Mrs. Gibbons: "When I do have a baby or babies, it will not be a matter of 'time out.' A career may be combined blissfully with domestic relations until children come. Then the outside career should be dropped, and babies—until they no longer depend on the mother, should be the mother's sole interest.

"When I am ready to have a baby,

"When I am ready to have a baby, I will be willing to give up all else and devote myself to maternity. And since I am not ready to give up the screen and acting, I have no thought at present of having children. I have varied interests and they're quite satisfying. If I have a baby, I'll no longer be content with my other interests. A baby is worth any mother's complete concentration. Isn't it?"

The intermiserable has the little and the little a

The interviewer who has two children, a capable nurse, and a job, didn't agree. But that's not the point!

Dolores Del Rio anticipates giving

up her film career when she anticipates a child—that's the point!

"What does Mr. Gibbons think of you as an actress?" the interrogative

you as an actress?" the interrogative interviewer inquired.

"Well, strangely enough, he thinks I'm good. But we rarely discuss our respective work in any professional sense. Of course if I ask for helpful hints, he's happy to offer them. And once in a while I can be of assistance to him. Usually, though, when he leaves his studio and I leave mine, 'shop-talk' is cancelled. We lead the lives of any neaceful home loving perlives of any peaceful, home-loving persons who haven't a thing to do with the world-renowned cinema industry. We're just happy, homey people—and we love it, just as we love one another!" she ended.

The three-cornered race



The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.

Which will arrive first? A mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

If the doctor wins . . . all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Of deaths in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe, It's an effective germicide at ALL times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of prominent physicians, of the entire medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals in every country. No other antiseptic enjoys such wide, such absolute trust, or is so generally recommended for home use.



during pregnancy, and if the child delivery is made at a good hospital or lying-in clinic.

There, you may be sure, "Lysol" disinfectant will help to safeguard baby's safe arrival. The delicate operations attending childbirth require absolute germ-free cleanliness. "Lysol" disinfectant is the standard germicide for this purpose. Used and recommended by leading hospitals and obstetricians throughout the

But even after baby's coming, the battle of disinfection must go on. See that every object with which he comes in contact is washed in a solution of "Lysol" disinfectant, prepared according to directions on the bottle.

"Lysol"... for Feminine Hygiene

Physicians of leading nations have endorsed and recommended "Lysol" as the safest and most effective of all germicides for marriage hygiene and feminine antisepsis. It kills germs even in contact with organic matter, which means in practical use ... yet is soothing and gentle to the most sensitive tissue.

Send for the book-"Marriage Hygiene," written by three internationally known gynecologists.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights-10:30 E. S. T. . . . WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

Salute to Herb Howe

(Continued from page 39)

ON arriving at Ramon's door you wonder where on earth the house is. There stands the door on the edge of a precipice, a sheet of illumined frosted glass alone in the night. You don't know whether to suspect earth-quake, flood or the Eagle cocktails. If you're optimist enough to press the bell, a face eventually appears at the peep-casement, the door is opened and you descend a mile of stairs. "How like our merry camarade," I said, "to have a joint so situated that you have to drive up hill and walk down to get to it." Ramon's secretary admitted us and sounded off news of the royal arrival. At the foot of the stairs Ramon hurtled forth from somewhere, swung arms around Alice, knocked her hat off and gallantly stepped on it. (Why don't they'd have insisted on a re-take.) you're optimist enough to press the bell,

they film romantic scenes like that: No, they'd have insisted on a re-take, "Marvelous Alice," panted the Arab with smacking salutes. "She hasn't changed at all, has she?"
"No, and she says you haven't."
Ramon said he didn't think any of us

had. I said I was afraid not.

RAMON showed me over the house. Its modernistic style is in contrast to the medieval atmosphere and religious theme of his quarters in the family home on 22nd street. This place, rambling down a hillside, has rooms at rambing down a misside, has rooms at different levels and I suggested that a green line such as they have in the Times Square subway would be an aid to guests in finding their way around. The dining room is black and silver which I spontaneously observed gave me the sensation of being in the heart of a vampire. (You can see why we were called a Family—always making

pleasant passes like that.)

The black walls are hung closely with chains. Ramon beat me to it by saying they reminded him of those in antique bathrooms. His bedroom of skyblue opens sunnily on to a swimming pool bordered with flowery terraces. It was of this room, depicted in a magazine, that a fan wrote me: "I've read about Ramon being a confirmed bachelor, living alone, so why the twin beds in his bedroom?" Hollywood hospitality, honey, Hollywood hospitality.

ON reading Dorothy Manners' swell story about Mae West I suffered my first disappointment in my Ideal. Miss Manners said that Mae never allows anyone, 'cept her maid, to set foot in her bedroom. That's not Western hospitality as we understand it in Holly-wood. Suppose a cousin visited you or an old college friend?

HAVEN'T been able to keep up with Alice and pictures at the same time. I did finally catch "Design for Living" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" and "The Prizengher and the Lady on a double bill for twenty-five cents. A lot of star beef for two bits. "De-sign for Living" got me worrying about my favorite director, Lubitsch. The characters talked and acted like Hollywood actors. I'm afraid Ernst has been here so long he's-forgotten how human beings behave. The story itself was the sort of artificial mess you'd expect of Hollywood or deah old Mayfair. For Gossakes, Ernst, go into training and get husky as you were in the good old days of Negri's "Passion" and "Deception."

I LIKE the stuff this director Van Dyke delivers. "The Prizefighter and the Lady" wasn't as real as his "Eskimo" but then he had the handicap of Hollywood. Van has been shunting from Africa to Tahiti to Alaska and so has kept in touch with humanity. Like has kept in touch with humanity. Like the Russians, he seems to prefer reality to artificiality, people to actors. He had the real thing in Max Baer and when you've forgotten the story you'll remember Maxie. New York critics condescendingly said that Max was an amazingly good actor—for a prizefighter. prizefighter.

I'd never care to be condescending to Max, good-humored though he appears. Besides, I think he showed up our little artists. Without camera experience he toddled on, acted, sang, jigged and did everything but the fan dance. Max has the infectious vitality of Doug Fair-banks, Sr., in his Americano days. On leaving the theater you bounce on your toes, shadow-box and eye all the dames with assurance. In a word, he's a vigor tablet. I won't go so far as to say he's "a male Mae West." He ain't world champeen yet; Mae is.

VIEWING the tasseled interior of Franchot Tone's house, designed by Joan Crawford, I'm convinced he must love her. Joan impetuously has her house done over to suit her moods, just as a lot of us would who have the moods but not the money. Returning moodily from the studio she decides she can't eat in an early American dining room, wires Billy Haines to take plane at once from Catalina and do it over in Cheshire Cheese English in keeping with the Yorkshire pudding.

HOLLYWOOD stars have been suspected of turning romance and heart-breaks into publicity profit. I wouldn't say that Charlie Chaplin has.

It's probably just through Fate and her pal, Coincidence, that his mar-riages and divorces have occurred on It was glad to read of his intention to marry in the Spring. It's about time we had a Chaplin picture.

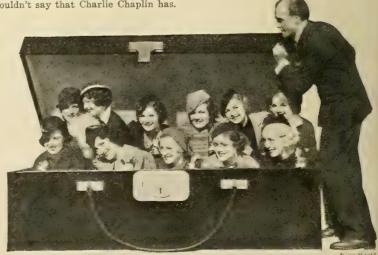
APPARENTLY President Roosevelt's plan for a more equitable distribution of the nation's wealth will necessitate a cut in the fantastic salaries paid stars and picture executives. Some time ago the chosen favorites of film fortune ago the chosen favorites of film fortune threatened to go on strike for a year if their kingly revenues were slashed. They felt that they and they alone were responsible for box-office receipts and the other employes in the vast theatrical business yelping for bread could go eat cake. I hope they make good their threat.

Nothing would benefit the box office more than new faces. The screen is rotting from monotory. Same old faces, same old stories, same old producers

same old stories, same old producers who play fown to the intelligence of the public which is getting pretty tired of playing down to theirs. If President Roosevelt can free the motion picture from the dictatorship of its "Best Minds" he will have worked another miracle for the long-suffering public.

*

WHEN stars have romance or heart-break they now choose special writers to convey the news to the public. My weakness, Lupe Velez, aimed to give the news of her marriage exclusively to one writer. Miss Crawford attempted to give exclusive rights to her heart-break to another. Miss Pickford vented break to another. Miss Ficktord vented her feelings about the rascally Doug Fairbanks, whom she wouldn't harm for the world, exclusively to a repre-sentative of a newspaper which pub-lished her life story in many chapters. Personally I think this a great system, I'd like to see each star adopt one special writer. Yo-hoo, Miss West, how am I doin'?



Earl Carroll, authority on feminine beauty, and eleven of his most beautiful girls who will appear in a new film,

4 Thrifty Recipes ... make them with the richer, faster-setting New Jell-O



No boiling water needed . . . no flavor lost in steam!

1 package Cherry Jell-O 1 cup warm water

1 cup canned cherry juice

2 cups canned red cherries, drained

Dissolve Jell-C in warm water. Add cherry juice and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cherries. Turn into sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Serves 6.



GRAPEFRUIT DELIGHT

With no boiling heat to cool away, this new Jell-O sets with amazing speed!

1 package Lime Jell-O 1 pint warm water

12 grapefruit sections. free from membrane

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Chill. Arrange grapefruit sections in mold. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, turn into mold, being careful not to disarrange fruit. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 4.

Get genuine Jell-O at the new low price. Jell-O dissolves in warm water!

A product of General Foods

PEACH CRYSTAL CUBES

You can put the new Jell-O in the refrigerator right away . . . no cooling needed

1 package Orange Jell-O

Canned sliced peaches

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill. Arrange 3 peach slices in each sherbet glass. When Jell-O is firm, cut in cubes; pile lightly in glasses. Garnish with peach slices.



HAWAIIAN SUNBURST

This new Jell-O dissolves instantly in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm!

1 package Strawberry Jell-O

34 teaspoon salt

11/2 cups warm water 2 slices canned pineapple

1/2 cup canned pineapple juice

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Cut pineapple slices in half crosswise and cut into small, pointed wedges. Arrange wedges around Jell-O molds in sunburst effect. Serves 4.



Just out! Brand-New Recipe Book! FREE!

Full of ideas for children's parties, bridge luncheons company and home dinners.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey did with the New Jell-O."

T. M. 4-34

Ctt). State.

Print name and address plainly. It you live in Canada, address General Foods. Cobourg, Ontario. (This offer expires December 31, 1934.)

News of the New

ERE'S a situation in home furnishing and equipment worth considering. There has been a definitely increased demand for pianos in American homes. It began some six months ago and is still on the increase. Now how, in the face of radio which at one time seemed to be a serious rival to home-made music—singing, piano and other instrument playing—could this have come about?

It may-and doubtless is-this very radio that, in the course of events, has brought the piano revival about. ting in the seclusion of our own homes we have become familiar with music known; we are kept in touch with popular new songs and are reminded of old favorites that we had almost forgotten. Listening to the smooth, easy performance of experts we forget the drudgery of practice and the less at-



tractive qualities of old time amateur performance and are encouraged to do performance and are encouraged to do a bit of singing and crooning to our own accompaniment. So we need a new piano to take the place of the one we gladly disposed of a few years ago.

Then, too, pianos have become smaller and more attractive—small enough if need be to go into the bedroom or small apartment living room and beautifully apartment living room

and beautifully enough designed to suit the most attractively fur-nished rooms. To go with the Colonial furnishings there are the new spinet type grand pianos in early American or Duncan Phyfe design. For other types of period furnishings there are pianos in Spanish, or Jacobean.

Radiomakers, too, have become style conscious and after you have decided on the make of instrument you want you have yet to decide on the most harmonious design. Once one radio was enough. It was placed in the living room of the where various members of the family had all to listen to the same programs. Now the average family owns or expects to own more than one. The boys and girls have their own radios in their own rooms where they can listen to nonsense while their elders listen to lectures and opera. Only often it is the other way round—the youngsters listen to the serious programs while their frivolous parents choose the nonsense.



EAT the crusts, Mary Jane, and your hair will be curly—mothers said a generation ago and felt no special qualms of conscience over the decepdualis of the end apparently justified the means. Unquestionably it was a good plan to have Mary Jane eat the crusts, but it would have been sounder practice to tell Mary Jane that if she ate the crusts and other food that required good hard chewing she would have

sound white teeth.

Now, of course, if Mary Jane was born straight haired and if she or you feel that curls would be more becoming, you simply put aside a few dollars and take her to the hairdresser's to get her first permanent. All the little straight haired girls are having it done and it's an easy solution to the problem of how to keep her bobbed hair attractive.

And speaking of curls and waves— hairdressers tell us that they are using the curling iron now considerably more than they did six and twelve months ago. There has been no falling off in popularity of permanent waves, but as an aid in keeping hair neatly curled at the back of the head, the good old curling iron still has plenty to do.



IT'S your head and it's your hat and you can do as you choose, but if you want to look up-to-date you'll show a lot of forehead and you'll get one of the new hats made to be worn with a down at-the-back slant. They are new, smart, youthful and easy to wear and if you don't find them very becoming to your own particular type of face you will receive the new low crowned, brimmed sailors that are promised for Summer with cheers of applause. They are worn very much to one side and some of them are trimmed with ruches of taffeta ribbon or flat flowers under the brims.

For the present—if you do wear one of the new off-the-face bonnets—be sure to wear your hair brushed off the forehead—and keep your brow as smooth and free from wrinkles as possible, even if you have to give up worrying

to do it.



W OULD you brag of the fact that you do all your rug and carpet cleaning with a broom—scorning the aid of vacuum cleaners and carpet sweepers? Would you boast that you never bought any soap—that you always saved drippings and made your own as your great grandmother did own as your great grandmother did

before you?

It's hard to imagine—and yet twenty years ago a good many women did insist on the old time broom method of sweeping carpets, and seventy years or more ago some conscientious housewives felt suspicious of anything but home-made soap. They had used the nome-made soap. They had used the longer, slower method so long that they hated to admit some other method could be better. It was just that way with mayonnaise dressing a few years ago. Women went on with the drop by drop method because the very admission that the kind you could buy in a glass jar was better seemed to belittle previous efforts in mayonnaise making.

We object to new products, not because we have made any tests to prove their inferiority to the old things, but as a matter of preju-

Right now, we know of women who would brag that they make their own soup by the old stand-over-the-stove method even when they have reason to know that the kind they get in cans is more gener-ally liked and less expensive.

My Life Until Now

(Continued from page 45)

into his clothes and his role,—and played it for the rest of that season. Lady Luck again! A slap in the face for Hitchcock, one of the finest, and a pat on the back for me!

Luck rules the show business, there's no getting away from that. Mind you, I'm not depreciating ability, nor belittling the common sense that's kept many an actor at the top of his profession; I'm merely insisting that his ability and judgment would bloom unseen without a goodly share of luck. It's unfortunate that so many stars overlook that fact after they've "aroverlook that fact after they've "arrived

During my last few years on the stage, movies were beginning to create excitement, but like most stage actors of that day, I regarded them with con-tempt, especially after my first ex-perience in a picture studio. That was

I was flat, out of money, out of work and out of prospects. The landlady's eye had such an unfriendly gleam that I hit on the desperate expedient of applying to the casting agent of the old Tannhauser studios in New Rochelle for a few days work. They hired me as an extra and I bor-

in New Rochelle for a few days work. They hired me as an extra and I borrowed the necessary carfare and sallied out to earn five dollars.

It rained all day, the company couldn't shoot, and I walked back to New York, cussing at every step and vowing that I'd go back to watering elephants before I'd ever become a movie actor. And that only goes to prove that Lady Luck plays ducks and drakes with a man's resolves, for, just one year later, I was under contract to a motion picture studio, and I've been in the picture business ever since!

I was playing the lead in the Chicago Company of "The Balkan Princess" in the Fall of 1913. Several actors that I'd known in New York were working for the old Essanay studios and they persuaded me to visit them on the "lot." Against my will, I found myself excited and interested. I began to see tremendous possibilities in "those damned movies." and I decided that perhaps I'd been too hasty in condemning them.

I knew I had been when out of a

demning them.

I knew I had been when, out of a clear sky, Essanay offered me seventyfive dollars a week-every week-to sign a long-term contract. "The Bal-kan Princess" was closing and I had no other engagement in sight.

cepted.

My first screen appearance was as a raw-boned Swedish housemaid in a one raw-boned Swedish housemaid in a one reel comedy; as an angular, stringhalted slavey who took one heavy fall for every ten feet of film. Comedy, in those days, was robust and virile and its success was determined, largely, by the size of the custard pie. In our dramas, we displayed a fine disregard for the realism that Hollywood harps on today. Our heroines sighed so deeply that they broke their stays, and when our heroes fired their trusty rifles not one, but twenty, villains bit the dust.

The first "Swedie" comedy was so well received that Essanay decided to

The first "Swedie" comedy was so well received that Essanay decided to produce a series and gave me charge of the unit. Louella Parsons, now a Hollywood columnist, wrote the stories; I played the leads and co-directed. We turned out a new comedy (Continued on page 76)

(Continued on page 76)

• "Goodness - what a day I've had! And now, imagine - got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work-work-work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



• "Now - let's see - do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeare-ho!... Nope - didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear - I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"



• "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then -oh, boy! - my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . .





• "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty—but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"

Sen l 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 72. Johnson & Johnson, New Bruns-Johnson & Johnson wick, New Jersey.

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A NEW CHAMPION in throat comfort

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE-CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smokeheavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U.S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

*Send for illustrated premium list.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

My Life Until Now

(Continued from page 75)

every two weeks—and had so much spare time on our hands that I was also assigned the leads in a second series of comedies based on the George Ade Fables.

The picture business, in those days, was less efficient, but far more colorful than it is today. We worked with crude equipment and every person in the studio held down three or four jobs. In addition to acting and directing, I filled in as an electrician and a cameraman. We worked like beavers when we felt like it, and we loafed like lords

when we felt like loafing.

Most of the Essanay stars are no longer on the screen. Many of them have been forgotten.

Bronco Billy Anderson, the first great cowboy star, was one of the partners in Essanay. He's dead now. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were our leading exponents of romance. Ben Turpin and Bryant Washburn were Essanay stars. Virginia Valli, Rod LaRoque and Gloria Swanson were on our preferred extra

list.

I fell in love with Gloria while we were working together in Chicago and wanted her to marry me then. But she was very young and my own plans were undecided, for Bronco Billy had

been talking enthusiastically about moving the studio to California.

Meanwhile, in the big yellow roadster that I owned then, we burned up the roads between Chicago's most fa-mous cafes. I've always been a speed addict, and that car was the pride of my heart. I spent my evenings trying to push the throttle through the floor boards and my mornings in the traffic courts. I was directing Francis X. Bushman, my salary had been increased to \$125 a week, and I felt like a Croesus. I couldn't think of any better way of spending such wealth than on cabarets and speed tickets.

In 1915, Anderson finally decided to make his westerns in California. He bought a studio in Niles, not far from San Francisco, and installed me there as studio manager and second-string director. I handled the comedy units and among others, directed Charlie Chaplin.

Anderson's venture in Niles never prospered and only a few months after we started shooting there the com-pany went broke and folded. In a way, I was glad to be rid of the re-sponsibilities that had been heaped on me. I enjoyed hiring people, but I couldn't stomach having to fire them. And all the dollar-and-cents details of production irked me. They still do.

After a wild-goose jaunt to Japan

with a picture company that went broke before we had time to get our luggage unpacked, I came to Holly-wood and was lucky enough to land a contract with Keystone as a featured comedian.

I chucked overboard all my ambitions to direct, decided that comedy was my cake and thanked Lady Luck for the icing. My salary was \$125 a week, enough, I figured, to get married on. I wired Gloria, advised her to come to Hollywood immediately, and busied myself looking for a cottage.

busied myself looking for a cottage.

By the time she had arrived, I had found her a regular berth with the Keystone stock company.

We were married in 1916. Soon afterward, things began to go wrong for me. I lost my contract and went for weeks at a time without work. Production was at a low ebb, princi-pally because of the upset conditions brought about by the war. Prices were soaring, and, to make a long story short, the Beerys fell on hard days. Meanwhile, Gloria and I began to realize that our marriage had been a mistake.

We were divorced in 1918 and, for more than a year afterward, I was down and out. I hounded the studio down and out. I hounded the studio casting offices, applied for extra work, tried everything without being interested in anything. I couldn't find a job. And, mind you, not more than two years previously, I'd been a star. My fortunes improved almost as quickly as they had crashed. Just when it seemed that my parents, who had followed me to California, and I were certain to go on a staryating diet.

were certain to go on a starvation diet, Mickey Neilan gave me the chance to play a German army officer in his "The Unpardonable Sin."

The picture was a hit and it reinstated me, not as a comedian, but as a "heavy." There happened to be a ready market for heavies just then. I played in "Behind the Door" with Hobart Bosworth, and with Valentino in "The Four Horsemen."

"The Four Horsemen."

I worked harder than I'd ever worked in my life. For the first time, I took time out to do a little serious thinking about my work. The deepeyed villains that I was playing didn't seem real to me—they weren't human or believable. I decided to temper my or believable. I decided to temper my heavies with a touch of humor.

I tried out my ideas in "The Devil's Cargo," and they "clicked" so emphatically that since then I've never played a heavy without trying to humanize

the role by adding a little humor.

My salary had been increasing steadily, I'd managed to build a comfortable bank account, and I'd bought a new home. I had time enough and money enough to go hunting and fishing several times a year. Things were rosier for me than ever before.

And then, to cap the climax, along came Douglas Fairbanks to give me the one role that I'd have crawled on my hands and knees to get—King Richard the Lion-hearted in "Robin Hood," which to my way of thinking still remains the greatest picture ever made

I can thank "Robin Hood" for many things-but for nothing more than for my introduction to Rita Gilman, who is now my wife. She was working as an extra and I fell in love with her at first sight.

"Robin Hood" made me a star—to my sorrow! I'll leave it to those of you who have never had first-hand experience with Hollywood to envy the stars. After twenty-one years in pictures, my most fervent wish is that I might never be classed as a star.

My experience, as a result of being co-starred with Raymond Hatton in a series of unusually stupid comedies, is a perfect explanation of my objections to stardom.

Read the next thrilling chapter in Wallace Beery's own dramatic life story in the May New Movie Magazine.

Rougher Than Tarzan

(Continued from page 58)

The number comes an' I begin thees hetcha. I cance up close an Zeeve heem a smart look weeth the eyes... like thees. Then I geeve the biggest BUMP you ever see. An then I yell. Thees crazy gay have put a beeg hammer in hees pocket, an I am black an purple for two weeks, I tell you! I get the girls together an' say we will settle these can't has he for one.

That night, they come out to dance an', sure enough, Jee-mee start to cut hees capers, like always.

Thees time, he gets a surprise from where he isn't looking. The first move he make, every one of thees chorus girls jump on heem. He yell bloody murder, but he don' get one chance. Thees girls stick to heem like glue! An' w'en they finally turn heem loose ... what you theenk, eh? All that ees left of thees guy's clothes ees one little

... what you theenk, eh? All that ees left of thees guy's clothes ees one little pair of underwear!

Is hees face red??

After while, he catch me in the wings. I am still laughing.

He say: "You are da purp-traitor of dis outrage! Am I boined? Am I boining wit da humidity of da ting??

Me! Undressed . . . in front-a all dese people!"
"Go on!" I tell heem weeth a geegle.
"Any guy weeth a schnozzle like thees is never undressed!"

In the next act, I am wearing a beeu-tiful slinky outfit an' I am suppose to be ver-ee deeg-nee-fied an' vampy. But, you theenk I can be deegneed-fied, eh? That guy, he run an' jump right at me! I cannot stan' up, even. Down we go on the floor in a bunch. My hat ees cock-eyed an' I am one terrible mess. But the audience love eet, so I don't care.

I don't care.

Jee-mee ees a grand guy, I tell you.

W'en some beeg writer say in hees
column that Jee-mee ees "high hat,"
eet ees the meanest theeng you ever
hear. Jee-mee feel so bad about that
crack. I am so mad, I could break
somebody's neck!

All the time we are in New York,
you know what?? I catch thees Jeemee out in front of the theater. Pretty

you know what?? I catch thees Jeemee out in front of the theater. Pretty soon, a little keed come up an' looks at all the peectures in the lobby. Jee-mee watches heem a minute, then he say: "Hello, kid. You like dis show, huh?"

The keed say he didn't see the show. Then Jee-mee say: "Would ya like to see it, huh?"

"Gosh, yes!" the keed say, all excited. So, Jee-mee take heem by the hand, over to the ticket window an' huy

hand, over to the ticket window an' buy heem the best seat in the house!

heem the best seat in the house!

Every day he do thees. I bet for feefty keeds every week he buy tickets.

High hat, eh? Thees crazy writer don' know hees stoff. Jee-mee have given more benefit performances than anybody else in Hollywood. He ees always helping people that need eet. Eef that ees "high hat" then Loopy ees a beeg Swede!

In the next peecture we make, Jee-mee ees suppose to be my boy friend. We have some more fon, I bet. Already I buy a case of liniment an' split eet weeth thees crazy guy. I tell you sometheeng... Hees favorite flower ees gol-darn-ia.

Mine? Hah! Don' be seelly! I won't need eet!

won't need eet!

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laboratory to analyze Faoen Beauty Aids. And here's their report:

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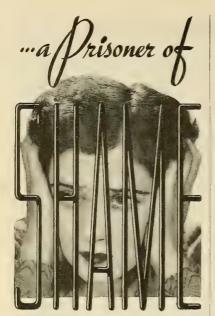
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Woman's most powerful enemy! Were charm, feminine attraction of no avail?

How did she find release?

EVERY woman knows! The biggest part of the impression she makes depends on the health and beauty of her skin. A complexion blighted by skin trouble brings a sense of humiliation—robs you of confidence. Shame bars the way to the best things in the life of the woman who feels, "I'm not looking my best."

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For more than half a century, millions all over the world have found through Cuticura, permanent relief from skin troubles which seemed almost hopeless. If you suffer from skin ailments of any kind, try first the treatment which has proved most successful. Place your confidence in the soothing, healing emollience of Cuticura Ointment. You'll find, too, that the regular use of Cuticura Soap helps in the treatment and in the general health of your skin.

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Will Garbo Marry Mamoulian?

(Continued from page 32)

that love had hit her so hard she was "even having her hair frizzed."

They believe Garbo has at last found a mental mate whose moods are as restless and unsatisfied as her own. It was not a case of love at first sight between them. In the very beginning, before the story conference sessions, they were, if anything, slightly antagonistic toward each other.

Garbo had never met Rouben Mamoulian before the early story conferences on Queen Christina.

With her close friend, Mrs. Viertel, she had worked out the details and action of the script. She demanded, and her fabulous contract permitted, that she have almost active supervision on every detail of the making and telling of her favorite story.

rision on every detail of the making and telling of her favorite story. For days she sat in the studio projection room looking at the newest films of Hollywood's best directorial brains. Director after director was considered, and dismissed. She could not find the spark and the sympathy she was looking for. Late one afternoon, after three other pictures had been shown they began to unreel Marlene Dietrich's "Song of Songs," the one picture Marlene had made in America not directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The title sheet gave Rouben Mamoulian the directorial credit.

Garbo saw every foot of Mariene's picture. When it was over and the lights flashed up in the darkened projection room, she turned to David Selznick and said: "I like this man. He is an artist. What is his name?" Selznick said: "Mamoulian, formerly of the Theatre Guild in New York.

of the Theatre Guild in New York. He has made other outstandingly successful pictures."

The next day Greta spent in looking at all the films Mamoulian had directed. She said: "I think this is the man."

To practically any other director in Hollywood, this Garbo preference would have rated as nothing short of a joyous royal command. But Mamoulian did not want to direct Garbo in "Oncer Christing" and at first

a joyous royal command. But Mamon-lian did not want to direct Garbo in "Queen Christina"... not at first.

He knew her only by reputation. But as the actual signing of his name to a contract came closer and closer he began to have definite misgivings about attempting the direction. Mamoulian has a'ways demanded, and received as much artistic leeway as any star he has guided. The money, or the temporary fame involved in directing the great Garbo meant nothing to him compared to the knowledge that Garbo's contract permitted her to have as much say as he would in the filming of the story! He would not share both authority and responsibility of his work.

when the report of Mamoulian's reluctance at last reached Greta it must have intrigued her. For the first time in her career, a Hollywood director had not jumped at the opportunity of making a picture (and such an important picture as this) with the Great Garbo. She became definitely set on having Mamoulian, and no one else would do but Mamoulian, to guide Christina!

Garbo's strategy in her first meettings with Mamoulian was perfect... if it was strategy. In place of the almighty-star whose word was to be law, Mamoulian was introduced in Selznick's office to a shy, almost embarrassed woman who spoke only of her great feeling about the role Christion

Their second conference took place the following day, very informally in Garbo's dressing-room over a lunch-

eon table.

Not long after, they were seen entering the side door of a theater where "Song of Songs" was being previewed . . . though it was known Garbo had seen the picture several times.

By the time Queen Christina went into actual production Garbo and Mamoulian were on a basis of great friendship, which apparently revolved about their mutual absorption in the character they were creating.

Gilbert and Mamoulian were not a

Gilbert and Mamoulian were not a happy combination of star and director. It is rather foolish to suspect that jealousy might have been the root of the apparent antagonism between them, as the Garbo-Gilbert love embers had long since been laid to rest. And as for Garbo, it was only too obvious that her former love was merely the leading man of her picture . . . and nothing more.

But Mamoulian's direction irked Gilbert on more than one occasion. He frequently had "set" flare-ups and it was following one of these temperamental outbreaks when Mamoulian complained of a headache after Gilbert had retired to his dressing-room that their co-workers had their first indication that Garbo's feeling for her director might transcend mere "story" interest.

Even the men who are used to working with Greta, who have made picture after picture with her, nearly fell off their perilous perches with the lights when Greta went up behind Mamoulian and gently began to massage his aching temples, and the back of his neck, with her own hands! Mamoulian closed his eyes gratefully, and for a half hour this amazing massage treatment continued.

A dropped pin would have sounded like a bomb in the deep silence of the set. The glamorous Garbo massaging the head and temples of her director. What was this?

What was this?

It was the first, but not the only evidence of Garbo's personal interest in her new director. They began to lunch together almost daily in Garbo's dressing-room. Holiday week-ends found them motoring to nearby resorts... the less frequented ones.

With any other Hollywood couple

With any other Hollywood couple these romantic straws leaning in the winds of love might spell marriage. But Garbo and Mamoulian with their brooding, Europe-trained minds and hearts cannot be judged by Hollywood's gullible measuring rod on Cupid.

Only Garbo knows the answer of what has happened to her heart.

And Garbo does not tell!

I Act With Garbo

(Continued from page 31)

forgotten by the casting offices. So right when I thought I was zoned to be the first girl managing editor came the Hollowed offer from M-G-M for a part in "Raspatin."

My experiences in the film capital would

about Garbo and I want to hurry on to

You've heard about "Queen Christina," Garbo's first starring vehicle since her return to this country. I can

tell you that it is one of the most won-derful pictures ever screened.

And I am honored to feel that I played with Garbo as Elsa, a country-girl maid at a hotel. Garbo is dressed as a man and touring the country cognito to get real information on how her people are doing. She comes to the hotel with another young man—a real one—I should say he's real—it's John Gilbert.

As the story has it, I fall for Garbo and when she (remember she's sup-posed to be a man) drops into her chair, I rush over to take off her shoes.

There you have the scene and I hope
M-G-M doesn't mind my telling you
about it. After all, they can't blame an ex-sob sister for seizing an oppor-

tunity like this.

I'm on my knees preparing to take off Garbo's shoes. It goes like a flash on the screen—but we rehearsed that scene all day long. Hour after hour we went through the motions because if there ever was a director who wants things exactly a light it in Paubon. things exactly right it is Rouben Mamoulian.

I had been in scenes with many of the great names and personalities of the movies, but never before with Garbo and I'm frank to confess that all the stories I had heard about her

an the stories I had heard about her had given me stage shivers.

But she didn't look so cold to me and I began to think of all the things short of murder I would have tried once to get five seconds with Garbo.

So when Bill Daniels, the only camera man ever to focus a lens on Garbo, was trying a new lighting arrange-ment, I looked up at her and said: "Wouldn't it be funny, Miss Garbo, if after five or six hours of this I actually got to the point of taking your shoes

I can assure you that my heart stood still and I called myself all sorts of a fool for opening my mouth. You know —all those stories about the Big Star with flashing eyes ordering the presumptuous young actress off the set and seeing that she never stepped on the lot again. After all when a career is at stake an actress had better not let her teeth know what her tongue is

But nothing like that.

Garbo was just as human and friendly as any one of the extra girls back in the lunch room. And she smiled (what a smile) as she said: "That wouldn't be such a big job, Barbara—they come off quite easily..."

I will always believe that she used my first name to put me at my ease because I don't mind telling you I was

shaking a little.

Looking down at her feet shod in men's shoes, I came back with: "It's evident that your feet aren't as large as your public. . . ."

(Please turn to page 80)

Dee for yourself



ACTUALLY DOES MAKE

THIS SMART EYE MAKE-UP

TYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Evebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up ... and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eve Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dves. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



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Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

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EXQUISITE! NEW!

NEW-Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff conditions. Exceptionally low price-

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Ask your druggist or send for a bottle—fill out coupon; mail with 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.	
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I Act With Garbo

(Continued from page 79)

She laughed right out loud. "No, they certainly aren't," and she continued with this story.

"Three days ago I dropped into a store on Hollywood Boulevard to get some sports shoes. The manager saw me coming and waited on me himself. Was it sports shoes I wanted? Yes, he had a splendid collection. And in a moment he appeared with a dozen assorted styles—but all—what do you call them—canal boats.

all them—canal boats.
"There were sizes 8's and 9's and one pair was larger, maybe a 10. Perfectly enormous! So I said, they were too large, and I slipped out of one of my pumps and put my foot into one of his shoes where it rattled around al-most like a peanut in a shell. The man-ager looked down almost startled. And then," continued Garbo with the lilt of laughter in her voice, "this manager

laughter in her voice, "this manager said: 'Excuse me, I thought you were Miss Garbo.' . . . "

Now I ask you? When the greatest figure on the American Screen, which means the world, can tell a yarn like that on herself to a rising young actress who hasn't risen as yet even to her belt level, isn't she just a swell feller? I say yes, and I say it right out loud and I don't care who hears

me!

And about the shoes.
I looked into Garbo's shoes right on that set. If you don't believe me, look at the picture illustrating this story and you'll see that I had all the op-

portunity in the world.

The marked size was 6½.

That isn't the tiny size for the little teetering feet of an old time heroine who couldn't walk across a set without wincing from tight shoes—but neither is it the canal boat dimension a lot of people have been led to believe Miss Garbo wears.

Just a normal, healthy American size, exactly right for Miss Garbo's height.

Personally, I have no patience with the general practice of trying to paint anybody and everybody on the screen as "just folks." Garbo is Garbo, you're you, and the shoe salesman around the corner may play the guitar at a fancy night spot during his evenings off

But what I do want to say is that anybody who tries to picture Garbo as a cold personality compounded of temperament and icicles is so far wrong that . . . well, it would be like saying that Abraham Lincoln and King George III had exactly the same personalities.

Garbo has a warm, pulsing personality and I know it. And I know you'll agree with me when I tell you a couple of actual incidents which took place

on the set.

During the filming of Garbo and Gilbert close-ups for "Christina," I wasn't wanted but I wasn't told to go home. Well, I fell asleep in one of the chairs out of camera range only to wake up with a start and a scared cry as Garbo passed me on the way to her dressing-room at five o'clock.

"I'm so sorry I awakened you," said Garbo. "Sleep is so sweet. And I think it's a shame they didn't send you home when they didn't need you. What, you are going to be needed now? Such nonsense! An actress is no good after eight hours on the set. How can they expect her to act? . . . "It was all I

I Act With Garbo

could do to stop Garbo from complain-ing to the director about his "cruelty" to me. No icicles in that temperament. are there?

On another occasion a little peewee of a sound man was pushing one of the microphone booms on to the set. It's built like a small derrick and really looks very heavy although rubber wheels on ball bearings make it easy to move around in spite of its bulk and weight. weight.

Garbo looked up and her sensitive face clouded over at the contrast be-tween the size of the boom and the size

of the man pushing it.

"Now, why on earth can't they get a big man to push that machinery around?" she said to the rest of the people on the set who had never given

it a thought before.

That's the first time in all my experience I have ever seen a genuine, hardboiled, leatherneck sound man blush. He got red all the way behind the ears, up and down his neck and up on his bald spot.

You may have noticed that I specified Garbo was leaving the set at five o'clock. Which brings up one of the studio mysteries that I think I can solve for you. One of the questions still being asked by producers, actors, sound men and the rest of the people on the set including the "grips" and "props" is how does Garbo find out when it's 5 P. M. so she can smilingly announce her famous phrase: "I think I go home now."

After all, when you're on a set in costume and in the middle of a scene you can't look at clocks which may be out of sight and your wrist watch may be in your dressing-room. Folks bebe in your dressing-room. Folks became certain that Garbo had "an uncanny sense of time." And there was even a story in the paper by one of those psychology boys that actresses, like sprinters and locomotive engineers, develop an unusual faculty for noting the passage of time. That's true—but the story is much simpler in this in stance. And I spotted the secret my-And I spotted the secret mystance. self.

Here it is in a quick flash. Garbo always has her maid on the set. The maid watches the clock. A few minutes before 5 P. M. the maid holds up five fingers for Garbo to see. And that's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it? Yet

nobody caught on.

Garbo feels very strongly about five o'clock closing. "All professions work certain hours," she told me. "Why not actresses? I work very hard all day—so I want to go home at night to get my rest. That is why I put it in my contract. . . ."

And the directors may tear their hair a little—but anybody will tell you that when Garbo is "working," she's all work. She "gives," as they say in the studios.

There you have Garbo as I've seen her—unvarnished, authentic and true.

I hope she'll forgive me for what may sound like an interview when it is her policy never to give any. But I want her to know that I'm not writing this as a publicity story or as a newspaper

I'm writing this as an actress and a Garbo fan and I simply couldn't resist the temptation and opportunity of telling the world exactly how swell I think she is both as an actress and as a personality.



"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day. I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."



"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria-it was all he needed!"



"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look

for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

Chat H. Fletcher. CASTORIA The children's laxative

from babyhood to 11 years •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold!







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Perfumes the Air

Freshens the Atmosphere

Banishes Unpleasant Odors

A new thrill awaits you and your friends! Simply apply a few drops of L'Orday Air Perfume on a light bulb or any hot surface; or better still, on a L'Orday Evaporator made especially for this purpose. Suddenly a delicate fragrance fills the room like a breath of Spring air, laden with the scent of budding flowers. So refreshing and stimulating that your entire home assumes a new cheerful personality . . . adding beauty and charm to yourself and surroundings. Try it today. Your choice of three delightful fragrances: Romance, Gayety, Ecstasy.



I Know Muni

(Continued from page 40)

found seated at those tables partaking of Muni's dinner. And then, when the meal is over, every participant can find a crisp, new ten dollar bill under his plate.

ander his plate.

I also know that Muni supports an entire army of unemployed actors and journalists with weekly donations. If you want a real appraisal of the real Paul Muni, just step down some evening to the Cafe Royal and ask anyone there what they think of Muni. "The swellest guy in the world," they will tell you, "a prince among fellows." This, coming from the lips of men who once appeared on the same stage with Muni and who have every right to be envious of his enormous success, is a touching tribute, indeed!

Why, then, does Hollywood consider Paul Muni as snobbish?

It is not difficult to answer this question, when you have known Paul Muni as well as I have.

Paul Muni once told me that there nothing in the world which would ever tempt him to change his mode of living—not success or failure, not wealth or poverty. For he felt that life, to be richest and most productive, must be lived sanely and intelligently.

In Hollywood, therefore, Muni—unlike so many of the other young stars who had suddenly achieved tremendous fame—refused to yield to the temptations that greeted him everywhere.

He is by nature very shy and reticent, afraid of crowds and strangers. As a result, he remained very much to himself, never mingling with the crowd, never indulging in Hollywood's "good-times"—but enjoying himself simply with good books, intelligent conversations, and quiet living.

I do not want to leave the impression that Paul Muni takes his success lightly. He is very proud of his success, and extremely happy with it. His battle for recognition was so long and arduous, that victory is inevitably sweet. I remember with what struggle and difficulty Paul Muni eventually was permitted to play a role on the English theater on Broadway.

He was making quite a name for his pacific in the verent parts of the second of the second

He was making quite a name for himself in the repertory theater on the East Side—but the gap between the East Side and Broadway was a tremendous one, and it was not so easily to be surmounted. One day, Channing Pollock, the Broadway playwright, called at Muni's theater to ask him to play a part in his play, "The Fool." He had seen Muni play the part of a giant in a Gorki play and he thought that the actor would be ideal.

However, when he saw Muni face

to face—a young fellow of twenty-seven with soft eyes and sensitive face—Pollack immediately told Muni that "he was not the type." In vain did Muni protest that he could make-up for the part of the giant—Pollack was adamant! Shortly thereafter, Laurette Taylor—the Broadway star—visited the repertory theater in search of a young man to appear with her in Fanny Hurst's "Humoresque." At that time, Muni was playing the

At that time, Muni was playing the part of an old man, and he performed the part with such effectiveness that Laurette Taylor immediately pronounced the decision that "he was not the type." When, therefore, Sam H. Harris invited Muni to come to his office to discuss a possible role on the English stage, Muni would take no chances. He took with him his makenp box.

when the producer told Muni that he was too young for the part of an old man in "We Americans," Muni then and there applied the make-up in full view of several persons in the office, and he made-up so effectively that Harris gave him a contract—the first contract to appear on the English stage—immediately.

contract to appear on the English stage—immediately.

Success in the talking films was equally bitterly fought-for. When, at last, a contract was offered him, Muni appeared in a very touching picture, "The Valiant," in which he gave a memorable performance. Unfortunately, the cinema tried too hard to exploit him as a character actor, and it featured him in a stilted and unconvincing story called "Seven Faces." When Hollywood tried to feature him in other inadequate pictures, Muni immediately tore up the contract.

He would prefer earning a small salary doing the type of play that interested him, rather than earn fabulous sums doing bad drama. It was several years before he was given another opportunity with the films. This time it was in an earnest, touching, tender story about a fugitive from justice. "I'm a Fugitive" immediately restored Paul Muni to fame and fortune in the film-world.

But success has not altered his personality nor changed his character.

Paul Muni is today the same simple, honest, tender-hearted, idealistic young fellow that he was ten years ago when life was a perpetual struggle. Success will never change him. To call him a snob is, therefore, to de him a grave injustice. When Hollywood will come to know and understand the real Paul Muni, it will no doubt come to love and respect him as much as his friends do.

TIME FOR SOUP

This month's food circulars give information that every housewife should have about soup. They are as follows:

- 1. Soups you should know
- 2. Lunch and dinner menus with soup
- 3. Soup variations
- 4. Cold soups and aspics
- 5. Luncheon dishes from soup
- 6. Dinner dishes from soup
- 7. Soup accompaniments
- 8. Soup in salad

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Hollywood Plays

Lee Tracy. Isabel is very sympathetic —met him at the train when he came back to Hollywood, and stood right

She had said she wouldn't marry him-they were just good friends -but since that time, when she saw Lee's face at the station, she isn't, I think, so sure.

JAMES CAGNEY and his wife were

JAMES CAGNEY and his wife were guests. They had been at a lot of other parties, and were there en passet. But Jimmy got off a wise crack. He said that he always attended the football games, but his great disappointment is that nothing ever seems to happen to the cheer leaders!

Alice Brady declared her leg was sore. She had come alone to the party, event that size of her big dogs was out.

except that one of her big dogs was out

in the car.

About the sore leg. She said it had About the sore leg. She said it had been chewed up by one of her dogs in the middle of the night, a few nights before. It seems they sleep in a corner of her room. She wears little pieces of cotton over her eyes at night to shut out the light, since she leaves all windows open. The cotton had come off and heen plays about the all windows open. The cotton had come off and been blown about the room, the dogs began chasing it, and she was awakened by their fighting over it! Trying to separate them, she

had been bitten.

The buffet supper included hot dogs.
And did Irene Franklin go for them!

"My idea of heaven," she said, "always was angels wearing wreaths of hot dogs:"

W HEN Carole Lombard made up her house warming party list, she was wrinkling plenty. George Raft said to her, "That's simple. Just make up a list of those you don't want. You

world on that list."

William Powell was very much present. He led sporadic bursts of song all afternoon and evening. Was a great help to Carole in her entertainment, and looked after guests as if he will lived in the Lowberg home. still lived in the Lombard home!

THE chief amusement was provided by Mack Grey, George Raft's fac-totum, and by "Cracker" Henderson, Jack Oakie's stooge. They started a lot of funny games, with a lot of guests playing blind man's buff until

guests playing blind man's buff until they were exhausted.

"Gee, I'm perspiring," confided Charlie Ruggles.

"Gosh, I'm perspiring, too," remarked George Raft.

Whereupon Charlie smiled sweetly and observed: "It's a small world, after all, isn't it?"

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard dropped in. Even in winter time they spend a lot of time down at San Pedro on Charlie's yacht.

Poor Georgie Raft! What a time he did have during one of the late rains!

did have during one of the late rains! First he hurt his foot at the Am-

First ne nurt his root at the Ambassador, as he was leaving the orchestra platform where he had been
making a speech. They took him outside—and his car had been stolen! A
friend lent him a car, and he was
taken home—only to find his apartment flooded.

So they took him back to the Am-

So they took him back to the Am-bassador—but not to the Cocoanut Grove—to a bedroom instead, and put (Please turn to page 84)



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

For more than five generations women who sew have



followed the label on the spool-end as a guide to good



thread. Smooth, even, elastic, it sews a fine and lasting



seam, does not fray or tangle into knots and makes of



sewing both a pleasure and a lasting beauty! Good thread today, as in years gone by, means either Coats or Clark's.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century - as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

A LESSON IN

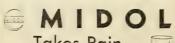
HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely



Midel saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.



Takes Pain Off the Calendar



Hollywood Plays

(Continued from page 83)

him to bed. He'd had enough for one

MIDNIGHT suppers are becoming a Hollywood fad.

That was a nice one which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman gave at their new Beverly home—a sort of house warming.
Mrs. Lachman is Chinese—a Man-

darin's daughter—and you may see a painting of her father and mother hanging on her boudoir wall.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson had been besought by Mrs. Lachman to aid her

in receiving.
"Come—like an angel," she had said

office—the an anger, she had said to Mrs. Robinson.

And Mrs. Robinson, pretending to take it literally, had arrived, wearing two little wings, and carrying a wand with a star at the end!

Taking off the wings and laying aside the wand, Mrs. Robinson did yeo man service, keeping the revelers, with their drinks, supper and cigarettes, out of the white drawing rooms, where even the carpets are white!

Jeanette MacDonald was there with Bob Ritchie—and most of the time was laughing at Polly Moran's jokes, out

in the bar. Vivienne Segal, another song-bird,

was present.
Warner Baxter and his wife among the guests. Rather keeping to themselves. Very devoted.
White and all the little

selves. Very devoted.

And George White and all the little blond Scandals.

Somebody paying too much attention to one of the little Scandals, out in the bar, very nearly got socked!

D o you notice how many of the Hollywood girls are wearing laces that belonged to their ancestors?

Bebe Daniels does it, and Gioria Swanson, and Colleen Moore, and Dolores Del Rio, and Adrienne Ames, and dozens of others.

Mrs. John Lodge was wearing some exquisite black lace that had belonged to her grandmother, at the party she and John gave that Sunday afternoon. Over a lace gown with low neck and short sleeves was draped a cape of the short sleeves was draped a cape of the loveliest black lace, revealing the whiteness of neck and arms through it in alluring fashion. Our grandmothers knew a thing or two, as Claudette Colbert remarked. Claudette, by the way, has some lovely old laces.

You probably know, by the way, that Mrs. Lodge is in professional life that accomplished dancer, Francesca Braggiotti, who appeared at the Hollywood Bowl on several occasions.

The tea-and-cocktail party was given in honor of Maestro Isador Braggiotti. The house is really his, and Mr. and Mrs. Lodge dwell with

Anita Loos and John Emerson told us they had taken a new house. "I went down town one day and shopped and shopped for furniture. snopped and snopped for trimmeter of only the drawing room carpet arrived next day," explained Anita, "but not the man to put it down. So the butler and I laid the carpet. And we did a good job, too!"

W. C. FIELDS is always the life of the party. Here's his joke at Rene Borzage's party:

"Cecil B. DeMille seems to be losing his grip. Why, he went to Hawaii with eighty-five persons, and returned with only 'Four Frightened People!'" his grip.

Everybody was down in the cozy whoopee room to begin with, but the crowd grew so thick they had to overflow into the drawing room above, where an unusually hula-ish hula dancer was entertaining. It seemed the only way really to get rooms

dancer was entertaining. It seemen the only way, really, to get people away from the bar.

Lyle Talbot was there. Said he had been feeling fine ever since his operation! Meaning the time he was beaten up by thugs.

Estelle Taylor and he used to be quite that way about each other. And they are still good friends, even though

they are still good friends, even though Estelle did say no when he asked her to marry him. So when he and Estelle met at Rene's they had a nice old gab-

Estelle and Mary Brian met, and Mary told Estelle, "All the men I go out with, who also go out with you, rave about you." Estelle, not to be outdone, answered, "And all the men I go out with, who know you, rave about you," adding, "We're both yamps you are the conscious kind and I'm

the unconscious kind!"
Mary laughed good-naturedly at the sally and didn't attempt a comeback.

A LITTLE crowd of the older aristocrats of the stage, formerly, most of them of the screen now, foregather every so often at one of the

number's home for a party.
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese did the honors the last time, at their most charming Beverly Hills home. William and Philip Faversham were

there. Philip told us how his father

always forgot names.
"Dad and I were talking one day several years ago, about his play. Dad started to say something, but inter-rupted himself with, 'What is my lead-ing lady's name?' And he had been playing the piece for six months!" Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne were

there. John Barrymore and his wife were to have come, but they were away on John's yacht, down in Mexican waters, fishing.

YOUNG Doug Fairbanks is being feted a lot, these days.

And have you seen him! The mould

And have you seen him! The mould of fashion is a mouldy old frump compared to him. What clothes he must have bought in London!

M. C. Levee gave a party for him, it being Doug's birthday.

One little candle lit up a small cake, and Doug was supposed to eat all the cake himself. He did, too.

He ran est of the room once to talk.

He ran out of the room once to talk over the wireless to Gertrude Law-

rence, in London.

Lilyan Tashman was there—flew in from New York. Wore a silver fox cape that was the envy of all the

feminine guests.

She had had it specially made—and the pattern was to be destroyed. So Lil will never meet herself coming to

a party.

By the way, if you want a good cock-tail, just gulp a Doug Junior. It is made of two-thirds gin, one-third Pisco punch, a dash of orange bitters, which introdicate are shaken well and which ingredients are shaken well and poured into chilled glasses.

Film Test for Beauty

(Continued from page 60)

bobbed. My teeth were the real trial, however. The front ones overlapped just the tiniest bit. Unnoticeable on the stage, the camera picked it up and made a glaring fault of it. For months I wore a removable brace until the teeth were straight. Now I must be teeth were straight. Now I must be careful not to lose any weight. After a siege of dieting to acquire the enviable silhouette, so popular for a while, I was repaid by having one of the leading critics say that my recent lose of weight had marred a once lovely face. So I stopped dieting right away."

We wanted Miss Evans to tell us what she considered the most important feature in beauty but she replied by saying that there isn't and shouldn't be any one most important

shouldn't be any one most important factor in beauty.

"Girls often make mistakes that way," she said. "They think that a matchless skin alone will give them beauty, or that lovely well-cared-for hair is enough.

"Most girls have only a vague idea of their own appearance—it's a one-sided idea because it is based almost

of their own appearance—it's a one-sided idea because it is based almost entirely on a face front picture of themselves in the mirror. It's only when they see themselves in pictures that they get all sides and all angles. "But if you were a young woman with no claims to real beauty except— let us say—beautiful hair or lovely

eyes—wouldn't you do your best to ac-centuate that one good feature?" Miss Evans was emphatic with her

no to that question.
"A lot of women do that but it's a great mistake. I think a girl should do her utmost to improve her worst features. It's natural to be a little vain and to try not to notice your own defects and to say, '0h, well, I never can have a lovely figure, but I can have lovely hair.' And then forget all about your figure. But of course, other people don't forget—and that imperfect feature may really spoil all the good features that you naturally possess." features. It's natural to be a little possess."
This bit of an interview I had with

Madge Evans between shots as they were doing the last finishing touches of Fox Follies and Madge was leaving the following day for a week's vacation. There wasn't much time but she did pass on a few more thoughts about

worth repeating. Here they are:
A girl should never take any credit
to herself for the good features she
naturally possesses. That's just something to be thankful about. But she certainly deserves credit for the things she does to improve her appearance. Keeping normal weight when you are inclined to be too thin or keeping a graceful figure when it is very easy for you to weigh too much-having a skin that always looks terribly clean and smooth even when its natural tex-ture isn't of the best—always having your hair look gleaming and smooth and becoming even when it may naturally be unruly or straggly— using enough make-up to look bright using enough make-up to look bright and vivid even when you are naturally pale and colorless—looking graceful through correct posture and carriage and manner of walking, even when your body is not naturally we'll pro-portioned—a girl really deserves credit for things like that.



"Here is the SECRET

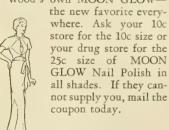


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OU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades-Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW-



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Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 15)

Anyhow, it must mean something, because Miss Ames packs her whathave-you's and goes with Vic to join a Bohemian colony in Greenwich Vil-

lage.

The Bohemians are "arty" folk who talk great deeds and do nothing about talk great deeds and they're it, except borrow money, and they're not even good at that.

not even good at that.

John Boles, a philanthropist, the like of which you can only find in the movies, backs the whole gang, financially, just to prove to our trusting Nell that her "artistes" were the original inspiration for that recent hit "Lazy Bones." He gives them six months to produce, and, with Johnny paying the bills, the gabby gang makes merry with a "hey, nonny nonny" and an "oi ach nem!"

As you probably expected, six months

an "oi ach nem!"

As you probably expected, six months goes by and not an achievement in the whole crowd. It's bad enough that they have failed her in proving themselves no-goods but, when Rosemary hears the slick and unoriginal Jory making love to another gal with the same words he has employed in winning her trusting heart . . . tek tek. Rather nice for Boles, though, because you just know he gets the girl. Which was the original idea.

William Conselman wrote the story

William Conselman wrote the story and Irving Cummings directs.

Men in White (M-G-M)

CLARK GABLE, with a white jacket and an irresistible bed-side manner. Git along, Apple Annie . . . who wants to keep the doctor away?

Clark is engaged to Myrna Loy, daughter of a millionaire, who is suffer-ing from a rush of society to the head. ing from a rush of society to the head. She resents his noble determination to sit up with sick friends when he might be dining and dancing with her. If patients insist on lying at Death's door, let somebody else pull them through.

Oh, she's spoiled, all right . . . but beautiful, and really a good girl at heart.

heart.

Elizabeth Allan, a student nurse, loves Clark and one night, after a heavy quarrel with Myrna, he "finds solace in Elizabeth's arms" . . . so says the script.

But, solace or no solace, he still worships the cold, selfish Myrna, and, because she demands it, he decides to toss his career out the window and let Love

reign supreme.

reign supreme.

Fate takes a hand, however, and before he can get the window open (one of those Sante Fé day coaches, I wouldn't be surprised?) Elizabeth, the little nurse and solace disher-outer, falls critically ill. Myrna watches while Clark operates on the girl, realizing, at last, the importance of the man's supreme gift to humanity.

The cast includes Lory Hersholt

The cast includes Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger, Henry B. Walthall, Wallace Ford, Dorothy Peterson, Russell Hopton, Sara Padden, and these are directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

From the play by Sidney Kingsley.

The Cat and the Fiddle (M-G-M)

JEROME KERN and Otto Harbach are responsible for this fluffy tale of a youthful impresario and his romance with a beautiful singer.



AVOID CARELESS USE OF STEEL WOOL

Prevent scratched fingers and infection. To get the greatest benefit from Steel Wool in scouring pots, pans, aluminum utensils, enamelware, glass dishes, knives, forks-everything scourable, use

SKOUR-PAK

THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Handy rubber holder enables you to use SKOUR-PAK down to the last inch. No waste. A little pack yet it outlasts two packs of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10¢ stores

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 Warren St., New York



Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 86)

Ramon Novarro romps through the first half of the picture with a Chevalier whimsy, pursuing the haughty Jeanette MacDonald and keeping so persistently under foot that, in self defense, I guess, she falls in love with

live together in Paris and, affection, Jeanette becomes famous for her song, wide Ramon works fever-ishly on his operetta, "The Cat and the Fiddle." under the stimulation of their mutual

Frank Morgan, producer of oper-ettas, falls for the glamorous Jean-ette and, in order to eliminate the ro-mantic interference, resorts to the stereetyped ruse of convincing Novarro

sterestyped ruse of convincing Novarro that he is ruining the girl's career. Ramon takes it big and makes the Supreme Sacrifice by folding up his operetta and going away from there. However, Jeanette drops around at the finish in time to sing the lead in his production, while Ramon does some swell warbling of his own.

Jean Hersholt adds to the cast, and Charles Butterworth, as a dumb harp-

Charles Butterworth, as a dumb harp-ist, contributes his usual hysterical brand of humor to the ensemble. William K. Howard directs.

Bottoms Up! (Fox)

HOLLYWOOD . . . as is! With all the sham, glamour, and whoop-de-dah exposed by a lad who knows his Cinema City as few do.

David Butler wrote the story, with the able assistance of Sid Silvers and

Bud De Sylva. Furthermore Butler directs. And how!

The characters are introduced at a Hollywood preview. Harry Green, a producer, plays a body of fatuity, completely surrounded by yes-men; Thelma Todd, a hotcha siren; John Boles, handsome star, who "takes off" some of our super-colossal thespian high-hats with smart innuendo; Pat Paterson, a moviesmart innuendo; Pat Paterson, a movie-minded beauty contest winner, out for autographs and a screen test; three pals looking for a soft spot, Spencer Tracy, Herbert Mundin, and Sid Silvers, the original stooge. The three good fellows take Pat under their respective wings, park her in the royal suite at the Ambassador Hotel, and proceed to shove her into the movies, via a bit of genteel black-mail.

mail.

By the time Green discovers the dirty work, Pat has clicked with the dear public, turned Boles inside out and put her mark on his heart, and there's nothing more to show you but a stupen-dous premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater, with Pat and John cooing into the good old microphone, quite, quite thata-way.

Four new song hits by De Sylva add rhythm to this Hollywood exposé, but, don't be misled . . . "Bottoms Up" is don't be misled . .

not a musical comedy.

Hot Air (Warners)

DICK POWELL sings for you again in this saga of a radio station. He is a singing waiter in a Holly-

wood night club when Pat O'Brien, talent scout for a radio company, hears his dulcet tones and drags him off to New York for a try-out. (Please turn to page 88)



Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood. Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only

by lips that have the natural color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire...without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick...it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Orange in the stick...rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipon your lips: Longer lasting that ordinary in-sticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today, 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face

UNTOUCHED-Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED - Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE-Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick Cheeks must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

	★4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET — 10¢
2/	THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG41
	417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
n't be switched!	Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lip- stick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10% (stamps or coin).
d patronize the e that gives you at you ask for	Check FLESH RACHEL LIGHT RACHEL
	Name
	Address
	CityState

PEG'S New Eyes work a Magic Spell!





Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eves wells of allure .. get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—instantly! Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use-called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresist-ible. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Complete Scientific NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you to introduce the new FLAME-GLO AUTOMATIC Lipstick. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. What is your number? Your sweethearts? Your friends? Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-0-14-0? Have fun. Amaze your friends. Study personalities. Learn and the study personal post card. No cost and address on penny post card. No cost along land address on penny post card. No cost along land address on penny post card. No cost along land post card. Section 1997.

Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 87)

Pat, who has a reputation for throwing numerous monkey wrenches into the design for living, insists that Dick use a falsetto voice as his best bet to win over the radio moguls.

Against his better judgment, Dick does so, and is promptly advised to get himself a fish wagon. Or something.

Ginger Rogers, also an ether musserupper, hears him singing in his own pitch and plays "dead dog" so that he may pinch hit for her on the Carlotta

Soap program.

The lad goes over big and station officials wade through heaps of swooning females to press a contract into one hand and a leaky fountain pen into the other.

Consequently, Ginger is out, but, does she care? Heh . . . only for Dick, she does. They plan to be married, too, until our crack-pot talent rustler convinces Ginger that matrimony can be nothing but knock-out drops in the elixir of Dick's success. And the poor gal believes him.

With Ginger gone, Dick tears up his contract and stomps out into the night, all forlorn. Pat gets him another job singing in a cafe, on spec.

It looks like he's sunk, too, until he happens to spy Ginger in the crowd, and then . . . does he ever sing?

Story by Paul Moss and Jerry Wald. Ray Enright directs. With Ginger gone, Dick tears up his

Transient Love (RKO)

FOR some unknown reason, Constance Cummings, naive, lovely child of heretofore innocent roles, plays an unmitigated flirt who breaks up homes and traps well meaning husbands, in and out of season.

Ralph Bellamy is happily married

to Irene Dunne when Constance, fresh from Reno and all that goes with it, walks on the scene and attempts to play a return engagement with Ralph, an old sweetheart, whom she has left

an old sweetheart, whom she has left waiting at the church while she impulsively eloped with a handsome naval officer, several years before.

Irene deliberately throws them to gether in order to satisfy herself that Ralph is as strong as he seems to be. But, a man is only as strong as his weakest moment, and while Irene crosses her fingers and knocks on wood, Ralph is playing Samson to Connie's Delilah.

Confessing his infidelity. Ralph asks

Confessing his infidelity, Ralph asks the little woman to get a divorce so he can make an honest woman of Constance. Instead, Irene calmly announces that she is going to sue the fickle lady for alienation of affections, airing the whole affair in public.

Constance, terrified at the thought of scandal, gives Ralph a set of very un-pretty "works" for ever confessing their intimacy, and his eyes are opened to her cheapness.

Ann Morrison Chapin wrote the story, while John Cromwell officiates at the directorial helm.

Success Story (RKO)

H OME again, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. makes his first picture from this story by John Howard Lawson.

Raised in the tenement district, (Please turn to page 89)



FUNNY in an advertisement . . . TRAGIC in life!

You've read it and smiled—"A beautiful face he adored, neglected hands he abhorred!" But it does happen and it needn't!

F-O Nail Polish changes ungroomed fingertips into gleaming, rose-tipped ones he'll love to touch. It makes fingers sing—"Look at us, lovely as a debutante's, though we're busy as bees all day long." Spreads evenly, lasts un-believably long, comes in five shades for all modes and moods. Also F-O Nail Polish Remover and F-O Cuticle Remover. Fort Orange

Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y. At all better Chains. NAIL POLISH

Let Others Envy YOU

Your youthful, petal-smooth complexion will be the envy of other girls if you cleanse, nourish and soften your skin with the famous VI-JON Creams. And think of this: You can get all three of these VI-JON Creams for less

than you would pay for just one jar of the "high-priced" creams. Furthermore, VI-JON Creams equal the best in purity, delicacy, results. Try them.



F.W.WOOLWORTH STORES



VI-JON LABORATORIES . . . ST. LOUIS

Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 88)

and hating it with a good sturdy hate Doug determines to pull out of the sordid environment and make the world pay plenty for the private accident of his birth.

His sweetheart, Colleen Moore, gets

him a job with an advertising agency and, in no time at all, he owns the whole shebang, firing, right and left, all the unfortunate souls who happen to stand in the path of his progress and there are quite a number.

Drunk with power, he forgets the little sweetheart who helped him on the way up, and marries Genevieve Tobin. And it serves him right, too, the big

meanie.

Genevieve proves to be an expensive nuisance, as well as an unfaithful side-kick, and when Doug catches her fooling around with one of his business associates, he sells them down the river and decides to walk west till his hat floats.

At the critical moment, walks in and, instead of sympathizing with Doug, she backs him into a corner and tells him exactly what she thinks of him. Which is plenty no good.

Right there, he realizes that she is the only woman he ever loved. And Colleen, after she cools down a bit, agrees to take him on and raise him

Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

David Harum (Fox)

I N the first part of this picture, Will Rogers behaves like an old meanie. But, beneath all his mortgage-foreclos-

ing and stingy shrewdness there beats a heart of gold, so help me!

When Kent Taylor loses all his money, Irene Bentley (the mercenary wretch!) breaks her engagement to him. Disillusioned and mentally in the doghouse, Kent takes a job in Rogers' small town bank, where he learns to hate Will for his apparent meanness, and love Evalyn Venable for her charm loveliness.

and loveliness.

But, alas . . . Evalyn is wealthy.
And, who ever heard of a poor young
man marrying a rich young girl??
Oh, you did, did you? Well, skip it.

After months of believing Will to
be a double-dyed scoundrel, Kent suddenly gets a peek beneath that tough
exterior, and there . . . didn't we tell
you? . . . beats the afore-mentioned
fourteen-karat auricle and ventricle
machinery!

machinery!
On Will's advice, Kent takes his hard-earned savings out of the bank and bets it on a horse that Rogers is

The horse wins, Kent's savings attain startling proportions, and now he can ask the girl of his dreams to be his wife. Goody!

Edward Noyes Westcott did the good

James Cruze directs.

Melody in Spring (Paramount)

LANNY ROSS, popular young crooner of "Show Boat" fame, makes his cinematic debut in this (Please turn to page 90)



AGA7INF

EDITED TO YOUR LIKING

No one has ever come to your door offering you special inducements to buy this magazine.

The editorial policy is to fill each issue so full of absorbing, dramatic stories and articles . . . to give you so much for your money that you buy your magazine because you want to read it.

If you have any suggestions to make to us about stories or articles you would like to see included, please write to us.

TOWER MAGAZINES. Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

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You, too, can have

LOVELY EYEBROWS

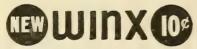
this new, easier way

JUST a delicate touch of the brows with the magic Winx Pencil and they are given a natural contour, a soft, velvety tone -real, alluring. Not coarse or artificial. This new creation comes from the world's leading experts in eye make-up-the creators of Winx mascara (cake or liquid).

Just try this new-day Winx eyebrow pencil-utterly different. Compare it with anything you have ever tried. Note how the Winx Pencil gives a dainty naturalness heretofore impossible.

Today, buy one of these marvelous new Winx Pencils, black or brown. See for yourself how just the right touch gives your whole face a new interest. You will never be contented with skimpy, unattractive eyebrows again.

Ross Company, 243 W. 17th St., New York City



EYEBROW PENCIL AT ALL GOOD 5 AND 10 STORES

"NEW CLEARING FACIAL A SENSATION

-Says Expert

\$5 in Salons; Only a Few Cents at Home



Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 89)

offering from the pen of Frank Leon Smith.

The lad can really sing, so, if you find the plot cheerfully vague, you won't mind too much, as Lanny has a lot of what it takes to "soothe the savage whatcha-mah-callem."

Anyhow, as near as I can make out, Charlie Ruggles is a dotty manufac-turer of dog biscuits and Ross is ambi-tious to get on the radio program that Charlie sponsors.

In a weak moment, Ruggles promises to sign the air-minded warbler if he can lead the Ruggles offspring, Ann Sothern, to the altar.

It's a cinch, because Ann feels "that way" about Lanny, too. So, to escape the wages of his rash promise, Charlie packs Ann and his better half, Mary Boland, off to Switzerland, with Lanny

Boland, off to Switzerland, with Lanny running them a close second.

There is a chase up and down the mountains, with our hero pausing now and then to yodel the theme song. Charlie lands in jail. Lanny gets him out. Lanny lands in jail. Ann gets him out. We land in a padded cell. Nobody gets us out. . .

Just the same, it's some fun, and, in view of Lanny's singing and the Rug-gles-Boland brand of comedy, we guess

gles-Boland brand of comedy, we guess you can take it. And like it. Norman McLeod directing.

We're Not Dressing (Paramount)

AT the time we covered this one, not even the author knew how the story was going to end. But, then ... when did an author ever?

This much we're sure of: Carole Lombard owns a tony yacht. Bing Crosby is a deck hand who sings as he swabs. Burns and Allen are a pair of naturalists (no, Emma . . . not nudists) who are carrying on their nutty feud on a desert island.

To get the four of them together, ir bewildered author, Walton Hall our bewildered author, Walton Hall Smith, wrecks the yacht, tosses Carole and Bing up on the island and . . . that's as far as we go.

But, with Burns and Allen entering into the spirit of the thing, and Bing exercising his tonsils while he picks sea-weed out of his top hair, what do we care about an old plot?

Bo-bo-bope bo-bo-bo . . . Don't you think so? . . . I think so. . . .

Norman Taurog directs.

The Trumpet Blows (Paramount)

Y OU should have been along George Raft came on the set wear-7 OU should have been along the day ing his green satin bull throwing suit!

Tck, tck! Even Sally Rand lost a few pop-eyed on-lookers and one smart cracker dared George to take his set-ting-up exercises in those close margin panties.

Raft, as you may have guessed, is a

Adolphe Menjou, his older brother, is a retired bandit who has settled down on a ranch in Mexico after barely escaping with his life from another band of bloodthirsty bandits.

Menjou tries to discourage his kid brother from going into the bellowing bovine racket, but, on the ranch, among the cows and their husbands,



For Tan and **Colored Shoes**

Just wonderful results, ColorShine Neutral Color Creme cleans, polishes, restores color, preserves leather. Easy to use. Only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. 12 kinds, for all colors, kid, suede, cloth shoes. In bottles or tubes. Buy ColorShine, It's wonderful!



Advance News of New Films

(Continued from page 1811)

George gets all steamed up and more

determined than ever.
Katherine DeMille plays a little
Mexican flirt who tries to vamp our
toreador away from his real love, toreador away Frances Drake.

There are some really breath-taking scenes of the bull fight and if you like

it—you can have it.

Stephen Roberts directs this story
by Porter Emerson Browne.

George White's Scandals (Fox) GEORGE WHITE brings some of that old New York pepper to naive Hollywood.

His technique is a revelation and he works like a demon, directing the dances, dialogue, even the set-ups; dragging props from here to there, and back again; dashing in and out of the sound booth; and, when he can find nothing else to do, jumps in front of the camera and acts for who-tied-it!
Rudy Vallee croons stage love to his

partner (and real life heart throb) Alice Faye. She is in a bad way about the curly haired toast (and yeast) of a nation, but Rudy is much more excited about his coming broadcast.

cited about his coming broadcast.

So-oo-o, with Rudy loving his art,
and Alice loving Rudy, and Jimmy
Durante loving Alice, and Dixie Dunbar loving Jimmy, and Cliff Edwards
loving Dixie . . . well, you just know
it takes two directors to straighten
things out. And directors Thornton
Freeland and Harry Lachman are the
official straightener-outers.
The songs are catchy, the dances are

The songs are catchy, the dances are something to write home about, and the grand finale is a super-stupen-dous wedding between Rudy and Alice,

right on the stage.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG-**EST SET**

Things you can make for the baby with the aid of our New Method Circulars:

Ap294—An amusing floor pad covered with glazed chintz Ap295—Bird and animal appliques for

baby's spring wardrobe

Ap296—Diagram pottern and embroid-ery design for smart bonnet made of flannel or linen

Ap297-Diagram pattern and embroidery design for a useful short sleeved jacket

Ap298—The newest thing in knitted rompers with bunny decoration Ap299—Pads for the nursery chair made from scraps of colored

Ap300—Small coat hanger and cap stand covered with satin ribbon

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

" LURELESS LETTY" Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!



Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary ever to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens you can have the same wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset-today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves-each of which might cost you \$2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a full week. And fingerwaving your hair with JO-CUR is about as quick and easy as combing it!

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known.

JO-CUR is made with a quince-seed base -not cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will not leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer... Double your "appeal"!
Express your VIVID PERSONALITY bring out YOUR loveliness as never before-TONIGHT!

> Get your bottle of JO-CUR at any drug or department store, or, in the trial size, at the 10c store.





Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment— Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know, that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial-that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. 4-F, Baltimore, Md.



Why hesitate? Mary T. Goldman's way is entirely SAFE. Just comb colorless liquid through

hair. Youthful color comes. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing.

We only ask that you convince yourself. Simply try Mary T. Goldman's on a small lock snipped from hair. This way see re-sults—without risk. Get full-size bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. If you prefer to test it free, mail the coupon.

Complete Test Package. Prove to yourself what 3,000,000 women—and men, too—know. Use coupon.

912 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name
Street
CityState
Color of your hair?

People's Academy

(Continued from page 17)

designer is trying to put across. And immodest is hardly an adequate word to describe the majority of the evening gowns worn by the stars of the mo-ment. Some of them pretend to be "ladies" on the screen but I have failed to notice such gowns worn in public by real society women. Also, I have heard rather modern men voice their disapproval of such exhibitions. So perhaps a little reform in dress wouldn't be a bad idea.

I read your page regularly and enjoy the reactions of your other readers.

Miss Fay Hogsett,
1327 Wilbarger.

You raise an interesting point. The movies and the people in them are supposed to reflect real life. If not, they are wrong.

From a Stanwyck Fan

Roanoke, Ill. A FTER seeing "Ever In My Heart' I can't find superlatives enough to describe Barbara Stanwyck's splendid performance. She is superb! Why does the public rave over the spectacular, the glamorous, the exotic stars and say so little about this natural, unaf-fected young actress? I saw her at a theater in Washington in scenes from her most popular pictures.

Without the special stage settings or Without the special stage settings or gorgeous gowns that add so to any show, she held her audiences breathless by the sheer realism of her performances. Only a great actress could do a thing like that. And she is great. Her sincerity, vividness always makes her pictures real events for those who appreciate fine acting.

Edna Walters,

Gen. Del.

Gen. Del.

Barbara Stanwyck is a great actress and a great woman. She can make others feel emotion perhaps because she has suffered it herself.

A Voice From the Coast

Saratoga, California.

I'VE recently read several letters in your columns suggesting that girls (and men too) who don't need the money should not try to get into pictures; that they should leave such work for their needy sisters.

Now that altruistic motive and thought is all right for other occupa-I don't approve, either, of the millionaire's daughter who learns typing just for fun and takes a job for pleasure which may be almost a life and death matter to some other girl and her family—but real talent is so scarce and seldom found that I believe it should be given the public wherever found, regardless of the circumstances of the aspirant to fame.

It does not seem to me that work which by its peculiar nature gives so much of pleasure and entertainment to the public should be regarded in the same manner as work in an office, store

or factory.

Mrs. A. C. Booker, Box 273.

Acting ability is hard to find. If you are sure you have it let others see it. But be sure first that you have it.

Looks 2

• "Wherever I go people say: 'What a peaches and cream complexion!' It makes me laugh for people take me to be in my twenties when in reality I am the other side of forty. I certainly give thanks to Ambrosia for it has done wonders to a once-sallow complexion." Mrs. F. J., Pennsylvania.

You, too, can have a youthful skin that others envy. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, removes all deeplying dirt, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates, Made from an old French formula, it's antiseptic, prevents pimples and blackheads.

Pour Ambrosia on cotton, wipe it over the face and neck. You feel it tingle:

you know it is cleansing as noth-ing has done before. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener to close large pores, reduce oiliness, invigorate circulation.

At all 10c stores; also in larger sizes at drug and department stores. Hinze Ambrosia,

Inc. 114 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



OUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting ... no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

REEZO

People's Academy

A Warning to Youth

Charlottesville, Va.

I HAVE recently been rather bored by the sight of beautiful young ladies playing roles which seemed too old and sophisticated for them. Especially when the young ladies were perfect pictures of worldly innocence.

That is why I was favorably impressed by Esther Ralston in "To the Last Man" and "By Candlelight." She is a charming, well poised, beautiful actress who is sufficiently mature looking to fit the roles she portraved.

ing to fit the roles she portrayed.

There is something about her acting which is peculiarly fresh and unstilted.

I have read that she is attempting a comeback. Since I did not attend silent pictures, I am not familiar with her success at that time, but I believe that I am safe in prophesying that she will become a big "hit" in the near future. Certainly she has the looks, a good speaking voice, and what is more im-portant—she can act.

James H. Logan.

Why must they always look so beautiful? And sophisticated? After all the charming person is never artificial. And there is nothing like youth.

Stay in the Films, He Says

Cambridge, Mass.

THE "back to the stage" movement has returned many of our film stars to the legitimate. True, it gives a fan in the big cities a chance to see their favorite star in the flesh. But, on the other hand, it deprives the fan in the country of seeing them on the screen for morths. for months.

Is this a wise plan on the part of the stars? In a great many cases they were sensations only after their introduction to the movies. Helen Hayes' name meant little to the fans outside the cities. Katharine Hepburn was not known outside New York. Miriam Hopkins had no vast following until her talkie debut. I can't see their point in this stage allegiance. The theater killed itself with its excessive admissions, and, lo, they are crowing that at the premiere of Hepburn's play, "The Lake," in New York City speculators sold tickets for one hundred dollars a pair. She never was able to command that figure, formerly, until her name became a by-word in the talkies. stars? In a great many cases they were talkies.

John Thayer, 18 Creighton St.

There is a glamour about the stage and a thrill about being able to hold an audience. But that same thrill exists in the movies—even although you can't feel it. Remember others

Jean Harlow Salad

In the center of a salad plate lined with crisp lettuce hearts, place a mound of cottage cheese, mixed with seedless roisins and topped with pecans. Around this, place alternately, halved silices of pineapple and kadota figs stuffed with cream cheese.



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies

tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINITto introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its instant results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.





PARTNERS

in Loveliness...

"Pale hands, pink-tipped" with lustrous, lasting Chic-the nail polish that reflects the gleam of admiring eyes!

Chic's fascinating new crystal flacon is unusually generous in size. . . Its new Bakelite top never lets the brush touch the surface of your dressing table. Available in five outstanding shades-Clear (colorless), Pink, Coral, Ruby, Deep. . . . Chic spreads evenly, and keeps its beautiful lustre for days longer. Also Chic Nail Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover,

At all better Chains.



A Fine GRAY HAI REMEDY NOW MADE AT HOME



MOTH DAMAGE Costs Only 10c

Instead of using smelly moth balls this year, put your clothes away with Zorex. Zorex releases a delicate flower-like fragrance that brings sure death to moths and larvae, yet quickly vanishes when clothes are aired. Newest and best way to end moth damage. Ask for Zorex. Sold in all good 10c stores.

The ZORO Co., 361 W. Superior St., Chicago

Confessions of a Scandals Beauty

(Continued from page 47)

through your paces, I thought-she's just finished making a strenuous pic-ture. How can she do this one?

That whole evening she didn't have a chance to say more than five words to Rudy. But the next morning when word went around that the studio was going to let her have a rest why, bang! Just like that out came the headlines about the Harvey-Vallee fireworks! Maybe it's the climate.

Who was going to take her place? That did stir up the dust. A million dollar production handled by George White himself—thousands of extras engaged—the orchestra all ready on that big sound stage-and no leading lady. In his fifteen years as a producer I don't think Uncle George has ever been up against that before.

Jimmy Durante, of course, suggested getting Garbo but Cliff Edwards—they're my particular playmates in the

they're my particular playmates in the picture, you know—said no, who ever heard of a sphinx spilling "scandal"!

Around eleven o'clock the suspense was killing. Rudy and Uncle George and Uncle Robert Kane, Fox executive, put their heads together. Finally they walked across to where a cute blond girl was sitting—Alice Faye. And they gave her the part! Honestly, it was so thrilling I was weak for it was so thrilling I was weak for hours afterward. And Alice—she

hours afterward. And Alice—sne looked too stunned to speak.

You see, both she and Rudy had been in Mr. White's last production of the "Scandals," on the stage. Rudy, naturally, had top billing. Alice was in the chorus. Then someone remarked to him that the dealer and the stage. to him that she had a nice voice. Alice herself didn't suspect it. She'd never taken a singing lesson or thought much about it. But Rudy is one crooner who believes in giving every-body his chance. He has given it to two of his orchestra boys with special talent and I don't know how many others. So when he heard Alice sing he said: "You've got something. . . . How would you like to sing with my orchestra?"

Now, no girl has ever been asked to do that before. She made good right from the start, too. Worked like sixty so Rudy wouldn't be disappointed in her. He arranged for her to come work to do one number in the show out her. He arranged for her to come west to do one number in the show out here. She completed it that very first day and was ready to return when. . . . Well, as she told me later—"No one can make me believe there aren't any more miracles!"

Alice—stepping into a role which at least twenty stars had been considered for. And playing opposite Rudy. We had a grand time during the wedding scene. Not a person on the set could remember whether the groom stood on the right or left of the bride. "Let's take it both ways," exclaimed Rudy and he and Alice marched up and down that aisle for an hour.

IT takes a lot of patience to make a movie. Your clothes are almost made on you—and incidentally, you wear more on the screen than you do on the stage if you're a show girl. Mr. Hays is too apt to say "Naughty." You learn one routine and one little part at a time and do it. With all the care in the world, too,



Relieves Teething Pains

HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

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Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, volvet smooth, permawaterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for ... 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores.

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Enjoy all the elegance of cosmopolitan living—at a minimum cost. (\$3.00 a day single, \$5.00 a day double.) A hotel residence in an exclusive and convenient location right off Fifth Avenue . . . but a step from Central Park. Beaut.ful rooms and excellent

Write for free Illustrated Booklet

R. C. AGARD . MANAGER

14 East 60th Street **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Confessions of a Scandals Beauty

the microphone picks up things an audience couldn't. Like a faked dance step or a head that's slipped. Sometimes you go right on recording until four o'clock in the morning the way we did in the "dog" number. Jimmy Durante wanted to know if he could call up the Humane Society because his "own personal dogs were burnin' up!"

On the stage, of course, you occasionally rehearse all day and all night at the wind-up. But you don't mind that, for you know it will be followed by the thrill of the opening night. All the girls get flowers and candy and telegrams and when the curtain rings down Uncle George gives a hig narty on the stage.

a big party on the stage.

a big party on the stage.

He's the most popular man on Broadway, this George White. And, I think, the kindest. He says the type of chorus girls is changing considerably. Gold diggers are out. The "hard-boiled babies with the brittle edges." To make the grade now a chorine has to be "gently feminine" and it's better if she doesn't smoke or drink. He's terribly fussy about figures.

Most of the girls have never had a particle of training because Uncle George prefers moulding them himself if they have ability. What's more, he helps you to get ahead just as fast as it's possible if you ask him for advice.

Personally, I've been dancing since I was three. From the time our old negre cook began clapping his hands

negro cook began clapping his hands and shouting at me, "Dance, Tootsie, dance!" He taught me rhythm and dance! He taught his Thythin and funny steps and it wasn't long before I was doing professional work around Atlanta, my home city. As soon as I graduated from Washington Seminary mother took me to New York. We

graduated from Washington Seminary mother took me to New York. We didn't know a soul there.

But I went to the Irving Berlin Publishing Company to get some music and Harry Richman's manager was introduced to me. Through him I was offered six jobs in three days. I went first to the Village Barn and then to the Paradise Club, where Mr. White saw me.

Uncle George has a contract to make five editions of them for the films—all of them different from his stage hours. I hope I'll be in every one.

My Big Moment in Hollywood?
Winfield Sheehan's party I think. Was that wonderful! I used to dream of meeting Janet Gaynor. And I did!
She has the cunningest freckles and the loveliest red hair. But she desert the loveliest red hair. But she doesn't wear any make-up. That was a shock because I thought all stars wore makeup. She made a point of coming up

by. She made a point of coming up to me and wishing me luck. I could have hugged her. . . .

Warner Baxter and his wife were there also. They seemed to have such a good time talking and laughing together. Someone said they'd been married sixteen years. Why, he looked more like a beau then a hugherd.

more like a beau than a husband.

There's something about Hollywood that gets you, somehow. Something that makes your heart beat faster and your blood tingle. It's a land that's set to romance. Maybe it's because Opportunity with an enormous O looks around every corner. Or-maybe it's the climate. . . .



THOUSANDS of women have brought their food and homemaking problems to Mary Marshall . . . glad to know there is someone to whom they can go for information they can't find themselves.

- · Perhaps you're puzzled about food values . . . how to get the children to eat . . . how to balance the family diet . . . what household equipment to use . . . the best laundry methods . . . questions of personal beauty.
- Maybe yours is a simple problem . . . maybe intricate. One woman wrote: "My white silk dress is simply ruined with a mercurochrome stain. Can you tell me how to remove it. Mary Marshall?"
- · Mary Marshall didn't know . . . but she'd find out. She went to a big New York druggist. He didn't know. He sent her to their chemical laboratory. They couldn't tell her. It wasn't in any of the government reports that contain such information. She stuck to her quest, though, until she got the information and saved the dress!
- Take advantage of this reader service . . . without charge. Whenever you have a home-making problem . . . and you don't know quite what to do with it . . . send it along to Mary Marshall!

ADDRESS

Miss Mary Marshall, Home Service Bureau Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



You may think powder is powder—and choose yours by the color of its box! But your nose knows the difference!

If you don't use Luxor-the Moisture-proof Powder—your complexion probably shows the difference too. For ordinary face-powders have a way of coarsening pores, hiding away where cleansing cream can't catch them.

That's why it's wiser to use Luxor. For this is one powder that clings to the surface of your skin. Luxor will not, for it cannot, absorb moisture. Pour some in a glass of water. See it float on the top! That's just how it stays on your face, giving your skin a smooth, light, lovely finish!

Luxor costs just 55 cents at stores everywhere. Send coupon for generous trial package.

Hear "Talke Picture Time" starring June Meredith: drama, love, adventure on the movie-lot. NBC, Sunday, \$200 E.S.T.; 4230 C.S.T. See local papers.





LUXOR, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill. Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Mousture-proof Powder, Rouge and new Special Formula Cream, Enclosed is ten cents to help cover malling-costs.

		This	offer not	good in	Canada		
Check,	Powder:	Rose	Rachel	Ra	chel	_ Flesh_	
	Rouge:	Radia	nt	Medium	S	unglow_	
TM-4		Paste	L V	ivid	_ Rosel	lush	

Address

HOW TO HAVE



LUR-EYE holds the secret to this charm which you may easily possess. Each night rub a tiny bit of Lur-Eye at the roots of the lashes. In less than a month your eyes will reflect this new beauty of more alluring lashes. (Actually longer, silkier,

DOES NOT SMART OR STING Lur-Eye also relieves tired, inflamed, bloodshot eyes, and granulated lids.



Introductory Size at the better 5 and 10c stores. Regular Size at good drug and department stores

LUR-EYE PRODUCTS, INC. 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Welcome Death

(Continued from page 54)

bow, watching with profound admiration the rippling muscles and strong, broad shoulders of the lad who piloted the little boat, steadily and surely, to

It was love at first sight. The two were married without delay and traveled in a covered wagon to Fort In-dustry (now Toledo) Ohio, where they set up a homestead and fought In-

dians for the ultimate right-of-way.

Their son, Otto's father, grew to
manhood and made the most of an enviable position as accountant with a large firm in Toledo.

Every Sunday, the dashing fellow rented a horse and buggy from the local livery stable and drove about the bright countryside, probably with the top down and one foot hanging out.

Not being a traveling man, he

passed the various farm houses without stopping, until one afternoon, when Fate took a hand in the matter.

A SHRIEK of distress caused him to bring the prancing horses to an abrupt stop and, there, dangling from the lower limb of a tree, within four inches of the menacing horns of a temperamental bull, was . . . you're ahead of me, and it serves me right!

... the farmer's daughter!

Chasing off the ferocious animal with an authoritative "Scat!" he hauled the trembling maiden to safety and they proceeded to the house, where they partook of the usual Sunday farm fare . . . chicken and all the fixin's.

That, too, was love at first sight. The happy pair were married, set up housekeeping, and, before long, they started looking under cabbages and scanning the horizon for a glimpse of the big bird that was to make their

hapov union complete.

Arriving two months ahead of schedule, Otto opened his blue eyes on a world that promised much . . . and withheld little.

Shy, sensitive, a dreamer at heart, he survived the difficult years with no more than his share of measles, mumps and general heartbreak. Suddenly, he was sixteen . . . and

in love!

She was twenty-one, utterly desirable, and engaged to marry another. Ah, cruel Fate! Day after day, Otto played her accompaniment on the old square piano, while she lifted her sweet voice in tender love songs that didn't do a thing toward relieving the emotional situation.

At last, unable to contain himself longer, the boy told her of his love and was amazed and delighted to learn and was amazed and delighted to learn that she returned his affection! Then, an attack of cold reason set in. Her flance was a wealthy young physician, in a position to give her all the things young Otto could not.

DETERMINED not to stand be-tween his love and the good things of life, Otto made a dramatic "beau geste," wrote a final note of renunciation, and ran away to Cheyenne, where he punched cows for six months . . . and \$180.00.

From there, he trekked to Kansas City where he got a job selling pianos for a musical firm. After he had ruined half a dozen expensive instru-

Do you know the sure touch to a SUCCESSFUL DINNER



Fish . . . The exciting, sophisticated Yet we addition to any dinner. women in America have just never used fish to its full advantage.

You can make all sorts of fascinating cocktails and canapes with fish . . . delicious fish chowders and soups . . . plain or fancy fish dishes for the main course . . . salads that make bridge luncheons unusual . . . sauces and dressings.

HOW?

First fill in the coupon below and send 10c with it. Then you'll get a fish circular with 67 appetizing recipes covering all uses of fish . . . even for breakfast. You'll welcome these recipes to your list of distinctive dishes!

COLD FIS	н	APPETIZER
ps flaked left-	2	cloves
er fish	4	whole peppers
p vinegar	1/2	teaspoon brown
p water		sugar
yleaf	1	slice lemon
		ts together excep
for five min	ute	s. Pour hot over

2 cu ov 1 cu 1 cu 1 ba

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Welcome Death

ments, trying to tune them, the company decided that as a salesman he was a darn good cow puncher, and for a time, Otto experienced the intricacies of plain and fancy starvation.

Receiving fifty dollars for re-writing an opera, he retired for a time to travel around the world. Winding up in Central America, broke, but not discouraged, our intrenid explorer Ana-

in Central America, broke, but not discouraged, our intrepid explorer Ananias-ed himself into a job as quartermaster of a lumber boat. Taking two old salts into his confidence, he did a neat, but not gaudy, job of quartermastering, bringing the schooner, without mishap, back to the United States . . and more foodless days.

Answering an ad in the "Clipper," he was signed to play leads with a repertoire company, in Iola, Kansas. That was the beginning of the long, long trail that led to Broadway and, finally, the stamping ground of all legitimate stars . . . Hollywood.

Otto Kruger fought the inevitable for several years. In fact, his name was the last to come down from the Broadway marquees and placed, in an interesting and the star of the

Broadway marquees and placed, in an imposing spot, on the Hollywood roster of famous personalities. Even yet, he still has one foot on the boards, and his sojourn with us is far from assured.

"I miss the audience reaction," he told me, "the pat on the back that means so much to an actor . . . any actor."

actor."

He regrets the studio inconsistency that insists on making a romantic lover of him.

"I won my spurs, as it were, in character roles. It is, undoubtedly, the thing I do best. Let Gable and Colman handle the heavy romance and give me back my chin whiskers!"

You're going to like Kruger... but take it easy! The gentleman is happily married and intends to stay that way.

that way. Vive le Kruger!!



Alan Edwards and Claire Trevor in "Hold That Girl," a Fox picture.

You can't "Kill" colds .. but you may

CONTROL them

DON'T run risks with so-called "cold-killing" remedies. It's so easy to upset the system with unwise internal dosing-which often lowers vitality just when it is most needed to resist disease.

Play safe with your family's health! Follow Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, supervised by physicians, it has greatly reduced the number, duration and dangers of colds. (Details of the Plan come in each Vicks package.)



To AVOID Many Colds

VICKS NOSE DROPS

At that first nasal irritation or stuffiness, apply the new aid in preventing colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. The Drops are especially designed to stimulate the functions which Nature has provided-in the nose-to throw off threatening infection.



If a cold has developed, just rub on Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds. Its poultice action "draws out" tightness. At the same time, its soothing medicated vapors carry relief direct to irritated airpassages.

CONTROL OF COLDS

What Are Your Home Making Problems?

Whatever they are-about food, about children, about time-saving devices—why don't you dispose of these irksome questions by packing them off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She knows a lot about home-making and is very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no charge—it's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your

Address Miss Mary Marshall, TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc. 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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HEELS Ends Discomfort of SORE INSTEP New or Tight Shoes

You'll enjoy instant ease and comfort when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The aches of corns. throbbing of bunions, pain of callouses or soreness on toes,

heel or firstep are immediately relieved by these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads. Shoe pressure and friction are also ended, preventing blisters and abrasions and enabling you to walk golf or dance in new or tight shoes with comfort.



Remove Corns and Callouses

To quickly and safely loosen and remove corns and callouses use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included for that purpose. Get a box today! Sold everywhere,



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years vounger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-sizns. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face totion.



Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France
A single drop lagts
a week!

To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bortles. Only one set to each new customer. PAUL RIEGER, 161 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Nothing But the Truth

(Continued from page 28)

even though not really famous. I cannot let your letter go unanswered, because it has so much heartache in it. Something compels me to assure you that the articles which I wrote for this magazine were intended to serve a good purpose, not a bad one. I wanted to tell the plain truth and open the eyes of the people to the facts. I thought the best way to do it was to poke fun at myself, at my business, at the actors, at the studios and at everything but people like you. Your letter shows that you complete-

Your letter shows that you completely misunderstood me. I am sorry. Perhaps it would have been better if I had not been so blunt in telling the truth. But so much nonsense has been written about the glamour of the movies that I felt it was time to tell the cold, hard truth. You are the only one who has criticized me for it. Others, many of them, have written letters of thanks for evening their even.

for opening their eyes.

Yours is the only letter I have answered in person. You are the only one, outside the editor of the magazine, who knows the name of the author of the articles I wrote. I ask you to keep it confidential. But I ask you to read my story again and then make up your mind whether it was better for you and millions of others to know the truth or to go on deluding yourself.

and millions of others to know the truth or to go on deluding yourself.
You apparently criticize Universal for using Margaret Sullavan. I cannot agree that you are correct in this. They tried in good faith to find the right person for a great part. They found her. The fact that she happens to have been a professional makes no difference. It only proves that I was correct in saying we are all "nutty." Sincerely yours,

IN just a few days I received a letter which would soften a heart of stone. It was so fine and so sincere that it deserves a very careful reading. It said:

Chicago, Ill.

Par Sir:
Your letter received this morning, and it is needless no doubt to tell you I was surprised to receive same. But, before I go any further I want to say I am indeed sorry to have been rude in my impulsiveness. All my life I have disliked sarcasm, and I was over-sensitive I am afraid when I read your article. You see I had realized the same disappointment that the man in your article had, naturally my heart was in sympathy. Now, I am sorry that I wrote to you as I did.

If I gave you the impression that I

If I gave you the impression that I criticized the selection of Margaret Sullavan for the lead in "Only Yesterday" then I have done myself an injustice. Never in my life have I ever begrudged any one their success, and now I hope with all my heart that Miss Sullavan will not only be successful in that part, but in any other she may be fortunate enough to be called upon to notify.

To portray.

I can't help but feel that Universal had her in mind, even when they advertised for a young girl to be given the chance to at least try for it. That was where the deal seemed so unfair and caused so many disappointments that day that could have been avoided.



Betty Lou-FACE POWDER It's triple sifted thru silk

You can make yourself more enchanting with Betty Lou because it's so extraordinarily fine in texture. Even the most delicate, transparent skins become more ravishing with this subtle, seductive face powder.

Use it, as so many motion picture stars do, and make yourself as bewitching as they.

IOc In Canada 15c

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"MOTHER WHAT CAN I DO?"

It's a question that sometimes taxes your ingenuity . . . particularly when the children have been playing hard and ought to relax.

What is a better answer than stories they love to read or hear?

You can now get two fascinating story books for only 10 cents each.

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OF A BROWNIE
THE UGLY DUCKLING

Send for Them Today . . . 10c Each

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Quick laring relief zem for sore, colloused, terder feet, Velnet-roft molekin, treated with KINOX adhesive meditation ends pain of Callouses and come soon as applied. Hard growth, are gratly absorbed. Antisoptic cannot have healthy disco. Liberal for size odd in many WoolLWORTH STUREN, or we will send 250 drug-store size or his wide family-in-S1 epoch porpoid. Money cheerfully returned if

KINOX CO., Inc.

Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont



Betty Lou.
Cushioned Powder Puffs
They apply face powder

They apply face powder more becomingly because they are cushioned

F. W. WOOLWORTH 5 & 10c stores

Nothing But the Truth

You see, my daughter, like her mether before her, and hundreds of other little girls, had the desire for professional life, born right in her. My daughter was under just such a spell when she ran into that ad in Calimy daughter, like her

school at the time. She took up dramatics at once when she enrolled, and after being in the class for just a short time was given the lead in one of the school plays. No need to tell you how pleased we both were. Later when the play was given she was still more thrilled when she proved successful in her part.

So you see, with this "great triumph" surging through our veins we were going to do wonders. But the thing going to do wonders. But the thing that hurt was the fact that we went out there and it was so insincere.

If you were asked to give your advice to a young girl, who is most anxious to become a worth-while actress, where would you advise her to go

Just one more thing, is there no place where a person could send stories to be criticized?

Thanking you, I beg to remain, Sincerely, Mrs. B

WISH I had the soul to write like that. But I haven't. I have experienced too many hard knocks in the picture-making business. So the best I could do was to write the fol-lowing letter which I would write to any other reader of this magazine:

to study to become an actress? Well, I do not know one single place that I can recommend—not one. Most of the schools are fakes. Maybe some are honest, but I do not know which ones they are. Knocking around in the studios is as good a school as any, but I'll tell you frankly I would not let my own daughter do it. How can I recommend anything for your daughter. recommend anything for your daughter that I would not recommend for my

Second, the only place I know where you can send your stories and hope to get constructive criticism is the Au-thors' League, 9 East 38th Street, New York City. I am not even sure the League will undertake such work, but I am sure no magazine or studio is

equipped to do such work.

I want to correct one thought in your mind. Universal did NOT have Margaret Sullavan (nor anbody else) in mind when advertising for a girl for that part. They do not do things that way. They are not villains. They really have a heart. The advertisement was genuine.

I am sorry I cannot write a more helpful letter, but I have done the very best I can.

Sincerely yours,

N the business of making movies, you see, we deal with millions of people. I say we ought to be more careful in our treatment of them. I think they can't stand even the truth in big doses. The above correspondence convinces me that when we deal with the great masses, we are dealing with more heartache than bellyache.





A shelf-paper that's as durable and practical as it is pretty! Feel the attractive cloth-lyke edge . . . find out for yourself why it lasts 4 to 5 times longer than oldtype papers. It's double-thick. It's firm. It's difficult to bend or tear it. That's why Roylace Double Edge never curls up, never gets mussy or "raggy"-even in warm steamy kitchens, or in moist dampish bathrooms. It always hangs

Another unique feature . . . Roylace stays clean for months longer . . . its embossed construction resists dirt, grease spots-and the colors won't fade.

Note: You don't have to pay one penny more for Roylace Double Edge than you pay fer originary shelf papers. It's only five cents for the full 9-foot length. At all good Five and Ten Cent Stores. The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ordinary kind!

Roylace Double Edge!





LOL: LL YEAR

Canapes and cocktails! Meats and dressings! Salads and vegetables! Beverages and desserts! Sixty-nine of the finest recipes you ever tried and three superb menus. These recipes are of such varied nature that you'll want to use them for all occasions.

Housewives everywhere know the excellent recipes prepared by dietitians in the kitchens of food companies. Famous food companies all over the country have sent Mary Marshall, Food Editor at Tower Magazines, their best recipes to be put in one folder and sent to vou.

You'll want one for yourself-and you'll like these recipes so well you'll want to give copies to your friends. Send 10 cents for each copy you want to Mary Marshall

TOWER MAGAZINES · INC·

NEW YORK, N. Y. FIFTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE .



BLUE PRINTS. Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Children's CROUPY COUGH Throat Irritation



• So often serious trouble starts as throat irritation or croupy coughs. Right away, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by doctors because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just as alve. It soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease in 5 minutes—and real relief, generally, in five hours. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.



New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 51)

her role. Her voice and a visage more sensitive than pretty are part of the craft she uses in building herself up into majesty. I haven't the least idea what further tricks she employs. All I know is they work.

I know is they work.

Over and beyond Miss Bergner's performance, this picture has claims on your attention. It has caught the atmosphere of a period in history almost as well as "Henry VIII" did. Its backgrounds are atmospheric. Its crowds of subordinate actors are deftly and dramatically managed. Its cameras are trained on scene after scene, that, merely as pictures, are exciting. "Catherine the Great" is a story told with dignity, richness and not too much violence to history. Make an effort to see it.

High Spots: Catherine's frightened face at her wedding...
Tidings of the new amour of the old Empress Elizabeth (Flora Robson) running in whispers through the court... Peter, searching for Catherine through the ominously empty palace.

The Women in His Life—A
Directed by George B. Seitz. Released by

I T isn't the film's story that matters so very much. It's the way the story is told. I've bored you before by claiming that. I offer, as an exhibit, "The Women in His Life." It is concerned with the career of a criminal lawyer. If that isn't trite enough, it contains a bereaved husband sorrowing at his wife's grave and a governor's pardon reaching the death-house in the very nick of time. Don't go away yet. It's still a good picture. It's a good picture because it is filled

with actors who know their stuff and has, too, a director pretty familiar with his. Out of all the regiments of film criminal lawyers who have helped ruin my eyesight, Otto Kruger as "Kent Barringer" is my favorite. A fine actor, this Mr. Kruger. A little on the elaborate side perhaps, but an impressive artist in voice, in expression, in personality.

He and Una Merkel as his secretary, Isabel Jewell as his second love, Ben Lyon as his young partner, Roscoe Kearns as his handy man, help Mr. Seitz, the director, to pump life into a story that in other less skillful hands would have been just so much baloney. C. Henry Gordon, who has climbed steadily from bit parts into one of the cinema's hardest worked scoundrels, also deserves citation for his big-shot racketeer.

"The Woman in His Life" could have been better if it had had a more sensible script to shoot, but even without that, it's good entertainment.

High Spots: Mr. Kruger's im-

High Spots: Mr. Kruger's impersonation of a convalescent... Barringer (Mr. Kruger) bullying Tony Perez (Mr. Gordon) into a confession of murder.

Sore Spots: A Broadway gossip's column showing, just beneath the item vital to the plot, a discussion of Emily Bronte's reaction to sunrise on the moors.



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FILMS have been slow in turning their attention to kidnaping themes, but this photopiay of baby snatching is worth the delay. Intelligent direction and the presence of Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy in the principal roles have resulted in a picture play that is both tensely dramatic and filled with pathos.

As the film star who is the widewed

As the film star who is the widowed mother of a baby son, Miss Wieck gives another of the brilliant performances of which American auditnces first became aware when she appeared in the German made "Maedehen in Uniform." Miss Wieck will never rival Clara Bow, which is perfectly all right with me. Her loveliness is more spiritual than physical and she can portray passions nobler and she can portray passions nobler than those of the body. She has no "It" but much of a quality far more precious. Her portrayal of the be-reaved mother is tender and heart wrenching.

Miss Brady, as a farmer's comic wife, stays safely on the right side of burlesque and that remarkable infant, Mr. LeRoy, graduates in this picture from the silents to the talkies, uttering as his first word, like most young gentlemen of his age: "Mama."

With the aid of an able cast, these three and Mr. Hall, the director, have

made a picture whose roots run down into reality. You'll probably cry if you see it, but you'd better, anyway.

High Spots: Miss Fane singing her baby to sleep. . . The mounting excitement and terror as the

house is searched for the missing child.... The voices of the kid-napers raised in derision as the radio utters the alarm.

Moulin Rouge—A

Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Released by
United Artists

UNLESS you've been a hermit for the last couple of years you've already seen plenty of pictures dealing with the production of a musical show. You may be almost as tired of this setup as I, but I don't think you're likely to see many more thoroughly amusing films than "Moulin Rouge."

Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati, a script that glitters with smart dialogue and a director who knows how to squeeze the last drop of humor out of each situation, make this more than accept-

situation, make this more than accept-

able entertainment.

able entertainment.

Miss Bennett in the double role of a thwarted wife and a darling of the French music halls gives a blithely clever performance. Mr. Tone, whose chief film fame to date has been his rank as Joan Crawford's boy friend, gets a character part at last and makes the most of it. Mr. Carminati, by birth an Italian count and more lately leading man of the great Duse, as well as a Broadway stage star, does his best film work as a romantic theatrical producer. rical producer.

This trio and excellent minor actors.
(Please turn to page 102)

New Pictures You Should See Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen—A Directed by Alexander Hall. Released by Paramount Blue Waltz presents 3 steps to Loveliness



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For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Raxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

Should See

(Continued from page 101)

among whom Andrew Toombs as a press agent does a distinguished bit, hurry the story along from laugh to laugh. It isn't the merriment inspired by custard pies, either, but is provoked by genuinely clever comedy. The screen could stand a lot more pic-tures like "Moulin Rouge" and has

small chance of getting them.

High Spots: Three taxis, caught abreast in a traffic jam and the argument that ensues between Miss Bennett and Messrs. Tone and Carminati, their passengers.

The tryout of aspirants for parts in the show. parts in the show. . . Douglas Hall (Mr. Tone) wooing his disguised wife on Lemaire's (Mr. Carminati) behalf and forgetting for whom he's wooing.

Man of Two Worlds—A

Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Released by RKO-Radio

RESPONSIBILITY for almost everything praiseworthy in this picture rests upon the shaggy head of Francis Lederer. The story isn't much, the direction about the same and the supporting cast nothing to brag about. Mr. Lederer's performance in this, his American cinema debut, places him just about as high as anyone can get in Hollywood.

Born in Czecho-Slovakia and reared on the European stage, Mr. Lederer scored a Broadway triumph a year ago in "Autumn Crocus." His own work in his first picture at least equals that success, despite the fact that the

that success, despite the fact that the film powers have cast him—of all possible things—as Aigo, an Eskimo hunter. Leaving aside everything else, it's hardly polite to a newcomer to dress him up in furs in California and, at one point in the photoplay, make him run around on all fours and bark like a dog. Mr. Lederer soars high above all these handicaps. He isn't handsome. He is little and undistinguished in appearance but by all the cameras in Hollywood, he's an

"Man of Two Worlds" is otherwise a far less successful film than its fore-runner, "Eskimo." The backgrounds, runner, "Eskimo." The backgrounds, the direction and most of the acting are inferior. Elissa Landi is acceptable as the white woman Aigo loves so tragically. J. Farrell McDonald, as a guide to an Arctic expedition, rates citation and Steffi Duna does a fine bit of pathos as Aigo's Eskimo wife.

High Spots: Aigo seeing his reflection in a mirror for the first time. . . . The homesick faces of time. . . . The homesick faces of the icebound members of the polar expedition on Christmas Eve. Aigo's expression wh (Miss Landi) slaps him. when Joan

Nana-A

Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Released by Unitel Artists

WHEN Anna Sten was brought from Europe to Hollywood by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn the hard work-ing press department of United Artists hailed her as a great new

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New Pictures You Should See

actress. She has made her debut now in a film belonging to the dark ages of the drama, let alone the cinema, and the darker the better. Despute the material with which she is obliged to work she is, emphatically, a great new actress—a great new star, due to Mr. Goldwyn.

new actress—a great new star, due to Mr. Goldwyn.

By the time Hollywood stopped tink-ering with the original plot of Zola's "Nana" the tinkerers had evolved the emotional sort of mess that would have gone big as a libretto for grand opera. So much had been spent on advance hoorah for Miss Sten that the film satraps apparently determined to save somewhere. So they economized

on her first picture.

All the same, you should see it. In spite of a mouldy 1870 story there happens to be a truly remarkable young actress in the title role, whom I can honestly recommend to you. And since I think that, after just seeing the dismal picture in which she is starred, what I say ought to pass as a tribute to her.

Miss Sten has brain and heart and looks that survive lumpy costumes and her hair arranged in a bang. She will remind the dotards in the audience a little of a lovelier Blanche Sweet. The sleek, exotic quality of her art is as great as Greta Garbo's doomed numbers. In an ungrateful role, this Russo-Swedish actress does stirring things with a magnificent voice and things with a magnificent voice and a beautiful face and body. She has also accomplished things with her mind. On her first venture into English, her speech is clearer and better than Miss Garbo's, Miss Dietrich's

or many other foreign-born veterans' of the American screen.

We'll try, if you don't mind, not to think of the photoplay in which she has been launched. It is just plain ham. The only reason for alarm about

ham. The only reason for alarm about Miss Sten is the possibility that since she can be so good in anything so bad, perhaps they'll make no effort to get her anything better.

High Spots: Nana's love scenes with Lieutenant Muffat (Phillips Holmes) . . . Her quarrel with her jealous manager, Greiner (Richard Bennett).

Four Frightened People—B Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Released by Paramount

THIS version of the Cinderella story is silly but exciting. About the homely, neglected Judy Jones (Claudette Colbert) who attains beauty and love through the complicated process of getting lost in a jungle, Mr. De Mille has woven a fantastic story containing Malays, a birth control campaigner (Mary Boland), cobras, monkeys, water buffalo, a henpecked chemist (Herbert Marshall), savage tribesmen, heathen idols, a war correspondent (William Gargan), peril, torture, divorce, a Pekinese and a half caste guide (Leo Carillo).

The bathtub, this director's ancient trademark, is missing but as substitute there is a hundred foot waterfall beneath which Judy bathes and loses all her clothes.

all her clothes.
(Continued on page 104)



Many a woman has found the secret of lovely hair in a ten-cent package of Wildroot Wave Powder. You mix it with water yourself... have a full pint of pure wave set for keeping your wave always fresh and natural.

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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 103)

You wonder, when you're through, just what Mr. DeMille can be holding back for the film in which Miss Colbert is to star as Cleopatra. "Four Frightened People" is really an oldtime movie serial, pasted together into one piece. If you don't demand any common sense in your films, you'll probably like this.

High Spot: The four jungle strays playing bridge with bugs, centipedes and cobras as kibitzers.

As Husbands Go—B

Directed by Hamilton McFadden. Released by Fox

R ACHEL CROTHERS' plays and the films made therefrom deal with the films made therefrom deal with badly adjusted marriages and teeterings on adultery's verge. This particular exhibit is a high comedy that will break no altitude records. If the rest of those implicated had been as good as Warner Baxter and the camera man, "As Husbands Go" might have gone further than just a fairly provision film. amusing film.

As the stay-at-home husband of a As the stay-at-home husband of a rabbit-brained wife, Mr. Baxter acts with warmth and skill. The film is beautifully photographed, too. It's a pity that the cameras didn't have a little more to shoot.

Lucille, the moronic wife, isn't a specially alluring personality and

specially alluring personality and Helen Vinson in the role does little to improve her. Catherine Doucet acts extravagantly as Emmie, Lucille's extravagantly as Emmie, Lucille's elderly and amorous friend, and Warner Oland, shifting from Oriental villainy to the role of a comic cosmopolite turns in his usual expert performance. This can be taken or left alone with no harm done, either way.

High Spots: Hippie (Warner Oland) discussing with Emmie's daughter (Eleanor Lynn) his poscaughter (Eleanor Lynn) his possible marriage with her mother. Charles (Mr. Baxter) abolishing his rival (G. P. Henilly, Jr.) by repeated doses of Scotch.

Fashions of 1934—B Directed by William Dieterle. Released by Warner

You don't really have to be interested in fashions to enjoy this film. It isn't at all important but it is fast comedy with a novel theme, for it deals with piracy and forgery in the

dressmaking racket.

The plot doesn't make much sense, but good dialogue and smart direction will help you to forget that. William Powell is his usual smooth self as the fashion racketeer and Hugh Herbert, in the minor role of a chronically liquored ostrich plume magnate, is downright funny. Bette Davis gives her usual impersonation of an animate wax doll and Frank McHugh is still Frank McHugh and is becoming just the least bit tiresome.

The rest of the cast is unobjectionable and the film is adorned—and the action slowed up—by a magnificent en-semble number in which Warner Brothers win the ostrich plume-waving championship held heretofore by Para-



YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner-every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

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Should See

mount's chords in "Sitting Pretty," If you aren't too fassy, "Fasaions of 1994" will amuse you.

High Spots: Sherwood Nash (Mr. Powell) trying to do business while movers take away his un-paid-for office furniture. . . Nash spanking the Russian Grand Duchess Alix (Verree Teasdale).

Fugitive Lovers-B

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Released by M-G-M

HOLLYWOOD has discovered that II you can take pictures on and from and around a transcontinental bus. Now that the epoch making step has been made in this item, you'll see plenty of films similar to this in the months to come.

In spite of Robert Montgomery's

fine performance as a runaway pris-oner and a plot torn to shreds by vio-lent action, "Fugitive Lovers" is just sc-so, except for one sequence during which blizzard-bound children in a school bus are rescued by Porter (Mr. Montgomery) and Letty (Miss Evans). Nat Pendleton, Columbia graduate and thereafter a wrestler, plays a rack-eteer more like a wrestler than a bachelor of arts.

High Spots: The crying of a frightened, snow-bound child. . . . Letty trying to quiet the trapped

Letty trying to quiet the trapped youngsters by making them sing "The Farmer in the Dell."

Sore Spots: Porter, a stowaway on top of a racing bus reading baggage labels by the light of a match while travelling 60 miles an hour. . . . Porter, instead of throwing away his prison raiment, packing it carefully in a stranger's suitcase. suitcase.

Bombay Mail—B

Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Released by

ANOTHER of the apparently endless series of railway train pictures. "Shanghai Express" was fine; "Rome Express" was good. "Bombay Mail,"

Express" was good. "Bombay Mail," though a relative, isn't either.
This is just a fair ten-twent-thirt melodrama which, if it weren't for the presence of Edmund Lowe in the part of Inspector Dyke, would be considerably worse. In spite of an acutely distressing sun helmet, Mr. Lowe does a conviging level voiced tob of disa convincing, level voiced job of discovering who killed the Governor of Bombay by overpowering him, making him eat cyanide and then locking him in a second-class compartment lavatory. All of which seems to be spending a lot of waste effort on murdering even

a governor.

The complexity of the crime is never explained. It's that sort of film. The cast is fair and the love interest nil.

High Spot: A passenger unlocking the wrong suitcase and disclosing a king cobra.

(Please turn to page 106)



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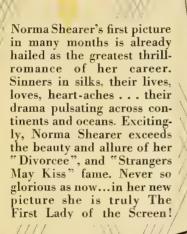


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artha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



There's not a man in the office but wishes
Martha were his secretary — so smart
and so sparkling is she! But the "but"
about Martha keeps young menaway!



Joung men consult Martha about "getting abead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: ber dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



dentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana – and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



t wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be bealthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find berself picking from among all the young men in town!

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Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

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KATHARINE HEPBURN

An Article-Interview That Depicts Her As She Really Is Page 36





NORMA SHEARER

The Only Story of Its Kind Ever Printed About This Star

Page 32

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher . HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VOL. IX, No. 5

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

MAY 1934

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Cover Design by CLARK MOORE

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JOHN C. MITCHELL, Western Editor • MARY MARSHALL, Director of Home Service

54 Your Best Dessert.....

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Junior Hollywood Gossip

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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Take a leaf out of Mae's little notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it just as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!



OLLYWOOD Boulevard is one of the most exciting streets in the world. Even if you live on it, see it every day, it never loses its charm. For, sooner or later, on this long, much-traveled street will be seen nearly every important person in the world.

Within a few blocks and a few hours you may pass Greta Garbo going up to see Watson, her tailor; Marlene Dietrich, with her little daughter, Maria, hurrying in to see Dr. Burt, her dentist and passing Norma Talmadge coming out; Ruth Chatterton stepping out of her town

car and into Magnin's to shop; Peter Arno walking briskly down the street; Norma Shearer directing her chauffeur to unload a huge bundle of discarded clothes at the Assistance League Thrift Shop, where it is sold and the money used for charity; Jean Harlow standing on a corner talking with a gentleman. She wears goggles but her hair is like a red flag and attracts the attention of every one in the street. At lunch time there is a steady stream of celebrities hurrying into Levy's, the Brown Derby, Sardi's, the Vendome and outside each the

In Robertson's, Hollywood's favorite dog shop, I found Franchot-Tone deliberating over a dog for Joan Crawford. He finally chose a red dachshund like the one she gave him for Christmas. Billie Burke was there at the same time on a dog-buying orgy. She picked a dachshund for herself and a Scottie for her daugh-One time when the late Flo Ziegfeld was here on a business trip I asked him why Patricia had not accompanied him. "She's too busy with her dogs," he replied. "She has nine and they seem to be "She's the most important thing in her life. She wouldn't dream of leaving them." Now her mother is starting another kennel for her. And her mother, incidentally, should be ashamed of herself for looking so

A few days ago advertisements proclaimed that all books could be purchased at the Hollywood Book Store at 25 per cent reduction so I rushed down to buy a copy of "Anthony Adverse." It seems that half of Hollywood had read the same advertisement and got there before I did for the manager told me he had sold out his supply of that book before ten o'clock in the morning. Since it was announced that two matinee idols—Francis Lederer and (Please turn to page 8)

The New Movie Magazine, May, 1934







I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO—IT MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER



Rinso gives thick suds—ear in hardest water. Great for dishes. Easy on hands! Makers of 40 famous washers—homemaking experts of 316 leading newspapers endorse it. Tested and approved by Good House-keeping Institute.



"TRUTH" - A DANGEROUS GAME





SHE'S GOING TO LOSE
BEN IF SHE ISN'T
MORE CAREFUL

MORE CAREFUL
ABOUT "B.O"
YOU MEAN?

HE'S REALLY
CRAZY ABOUT
HER IT'S A
SHAME SHE
DOESN'T USE
LIFEBUOY

BO MAS CHANGED.

ILL TRY LIFEBUOY
AND SEE IF IT MAKES
A DIFFERENCE



LIFEBUOY'S THE FINEST COMPLEXION SOAP EVER!

LifeBUOY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, purifying lather—abundant in hard or softwater, hotorcold—deep-cleanses pores of

clogged wastes. Leaves skin exquisitely clean. IMPORTANT: Warm or cool days, we perspire a quart. Take no chances with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy purifies, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odor).



Hollywood



(Continued from page 6)
Leslie Howard—were quarreling
over which one was to play the hero
in the screen version of this popular
novel, there has been a tremendous
interest in the book.

NE of the pleasant places to stop in for a chat is at Ramon Novarro's house. Dropping in to tell him good-bye before he left for South America on a concert tour, I found interesting people—Alice Terry, Myrna Loy, Lawrence Barbier and Herb Howe—there on the same mission. "Have a cocktail?" is Ramon's greeting, and that means that presently a lot of delicious food will be brought in. Ramon doesn't touch it himself, on account of fear of becoming overweight, but urges his guests

to eat with a total disregard of their

own weight.

Built on a side hill overlooking Hollywood, Ramon's house is entirely modernistic inside and out. There are four floors with garages on the lower level, living rooms on the next two floors and a penthouse on the roof which is called "the blue room." This is a bedroom, with all blue furnishings, a glass ceiling and windows forming the four walls.

His formal living room, dining room, music room and, in fact, the whole house, are severely furnished—almost monastic in appearance—with

A recently culminated romance was that of Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, pictured on a London train on their honeymoon. modernistic furniture. Few windows are draped, shutters taking the place of curtains and adding to the masculine appearance of the rooms.

In a patio in the center of the house, is a beautiful swimming pool into which Ramon can jump from almost any window or door in the house. One bathroom has walls and ceiling of pieces of mirror broken in odd shapes, imbedded in the plaster. Try looking at yourself in a thousand different mirrors all at once some time.

Ramon is his own gardener, from choice, and employs a secretary, cook, butler and chauffeur. The latter is one of his many cousins.

ALICE TERRY, as beautiful as ever, has been visiting her mother and many friends here while her husband, Rex Ingram, makes pictures in Nice, France. She was telling about the time her friend, Dorothy Sebastian, telephoned her in Nice from Hollywood. After they had said "hello" to each other they couldn't think of anything else to say. Which reminded me of the time Gloria Swanson called Lois Wilson up from some place in Europe just to ask her if she was being a good girl.

A SANTE FE conductor tells me that Greta Garbo isn't putting on an act when she says she doesn't want people to see her. He told me of helping her get on and off trains and helping her to avoid newspaper reporters and how, half an hour before time for the train to stop she would actually be ill from fright.

(Please turn to page 12)



WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PalN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 30,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HENN today. If your druggot should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HENN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in commical battles of 50 and 100 tablets. Dan't let your druggist give you anything but HENN, Nothing else is 'just as good'. Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty— no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerveends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXITION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN, INC.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of colddistress safely-by RELAXA. TION. Most people find that I HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once Hexin starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try Hexin. Insist on Hexin today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test free by mailing the coupon now.











Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers usked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pun and fessy that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEMN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally, its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HIMN for adult use. The action of HEMN is immediate for children or adults.

Not a Hair

Lorraine quality products. They have proved their importance to women everywhere who appreciate the value of good grooming. Lorraine Hair Nets, Lorraine Water Wave Nets and Lorraine Combs are indispensable to the woman who wants to look her best at all times.

Lorraine Colored Combs for bag or boudoir in a lovely array of pastel colors, also pearl effects. Hard rubber combs in black and mahogany. Pocket, bobby, dressing comb size. Also exclusive crystal combs; Barber and Beauty Shop Combs, Wave Set Combs and Men's Combs—in F. W. Woolworth Co Stores.

Corraine QUALITY

Out of Place



Lorraine Water Wave Nets set the wave, save the wave, save money! Don't forget to put one on at night. They come in attractive pastel colorings and hair shades.



Lorraine Hair Nets made of real human hair can be obtained in double mesh, single mesh, regular and bob sizes in cap and fringe shape. Grey, white, all colors.

PRODUCTS are sold exclusively at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 Cent Stores

(Continued from page 8)

Rose, one of the prettiest secretaries at the M-G-M Studio told me that in seven years she had seen Garbo just twice—once she was walking outside the sound stage "and the other time I sneaked inside and peeked at her through a hole in the scenery," she told me. Judging by the expression on her face when she told me, Garbo is just as glamorous a person to her as she is to the store clerk who has never seen her. Miss Garbo has not posed for pictures except in costume for more than three years. The publicity department has tried to persuade her to have some straight pictures made but she refuses. "People are not interested in my private life," she always tells them.

A NNA STEN was in Palm Springs with her Samoyede dog, Drujok (which means "little pal" in Russian) while a dog show was in progress but she did not enter him. Hardie Albright, whose wire-haired terriers carried off several blue ribbons, was showing Miss Sten his trophies and asked her why she didn't enter her dog.

"I can buy a blue ribbon at any store;" she told him. "It's less trouble."

Miss Sten has a younger sister who has just been admitted to the Moscow Art Theater and, strangely enough, her first part is to be in the play, ""Resurrection," which is to be Anna Sten's next picture. She declares her sister is much more beautiful than she, which seems hardly possible.

WILL ROGERS' daughter, Mary whose screen coreer was so rudely interrupted by her father six months ago, is following his wishes and studying hard every day with Samuel Kayzer, dramatic teacher who turned out Ann Harding, Fredric March and dozens of other successful actors.

Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard will soon be seen in "We're Not Dressing."



Hollywood





S. S. Van Dyke, the director, and Karen Morley talk over tunes you can strum.

JOAN BLONDELL is very naive or very modest. At the Mayfair party recently she suddenly remarked: "I think this is a grand party. I'm seeing everyone I've wanted to see for a long time. At the big stars are here, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, everybody."

Joan's younger sister, Gloria, is about to venture on a screen career. She was recently offered a seven-year contract by the Warners but turned it down because Joan didn't think the salary was large enough

think the salary was large enough.
"Gloria is young. She can wait
and it will be better for her to get a
little experience first," was Joan's
decision.

Studio chauffeurs are in a position to judge the stars at close range. One was telling me an experience he had the day before when he took some photographers to Lupe Velez' home to take pictures of the little Mexican star. While the photographers worked in the house the chauffeur dozed in his car. Suddenly his dreams were interrupted by a voice calling, "Hi! babee!" Before he could shake himself awake the salutation was repeated and then Lupe's head appeared above the hedge. "Why you no answer when I call you?" she demanded. "I geeve the boys a leetled reenk and you come too, yes?" And literally dragged him into the house.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE—Chosen from two hundred applicants by Lee Brown, who discovered Jackie Cooper, this little golden-haired four-year-old is hailed as the "find" of the year. Her sensational singing and dancing in "Fox Follies" astonished and delighted those who saw her. As a result she boasts a long-term contract with Fox—an impressive legal document just about as long as she is tall!

ADVANCE NEWS OF

YOU SOON WILL SEE

Old Man Stork

AFTER months of being ignored by the studio that held his contract, Otto Kruger is at last coming into his own with a vengeance. Three or four featured parts and now, he stars in this story by Israel Zangwill.

The plot is simple. Kruger, a great detective, is deeply in love with his wife, Karen Morley, but, like most husbands, his motto is "Business before pleasure." So, like most wives, Karen finds romantic relief from ennui in the personable Nils Asther. And who wouldn't?

Unlike most wives, Karen is honest enough

Unlike most wives, Karen is honest enough to admit her love for the story-writing Nils, and Otto, finding that he can't take it, hires Judith Wood to park herself in the apartment next to the Morley-Asther love nest, hoping to catch his rival with another gal, thereby disillusioning the honest Karen.

However, Judith fails to spot any side issues in Nils' life, and, as it looks like a dull weekend, attempts to double-cross Otto by black-



FOG OVER 'FRISCO—Bette Davis and Robert Barratt get the news by wire but are not bothered too much! It is a picture based upon the excitement of newspaper life.



MURDER IN TRINIDAD — Douglas Walton, Victor Jory and Pat Somerset are the leading players of this diamond smuggling and murder mystery, which is sure to thrill you.



FINISHING SCHOOL—Where Ginger Rogers is devilishly innocent.



SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN —Elissa Landi and Joseph Schildkraut get under the baby grand piano for a romantic interlude—which is a brand new setting for such.

Featured This Month, says BARBARA BARRY

mailing the thirty-third degree Romeo from Sweden.

To keep her quiet, Otto ventilates her properly with a unique gun from Nils' own collection. And, what do you think? Why, the smart police department put four and four together and figure out the wrong answer. Just like that! Sometimes policemen have a way of doing that way of doing that.

Don't blame Director John Robertson for this though. The fellow's merely following the script and an established precedent whereby the innocent suffer for the guilty, with no vindication in sight until the last five hundred feet. But I'm telling you . . .? Don't

miss those last five hundred feet!

The concluding sequence is, as yet, indefinite. Otto will either "tell all" and kill himself to save the State a lot of expense; or, the whole thing will turn out to be the plot of a book he, himself, is writing. Which will make two authors in one story. Which is grounds for murder any way you look at it. And maybe murder would be the "happy ending" that the box-office seems to think it has to have. And which is leading us into another brainstorm.

FINISHING Quiet, please! Class in economics SCHOOL will now come to order!

This is almost strictly a woman's picture. Written by a woman, Katherine Klugston; directed by a woman, Wanda Tuchock (with the assistance

of George Nichols, Jr.), with a cast that is 99 44/100 per cent women, this tale of carrying-ons in a smart girls' school is produced by the same chap who was more or less responsible for the success of "Little Women," Kenneth Macgowan.

Frances Dee, a real lady to start with, is being browbeaten into acquiring a synthetic polish by her societymad mother, played by Billie Burke. And, if you knew

what us girls go through, getting wised up to the social tricks of the trade . . Tck, tck . . .

Heart-hungry, lonely, and with a genuine distaste for the affectations of her sister students, Frances sneaks out for an occasional clandestine rendezvous with Bruce Cabot, who is working as waiter in a hotel while serving his interneship in a children's hospital.

Poor but proud, Bruce loves (Please turn to page 82)



RIVER—Fresh out of jail, Robert Young, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton, meet up with Jean Parker, and that is where the story really begins. It's a good story, too, with the scenes laid in Louisiana. It brings new laurels to Miss Parker, a new star in the firmament.

YOU'RE TELLING ME
—And W. C. Fields demonstrates his puncture-proof tires-but on the wrong car!



-Paul Kelly and Aline MacMahon are wistful.

Eilers with Charles Starrett on the sea.



THE PEOPLE'S

The stars pictured on this page are grouped to illustrate the interesting suggestions made in the following letter. - Editor's note

New Britain, Conn.

THESE are some actors I'd like to see co-starred:
Paul Muni and Helen Hayes—because the gettogether of the cream of Hollywood acting talent ought to be something to write home about.

Jean Harlow and Fredric March—because they are

my two favorite people, and they complement cach

other perfectly.

Irene Dunne and Preston Foster in a musical—because they are a couple of grand actors, both with glorious voices, which, for some obscure reason, have not been exploited on the screen.

Lee Tracy and Katharine Hepburn-because the two most eccentric and able players in Hollywood ought to produce something in the nature of a sensation.

Jean Parker and Ralph Bellamy—because they might make another Gaynor-Farrell smash team.

Can't something be done to make these things come

to pass?

Joan King, 470 Main Street.

Wanted-More Biographies

H URRAH! A joy to see pictures like "Voltaire" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII"! George Arliss and Charles Laughton at their best! A few historical plays like these are not so bad for one's digestion after such a heavy dose of these ever popular ultra-modern portrayals.

We are looking forward to Kay Hepburn as "Queen Elizabeth," Marlene Dietrich as "Catherine the Great," and we must not miss Edward G. Robinson's great achievement-to-be in "Napoleon." Such pictures will be truly worth while and something that will undoubtedly raise to new heights the whole of the motion picture industry. Let's have more stories on the screen from true life and less from the make-believe world.

How about bringing to the screen the little brown

man of India-Mahatma Gandhi!

Just another word—who is this Claire Dodd who surprised us all in her splendid work in "Footlight Parade"? Why doesn't the NEW MOVIE give us a peep into her life?

114 East Fairchild.

Historical dramas reach high points of interest not attained by other pictures, and are a relief after many of the other kinds. About Miss Dodd -well, perhaps.

Right From a Young Shoulder

WISH to submit the following letter to your de-Kilgone, Texas. partment, and although I am only thirteen years old, here are my sentiments:

I wish to express my opinion of movie fans who are continually panning the stars who do not appeal to them. I think we should be grateful to the stars for supplying us with such splendid entertainment instead of finding fault with their personal affairs.



Paul Muni and Helen Hayes

ACADEMY





Ralph Bellamy and Jean Parker

Fans Think

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGA-ZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

1-Best all-around feature picture

2—Best performance (actress)

3-Best performance (actor)

4-Best musical picture

5-Best human interest picture

6-Best mystery picture

7—Best romance

8—Best comedy

9-Best short reel picture

10-Best news reel picture

11-Best direction

12-Best story

which are nobody's business but their own. Of course, we all have our own pet likes and dislikes and are free to voice them, but please don't criticize quite so much, especially such nice people as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. Come on, fellow fans, "Live and let live!"

Marilyn Metzer, Box 132.

The trouble is, as you point out—we do all have our likes and dislikes, and that's why we have such a variety of stars.

Nothing Slinky About "Chick"

Ursa, Illinois.

H IS roles do not include the art of kissing madame's hand, or leaping from tree-tops like Tarzan, or slinking about in swanky night clubs! Neither does one read press-agent hooey about his love-life or that of his pet monkey!

love-life or that of his pet monkey!

I know him only for the naturalness and sincerity of his characterizations. How he can play them!
Whether his role is a kindly old-timer, a philosophiz-

who is he? That grand old grandpa!

Who is he? That grand old grandpa man of the screen! Charles "Chick" Sale! More power to him!

Edward Franzeen.

Rural Route No. 2.

His philosophy is homely, his blunders are well-meant and his humor, kindly. Here's joining you in "more power to him."

The Influence of the Movies

Robbinsdale. Minn. WHO says the cinema is not influencing the world we live in? A young friend of ours, a quietas-a-mouse girl, was Please turn to page 102



FLORINE MCKINNEY



AGNES ANDERSON



JEAN PARKER



ELDRED TIDBURY



CLARA LOU SHERIDAN



VERNA HILLIE was found by Paramount in its "Panther Woman" contest.

Paramount found COLIN TAPLEY in far-away New Zea-land,



The Movie Scouts

MAY GFT

The greatest talent hunt in filmdom's history is on

HE greatest talent hunt in history is under way. Movie scouts are scouring the country for new faces. Girls and boys are being lifted from complete obscurity and given every opportunity to make the grade in Hollywood. At no other time have so many absolute unknowns been able to crash the studio gates.

Yesterday the screen-struck had to pay their own way to Hollywood and buck the perilous extra route. Now Hollywood comes to them, with all expenses paid

and a chance to play parts without so much as one day in the extra mob. It's the greatest "break" in years.

Stage experience is not asked or expected. The only requirement is a "screen personality," that elusive something which only the camera can reveal. Black magic that changes a plain girl into a glorious screen vision and, too often, changes a pretty girl into a frump.

Movie scouts are trained to sense screen attributes almost at a glance. If you are lucky enough to have what it takes, you're liable to find yourself started on a screen career. This without so much as leaving your home town, no matter where it may be. Sounds too good to be true. Yet it is happening right along. You may be the next to ride the magic carpet to fame and fortune.

Jean Parker is an outstanding example of overnight success. Every fan knows that Jean was an obscure Pasadena high school girl. One happy day she was chosen to ride a float in the annual Tournament of Roses. Jean didn't know it, but that was her first step to fame and fortune. She was noticed by a movie scout from nearby Hollywood and given a test. She went over with a bang in her very first picture and is now in constant demand.

Less than a year ago, (Please turn to page 66)

BY HARRY N. BLAIR



JEAN MUIR - Hollywood's latest lucky girl, for she plays opposite Dick Barthelmess

in "A Modern Hero." You know how many stars got their first break with Dick.

Beatty Welbourne



CHESTER MORRIS—Ever since he played the racketeer under police third degree in "Alibi," Morris has been one of Hollywood's ablest scoundrels. His next role will be that faithless lover of song and story (and now of the movies), in "Frankie and Johnnie." After that Morris is going to try a comedy role in "The Practical Joker."



Freulich

GLORIA STUART—Probably no girl in Hollywood has been loaned to other studios, played in so many films, portrayed such varied characters, as has Miss Stuart. She jumped from amateur theatricals to movie bits, then to movie leads. And all in the space of two years.

Watch for her opposite Lee Tracy in "I'll Tell the World."

FOX FOLLES

This is the first Fox production to carry
Winfield Sheehan's name as producer
and if you don't think it has everything
in it that a super-spectacle should have,
just listen to the press department's
blurb about it—the most stupendous,
most colorful, most glamorous show
since Barnum. Madge Evans, Warner
Baxter, and James Dunn are principals.

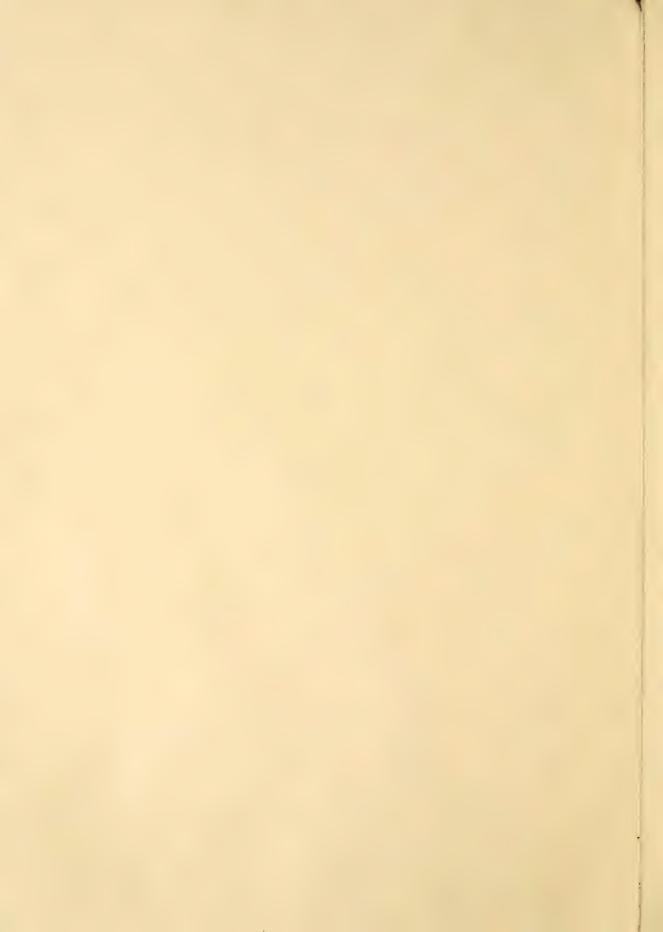




The New Movie Magazine, May, 1934



The New Movie Magazine, May, 1934



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since Barnum. Madge Evans, Warner
Baxter, and James Dunn are principals.















The New Movie Magazine, May, 1984

The New Movie Magazine, May, 1934



Clarence Sinclair Bull

ROBERT YOUNG—In leaps and bounds he has gone to the top. A juvenile a short time ago, Young is playing heroes now. Remember him with Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire"? Remember, too, his fine performance in the submarine war film, "Hell Below"? Wait until you see him in "Lazy River"—and keep watching. He is going places.





MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—This little Irish lass has had such bad luck. "Tarzan and His Mate" was ready for shooting when Maureen was taken ill. But now that she is well again, the Tarzan picture is on its way to you. Of course, Tarzan will be Johnny Weissmuller, for who has a better physique than the world-famous swimmer?



RONALD COLMAN—This rebellious Englishman is back in Hollywood again after a voluntary vacation of two years. And he is again going to play that suave and debonair romantic detective, Bulldog Drummond in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." This will bring cheers from the fans. Loretta Young will play the heroine to the return visit of Sleuth Drummond.



Russell Ball

MYRNA LOY AND CLARK GABLE—Imagine Clark as a young physician of a modern hospital, Myrna as a romantic heroine. The fervid results constitute "Men in White," their next picture. These players are to be seen together after that in a yarn of night club life, "Manhattan Melodrama." If you like them as a team, they may enact more celluloid romance together.



FRANCHOT TONE—Just a Cornell boy who made good in Hollywood. Quite a record: from obscurity to fame in two years. All aside from being the sentimental interest of glamorous Joan Crawford. You will see Franchot opposite Joan once again in "Sadie McKee." You liked him with Connie Bennett in "Moulin Rouge." Tone is one of filmdom's ablest young actors.



JOAN CRAWFORD—Still right up in the front rank of popularity. "Dancing Lady" helped her a lot; "Sadie McKee" ought to do as much. In this last screen drama she plays a small town boarding house keeper's daughter in love with a big city attorney. And, since Franchot Tone is the slick barrister, you can guess results, can't you?



PAT PATERSON -A lucky break gave Pat the leading role in her first American film. Born in Yorkshire, England, this dancing and singing blonde has been in Hollywood less than six months. When no one could be found to play opposite Spencer Tracy and John Boles in "Bottoms Up," Miss Paterson was prepared to meet the golden opportunity and was promptly made leading lady.

COULD YOU TAKE IT As an Extra Girl?

OULD you sit by your telephone every single afternoon from four till seven or eight dialing Hollywood o'clock dialing Hollywood 3-7-1-1 which is Central Casting Office, swallowing hard while you wait for that "who is this" and answer
"no—nothing" without even
taking a breath while you
shout your name into her
callous, busy ears? callous, busy ears?
Could you do this a dozen

times, with fifteen-minute intervals between calls during which some luckier extrafriend may call you to say she's just received a call to such and such a studio for

nine o'clock the next day and would like to borrow your evening wrap which by now you sadly realize you probably won't be

reading yourself?
Could you learn to shampoo and fingerwave your own hair, even cut it yourself?
Could you keep your finger-nails perfectly manicured through your own efforts and dry-clean your frocks in the back yard so that they are constantly in A-1 condition?

Could you look as though you've just jumped out of a Park Avenue penthouse to the brightly-lighted set on Stage 6 where they're "shooting" a scene about the idle rich which demands that you look wealthy, well-kept and bored in spite of the fact that you had a flat tire on your second-hand car that morning and had to ride forty-five minutes on the trolley car?

Could you get up early enough in the morning to bathe, dress and put on a careful make-up as well as cook breakfast and

tidy up your room (rooms, if you're that lucky) knowing that at night when you come home you'll be too tired? That is, of course if you do come home, for they might work all night and you'd have to be glad of it for it would mean "overtime" on your check.

Could you learn always to put waxed paper in your shoes in case you have to stand on your feet for seven or eight hours, or dance for three or four hours, without music of course, for when they "take these night club scenes there isn't any music provided for the dancers—it's usually put in later, you see?

Could you remember to look terribly happy and thrilled with your partner in these dance scenes, even though he's a rotten dancer and has had garlic in his hash the night before?

Could you remember that the "hot line" the best

looking extra man on the set hands out is just a gag he hands to every new girl in pictures and that he's happily married but just trying to amuse himself through boring hours as he has done for several years?

Could you remember to put your wedding ring on the other hand, or conceal it on a chain around your neck while rushing studio-ward? Not that it always makes a difference, but just because it

Could you tell when to and when not to accept dates with assistant directors, fellow-extras, etc., some of whom might or mightn't help

you get more calls? Could you tell just who it would be advisable to bum a ride home with those nights when you work so late that there aren't any more trolleys or buses and your second-hand car still needs a new tire?

Could you gladly work all day on your feet even when you're feeling rotten, and not show it at all but keep smiling prettily?

Could you let them use you as a cigarette or hat-check girl in a picture you know everyone back home will go to see and remember that glorified day when you left town to become a glamorous Hollywood movie star?

Could you realize that all this is just a wee, small part of the life of an extra girl and that only one in ten thousand ever gets out of the extra ranks . . . and still keep

working and hoping?

Could you be glad when and if you're picked for a "bit," knowing that it means you may say one word, or one line, for which you are paid a little more but which will forbid

them giving you any more work on that particular picture because once being established in a "bit" makes you out of luck for extra work in all other

Could you decide that it would be worth aiming at these "bits" in your desire to be "discovered" or would you be smart enough to never let your face register in front of the camera? Would you rather be seen in "bits" even though it meant less steady work and more canned soup dinners?

Could you rejoice at getting a rush call on Sunday morning when it turns out to be one of those London "fog" scenes which means that whatever clothing you wear will be completely saturated with a oily mist which may ruin your hard-earned gar-ments permanently? (Please turn to page 78)

Only one in ten thousand ever gets out of the extra ranks—could you keep your chin up in the face of such odds and keep hoping and smiling?

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE!



Wide World

The Thalberg family group. "Norma can leave a gay party in one room," Irving relates, "to tell her son a bed-time story in another."

The Norma Shearer Irving Thalberg Loves

The famous producer, lowering his guard of reticence, grants a rare interview to NEW MOVIE, revealing, exclusively for our readers, the charming Norma Shearer as a wife and mother, as well as a great star

HE public that knows so little about Norma Shearer is entitled to a view of the woman I see and know and love."

With those words Irving Thalberg prefaced this interview which, in all sincerity, he did not want to give. He is very reticent about exploiting anyone's feelings. Dubbed by his associates "that close-mouthed Thalberg," it was especially difficult for him, in this case, to lower his guard of reticence, and shape in words, an appreciation of his charming wife. But because of his knowledge that there never has been published a really personal word about her, he consented to pay her this tribute through the NEW MOVIE

"You have no doubt heard," he said, "that it took me three years to muster up courage to ask her for a date. This report is not true. It took me three and a half years!

"So you can readily see that for one who suffers from such an amount of trepidation, to really tell of the Norma Shearer I know, and to show her as I see her, is no small task. As a matter of fact, it is difficult for me to say anything on the subject of Norma—she means too much to me.

"She is ever considerate and solicitous of the welfare of those she cares for. It has been her consideration for me which has accidentally given her a reputation for haughtiness."

He went on to explain how Norma's complete absorption in his welfare, his wishes, his feelings, his health, had led her to make a rule of accepting no invitations in advance.

"She did this wholly on my account," he offered. "She knew how tiring and exhausting my work can be. Norma would not think of asking me to accompany her to a Hollywood party when I had left the studios after eleven o'clock. So she declined most of the invitations because of my uncertain schedule. We both see now that her thoughtfulness may have been construed as a 'dodge.' This, I assure you was untrue. Norma is kindness itself in all of her relationships."

Irving's eyes glinted with fun as he brought out his next pronouncement.

"There is this 'perfect hostess' label. It is due partly

THE SHEARER HER PUBLIC DOES NOT KNOW



but like all humans she has her breaking point. I admit that it is rather fortunate that when she does stage her little scenes she has the good taste to use the privacy of our home. Otherwise it would be more than embarrassing for when Norma does get angry she tears off her clothes."

"Norma can stand a great deal. She has disciplined herself to a tremendous degree,

"Norma has also been described as the epitome of composure," he went on. "May the fates preserve a man from such a paragon. I am proud to say that Norma has a temper-not the storming temper of emotional unbalance, but the quick reaction of nervous irritability. And I am glad of it. As a husband I would not give two cents for

a woman without a temper.

He told of an amusing incident which occurred during their recent sojourn in Europe. The Thalbergs had engaged a multi-lingual young man as a combination secretary and guide. To give him his due, he was an exceed- (Please turn to page 70)

"Her keen mind pierces the froth of sophistication; her heart embraces the poignant dreams of youth."

Royalty is Rampant

Cinemaland's closest observer and most pungent commentator looks over the studios and sees kings and queens and noblemen all arrayed in royal raiment, as historic films are made.

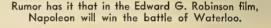
ATMOSPHERIC Dress: Josef Von Sternberg wore riding breeches while directing Cossack scenes of "The Scarlet Empress." But the prize for atmospheric dress should go to Bryan Foy directing "Elysia" in a nudie camp.

NaPoleon Makes Good: Rumor around town is that in Warner Brothers' forthcoming production Napoleon will win the battle of Waterloo. Everything is done much better in Hollywood.

I N a studio commissary an important publisher met an important star who spoke earnestly of her ideals, then floated to another table to lunch with her boy friend. "And now," muttered a scribe, "she'll tell zippy stories until those visitors at the next table get up and leave."

"What a shame," sighed the publisher,

"if she'd only reversed her story sequence she'd have made a hit all around."



OPULENT Betty Blythe, ex-queen of Sheba, was discovered on a Fontana chicken ranch casting her pearls to the poultry, and polishing theirs. Sheba in a chicken yard was funny and Belle Betty made the most of the comedy. In her screen career her gift for comedy was handicapped by a queenly body. She herself says that her body belonged to Sheba but her soul to Sennet. Recent-

ly she re-

turned

Will the film version have Norma Shearer, playing Marie Antoinette, saved from the guillotine?

he guillotine?

SORCERESS Garbo continues to hold Hollywood females in a spell.

Until she spoke with the labial distortion of an undisguisedly large mouth, our little women had bee-stung lips drawn daintily back over sweet corn teeth. Now practically all of them have rubber lips. Miss Crawford has publicly repented so all is forgiven and forgotten so far as she is concerned. But I found my aristocratic soul recoiling at the lip contortions of noble Elissa Landi in "Man of Two Worlds." Most elastically gymnastic of all are the Hepburn's. There are times in "Little Women" when they recall Al Jolson's singing "Mammy."

to pictures but found she was still

cast for majestic roles. In disgust she

has again departed and

I received a grim note stating she is taking a daily course in journalism at the University of South-

ern California. A sobbie Sheba!

Forsooth when a star falls she

I'M no Hepburn detractor, just a well-wisher. As Jo she had moments of magic. Then, without warning, she would kick up her heels coltishly and glide off into high school histrionics. It's as though she cannot quite repress her love for burlesque. I enjoy her screwy antics, though I confess I sometimes have the bewildered sensation of watching Fun in a Nut House.

M.R. JOSEPH SCHENCK does not pay Connie Bennett \$7,000 a week because he likes a titled person on the lot," writes

The Claudette Colbert Cleopatra may be shown invading Rome and triumphantly conquering Caesar.

on Hollywood Lots

By HERB HOWE

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain

IT seems only yesterday that titled persons were sure of jobs or at least three square meals in Hollywood. An archduke received board and room on the promise he wouldn't tell that his host was a buck private in Austria instead of the high officer represented. And one of our local princesses used to engage four seats every time she took the prince to the theater, a vacant chair on either side to ward off the common touch. Pickfair had a duke under every eave and Doug and Mary were suspected by the jealous of basking joyously in the publicity. Truth is, nobility basked in the publicity of Pickfair. When a certain duke visited there, Doug ordered his press agent to suppress the news. He didn't want His Excellency to get the impression Pickfair was capitalizing on the ducal visit. The morning after his arrival the Duke ordered up all the papers, scanned them furiously and all but burst into tears of chagrin. He had expected a full page in each.

Samuel Goldwyn
in the Sateve
Post.
The very wording
of the statement shows
how foreign titles have

Hollywood may even permit Elizabeth the Virgin Queen to marry Raleigh in the Hepburn movie.

WE (Garbo and the bunch) were tanning on Malibu when papers came screaming scare-lines that "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the bandit, was headed for Hollywood. "Turn out the bodyguards!" some one shouted. Was "Pretty Boy" on his way to break into pictures? He wouldn't be the first bandit who has, as some of you little stockholders must have suspected. We all expressed the hope that the N. R. A. movie code covered bodyguards to their complete satisfaction. If they should strike in a body—Oi Gevult!

68)

HOLLYWOOD seems to have turned against real royalty. I don't know why unless it is because they are all playing kings and queens themselves. There are more queens on the screens this year than there are in Europe. Garbo started it, of course, with Christina. Now everyone is dashing about in crown, ermine and scepter. The procession includes 2 Elizabeths, 2 Marys, 2 Catherines, 1 Marie Antoinette, 1 Josephine and a coupla Cleopatras. An of course there are the jewelled males too: Caesar, Napole

1 Marie Antoinette, 1 Josephine and a coupla Cleopatras. And of course there are the jewelled males too: Caesar, Napoleon, Peter, Louis ZaSu Pitts is about the only actress who hasn't been assigned a crown but there is talk of reviving the Queen of Sheba and ZaSu has been seen buying pearls. Stepin Fetchit is my choice for Solomon.



Will the Barbara Stanwyck Du Barry refuse King Louis' attention?

dropped in value — but then hasn't everything? Joe Schenck is respectfully titled "Mr" while the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye is

not vouchsafed so much as a "Madame"—just Connie Bennett,

not good old Connie Bennett as she'd have been called in Hollywood's democratic days, not even Comrade Connie Bennett as she would be addressed in

iconoclastic Russia—just stark Connie Bennett. When you realize what a star, especially a titled star, has to put up with you don't be-

IT WAS A BIG BREAK FOR HOLLYWOOD

HEPBURN IS DYNAMITE

> BY EDWIN C. HILL



Edwin C. Hill

UT of Bryn Mawr, one of the most fashionable of colleges for the young of the female species, leaped one day—yes, leaped is the word—a red-haired, green-eyed, widesmiling young enchantress, all hot sand and ginger, brisk, crisp, electric and profane.

The world was her oyster and she went about the thrilling business of prying it open. There is no doubt that she did a real job of it

of it.

The name is Hepburn—Katharine—Kate as her best friends call her—a young person with a mind under her curly, auburn top and one of the most sparkling

and one of the most sparkling personalities you could find in many years of exploration of the so-called superior sex. Little, but oh, my! A curious mixture and medley of force and gentleness, determination and sentiment—all sorts of emotions scrambled in her unique cosmos.

Out of Bryn Mawr she leaped, but not toward the social world and the place her name and family entitled her to. Not little Kate. She had the theatrical germ gnawing at her heart. She burned with the fever of the stage. But her ambition outran her erstwhile abilities, or perhaps the judgment of the Broadway managers was askew. For Katharine Hepburn, winning parts by sheer force of personality, couldn't seem to click. She was dropped from cast after cast. The Shuberts shook their combined heads sadly, but Katharine wouldn't do. Gilbert Miller quoted Shakespeare, but bowed the red-haired girl from his theater. Same all up and down the Main Stem. For the average young girl it would have been the count. Her number was up but she didn't know it. Like Grant she didn't know when she was licked.

Consequently this little dynamo in silk turned her pretty back on Broadway and went West to grow up with Hollywood. Missing the boat in New York, she calmly ventured upon about the toughest stream of fortune that a girl can approach, entrance to the screen elite of the City of Galloping Tintypes. A city, mind you, which is full and running over with beautiful young girls who went out to fill the shoes of Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Joan Crawford and other crowned queens and noble ladies of the talking pictures—thousands of strikingly pretty girls who went out to capture fame and fortune in the movies and after getting the run-around from casting directors stayed to juggle plates in the one-arm restaurants.

Out she went, head up, chin stuck out, a hundred and ten pounds or so of cold steel nerve, however fluttery the heart



As you see Miss Hepburn playing *Trigger Hicks* in her new RKO picture, "Spitfire."

WHEN BROADWAY TURNED HER DOWN

may have been. And here is the nerve of it. She made up her mind before she ever saw a palm tree in Hollywood or penetrated the exclusive precincts of one of the big studios that her price would be fifteen hundred dollars a week. This at a time when the producers were slashing salaries and chucking well-known stars out into the dusty highways. Fifteen hundred or nothing, said little Kate, and by heck, she got it! RKO, with something approaching prescience, as if touched by the very finger of destiny, paid the red-haired girl her price and put her in "A Bill of Divorcement." The outcome startled the motion-picture world. The Hepburn girl was the goods, all silk and a mile wide; the pure, unadulterated Lady McCoy.

Perfectly calm about it—outwardly, anyway, for she's a wonder at covering up, as they say in the prize ring—Katharine Hepburn went to Europe and had scarcely touched the soil of the Continent with her number threes when there came a cablegram from

R.K.O. "Lady, oh lady, come back to us now; the clock is striking the hour," or words to that effect. And back went Red Head, at two thousand a week this time, and well earned as everybody agreed, even the folks in the cashier's office.

And back went head, at two thousand a week this time, and well earned as everybody agreed, even the folks in the cashier's office.

Since "A Bill of Divorcement," she has appeared in "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory," in "Spitfire" and "Little Women." Playing the part of Jo in Louisa M. Alcott's famous story, Miss Hepburn was literally a sensation at the Radio City Music Hall premiere of the picture in New York, and wherever else the charming film was shown. It doesn't seem to make much difference what part they cast her in—what sort of girl. She seems to have the emotional vitality to adapt herself to widely varying roles. Whatever she tackled in the motion picture battle for success she got away with in abundant measure, and her name was written in electric letters six feet high.

And of course, when she (Please turn to page 74)



Glamour

A FEW YEARS OUT OF THE LIVES OF A CHORUS GIRL, A SONG WRITER AND A DASHING LEADING MAN.









An Edna Ferber story comes to life in Universal's new picture "Glamour," with Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas, as the stars, meeting, loving, marrying, parting and reuniting—aided no little by Philip Reed and Joseph Cawthorne. William Wyler directed.



Love moves in on LEE TRACY

Isabel Jewell Saved Lee Tracy from Himself

The love story of Isabel Jewell and the temperamental star has become a Hollywood legend. Will they marry? "If she'll have me," answers Tracy, "and the world will know it, too, for I'd be too proud to keep it a secret!"

NOT DOWNHEARTED .

DOROTHY MANNERS TELLS HOW A LITTLE BLOND GIRL LOVED A BROADWAY BOY VERY MUCH, AND PROVED IT

HIS is a love story that hasn't anything to do with the typical Hollywood "that way" rumor, or the current "yen" of the month. It is a very simple tale of a little blond girl who loved a Broadway boy very much, and proved it, not in spite of Hollywood but because of it.

The night Lee Tracy's name was blazoned in newspaper headlines in contract-cancelled "discipline" following that Mexican fiasco, a girl sat in a booth in a deserted Hollywood cafe, sobbing as though her heart

would break.

"If I had only been there," she said over and over,

"If I had only been there it couldn't have happened!"
Even the most cynical minded believed she spoke the truth, for in two short years the love story of Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell has become a legend in Holly-wood of all that is unselfish and protective in a girl toward a boy who has always been his own worst enemy.

There are those who will tell you that without the devotion of Isabel, Lee Tracy would have "cracked He was hurt and embittered at the injustice of the town that had tried and convicted him (in the beginning) without even waiting to hear what he had

to say in his own defense.

He had wanted to talk, to shout his case from the hilltops. He had particularly wanted to speak, not in defense of what happened in Mexico, but in protest of what had happened in Hollywood. They had kicked him out. Made a Roman holiday of something he believed he could have explained. Well, they could listen to him now and get a load of it!

It was Isabel who walked up and down an apartment floor with him for hours and hours. It was Isabel who saw that no one got near him when he was

in this mood.

"You don't know what you're doing, Lee," she told him. "You're angry now. You'll say a lot of things you don't mean. That thing that happened in Mexico will blow over . . . be forgotten. But it is what you

say or do now that can jeopardize your career forever. .

It wasn't easy. The phone kept ringing. The newspapers wanted statements. The corridor of his apartment building was lined with reporters. The hardest part was keeping Lee from them, not them from Lee. She must have answered the phone a hundred times: "Mr. Tracy has no statement to make. .

A picture of her own with Otto Kruger was starting at M-G-M. But she asked for, and received, a few days' postponement. She couldn't leave Lee. Not in this mood, when, with one misplaced word he could tear down the career he had so arduously built up. It didn't matter that she was coming into a big break of her own on the screen after almost a year of mere "bit" parts. Her work, her future could wait if Lee's was in danger.

Finally he said: "You win, kid. You're right. You beat it out to that studio and start thinking about your own job. I'm not going to shoot off my face.

And for two months, while the mills of the Hollywood gods ground more slowly than usual and the movie moguls felt out the pulse of the public, he did not talk. In the beginning he had wanted to go back to Broadway, t'hell with all this waiting. When a picture deal with Paramount fell through because of a "difference of opinion on how the character should be played" he threatened to sign a contract for a personal appearance tour and run his own risks on how the public felt about Lee Tracy! All through this doubt and uncertainty it was staunch little Isabel who counselled: "You aren't going to run away. You're going to stay here and beat this thing!"

He stayed . . . and on February 9th he beat the thing when he signed his name to a starring contract in "I'll Tell the World" at Universal. Together, Lee and Isabel had fought the good fight . . . and won!

They had met three and a half years ago when Lee was getting ready to go into "Louder, Please," following his sensationally (Please turn to page 79)





STILL SPARKLING . BUT HE HAS THOUGHT THINGS THROUGH

WALLACE BEERY'S OR very sound business reasons, I've never wanted to be starred. Whenever I have been given stellar billing, it's been over my own most vehement protestations and reasonable objections. It takes a lot of people to make a picture—and the work of each one of them is just as important to the finished film as the work of the next. The author, the producer, the scenarist, the dialogue writer, the director, the cutter-let any one of the lot flop on his job and the entire production is weakened. But invariably, it's the star who gets the blame for a bad picture,

for he's the only member of the troupe who appears before the public. It hardly seems fair but that's the way it stacks up.

And what additional reward does he get for being the "fall guy"? A little more money, which he turns over to Uncle Sam in income tax; a host of worries and annoyances which needn't be shared by the other members of the cast; and a scrap book filled with rather stupid "notices" which are food for his vanity but darned poor substitutes for groceries after the public has forgotten all about him—as the public will the minute he slips from his banana-peel throne.

Fame's very enjoyable—while it lasts—but it's not profitable in the long run. Personally, I'd rather "take the cash and let the credit go." I've been in this racket—and that's all acting is—for more than twenty years; long enough to know that stardom's the dynamite that's blasted into oblivion and bankruptcy many a capable actor who could have gone on playing featured roles for years.

IT came near blasting me out of pictures when Paramount costarred Raymond Hatton and me in a series of feature-length comedies. I had been in constant demand ever since Lady Luck had given me a break and the best role of my career

in "Robin Hood." I'd played strong featured roles in an un-broken succession of successful pictures. My salary had increased steadily and I was "sitting on top of the world." I should have known better than to let myself in for such a fiasco as the Beery-Hatton comedies proved to be.

"We're in the Navy Now" coined money at the box-office—and the producers immediately lost their heads. They decided they had a gold mine and tried to work it

Were they due for an awakening? I will answer that one myself. They were!

Wallace Beery qualifies as the ace of fliers in the motion picture colony. He holds a pilot's license.

The script of "Viva Villa" was too much for Wallace, and he dropped off for a quiet little snooze.



"MY LIFE UNTIL NOW"

This is the final instalment of the first authorized true life story from the man who has been the hero of a remarkable career in motion pictures

I've never been able to understand why experienced proiucers, who should know better, insist on thinking that a popular star can draw the public to see a poor picture. The cictures that they rushed out, trying to capitalize on the success of the first Hatton-Beery comedy, were worse than poor—they were just plain lousy! The stories were written overnight and the "gags" were carbon copies of the ones that had drawn laughs in our first picture.

Naturally, the pictures were complete flops. Ray Hatton and I took it on the chin. And the ironic thing is that Hollywood, no matter how thoroughly it knows the circumstances which are responsible for an unsuccessful picture, quickly adopts the verdict of the general public and saddles the star with the blame. Perhaps the producers are honest in thinking that a star should be able to fill the theaters no matter how flimsy a vehicle he has to work with; perhaps they are merely anxious to alibi their own blunders. At any rate, the fact remains that three box-office failures in succession are enough to "kill" any star.

Ray Hatton, one of the best actors who ever faced a camera

has never recovered from the effect of those alleged comedies, and, without the intervention of Lady Luck, I'd be in the same boat. As it was, I spent more than two years hounding the studios before I got another break. To make matters worse, the screen went talkie, and every studio in Hollywood started importing stage actors from New York by the trainload. The producers entirely forgot that many of their "silent" players had had stage training and proceeded to damn them without

a test.

I did a little mild boasting, earlier in this article, about my happy-go-lucky disposition, my ability to take it on the chin and come back for more, but I'll frankly admit that those two years strained my optimism and my disposition. It looked as if I were

down for the count. Fortunately, I'd been able to save quite a bit of money, so I didn't have to worry on that score.

The picture that gave me my comeback was "The Big House."
The role of "Butch" suited me to a "T." I could understand that mug, for brutal and uncouth as he was, he was a human that hug, for brutal and the transfer of the period of the

as told to ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT



As a gangster, Wallace Beery won great acclaim as "Machine Gun Butch" in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's great pro-duction, "The Big House."

One of his biggest hits was "We're in the Navy Now," when he played with Raymond Hatton.



Hollywood PLAYS

Intimate alimpses from the inside of the gay events which make the social life of movie-land's leaders a continuous whirl

Ву GRACE KINGSLEY ARY COOPER'S ties and suits and even his automobiles have been toned down in color since he married Sandra Shaw! Even if Gary is a cowboy, professionally speaking, he is also of the creme-de-la-creme of Hollywood film society, and Sandra,

they say, simply won't let Gary go in for the bizarre.

Anyway, Gary's demeanor, that of a well-bred man of the world, never did go with flamboyant ties, shrill checked suits and bright

vellow cars.

Photos by Wide World

It seems as if social affairs given for the pair would never cease.

All the professional cut-ups of Paramount and some from other studios were doing their stuff at the party which Emanuel Cohen, Paramount official, gave for Gary and Sandra at his Misty Mountain

Jack Oakie tried to tell funny stories, but W. C. Fields kept ribbing him, following him about for the purpose as soon as Jack got an audience in some corner. And W. C. Fields went about doing his juggling act everywhere in the house, even in the kitchen, much to the trepidation of some of the lady guests, who feared Fields might miss one, and that it might bean them.

Then there was that ribbing act that Dick Arlen and his wife, and Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee put up on the lady guests as the latter descended the stairs after "resting" their wraps upstairs.

The four sat at the bottom of the steps, and whenever a feminine guest descended, they started singing—something like "Pretty Baby"

Theres !

George Raft is decorated by Charita Alden, dancer at the Hollywood Hotel Roosevelt, at a banquet given for Earl Carroll's chorus girls.





Carl Brisson, Danish musical comedy star and former Euro-pean fight champion, attended Emanuel Cohen's big party. With him are Ida Lupino and Lanny Ross.

Danish
Sporter

AT PARTIES OF THE STARS



Honor Guests at a party given by Emanuel Cohen, vice-president of Paramount, were Gary Cooper and his lovely bride, Sandra Shaw. Mr. Cohen is at the left, and Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, on the right.

or a more modern one, like "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

Each lady guest, including Mary Boland, Ida Lupino and others, became fussed and stumbled on the bottom stair, until it came to Gail Patrick. You couldn't fool Gail. She just sat down and sang with the crowd!

Adolph Zukor was very attentive to Gail Patricksent his car for her when he found she was coming without an escort, and danced with her a lot-and that was the long and short of it!-and apparently enjoyed her bright conversation very much.

Jack Oakie brought Toby Wing, and John Negulescu, who was once Sidney Fox's valentine, brought Gertrude Michaels.

And Josef Von Sternberg was there without Mar-lene Dietrich! And very attentive to two other girls. Ernst Lubitsch brought Mme. Koerner, a Viennese actress, but divided his attentions between her and Gail Patrick.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. DeMille had the new actress, Frances Drake, under their wing.

Carl Brisson, the Danish actor, who played "The Merry who Widew' something like

fifteen hundred times in Europe, put in an appearance.

The Cohen house, by the way, was formerly the home of Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennett. Fred and Enid have taken up farming in a big way, up in Northern California.

There were scores of picture players' photographs on the wall, mostly of another day, and very interest-ing. These are the Niblo collection. When Cohen took the place, it was understood the photographs were to be left just as they were.

Roulette is now installed in almost every whoopee room in Hollywood. The Cohen house is no exception. Norman Taurog, Tay Garnett, Alison Skipworth and Elizabeth Young had a lot of fun playing that night.

You just needed to own a dog, in order to attend that party which M. C. Levee (*Please turn to page* 97)

FIRST NIGHTS ON



Katharine Hepburn puts rare beauty into her work in "Spitfire." She is shown here with Ralph Bellamy.

JUSTLY offended correspondents of this department who object, among other things, to the photograph that defaces this page are hereby informed that practically nothing can be done about it. Folk who discern in that more than flattering picture strong evidences of mental abnormality, physical defect and spiritual decay which should disbar it's original from presuming to write about picture plays, probably are correct, but nothing can be done about my face. After forty odd years of patient effort, I ought to know. Nothing will be done about the film reviews that mess up all the nice white paper in this department monthly, as long as a rashly adventurous employer persists in his noble experiment. This consists, briefly, in permitting a moronic mind to write exactly what it thinks about current pictures. When better cinema reviews are published in this magazine, someone else will do them.

The sad part of it is that I have to agree with most of the audience's objections. The Van de Water coun-

A well-known writer sets
down his candid impressions of the recent motion pictures, and of the
performances of the
players in them



BY

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AAA—This Month's Best; AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Poor)

AAA It Happened One Night

- AA The Cat and the Fiddle This Side of Heaven
 - A Wonder Bar Spitfire Looking for Trouble
 - B Madame Spy The Lost Patrol Long Lost Father Journal of Crime Carolina
 - C As the Earth Turns

AND DON'T MISS THESE EARLIER FILMS:

Catherine the Great, Hi, Nellie, Counsellor at Law, Dancing Lady, His Double Life, Design for Living, Little Women, Duck Soup, Eskimo, Berkeley Square, The Private Life of Henry VIII.

BROADWAY NEW PICTURES



"The Wonder Bar" is just about the best of the film extravaganzas, thus far. Here are shown Ricardo Cortez, Al Jolson and the beautiful Dolores Del Rio.

tenance is serviceable, durable, but even its owner can recommend it no further. The criticisms set down beneath it may be the reactions of a mentality, profusely blighted by delusions, aberrations, prejudices. Among the more prominent of these are the following:

I believe the chief trouble with pictures is the film magnates' belief that audiences have even less intelli-

gence than film magnates.

I think improvement in photoplays need not be limited almost entirely to the technical side of their production.

I am a sucker for films in which Katharine Hepburn, Charles Ruggles, Otto Kruger, Joan Crawford, Paul Muni, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young and Spencer or Lee Tracy appear.

I think Joe E. Brown is funnier than Eddie Cantor and I think Eddie Cantor is funnier than Jimmy

I do not think Joe E. Brown is very funny.

I think May Robson is a finer actress than Murin Dressler.

I believe Greta Garbo is one of the ten greatest screen stars. I am not so sure, though, that she is

I think the next declaration of war should stipulate that no spy films about it should ever be released.

I still hope to see a musical comedy picture that is about the production of a musical comedy.

At the left you see Janet Gaynor, the girl who won't grow up, and Richard Cromwell in a scene from "Carolina."

Below-Lionel Barrymore and Tom Brown in "This Side of Heaven," one of the most important of recent pictures.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND CLARK GABLE

I believe that if the directors of nine-tenths of the current photoplays were laid end to end, that would be the best possible way to leave them.

THESE are only a few of this screen gazer's ail lapses should disqualify me from writing about moving pictures. On the other hand, disqualification for writing about moving pictures is the chief characteristic of most of us who write about them.

It is probably just a form of moronic madness that leads this reviewer to lay himself open to still more protests by adding another film rating to those al-ready so violently contested. Hereafter, he is going to presume to pick each month what he thinks has been the best film released in that period.

"It Happened One Night" is the first to receive that doubtful honor. To me, this collaboration by Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Director Frank Capra and Author Samuel Hopkins Adams seems the best in form and flavor, script, acting and directing of this month's offerings. If "It Happened One Night" doesn't quicken excitement and laughter in you-well, you can always turn around and laugh at me.

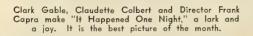
There are hopeful signs in this month's releases

which may, of course, get no further than that. Film musical comedies are improving. "The Cat and the Fiddle" is better in every way than any similar previous offering. "The Wonder Bar" is good too, for which Al Jolson, rather than the picture itself, deserves most credit. You can't get the musical comedies away from the same old topic trough. Cat and the Fiddle" is about the production of a musical comedy and "The Wonder Bar" concerns itself with what goes on backstage in a cabaret show.

In other films there is evidence that the cinema powers are beginning to look about for new back-grounds. "This Side of Heaven" concerns itself with the humdrum, normal yet intensely moving existence of a middle class American family. "Looking for Trouble" has for its background the workings of a telephone company. It may be that the movies are waking up at last to the fact that there is just as much drama and color to be found in an iron foundry, a steam laundry or a bootblacking emporium as there is backstage, or on arctic ice floes or in spy-ridden, wartime Vienna. It would be pleasant to think that these pictures indicated that film companies were going to stop buying cinema rights to biographies of Marie Antoinette and actually turn to the warm exciting raw material for pictures spread so lavishly through the immediate present.

There is a new Katharine Hepburn film out this





Upper Right—Jean Muir and Don Woods in Warner Brothers' production "As the Earth Turns."

Right—John Barrymore in another of his neglectful parent roles, with Claude King and E. E. Clive in "Long Lost Father."





RECEIVE CRITIC'S SALUTE THIS MONTH



A dinner party scene in "Journal of Crime," with Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Merjou.

UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

'Citation of unfeatured players who this month gave outs anding performances'

WALTER CONNOLLY—for his choleric but canny plutocrat in "It Happened One Night."

HENRIETTA CROSMAN—for her interfering mother in "Carolina."

SARAH HADEN—for her simple mountain lass in "Spitfire"

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH — for his earnest harp player in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

UNA MERKEL—for her talkative hired girl in "This Side of Heaven."

DOUGLAS WALTON—for his homesick young trooper in "The Lost Patrol."

NOEL MADISON—for his bank robber in "Journal of Crime."

month, too. "Spitfire" is far from being as good as "Little Women." You can't expect lightning to strike twice in the same place. Even without the presence of a glamorous star, it is worth notice for the fidelity with which it tries to produce the life of a mountaincer community. The actors even talk a hill-billy dialect. That is more than two other films with American backgrounds have even attempted. The actors in "As the Earth Turns." a Maine farm drama, and "Carolina." set in the South, pay no attention whatever to the last flavors of speech, but talk pure Hollywood, throughout. If you're going to have a sound track you might at least try to have it accurate.

We'll consider, now, the roster of this month's iletures more in detail: Picase turn to page 91



'Madame Spy," another in the espionage series, has Fay Wray as the Russian adventuress, and Nils Asther as the Austrian lover.

DICK POWELL REVIEWS THE NEW STYLES

ICK POWELL confesses he doesn't know much about styles, but he does know how he likes a girl to look when he takes her to lunch at the Vendome, to dance at the Beverly-Wilshire, and, yes, even to breakfast. For although Dick is one of Hollywood's bright young bachelors, he takes a girl to breakfast now and again.

"When a girl meets me for lunch in one of those new English tweeds and a perky little hat," says Mr. Powell,

"I feel the lunch is going to be a success.

"Some of the girls are wearing a little coat, buttoned with two buttons and quite tight. The skirt seems to be

of plain material while the coat is checked.
"Bags always intrigue me. I like soft suede—I think that's what they call it—and I always notice a girl's bags

and gloves.

"Shoes-I can't stand shoes with lots of fancy effects. Give me a trim looking pump, or oxfords, but . . . if I see a lot of flim-flammery on a girl's shoes somehow I think

she must be a fussy, complicated person.

"At a formal party I like very simply cut gowns—the kind that give the girl a streamline effect. The little trains women have adopted intrigue and annoy me at the same time. I find myself doing an impromptu hop, skip, and jump over the funny little affairs.

"I can't say I like the Queen Mary tiara effect. They look well on older women, but not on the sweet young things. Makes them look like little girls playing queens

and things.



Corinne Griffith, RKO player, wearing the new close-fitting tailored suit. (Left)

Kitty Carlisle in one of the new streamline evening gowns. (Right)

Irene Bentley, Fox Film player, in a smart new moss green hat.





Ernest A. Bachrach

LIKE hats that show a girl's eyes. I never like I LIKE hats that snow a girls eyes. I to see half an eye, or just one eye, peering at me across the luncheon table. Eyes are one of the most alluring features and should not be obscured.

"Simplicity, harmonious color, and the knack of wearing the right thing at the right time . . . all these are important in making the girl a sight for the tired eyes of a movie actor, 'crooner,' or whatever it is that you would like to call me, if anything.

FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON AND DINNER



"Once in a great while I take a girl to tea. For this, I like a woman in one of those outfits that merge from tea to dinner. They generally seem to be made of soft silky material and have cute little frilly things at the neck... or trick sleeves. This seems to tone down the girl who would like to be considered over-sophisticated by her friends. Makes her reminiscent of the old family album.

"I think a girl should choose very informal riding togs," says Mr. Powell. "A pair of whipcord breeches,

boots, a soft silk shirt with a rather loosely fitting coat and a felt hat. I believe in the utmost comfort when riding. There's no enjoyment in it if this important element is lacking.

element is lacking.

"When we are having a bite of breakfast, I am quite content to gaze upon my companion in her riding things. As I do appreciate a bit of bright color, I am always pleased if the girl chooses a brightly colored tie—yes, and I like those cute little colored feathers that are tucked in the hat band."







Joan Crawford Greta Garbo Claire Trevor







A LESSON in Ey

HE limpid, heavy-lidded, blue eyes of Joan Crawford. Garbo's eyes with a pleading beauty all their own. Claire Trevor's wistful, little-girl, blue eyes. The mocking dark eyes of Lupe Velez. Lovable eyes like Jean Harlow's, or the large appealing eyes of Claudette Colbert. Blue eyes, brown eyes, gray eyes, eyes like Garbo's that may be green or blue or gray. French eyes, Spanish eyes, eyes from Mexico or Sweden. It takes all kinds of eyes to make Hollywood and there is no good evidence to show why one type is more likely to bring fame and fortune than another.

Eyes may be the mirror of the soul, but girls out Hollywood way would all have to agree that they are also the unfailing reflectors of the general physical condition. Over-work and lack of sleep, ill health and fatigue leave a tell-tale trace of pallor on the cheeks that may be

disguised by a judicious use of powder and other make-up, but the best cosmetics in the world in the skilled hands of the best make-up expert won't make tired eyes look bright and fresh. That, more than anything else, is why ambitious girls in Hollywood manage somehow to get enough sleep. Even if the brains of a great genius like Edison did keep clicking on only five or six hours out of the twenty-four, the eyes of a Harlow or a Garbo will not long cast their spell of beauty and glamour without a generous supply of sleep.

This is lesson number one from Hollywood. If you want beautiful

eyes, see that you have enough sleep.
Any sort of over-strain robs your eyes of their natural beauty and most eye strain comes not so much from reading or studying too much as from reading in a poor light, from reading when you are physi-cally exhausted or without glasses when you are really in great need of them.

Your eyes are endowed with a marvelous arrangement of self-protection against over-exposure to sunlight. The pupils automatically grow small so as to protect the delicate optic nerve from over-exposure. And by the splendid team work of the tiny muscles around the eyes, the lower lids are drawn up and the upper lids are drawn down. Your eyes themselves may be protected but their beautiful symmetry is dis-turbed. Habitual over-exposure to bright light gives permanence to this squinting and wrinkling. So while girls in Hollywood usually manage to take advantage of all the good that comes from a judicious exposure of their skin to summer sunshine they do manage to protect their eyes. Follow the Hollywood fashion for wearing wide-brimmed beach hats and dark sun glasses and acquire the simple trick of sitting or



Supe Velez Jean Harlow Claudette Colbert









from Hollywoo

standing so the sunlight won't shine

Girls in Hollywood may have as much to worry about as you or I. Most of them probably have more. But they realize that the more they worry the more they may have to worry, because all the various emotions that go into the complex of worrying bring their tell-tale train of wrinkles, frowns and scowls.

Train your eyes to self-expression. That is an important lesson for any girl to learn and one that is essential to the ambitious actress. Surprise, joy, sympathy, amusement, content, dissatisfaction, even anger and impatience, are emotions that you should be able to express with your eyes. But emotions that distort the eyes such as anger, surprise, and impatience should be of fleeting duration. You may learn to bend over and touch your toes as part of your daily setting-up exercises, but you surely wouldn't think of holding the pose for the rest of the day.

Every screen actress will, or should, admit that make-up con-tributes enormously to the charm and beauty of the eyes. There are certain tricks that are useful only for actual screen make-up. False lashes for instance. Many actresses use them for screen work, but would consider them absurd for every-day Specially toned shadow, mascara and eyebrow pencils are used for screen make-up that would also be out of place.

The right sort of mascara carefully applied will usually give all the effect of length and thickness to the lashes that are needed and it is well to bear in mind in this connection that the harmful effect of eyelash and eyebrow dyes that we have re-cently heard about has nothing whatever to do with the use of good

Heavy dark shadows under and over the eyes have lost what little favor they ever enjoyed, but eyeshadow is part of every star's off

set make-up kit.

Very narrowly plucked eyebrows are less usual than they used to be. on the screen as well as off. the width of the eyebrow as well as its general line should depend on the hair color, eye color and type of features. Jean Harlow, for instance, retains the very fine eyebrow line, which is hers naturally and which harmonizes perfectly with her very light hair and rounded forehead.

Nature, it has been discovered by the make-up artists, is usually right in deciding on the curve or slant of the eyebrow and though she may make our eyebrows too light or too heavy for perfect beauty, she seldom makes a mistake on the position. That is why the best solution to the eyebrow problem is usually to follow the natural line-plucking them merely to even the edges or to give them needed length.

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP

What the younger stars of filmland are saying and doing

BY HENRY WILLSON

WILL never appear before a camera again." These were the words that Eric Linden, twenty-four-year-old star, uttered to one of England's largest motion picture companies recently, when offered an enormous sum (reported \$100,000) for two pictures. Eric is now wanted in New York by the Theatre Guild to do a stage play—and by the time this news appears, he may have accepted the offer. Eric Linden, who disappeared from Hollywood suddenly six months ago, has not written a word to his mother, nor months ago, has not written a word to his mother, hor communicated in any way, except for one radiogram informing her that he was on his way to Europe, and did not know when he would return. He and another young man, left Hollywood two days after the announcement of Frances Dee's engagement to Joel McCrea—BUT contrary to reports, it was not because of the love for Miss Dee that this star departed so

Miss Dee that this star departed so suddenly. Linden and his companion spent several months touring through southern France and Italy —then, one day, without a word regarding his destination, Eric disappeared. Nine weeks later he was found living in the Latin quarter of Paris, where he is now located, as this is being written.

IF you are a male and over twenty-four, you are Dixie Dunbar's uncle . . . whether you like it or not. This little southern gal, who not. This little southern gal, who made her debut as a singing comedienne in Fox's production of "George White's Scandals," calls all the men she meets "Uncle." It's "Uncle George" (White), and "Uncle Joe," the musical director. In fact, Robert Kane, Fox Film's most reserved and much-bowed-down-to producer, is none other than "Uncle Bob" to Dixie. You see, Dixie got the habit on Broadway of calling all the stage directors and band leaders that endearing term, so as promotly to make them

dearing term, so as promptly to make them feel so old they couldn't show her attentions that were not of the "unclish" nature. In a couple of years maybe I'll be "Uncle Henry."

AFTER Ben Alexander was elected treas-urer of one of Hollywood's social organizations, he was struck with the bright idea of reminding the members of their past due accounts, via the medium of a penny cost card. But cards kept coming in dated Tuesday, March 13th, 1922, or Thursday, March 29th, 1916. So finally, at the last meeting, William Bakewell could contain himself no longer: (Please turn to page 80)



(Above) Sylvia Froos, singer, and Dixie Dunbar, dancer, take time from work for a stroll. (Right) Helen Mack, who has gone far in a short time, relaxes at her Hollywood home. (Below) William Janney, Junior Durkin, Ben Alexander and Tom Brown, talking a good game of ping pong.



Lines start below the surface in your under skin

your outer skin . .

Each Skin needs its own Cream

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME







1 At its peak, the inner and 2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of outer skins are both firm and the apple has smooth.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

HE truth is—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where Dryness comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin-and puts moisture back into it. It's a greaseless cream. You can use it day and night without fear of oiliness.

But Lines have their cause deep down in under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm,

use a deep penetrating oil cream -Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.

Here is the way MISS WHITNEY BOURNE describes this Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment . . .

1. "Last thing at Night, I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt. I use Pond's Tissues to take this off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream-it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.



2. "After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

3. "Next Morning, and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

For your Under Skin Pond's delicious oil-tich Cold Cream. Or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless Cornects dryness. Holds powder.





Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been trying to get along with one cream only, just try this famous Two-Skin Method for a few days-and see your skin grow soft and

of last winter's bradiant a coal sea, to See

guards her exquisitely fair skin and I nd's

Cold and Vanishing (reams, S'esays: "T.)

different creams are at a lock to as as at a

fine smooth. SEND FOR Pond's Extract Company, Dept F
SAMPLES 48 Had on Street, New York City I enclose or ero cover postage and packing! for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name	
Street	

Copyright, 1944, Pond's Extract Company

Jews of the New

"VERY Mexican," says a fashion reporter approvingly of a new vividly striped taffeta blouse. "Viva Mejico," says another in commenting on the new jewelry, taken from real Actec designs, that has come into sudden fashion this Spring. We into sudden fashion this Spring. We are urged to wear these bright colors and daring patterns to bring out the primitive in our natures. Whether or not you count this as an advantage, if you are one of those who respond to fads and fashions, your thoughts this Spring will be veering toward the little Republic on our southern bound-

ary line.
We have always had our little Mexican shops where, if we chose, we could buy bits of colorful, vigorously pat-terned pottery, and embroideries notable for their striking design and color rather than the fineness of



stitchery. In almost every house there is some example of primitive Mexi-can workmanship—but it has remained for 1934 to give them fashion

importance.

Mexican food, too, has come into the limelight and if you choose your fare with an eye to fashion as well as to your own personal preference in flavor, you will be considering the possibilities of a variety of dishes that combine the traditions of Spanish cookery with the native food products of Mexico. Tortillas may seem to you nothing more nor less than a very poor and pallid excuse for our own nicely browned pancakes. You may feel that chile con carne would be much more appetizing with considerably less chile and more carne, and hot tomales may

and more carne, and not tomales may in all candor strike you as a great culinary mistake—but for the sake of fashion you will at least be on speaking acquaintance with them.

Mexico does not stand alone in fashion's favor. There's a very definite Chinese flavor to many of the smartest new French dress fashions—emphasized in hats of the off-the-face smartest new French dress fashions— emphasized in hats of the off-the-face halo type and flat mandarin coat closings. The new three-quarter length tunics and cassock effects re-mind us that Russia still exerts her influence on Paris and New York, and from the mountainous regions of Austria and Germany comes the new Tyrolian inspiration that began with the little peak-crowned hat with its perky feather last Autumn and has been further carried on this season with sports clothes suggestive of the mountaineer outfit.



A HISTORY of fashions might be arrived written in terms of nightgowns, dating back from the not so remote period when no one wore them at Mid-Victorian ladies naturally wore mid-Victorian nightgowns, fussy, frilly, lace trimmed and embroidered with long sleeves and high necks that buttoned modestly up under the chin. Just as naturally girls of the vagabond, boyish era wore boyish pajamas, as free from coquetry and flattery as they were from prudery. Or, if you chose, there were straight nightgowns as short as your knee-length evening dresses and after that, as something distinctly new, night-gowns with indicated waistlines, with long skirts or even trains. But dur-ing most of the post-war period sleep-ing apparel has been simple to the point of plainness.

Now these new nightgowns that you can buy for as much, or almost as little, as you please show as many frills tle, as you please show as many frills and flounces, laces and embroidery, tucks, shirrs, and gathers, as those our great aunts wore. But instead of having long sleeves, they have no sleeves at all, just flattering frills at the shoulders, and instead of high-buttoned neckband, many of the newest 1934 nightgowns are cut with a deep decolletage at the back.



SHERRY with a dash of bitters as an appetizer, white Rhine wine with the appetizer, white Rhine wine with the oysters, Burgundy or Bordeaux with the roast, Madeira with the dessert, port with the cheese, and no less than thirty-one distinctly different types of correct glasses, in which to serve your various beverages. Volumes could and have recently been written on the characteristics. have recently been written on the sub-ject of serving aperitifs, cocktails, wines and liqueurs. There is much ado about the precise temperatures at which each sure of wines about the service of the se each sort of wine should be served, how corks are to be removed, how it should be poured, and where the glasses should be placed. All of this may seem decid-edly worth while to you or ridiculously unimportant!



ORONET braids have come back CORONET oraids have come statistic of deception about wearing one made of hair that isn't your own. It is made of natural hair, to be sure, chosen to match your own perfectly, but in the morning you wear your own short hair as it is and in the evening you appear with a heavy braid of hair

you appear with a heavy braid of hair circling your head. Certainly no one could be deceived.

Coronets are replacing tiaras, fashion experts say, meaning that in place of the metal and jeweled bands that we wore on our heads during the Winter and early Spring, we now have these braids of hair, which can incidentally be bought as easily as one would buy a new pair of gloves or a new handlag.

as one would buy a new pair of giova-or a new handbag.

Perhaps here is a solution to the question of short hair or long. You can now have all the comfort and con-venience of having it short—plus the elegance and formality of long hair

when you like.

Advocates of the new style assure
us that the coronet marks the return
of a fashion custom that dates back some five thousand years to the highest period of Egyptian culture, when noble ladies cropped their own hair and then used natural hair artificially for adornment. In Greece and Rome, too, when those countries were in their glory, women of fashion solved their hair-dressing problems the same way. In fact down through the ages the use of artificial natural hair in some form or other, switches, swirls, transforma-tions or coronets, has coincided with periods of culture and refinement.



Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.

When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give tree service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Department 534-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

He used to be Kent Douglass, but now he's going ahead under his own name, Douglass Montgomery — and under his own steam, too!

Ву

IRENE

THIRFR

Like many film personages, Douglass goes in for fine, pedigreed dogs.

The YOUNG MAN

FROM HOLLYWOOD

Douglass Montgomery grew up with cameras clicking all around him and he did not want to be a movie actor

P no less than seven red-carpeted flights of stairs, I climbed to arrive in Douglass Montgomery's "seventh heaven" apartment, in New York. But it was worth the effort, even if I had been rewarded only with the impressive view through the wide windows which overlook the ever interesting East River. I seated myself, opposite Douglass who had settled himself on a comfortable has-

Sock, and looked around.
On the mantelpiece I noted, first of all, a gorgeous photograph of Lois Moran, and that gave me the opening question of this inter-

"Do you expect to get married?"
"I hope so, indeed."
"Soon?"

"I don't think so. I wouldn't wish myself on any girl right now, Lois and I are awfully good friends. But—as for marriage—nothing to it!"

After all, Douglass (with two s's) is only twenty-four. A young, boyish twenty-four at that. He has none of the blase sophistication which often overcomes young men of his age who reach a certain position in the stage and screen world. He hasn't "gone Hollywood." And there's a perfectly good reason for that: he's from Hollywood.

Montgomery, having attained his film fame

on account of several excellent performances in the Broadway legitimate theater—notably "Volpone," "Caprice," "Fata Morgana" and "Nikki"—actually reached Broadway via the cinema city. It's curious that, residing on the outskirts of Hollywood with his family, Doug's great ambition was to journey to New York and become a stage actor. Emoting was in the boy's blood, from the time he was a little fair-haired child. But the cameras held no

allure whatsoever.
"When I'd come home from school and see Charlie Ray making scenes for a picture right on our street, I didn't even stop to watch," Montgomery meditated. "Why it was just as natural for me to see cameras, folks with strange costumes and grease-paint make-up all around me as it is for a person who lives in the Alps to see skis and snow-shoes. Living where I did—and where my family still resides— I grew up with movies all around me. Maybe that's why I never wanted to be a movie actor. Maybe that's why the studios resented me when I finally did break into pictures some not-so-successful seasons (Please turn to page 76)

"his constipation disappeared Entirely_"

So many ills start in the region shown in diagram. Yeast keeps the stomach and intestines healthy!

reports DR. EDMUND MALIWA, noted Austrian hospital authority

Prof. Dr. Maliwa, member of Society of Internal Specialists, Vienna, is Physician-in-Chief of the exclusive Sanatorium Esplanade. He is a lecturer at medical congresses throughout Europe. Read the case he describes below...



"PATIENT—age 50—complete lack of appetite, had disagree-able feeling of being 'stuffed up.' He had a run-down condition caused by severe constipation, my examination showed.



"I ORDERED HIM to give up the medicines he'd been dosing himself with and advised that he cat yeast before meals. He followed this recommendation faithfully.



"IN A SHORT TIME his constipution and abnormal symptoms were corrected. We were bothdelighted." (Note X-ray of healthy colon above—a typical result of eating yeast dully.)



"HEADACHES, colds, coated tongue, bad breath, skin troubles, indigestion—indicate that poisons are attacking the body from unclean intestines," states Dr. Maliwa.

"I advise yeast when intestines are sluggish. It has none of the objections of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs."

Eaten daily—3 cakes a day— Fleischmann's Yeast very soon benefits your whole health.

Appetite sharpens. Digestion improves. You lose that dull, heavy, "tired" feeling. You catch cold less often, have fewer headaches and boast a much clearer, fresher complexion when yeast relieves you of poisons every day.

Isn't it worth trying? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at any grocer's, at restaurants, soda "I COULDN'T SLEEP—was nervous —had awful headaches," writes Ancel P. Harvey, Indianapolis, Ind. "I was crazy with Indigestion—constipation. "Fleischmann's Yeast soon cleared

"Fleischmann's Yeast soon cleared the poisons from my system. I slep like a top—ate like a kid."

fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Important: Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D. Add it to your diet-today!

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Candlewick for Heather

Miss Angel chooses a bedspread of old Colonial design—Patricia Ellis prefers green taffeta



By FRANCES COWLES

E were just in time to get a view of Patricia Ellis arranging her new bedspread made of soft green taffeta silk to harmonize with the chintz window drapery and other hangings in a bedroom with a mahogany four-poster bed. It appeals to Patricia because it is simply designed and conservative and still has an air of elegance about it.

Fox Studio's dainty little English actress, Heather Angel, likes nothing better than old-fashioned candlewick bedspreads. She doesn't make them herself but she would do so if she had more time to herself. And don't forget that most of these younger actresses in Hollywood are as interested in the little details about their homes as anyone else.

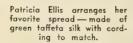
Crochet bedspreads are enjoying a noteworthy vogue in Hollywood stores and specialty shops. Carefully worked with white or cream-colored cotton thread, they are appropriate for almost any type of furnishing. The candlewick spreads are usually chosen to go with early Colonial rooms, while for a bedroom of the very simple modern sort, plain monkscloth with three initials is a favorite selection.

For the summer cottage or for summer furnishings there has been a revived interest in bedspreads made of figured chintz.

For information about this month's sewing circulars, please turn to page 87.

I'' de World

Heather Angel, Fox film player, shows here a homemade candlewick bedspread.





Scotty Welbourne



"Once it seemed as though all my spare eash went to sto sings. Sometimes I'd get a run, sometimes I'd get a run, sometimes I'd get a run, sometimes they'd go at the heel or toe. Then the hosiery salespirl at a store suggested washing stockings with law, to save the clasticits. I took her advice, and now my stockings fit better and give at least twice as good wear."

CORDELIA GURNEE

"With Lux your stockings don't wrinkle and sag. Seamsstay straighter and stockings wear better, too."

VIRGINIA SNYDER

"My girl friend started me using Lux for stockings. Thank goodness she did! I used to rub them out with our bathroom soap, then wonder why they wore out so soon. My stockings last twice as long since I've been using Lux. I don't get runs nearly so often, and my stockings don't wear through at the level so soon, either!"

MARJORIE HOTHORN

"We keep stockings smooth fitting this way"

"Men always notice when stockings fit badly—wrinkle and sag—when seams keep riding around," popular girls say.

"It looks so careless! And it is, for it needn't happen. We keep stockings smooth fitting always. We wash stockings each night with Lux."

Lux preserves the elasticity that keeps stockings fitting beautifully just as new stockings do. They don't go into runs so often either . . . the silk gives instead of breaking under strain.

Why not follow the easy Lux way? Avoid rubbing with eake soap—avoid soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali—it saves the elasticity that makes stockings fit and wear.

_saves the *ELASTICITY* that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*



IN THE MOVIES

HIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET" played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra is an enjoyable record all the way through. From the Paramount film "Eight Girls in a Boat," this tune seemed to win instant approval, and I'm sure that you'll find no fault with Duchin's recording. Lew Sherwood sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is also played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, and this time it's "If I Didn't Care." This is not a show tune but you'll like it. Again Lew Sherwood does the vocal work. (This is Victor record

No. 24512-B.)

FROM the M-G-M picture "Fugitive Lovers" Ben Pollack and his orchestra play the tune, "I'm Full of the Devil." This is a McHugh and Fields tune so you know what to expect. Pollack certainly has a nice outfit together and in this one Ben does the vocal work himself.

together and in this one Ben does the vocal work himself.
"Got the Jitters" is on the other side, and is by the same outfit. This is full of life; vocal by Hilton Lamara. (This is Columbia record No. 2870-D.)

"LET'S FALL IN LOVE" from the Columbia film of the same name is played by George Hall and his Hotel Taft Orchestra. A very smooth bit of work by the orchestra, and a nice bit of vocal work by Barry Wells. You should like this one.

Wells. You should like this one.
"Tired of it All" is on the other side. Ditto.
(This is Bluebird record No. B-5314-A.)

AND here is "Tired of it All" played by Don Bestor and his orchestra. If you saw the RKO film "Hips, Hips, Hooray," starring Wheeler and Woolsey, I'm sure that you'll want this record. Bestor does an excellent job on this one, and the vocal refrain by Neil Buckley is right up to par. "Keep on Doin' What You're Doin' " is on the other

"Keep on Doin' What You're Doin'" is on the other side. This is from the same show and played by the same band. Just as good as the preceding side. (This is Victor record No. 24504-B.)

"K EEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL" from the United Artists' film, "Roman Scandals," is played by Bill Scotti and his orchestra. No doubt you are all familiar with this band (*Please turn to page* 73)

BIGGEST HITS

"This Little Piggie Went to Market," fox trot—played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I'm Full of the Devil," fox trot—played by Ben Pollack and his orchestra. (Columbia)

"Let's Fall in Love," fox trot—played by George Hall and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

"Tired of It All," fox trot—played by Don Bestor and his orchestra. (Victor)



New Color For Old-With **Easy Tintex!**

These Tints and Dyes bring smart, Spring colors to faded Apparel and Home Decorations



In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains Drapes Doilies Dinner Cloths Luncheon Sets Blankets Cushions Bed Spreads Table Runners Slip Covers



ASHION says, "now is the time to do away with drab, 'washed-out' colors."

And common sense says, "use Tintex to restore the original color to faded apparel and home decorations - or to give everything entirely different colors."

These famous tints and dyes save time, money and trouble. They give always perfect resultsequalled only by expensive professional work. No wonder millions of women use them. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are by far the most popular in the world! 35 brilliant, longlasting colors from which to choose.

> On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

TINTS and DYES

In Your Wardrobe

use Tintex for

Underthings Negligers Dresses Coats Sweaters Sourfs Stockings Slips Blouses Children's Clothes



.. World's largest selling

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors





Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tinta and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourselfeither light or dark.



Dick Cromwell's

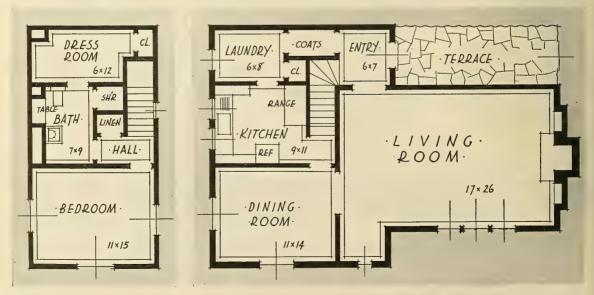
SIX-ROOM HOUSE

WO'S company, three's a crowd, must have been Dick Cromwell's idea when he o.k.'d the architect's plans for his house in Hollywood, and very definitely he never expected to invite his uncles and his cousins and his aunts to Thanksgiving dinner when he specified the eleven by fourteen dining room.

Like most houses in Hollywood, Mr. Cromwell's has a one and a half story living room with a fireplace that really is a fireplace. It is definitely a Hollywood type of house, and yet one that could be appropriately built anywhere.

The flagged, fenced-in terrace is something that any home builder might include in his plans and provides—in Mr. Cromwell's opinion and our own—a much more attractive sort of outdoor living room than the old-fashioned sort of front verandah.

If you have any home building problems of your own we would be glad to help you solve them. Write to Tower House Editor, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



How do they do it? "My tree le thought this glass out answered from 5 & to Silve, you I public the mark William with a " "I used to think that it was impossible to get enally need face prowder for less than \$1. Then I discovered In bases a lat Woodworth and the talk." Only F. W. Woolworth Co.

A \$1.00 QUALITY FACE POWDER FOR 20¢

"I NCREDIBLE?", you say. Lady, we don't expect you to believe it until you have read all the facts. Just consider . . .

could have made

this possible...

Let's say you pay \$1.00 for your face powder. The actual cost of the powder is only a part of that dollar. Figured in the price is the cost of selling the powder to tens of thousands of individual stores.

BUT a year ago one well-known manufacturer of fine cosmetics had an inspiration. He produced the same quality powder that women buy for \$1 . . . went to Woolworth and said: "Here - I'll sell this only to you. I'll do away with all selling expense . . . and you can offer women a \$1 powder for 20c."

Right from the start Embassy Face Powder was a sensation. Women in New York, Chicago . . . Hollywood . . . saw Embassy Powder . . . tried it . . . found it enchanting. Lovely at any price . . . irresistible at 20c.

Texture, Tint, Fragrance, Size, All \$1.00 Quality . . . for 20¢

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in texture. It is sifted through silk . . . lighter than air. A powder that rivals the softness of a cloud . . . the tenderness of a kiss. Yet it clings-long and evenly . . . with exquisite smoothness. Of course there is not one trace of starch or grit in Embassy. (It passes any test.)

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in tints. True skin tones adorably natural that give an enticing softness to your face.

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in fragrance. Smell its subtle, delicate, yet definite perfume.

Embassy Powder comes in a beautifully designed package-charming enough to grace any dressing table!

Beauty editors of famous magazines tried it, together with samples of the best known \$1.00 powders . . . both in plain boxes. They actually could NOT tell which were the \$1.00 powders . . . which the 20c Embassy.

Other Embassy Aids to Loveliness

Embassy offers you a beauty aid for your every need. Embassy is a complete treatment and make-up line-all \$1 quality products for 20e- all full sire packages . . . all guaranteed for purity!

Facial Cream (Nourishing)-for wrinkles, lines and sallow skin.

Cleansing Cream (Liquefying for normal and oily skins.

Cleansing (Cold) Cream - for dry skins.

Skin Freshener (Lotion revives circulation, helps to prevent blackheads.

Skin Softener (Foundation) - makes make-up natural, lasting, waterproof.

Rouge, Lipstick, Mascara, Eye Shadow.

Perfume that is unbelievably fine.

You can save real dollars if you use Embassy. And yet have as fine be noty aids as you are using non. Maybe finer. It's worth trying isn't it? Go to Woolworth's today

Embassy, 71 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Embassy & AIDS TO Loveliness



FULL PACKAGES 20¢ AT F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES SIZED

YOUR BEST DESSERT



Carole Lombard likes pie but prefers Bavarian cream, and Jack Oakie chooses ice cream.

day of the week. Dessertless dinners are entirely out in Hollywood. Pies, cakes and puddings are back on the table.

When we ask our distinguished friends home for luncheon or dinner, we want to be sure to give them a last course that they will really enjoy and we want you to help by sending in your own very best dessert recipes for your own favorite star.

The recipe should be one that you have tried yourself successfully and that has proved to be a general favorite. Exact standard measurements should be given and directions should be specific enough for the average home cook to follow without confusion. Address your contribution to the Food Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Recipes will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed.

All contributions will be carefully considered. Those judged

the best will be tested and for the one that receives the highest place in the final judging a reward of five dollars will be given. For the three next best we will give a prize of two dollars each. All contributions should be in not later than May 1, 1934.

... you're looking for NEW recipes and menu suggestions ... you're interested in beautifying your home

BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets an home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



A.			ECO	NON	IICA	L DIN-
	NERS					. 10c
						proud to
						xpensive.
	The tric	sk? It	's the l	ittle su	rprise	touches!
	Lika Do	oar Sal	lad wi	th Gir	COL	

- B- REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY . 10c
 Height and weight charts . . . calory
 chart . . . satisfying menus with low
 calory content . . . general exercise
 hints for reducing.
- C-FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS. 10c

 Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!
- 1- FAVORITE DESSERTS 10c
 100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . ten favorite desserts
- 2- FOODS THAT MEN PREFER 10c
 Breakfast breads . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.
- 9- FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT 10c
 For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite
 candies and desserts.
- 13-FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET 10c
 Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

14-SHOPPERS GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH 100
A resume of fish buying recipes for cocktails and appetizers fish soups for the main course salads for breakfas entrees and luncheon dishes sauces and garnishes.
Pamphlets on Home Beautifying
101-BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR 100 Distribution and balance of color how to read a color chart 20 different color schemes.
102-WINDOW TREATMENTS
Tower House Plans
103-THE COLONIAL HOUSE
104-THE FRENCH HOUSE
105-THE ENGLISH HOUSE
106-THE SPANISH HOUSE
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Check the circulars you want by the corresponding number

in the coupon below, sending the coupon, with your name and address to Tower Magazines, enclosing price of each bulletin as indicated. Or write a letter stating which circulars you want,

I am enclosing \$ for which please send me right away the bookless and circulars I have checked here as per the numbers above

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Tower Books, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

enclosing the proper amount.

Name

Stroot

CHARDERS CHINE FOR FRESH AND CANDIES FISH



guardian of the FAMILY HEALTH

Mother's very life is her family! Who is the first to notice that something has gone wrong in the household? Mother!

Who first notices that Tommy or Mary is cross and out of sorts? Mother!

And so it is but natural that the mothers of the nation are so well informed on matters of health. For instance, they realize the importance of that first rule of health - "keep regular!" And of keeping a good laxative in the medicine cabinet ready for use when some member of the family needs it.

Mothers, for 27 years, have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. They have found that it is entirely unnecessary to use violent cathartics—even for the strongest member of the family.

They like its delicious chocolate taste. They have found that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to bepleasant, gentle, and yet thoroughly effective.

At all druggists, 10c and 25c.



MOTHER Movie Scouts May Get You

(Continued from page 18)

sixteen-year-old Jean Conners was atsixteen-year-old Jean Conners was attending classes in a Flushing, New York, high school. One afternoon last summer she went to a nearby beach resort with a group of friends. A member of the RKO-Radio publicity staff caught one glimpse of the blue-eyed, platinum blond beauty and hastened to introduce himself. The RKO Beauty Pageant was then in preparation. He urged the surprised young lady to enter. young lady to enter.

With characteristic frankness, Jean informed the stranger that, in her opinion, all such contests were "fixed." However, urged on by her friends, she finally agreed to compete and was one of the six girls chosen from the 1506 entrants, to receive a screen test. After two breathless weeks of waiting, she received word that the test was all right and that she was to leave for

right and that she was to leave for Hollywood at once!

Jean first faced the cameras and microphones with Ruth Etting in a musical short. Her next assignment was a small bit in "Flying Down to Rio." She was then chosen to speak a few lines in "Hips, Hips Hooray," with Wheeler and Woolsey. She has made a decided impression and the made a decided impression and the studio has big plans for her.
"One in a million," you say. But it

is such cases which serve to prove that

it can be done.
The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer department recently discovered what it believes to be a potential star when it came upon the melodious voice of Albert George, 21-year-old laborer. This young man attracted attention by swinging the pick and shovel to the strains of popular ballads. He is now being tutored for a year, without charge, and studio executives hail him as a second John McCormack.

I F present plans go through, RKO-Radio will extend a chance at stardom to Private First Class Lewis Porter, late of Atlantic City and now

of the 16th Field Artillery in Fort Myer, Virginia.

Porter, who has dark brown curly hair and hazel eyes and is 5 feet 10½ inches in height, appears in several scenes in "Rodney," most of which was filmed on location in Fort Myer. In one scene he plays opposite Frances Dee, herself a real "Cinderella" girl. Several years ago she came to Holly-wood on vacation from Chicago Uni-versity. A picture on campus life gave her a chance to register as an extra. ner a chance to register as an extra. This work led to minor parts at Paramount. There she was noticed by Maurice Chevalier while lunching in the studio commissary. A young, unsophisticated girl was being sought for "Playboy of Paris." The Frenchman arranged for a test and Frances won the part. Now she is a full-fledged star and Mrs. Joel McCrea to hoof. star and Mrs. Joel McCrea to boot.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is much elated

over Agnes Anderson, pretty 18-year-old Detroit girl who was discovered through a test made by that company's traveling studio. Agnes was chosen from among 9,000 Middle West girls for a Hollywood tryout. Following her probationary period, she was signed to a regular contract and is now being groomed for featured roles.

Only a short time ago, this brunette beauty of Norwegian descent, was liv-

ing an uneventful life with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haskon Anderson. The former, an automotive engineer, read about tests being made and sent his daughter's picture to a Detroit paper. She was among those chosen and faced the camera in a state of nervous ex-

When Agnes saw the test run off several days later, she burst into tears. "I thought I was awful," she said, later. But apparently she wasn't, since the studio sent for her to come on out.

the studio sent for her to come on out.

Now this former home girl takes daily lessons in diction from Oliver Hinsdell, noted voice coach. She has been transformed by a brand new hair-dress created for her by the studio coiffeur. She has been fitted for gowns by the famous Adrian, dressmaker to Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and other stars. To cap the climax, she inherited a small fortune from an uncle in Norway, shortly, after her arrival in Norway, shortly after her arrival at the studios. Look for her as one of the new "baby stars" in "Hollywood Party.

Party."

Encouraged, the same studio is now searching for three girls and three boys of sufficient talent to head the cast of "High School," which will boast an entire cast of unknowns. Jesse Lasky has also announced that he will make a picture with all unknown players, for Fox.

Paramount has three potential stars in Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre and Verna Hille, who were chosen as a result of its "Panther Woman" contest. None of these girls had previous stage or screen experience.

stage or screen experience.

SIX of the thirty winners of Paramount's international "Search for Beauty" have also been placed under contract. They are Gwenlian Gill of Edinburgh, Scotland; Clara Lou Sheridan of Dallas; Elred Tidbury of Johannesburg, South Africa; Julian Madison of Minneapolis; Alfred Delcambre of Dallas, and Colin Tapley of New Zealand.

Tidbury and Miss Gill were also awarded \$1,000 cash each as a bonus for outstanding work in their roles in the "Search for Beauty" film. Not bad, at all.

at all.

It was B. P. Schulberg of Paramount who offered Florine McKinney her chance in pictures. She had come to Hollywood from her home in Fort Worth on the promise of a job. By the time she arrived, the picture had been called off. Stranded in a strange city, she was about to return home defeated. As a last resort she obtained a letter to Mr. Schulberg. Since then she has risen to featured roles in numerous pictures. merous pictures.

Somewhat easier was the experience

of Dorothy Short, who was tested by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer traveling studio in Philadelphia and given a contract. More than a quarter of a million girls had been tested previously without results. Evidently this little Quaker miss has that elusive "screen personality." She has brown eyes and a riotous mass of curly, copper-colored hair that, parted in the middle, waves over her head and falls in tight ring-lets over her shoulders. She's five feet two and one-half inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

Dorothy is very young, having gradu-

Movie Scouts May Get You

ated from Atlantic City high school only last year. After being signed, she and her mother went first to New York, then by airplane to the principal cities of the United States and eventually to Hollywood. She goes to school at the studio from nine to three years day to study dramatics, expressions.

eventually to hollywood. She goes to school at the studio from nine to three every day to study dramatics, expression, make-up and costuming. In between times she watches the stars making scenes for their new pictures. Atlantic City also served as the starting point for Blanche McDonald and Marie Marks, who appeared in the beauty pageant held there last September as "Miss California" and "Miss Missouri," respectively. Following this, they went to New York to look up stage jobs on Broadway.

They happened to hear of a call sent out by Busby Berkeley, Warner dance director who had come East to search for a half dozen girls. Blanche and Marie joined the mob of 4,500 girls who stormed the theater where tryouts were being held. Almost before they knew it, they had been selected, with four other girls, to make the trip. with four other girls, to make the trip to Hollywood and appear with Al Jolson in "The Wonder Bar." Now they're on their way to fame.

HOW would you like it to happen to you? Well, maybe it will. Your chance may come sooner than you expect. As it did to Nancy Shubert, John Wayne's latest feminine lead. When the "42nd Street Special" train came through her native city of Wichita, Kansas, Nancy, along with hundreds of others crowded into the station to get a close-up of the stars. Her beauty and charm stood out to

Her beauty and charm stood out to such an extent that Lyle Talbot spotted her, arranged for a test.

Result: Nancy was soon on her way to California! She has since appeared in "Kid Gloves," "A Chance at Heaven" and "Meet the Baron," among other mistures

pictures.

Virginia Cherrill attended a prizefight, was noticed by Charlie Chaplin and given the feminine lead in "City Lights" without any previous acting background to her credit. Richard Cromwell was picked from his art studio to play the title role in "Tol'able David" which boosted him to a favored spot among the chosen few. He had never acted in his life before.

Only the other day Jay Lloyd, a good-looking young chap without stage or screen experience, arrived in Holly-

or screen experience, arrived in Holly-wood from Fort Worth. He went to visit a friend at the Metro studio and

visit a friend at the Metro studio and two hours later was signed on a sevenyear optional contract. No, we can't give you the friend's name, much as we'd like to do so.
Universal recently awarded contracts to Lois January, Peggy Terry, Lenore Kingston, Dean Benton and James Scott, all graduates of its Junior Stock Company. These fortunate youngsters were chosen out of 3,000 unknowns to whom Universal gave auditions last Summer.

It only goes to prove that you never can tell. Maybe it's not so tough to bust into pictures after all. At any rate, give a hand to these kids who are trying to make the grade. You might be that way yourself, some day. Here's hoping!



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "Tattle-Tale!" . . . "Tattle-Tale!" . . . that's what your clothes are when they're musty and gray - when they show that all the dirt didn't come out in the wash.



2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha - the golden richer soap with so much dirt-loosening naptha in it that you can smell it!



3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—clothes so dazzling white-you'll beam with pride!

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap-and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "trick" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds-the way they last and lasttill every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens - how gentle it is to daintiest lingerie and silk stockingshow friendly it is to hands!

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!.. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

"Why do my Hands look so OLD?"





If you'll let Ivory do *all* your soap-and-water tasks, your hands will get smoother, softer—younger. Ivory is so pure—it is gentle even to a baby's skin . . . 99 44/100 0/0 Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

Royalty Is Rampant

(Continued from page 35)

What a snatching there would be! "Whom would you snatch if you were a bandit?" popped a demure little actress, and revealed an unsuspected criminal tendency by naming a mogul she'd snatch. We dissuaded her finally by pointing out that it wouldn't pay—no one would want him back.

If I were kidnaping for pleasure and not for profit—in a perfectly nice way—my choice would be Joan Bennett since seeing "Little Women." Garbo, Hepburn, Lupe—even l'il Mae West are all right on the screen or in cages but for a playmate I think I'd like Joan.

"THERE are no actors in Hollywood," groans Cecil B. DeMille,
"only types." I know his mood. A
few months ago I piped something like
that and scurried away in the mesquite
resolved ne'er to return to our cinema
civilization. My spell was diagnosed
by Miss Kathryn Shover with the female's unerring instinct: "Your usual
jocular mood seems a bit frayed at the
edges," she wrote, "nay, bordering on
the cantankerous. In other words, the
old viewpoint appears jaundiced—sort
of 'Oh, take your damned movies. I'm
off to the Foreign Legion."

of 'Oh, take your damned movies. I'm off to the Foreign Legion.'"

And I was—Alice Terry's—remember? Understanding my state of tedium cinema Alice decided I needed to get back to my first love, the stage (one never gets the theatah out of one's blood, does one?). She took me protesting to see Dr. Francis Lederer performing on the El Capitan stage in "Autumn Crocus." Alice herself had taken the "cure" three nights in succession in the front row, and I expressed fear that people might think she was a come-along in the manner of those ladies who sit in Chinatown busses in Times Square. Anyhow, Dr. Lederer did lift me from the DeMille doldrums into Chaplin jubilancy. Chaplin, our official celebrity endorser, declares Francis the greatest actor he has seen since—I forget—probably Chaplin. There's nothing much I can add to that except a piping "Me too." The next day with youthful enthusiasm restored I bounded forth to see Mr. Lederer in his movie "Man of Two Worlds" and promptly had a relapse. Like the Eskimo in the picture, Mr. Lederer is a man of two worlds and I can understand why he went back to his first—the stage. "White man he le plenty," said the Eskimo. Uhuh, especially Hollywood white man, who lure actors with bright promises.

L EDERER'S performance was excellent but Svengali himself could not have hypnotized belief in the part and the picture. The papier mache iceland and story suffered particularly in contrast with Van Dyke's enthralling "Eskimo." Mr. Lederer was successful in pictures abroad, and on the stage he has captured the continent, England and New York. His mesmerism extended from such romantic roles as Romeo, Prince Danilo of "The Merry Widow" to the Tyrolean innkeeper of "Autumn Crocus." Hence it is difficult to understand the process of reasoning—"psychology" is the studio word for it—by which he is frocked out in raccoon and made to

Royalty Is Rampant

play dumb Eskimo. I understand that a South Sea story is being sought for him, the "psychology" being that his success in "Autumn Crocus" is due to Going to make him his bare knees. run the gamut from coonskin to bareskin!

Lederer as D'Artagnan is a swell suggestion. He's my idea of the man to play Cellini—has the fire, dash and impudent comedy. Thalberg should trade Chevalier for him for the role of Prince Danilo. In fact, I'd cast him most any part, except an Eskimo in "Man of Two Words."

THE mad man hunt of which I wrote months back has resulted in the bagging of gents here and abroad: Among the hoped-for are: Boyer, the Frenchman; Brisson, Danish; Wilcoxson, English; Lederer, Czecho-Slovakian; and Americanos Max Baer, Lanny Ross, Joe Morrison, Fred Astaire, Otto Kruger. Of them all, given equal breaks, my bet is Lederer. He's got the whee!

WHEN computing the box-office attraction of stars I wonder if any genius has considered their detraction. For everyone whose name will draw me under the marquee there are three who will send me home or to the Roseland Dance Hall. I tire of even those I like after about four pictures. The refreshing quality of foreign pictures is that everyone seems to be the character, not a screen celebrity performacter, not a screen celebrity performing in new togs. After giving a great performance a player should immediately retire—well, after four good performances anyhow. Again Miss Shover writes cogently: "I don't think Mae West will last very long. She is a sensational novelty of the kind that can casily become too much of a good thing, like Chevalier. I think that one reason movie stars pall sooner than stage luminaries is that we see them so much oftener. I imagine that a steady diet of the Divine Sarah herself would at least take the edge off your enthusiasm."

Well, the Divine Mae ain't taken the

Well, the Divine Mae ain't taken the edge off mine yet. I'll be in line for "It Ain't No Sin"—providing I haven't kidnaped Joan Bennett in the mean-

HOLLYWOOD SANDWICHES

A Jeanette MacDonald sandwich consists of four triangular sandwiches, centered with a mound of fruit salad in aspic. The sandwiches are three deckers, made of whole wheat toast and filled with tuna salad and deviled egg salad.

Myrna Loy sandwich. This is a three decker, made of whole-wheat bread, cut in circular shape and then in halves. One layer of filling is minced chicken, another is chopped ripe olives. The top is spread with cream cheese decorated with slices of stuffed green olives.



• "Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"



• "We're off in a cloud of dust-He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!-Run, Dobbin, old boy!-I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!-I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"



• "Whoa, Dobbin-good boy! Enough's enough-and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!-Hoohoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub! - But first, listen - all you baby athletes -"



• "Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept 73, Johnson & Johnson, New Bruns-Johnson Johnson wick, New Jersey.

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Is STRAINED spinach the signal for weeping and wailing at your house?

Does baby turn up his nose at his fruit and vegetables-and cereals too, perhaps?

Then, Mother-here's a practical suggestion you'll be thankful for:



Babies who refuse home-cooked vegetables take Clapp's like little angels! For babies like the taste of Clapp's!

And these smoother baby foods are rich in vitamin elements. The fine selected vegetables and fruits used are cooked in glasslined kettles-air-tight to protect vitamins and mineral salts.

Ask your doctor about Clapp's. Then, at a druggist's or grocer's near you—get some for your baby!

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In the New Enamel Purity Pack



Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spin-ach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apri-cots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

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Street and Number..... City......State.....

The Norma Shearer Irving Thalberg Loves

ingly patient and persevering soul. But he had the reprehensible habit of continually bothering them with illimicontinually bothering them with illimitable details. One evening very late (this was in London) as they were wearily preparing for bed, this overzealous young man popped in. For two hours he rattled off unimportant nothings that he was being paid to make decisions on. Finally Norma's irritation burst. tion burst.

"Not another thing until tomorrow," she shrieked, and to the secretary's amazement and chagrin she flew into one of her clothes-pulling tantrums. The frantic young man rushed from the suite shouting, "Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Thalberg, Mrs. Thalberg has gone mad!" mad!"

So much for the cool young paragon tradition.

"ANOTHER thing I can never unmisreading of my wife's personality," Mr. Thalberg continued, "is the 'pseudo-society-woman' legend which many interviewers have built up around her. She certainly is not that. She is a wife, a mother and a hard-working movie star. There is nothing snobbish about her. But the writers paint her as a society prototype, claiming that

as a society prototype, claiming that her public wants her cool and aloof—just out of reach. They will go to any length to picture her thus and miss the real Norma entirely.

"For example, just recently an interviewer was assigned to do a homelife story on her. The appointment was set for early morning. When the interviewer arrived, Norma had the butler tell her to come right upstairs. And the interviewer discovered her sitting on the edge of the bathtub watching Irving, Jr., scraping his face with a rubber razor I had given him. Pretty soon I.joined them there, and coolly commenced to shave. There we all commenced to shave. There we all were, but in her story the writer never mentioned the episode. Instead she wrote an article about the efficient Mrs. Thalberg and her formal dinner parties. She said that it was more in keeping with what people expected of Norma. I do not agree with her. It is who love Norma as the screen portrays her, would love her infinitely more if you knew her funny little crotchets, her human likableness, instead of the coldly glamorous creature of a pressagent's dream."

He went on to tell of Norma's absurd little conviction that a wife should never play bridge with her husband. She never wavers from that rule, and as a result (of that only, we wonder) they have never had a quarrel—at least not in the presence of others!

N ORMA'S strong will coupled with her bravery and sweetness made an early impression on Mr. Thalberg. an early impression on Mr. Thalberg. Their first interview provided the essentials of a successful drama—amusement and pathos. As production manager of Universal, he caught his first glimpse of Norma's lovely face in a screen version of "The Miracle Man" called "The Stealers." He immediately wrote a letter trying to "sell" her to the company. They could not see her rare quality. Next he joined forces with Hal Roach and wrote once more with no result. Finally, when, with Louis B. Mayer and Rob Rubin he formed the Louis B. Mayer Productions, he returned to the subject of Norma Shearer, this time with success.
Up to then Irving and Norma had

never met. She was in New York and he was very busy in Hollywood. Aside from those three letters they had had

from those three letters they had had no contact.

"As soon as Norma arrived," Irving tells gleefully, "she came directly to my office. I'll never forget that interview. I guess I must have looked pretty young at the time—so when Miss Norma Shearer greeted me she took me for an office boy.

"She did not realize her mistake until I had seated myself behind my desk. Instantly her amazing courage, which has never failed to astonish me, either as friend, producer or husband.

either as friend, producer or husband,

flared to her rescue.
"'Mr. Thalberg,' she said disdainfully, my screen career does not depend upon this studio. I have already had three offers from other studios in

Hollywood.'
"Brave child," Thalberg commented, as he recalled the incident. "She had only played two leads and a few bits, but she would not be faced down! Anyway, I stilled my laughter and replied as soberly as I could, 'I know you have had three offers. You see I made all of them'."

She signed a contract calling for a hundred and fifty dollars a week and

She signed a contract calling for a hundred and fifty dollars a week, and no actress—no woman, says Mr. Thalberg, in all sincerity, ever worked harder than Norma Shearer. Within three years she was earning \$750 per week. During the three and a half years between the time Norma walked into Thalberg's office, there was no thought of romance between them. They were both too much interested in their jobs really to see each other. They had their really to see each other. really to see each other. They had their ways to make in Hollywood. They did their honest best, having no time for anything but work. At last there came breathing spaces for each, and the reticent Irving realized the lovely star as a person

reticent Irving realized the lovely star as a person.

He finally summoned courage to invite her out—and eventually learned much of what she had been through.

"Have you any idea of her struggle," he asked rather belligerently. "Norma is not the heroine of any Cinderella romance. She literally had to fight every step of the way. She knows how it feels to try for six months for a break and then not get the coveted chance. She knows how it feels to sleep chance. She knows how it feels to sleep on a hard, narrow cot and share a bathroom with countless fellow boarders. She knows what it means to have ers. She knows what it means to have to cook eggs over a gas jet and to apply for a job where ten girls are wanted and one hundred come. She knows the bitter taste of failure, and she will never forget the horrible moment when D. W. Griffith told her to go home and forget about the pictures. Norma has even known lengthy neriods home and forget about the pictures. Norma has even known lengthy periods of semi-starvation, but all through such experiences she was not afraid, she held her head high. During the

The Norma Irving Loves

worst days she never went without make-up, always spirted her best out-fit, and no matter what the weather was like she never wore galoshes! That is typical of Norma and of her splendid faith in herself and that faith has been

and or ner splendid faith in herself and that faith has been more than justified.

"She had the courage too," Thalberg pointed out, "to take her career unselfishly. When illness rendered me useless, after a nervous breakdown she unhesitatingly risked everything for me. The biggest bugaboo of a screen star—that fear of being kept off the film for any length of time, she flouted for my sake. She left her work for nearly two years to go abroad with me, devoting every minute to helping me in my pursuit of health. Before such self-sacrifice, I am humble."

It should be remembered that as a producer, Irving Thalberg has had a rare opportunity to know Norma as few men know their wives. Her difficult position as star in her husband's company she has held with consummate tact.

"I am sure" he said exclude the self-sacrifice and the said excludes the said

"I am sure," he said seriously, "that out in the assertion that Norma has never used her position as my wife to further her own ends. She continually amazes me by her handling of difficult studio matters—by her surviving green of the technical side of prising grasp of the technical side of

difficult studio matters—by her surprising grasp of the technical side of motion pictures.

"She has sound instincts, too, about her work. She is never afraid to experiment. When the fluttery ga-ga heroine commenced to weary the film public, it was Norma who first had the courage to break the ice with the sophisticated type of roles always before considered too heavy for a young actress. She had to fight all the studio heads—including myself—to put her idea over. She wanted to play "The Divorcee." Even Ursula, her maid, said, 'Oh, Miss Shearer, you don't want to play a part like that. She's almost a had woman!"

"But Norma planned her campaign carefully. She bought herself just about the goldest and most brocaded negligee she could find. Then she had portraits made wearing this gorgeous thing. She was like an excited child as she waited for the proofs of the pictures. The results justified her instinct. We were all convinced."

Mr. Thalberg says, with honest pride, that Norma has confidence in him as a producer as well as a husband. She leaves the final selection of her roles

producer as well as a husband. She leaves the final selection of her roles to him. As a producer he sums up his wife as intelligent, gracious, unaffected, sincere and never rude. As a husband he finds words a difficult medium to use

he finds words a difficult medium to use for her portrayal.

"Norma is a modern young married woman," he said finally. "She clings to all the phases of her varied life. She can leave a gay party in one room to tell her son a bed-time story in another. Nothing could ever make her quit on a job—whether that job were wifehood, motherhood, or stardom. She radiates vitality. She is as facile as quick-silver. Her keen mind pierces the froth of sophistication, her heart embraces the poignant dreams of youth. Never, for an instant, has the breath of scandal touched her. She is a lady in Hollywood—and I am proud to be her husband." to be her husband."

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Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

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My Life Until Now

(Continued from page 43)

S INCE "The Big House," I've had an unusually consistent run of good pictures—and don't imagine for a min ute that I'm claiming the credit for their success. Good stories, good dialogue, good direction and intelligent production have made them very nearly "actor-proof." Let me stress this one point; no picture is better than the weakest link in the chain of its production.

Professionally, since "The Big House," I've had smooth sailing; financially, I'm still riding the scenic railway, up one year and down the next.

way, up one year and down the next.

Four years ago, with a small fortune in stocks, real estate and bank deposits, I congratulated myself that I had enough laid away to do me the rest of my life. A year later, I was stripped down to my last cent.

First, Trans-America, in which I'd sunk nearly half of my savings, crashed and cleaned me for plenty. I consoled

First, Trans-America, in which I'd sunk nearly half of my savings, crashed and cleaned me for plenty. I consoled myself by thinking that my stock in the Bank of Hollywood and its subsidiaries was safe, only to pick up an afternoon paper and discover that the president of those institutions. "friend," had misappropriated a few millions and wrecked the bank. Not only did I lose my investment in the corporations' stock and my cash deposits, but I also found myself liable, as a director, for the losses of other depositors.

Without laying claim to a halo, I can truthfully say that the thing that hurt me most in the crash of the Bank of Hollywood was the fact that I'd persuaded some of my friends to do business there. Of course, the grand jury investigation and the subsequent trial established that the president was solely responsible for the defalcations and that no member of his board of directors had known of his thefts, but, nevertheless, I felt personally responsible for the losses of my friends.

To cap the climax, my house burned to the ground, a new plane that I'd purchased crashed, killing my mechanic and two passengers, and another bank, in which I carried a sizable checking account, failed, cleaning me for the last ready cash I had in the world.

To say that I wasn't embittered by such a string of crushing losses would be ridiculous. I was—and to a certain extent, I still am. The man who robbed the Bank of Hollywood I had considered my friend. We had hunted together, shared confidences. To discover that he was a thief of the most despicable sort was a shock and a bitter disillusionment.

But, looking around and seeing the thousands who were so much worse off than myself and remembering the hard times that I'd had in the past, I could not logically indulge in any self-pity. I'd lost my savings, but I still had a contract and a fat salary. I could rebuild—and I could profit by some of the lessons I'd learned. As long as a

man can do that, he has no license to kick. And I'm not kicking.

I have every reason in the world to be happy, and I am! I'm not only happy, I'm contented—which is even better!

When I first went into this business, it was to make money—lots of money. Having never had anything more than the price of my next meal, I imagined that money was the only worth-while thing in life. I gauged success in terms of dollars.

In a way, of course, I'm still working for money. I have no illusions about "my art," and no patience for the asinine bunk that is continually being heaped on the very prosaic business of acting. I'm no artist, I'm merely a man with a job, a better paid and more interesting job than most. I want to do it to the best of my ability.

The more I see of life—and I've seen

The more I see of life—and I've seen it from quite a few drastically different perspectives—the more convinced I am that happiness lies in having a few absorbing interests and the leisure and means to pursue them. If that conclusion is true. I'm a rich man.

absorbing interests and the leisure and means to pursue them. If that conclusion is true, I'm a rich man.

Not long ago, Mrs. Beery and I adopted a family—and I discovered how much I'd wanted kids all my life. A good part of my existence revolves around Carol Ann.

I'm profoundly interested in arising the second carol ann.

I'm profoundly interested in aviation. Incidentally, that's the one thing for which I can thank those Ray Hatton-Wallace Beery comedies. We made a picture titled "Now We're in the Air" and before it was finished I was sold on flying. I've been at it ever since. Most of the time that I can steal from the studio, I'm either in the air or studying navigation and meteorology. I'm very proud—pardonably, I believe—of my transport license and my commission as a Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Naval Reserve.

the United States Naval Reserve.

I've always been fond of hunting and fishing and now I have the leisure and means to follow those sports. I have a cabin on a little island in June Lake, in the high Sierras. There's fish in the lake and deer in the surrounding hills—and it's only a two hour jaunt by plane. Two or three times a year, I fly down to Arizona for a hunt in the Kaibab Forest, or up to British Columbia for big game.

Earlier in this article, I said that I wouldn't change my life if I had it to live over again. On reflection, that's not entirely true. I've always regretted my lack of education. A college diploma may not be a guarantee of success but at least it's a short-cut to the enjoyment of life.

What I've learned, I've had pounded into me by hard knocks and first-hand experience. And the most important thing I've ever learned is that it isn't what a man has that counts, it's how much he enjoys it.

In my own case, Lady Luck's been kind!

The June Issue of

HOME . SERENADE . MYSTERY
TOWER RADIO . NEW MOVIE

will be on sale May 1st. Get your copy early . . . the supply won't last all month.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 60)

through their radio work and will take advantage of this chance to get a peach of a recording by them. The vocal re-frain is by Lee Sullivan.

Bill Scotti and his orchestra also play the other side, which is, "Alice in Wonderland." Nice work all the way through with Lee Sullivan again doing the vocal work. (This is Bluebird record No. B-5310-A)

GEORGE OLSEN and his orchestra have recorded "In Other Words We're Through" and it makes a swell record. This type of song fits Olsen's band to a "T" and the result is pleasing to say the least. There is an excellent vocal by Joe Morrison, whose vocals are always great.

"This Little Piggie Went to Market" is on the other side and the best part

is on the other side, and the best part of it is the vocal by Ethel Shutta. (This is Columbia record No. 2878-D)

HERE is vocal record by an outfit that calls itself "The Nephews," however I think it's the same outfit that is on the air under the heading of the "Five Spirits of Rhythm." "My Old Man" is the tune they play for us, and they certainly go right to work on it too. There are some weird effects in

this one
"I'll be Ready When the Great Day
Comes" is on the other side and this
would come under the heading of a
spiritual. The same bunch and doing
very good string work in this one.
(This is Brunswick record No. 6728)

"I NEVER KNEW" played by the Chocolate Dandies is plenty hot all the way through. The tenor sax solo is played by Coleman Hawkins, the recognized leader on that horn. This

recognized leader on that horn. This is great for dancing.
"On the Sunny Side of the Street" is on the other side, and is played by Chick Webb and his Savoy orchestra. However, you won't have much trouble recognizing the vocal and trumpet work of Louis Armstrong in this one. It's a pip. (This is Columbia record No. 2875-D)

"THROW Another Log on the Fire" played by Anson Weeks and his orchestra is as nice a record of this tune as you will find. Very smooth work by the orchestra, and a first rate

work by the orchestra, and a first rate vocal by Frank Saputo.

"Memphis by Mornin'" is on the other side, also by Anson Weeks and his orchestra, and played to a faster tempo. Pete Fylling does the vocal work in this one. (This is Brunswick record No. 6730)

SALADS FOR JEAN AND JOAN

To make Miss Crawford's favorite salad make a bed of shredded lettuce on an in-dividual salad plate and over this arrange four triangular sections, two of diced chicken, one of diced tomatoes, and one of diced celery. Serve with French dressing.

To make Jean Harlow's favorite salad place a mound of cottage cheese mixed with seedless raisins on a bed of fresh lettuce hearts. Top with pecan meats and around this place alternately balf slices of pineapple and figs stuffed with cream cheese. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

The Smartest Women Use FACEN BEAUTY AIDS



Even if you paid \$1 or more you could not And here is the proof of that statement -from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:-

nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

And remember, you are not paying high prices for this high quality—Facen Beauty Aids are but 10c. That is why the smartest women agree that Faoen has at last solved the cosmetic problem!



No. 44 A New FAOEN Perfume Triumph!

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece and its price of only 10¢.

CLEANSING CREAM . COLD CREAM FACE POWDER . ROUGES . PERFUMES PARK & TILFORD'S



====10¢ each at==== F. W. Woolworth Co Stores



Breaking

DIVE FROM SKYSCRAPERS! Ride Niagara Falls! Swim the Hellespont! Nothing seems out of reach, you laugh at obstacles, when digestion is good.

Let Beeman's help keep your digestion orderly, your disposition gay, your spirits elated. For Beeman's does aid digestion.

And nothing so beneficial was ever more delicious! The flavor - cool, fragrant, and refreshing. Its freshness unequalled - for the new airtight wrap triply guards every bit of its original quality. Chew Beeman's often - start today!

Chew-**BEEMAN'S** PEPSIN GUM



Hepburn Is Dynamite

(Continued from page 37)

clicked in pictures Broadway was avid for her, the very Broadway that couldn't see her through one of Herr Zeiss's finest lenses when she was just a little girl trying to get along. There was a scramble for her. The curlytopped hand grenade had a chance to topped hand grenade had a chance to look 'em over and take her pick of producers and plays. Jed Harris, a gentleman with unusual imagination, had a piece called "The Lake," put together by Dorothy Massingham and Murray MacDonald. It was kind of a limp play about a young girl with a managing mother, a father henpecked into gardening and a sister of the father all drouth, courage and comprehension. The young girl has been spending much time with a man market spending much time with a man married to a rich woman. To escape, she engages herself to a young man and marries him. Then she finds that she really loves him, but no sooner finds it out than she loses him in a motor accident, and must live on to master herself. The play wasn't so hot. Without Katharine Hepburn it would, indeed, have been oatmealish. But she did things to it. She was a tortured girl, lovely, fresh, half-destroyed by life; her figure slender, boyish, touching; her voice effective, moving—the whole personation youthful and fragile and tragic. and tragic.

SHE opened in Washington on the night of December 18, 1933, and we have the word of the Associated Press for it that she rang the bell. It was quite a social occasion, this Washington premiere, with all sorts of blue bloods turning out to smack their gloves together in praise of the aristocratic little Miss Hepburn, and the alumnae of old Bryn Mawr showing up almost en masse. Little Kate had a grand time and the critics were very nice about the opening—especially nice about the opening—especially about her part in it. And then came the premiere in New York at the Martin Beck Theatre on the night of December 26, and another triumph due sixty-six and two-thirds per cent to the Hep-burn girl, and then the play went on to a considerable run.

The point is, she was established—established in pictures as a star of the established in pictures as a star of the first magnitude, and on the stage as well, and not only by her beauty and instinctive artistry, but by her general you-be-damned attitude toward the world; that take-me-as-I-am-or-go-to-hell attitude which marks her in her more determined moments. don't forget that this is only one side of this humming bird. She can be as sweet and gentle as a violet quivering in the sunlight along the edge of a forest trail. She can be that and mean She can swear like the troops in Flanders when they cross her, and that she means as well. A lady of many angles, with a good deal of useful ego in her cosmos; but intellectually honest if ever there was such a creature, honest and forthright and anxious to please.

Her ancestry is both New England and Southern—Massachusetts and Virginia, Father Hepburn having come from the Old Dominion and Mother Hepburn from the sacred precincts of aristocratic Back Bay. The Hepburns are real people, therefore, in the Social Register sense and one must suppose

in every other sense. Perhaps that gave her a certain prestige in Hollywood, which has always manifested a per-ceptible fondness for the well born and ceptible fondness for the well born and provided a good living to many an aristocrat, decayed or synthetic, as well as some certified by Burke or the Almanach de Gotha. But social prestige or no social prestige, little Katharine had what it takes, and that, after all is the real answer to her blazing

S HE went through Bryn Mawr creditably. She can talk about shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. She knows the classics, the great writers. She knows a language or two. And she even ventured into the dizzy altitudes of the higher mathematics. And she made a lot of friends in Bryn Mawr, teachers and girls who think the world of her and who take keen delight in her rise to the top. The curious thing, really, is why this girl of the F.F.V.—Back Bay blood had such a yen for the theater. There were no actors or actresses on either side of her house, yet she was on fire for the stage before she was out of short skirts—and that certainly hasn't been so very many years ago at

When in New York she lives in a charming three-story house in East Forty-ninth Street, in the Turtle Bay region, hard by the East River and its flowing drama. There is the place to catch her between flights. There is the place to chat with her in a white-walled, red-carpeted room which frames walled, red-carpeted room which frames her perfectly. And a picture she is, this Hepburn girl, with that red, curly hair; that vivid, sculptured face, that electric personality, and in her scarlet sweater and slacks—vibrant, eager, glowing, throbbing. All that and modest. You wouldn't believe it, maybe, but not a word of brag or boast. A little shy given and obviously or one little shy, even, and obviously on one knee to the little gods who have show-

ered such favors upon her bright head.
"How does it feel," the interviewer asked her, "to have made such a smash in pictures—to have become, inside of one year, the Number One girl in pic-

"I haven't got over it yet," said Katharine Hepburn. "I wake up in the morning and ask myself if it's really true, and yet I have worked like a dog to get there. Maybe I'll come down as fast as I went up—the skyrocket stuff, you know."

"Heaven forbid and most unlikely," said the interviewer. "People don't get where you are through luck alone. You have got to have a lot on the ball. You had it. Anna Sten has it. Now and then they come into the big league of pictures with a real fast one and a sweeping curve as well."

"All I know," returned Miss Hepburn, "is that Hollywood has been very good to me. I like Hollywood. I like every damned thing about the place. Palms and brown hills and boulevards and geraniums six feet tall and flowers running riot everywhere and the grand roads and the golfing and the picture people and even the work, grinding as it is. I like it! Why shouldn't 1?"
"You mean, especially, because Broadway and the stage hadn't been exactly kindly to you."

Hepburn Is Dynamite

"I CERTAINLY do. If ever there was one grand flop, Mr. Man, it was I. I was kicked out of more productions than anybody in history-I mean in the same time. I must hold all records for ground and lofty tumbling on Broadway, . . . I was an awful bust. They threw me out of 'Death Takes a Holiday,' out of 'The Animal Kingdom,' out of 'The Big Pond' and Kingdom," out of "The Big Pond" and out of several more. I was all covered with scratches and contusions... And then I made up my mind to try my luck in Hollywood. I couldn't believe I was as bad as some of the stage producers seemed to think. It's funny, but when I was a little girl I used to say to myself that I would be in the movies some day, and I used to lie awake at night and dream of the time to come when my beauty and art would jam the theaters. That took some nerve in a kid, don't you think. Anyway, when I turned my back on Broadway and left the theater flat I said to myself: 'Katharine, fifteen hundred a week is your price and nothing doing at a dollar less... And by ing doing at a dollar less . . . And by heck, they gave it to me! For my last picture I got two thousand a week and a bonus, and I guess when I go back this coming Summer, the check will be even better. But I'm trying to save my money I'm putting away five-eights of all I make. Katharine does not intend to let herself get caught out not intend to let herself get caught out in the rain, when the rainy days come. I'm going some day to own a lovely home in California, a charming place I have my eyes on—sunshine and flowers and pepper trees and pools and birds and things like that, good for the spirit. "What about your future plans?"
"Not altogether set I should like

"Not altogether set. I should like to do about two, maybe three pictures every year and appear in one play a year. That would be plenty of work." "What does your family think of

your success?
"Just thrilled."

"Just thrilled."
"Who do you like especially as a
motion picture director?"
"George Cukor," she came back, like
a flash. "And who could blame me? It
was he who picked me for 'A Bill of
Divorcement"—a grand fellow, understanding, imaginative."

"And your favorite screen actress?"

"And your favorite screen actress?"

"And your favorite screen actress?"

"And your first lady of the stage?"

"I adore Katharine Cornell . . . Now before you get around to it, I don't mind confessing a few other tastes or whims or what have you. I am crazy about Siamese cats, English bull terriers and English history. I am fond or golfing, horseback riding, skating, swimming and motoring. I'll tackle my bacon and eggs with any longshoreman, for I have a perfectly unladylike appetite. Anything else?"

"Well, let's see... What part would

tite. Anything else?"
"Well, let's see . . . What part would you like best to have a go at in a stage production?"

Miss Hepburn thought a moment.
"Juliet! I'd love it. I believe, on my soul, I could do a nifty Juliet!"

And this writer agrees. For little Katharine, slim, lithe, dynamic, with her red hair and her green eyes, her nice smile and her friendly personality, her do-or-die spirit and her reckless her do-or-die spirit and her reckless determination—this little Red Head, I say, will go places and do things.



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9 Strained Foods for Baby



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Maybe you're a Young Man from Hollywood

(Continued from page 56)

I always have loved California. But I've a mad passion for New York which I think will always be with me. After all, Broadway fostered the stage After all, broadway lostered the Stage career which I began in California. When I worked with such great play-ers as Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, John Barrymore, Sylvia Sidney and others, I attempted to perfect technique. The Pasadena Playh The Pasadena Playhouse in California puts on some noble stage experiments. And I'm awfully glad that I owe my histrionic start to the theater. But I'm grateful for the chance to play Broadway—which after all is the glamour center of the foot-light world—and this includes all of Europe.

However, as much as I love New York and the drama in the flesh, I do hope to correct the mistaken impression people seem to have-that I don't like

doing pictures.
"Now that I've met with a little success. I love them. I'm fascinated by them, and I'm angry with myself because I couldn't take a keen interest in them earlier. But, as a matter of fact, it's probably for the best that I concentrated on a stage career for a There's no denying that the stage is the only training school for screen acting. Practically every im-portant actor and actress in pictures today has had legitimate stage traineither in New York or ing—either in New York or in other big-city productions or in stock. Just to name a few of them: Fredric March, the Barrymores, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Howard, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Margaret Sullavan —so many others."

Doug's next picture, incidentally—and it's in production in Hollywood at present (with the little East River apartment closed up for a while—until the next trip to New York) is "Little Man, What Now?" with Margaret Sulleyan in the foreigned. Sullavan in the feminine lead. He admires Miss Sullavan's work tremen-

"I thought she did exceptionally well in 'Only Yesterday' for a first picture," he told me enthusiastically. "One who he told me enthusiastically. hasn't made pictures can hardly realize what a film player undergoes in his initial attempt. It's Hell—and nothing less. You never know when you're doing right. You don't know whether make-up is correct; whether you're over-acting or underestimating the camera's focus; whether you're speaking in well modulated tones or not; whether your diction is too slow,

too fast or just right.
"At first the movie crowd used to resent the intrusion of the legit theater into the studios, and they weren't so helpful, I understand. But by the time I tried pictures—my first attempt there was complete harmony. I was treated beautifully. I have no comtreated beautifully. plaints coming, and I have nothing to say for myself about my early efforts

except that they didn't click.
"I'm not proud of the roles I played in 'Paid' with Joan Crawford and in 'Five And Ten' with Marion Davies. At the time I felt pretty badly about them, and I asked to be released from the contract I had signed. However, a written agreement is just that, and I was loaned to Universal for 'A House Divided' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' These

pictures made me feel lots better, and if it hadn't been for a great, all-consuming longing to return to Broadway suming longing to return to Broadway and do another stage play, I might have stayed in Hollywood and continued to make pictures. But—the footlights beckoned."

"Why," the interviewer interrupted,

"did you change your name to Kent Douglass when you made that first batch of pictures?"

"It seems to have become an issue, so I'm glad you asked me about it," Doug answered. "Folks have the idea that I did not want to become identified with pictures under my own name. That is absolutely untrue. I signed my Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract as Douglass Montgomery, but right at that time, M-G-M had started to make a star of Robert Montgomery, and they thought it would be confusing to have two men with the same ing to have two men with the same last name on the lot—especially as we aren't related. Bob was more important than I—so they asked me if I'd mind having my name changed. I didn't a bit. In fact I thought it quite a lark. I spent some time figuring out the various combination. the various combinations of names in our family, and finally hit on Kent Douglass. Now as I think back on it, I realize that it was a silly thing to do. There are so many people on the screen with the same last name and it doesn't seem to make any difference. the time, I was being obliging, and I really got interested in the idea.

"Then when the Broadway urge 'got' me again, and I came back to do 'Fata Morgana' revival, the change back to Douglass Montgomery was confusing. Theater producers wanted to know what my name was anyway. So I decided from then on to drop the Kent Douglass—even if I'd return to pic-

"When I left New York last season after appearing in 'Nikki' and 'Ameri-can Dream,' I journeyed to California with the sole purpose of visiting my family. Really I'm an awfully homey person. I like my relatives. I adore my immediate family, and I like my aunts and cousins and my cousins babies and all the rest. So-I wen -I went And once in California, I turned to my first love-the Pasadena Playhouse and put on 'Peer Gynt' with my own sets, my own stage direction and with myself in the title role.

"I had seen Joseph Schildkraut do 'Peer Gynt' and ever since had a burning desire to create the role myself— on account of admiration for Schildkraut's interpretation. As a matter of fact, it was Joe who gave me my first words of encouragement. He said to me, and I'll never forget after he had seen me in 'Lady with the Lamp' (I was fourteen at the time) at the Pasadena Playhouse: 'You have grease paint in your veins.'

"So, I did 'Peer Gynt' last Summer,

and to my great surprise, the movie companies came after me again. I must admit that even at this late date wasn't awfully interested in picture work. But when RKO executives of-fered me the part of Laurie in 'Little Women,' I simply couldn't refuse. It wasn't exactly the sort of role I wanted —I'm somewhat tired of being the sweet boy who doesn't win out—but I knew that it would be a sensational

Young Man from Hollywood

picture and I was so eager to work with Katharine Hepburn. You see, I'm a little bit proud of myself for having forecast her success. We went to the same dramatic school, and I knew even at that time that she was going to be a great big star. Today I think she's the greatest on the screen horizon-yes, even greater than Garbo who has been my favorite up to now. Katharine is greater because she is more versatile. She has glamour, as Garbo has. She's a fine actress, as is Garbo. But she has a certain freshness of personality which Garbo lacks. Garbo is marvelous as the languid, sophisticated woman. Hepburn can perform any role she's called upon to portray—the sophisticated woman, thoyden, anything.

"I'm awfully glad I did 'Little Women.' Paramount officials saw it and asked me if I'd like to do 'Eight Girls in a Boat.' I read the script, saw the German version and was delighted. Certainly I accepted. And although the picture didn't turn out as well as I'd hoped, I feel that it was an important vehicle for me."

"And yet you returned to Broadway?"

"Yea'm The call came, and I who has been my favorite up to now.

way?"
"Yes'm. "Yes'm. The call came, and I couldn't resist. Besides—I hadn't seen my little apartment for some months, and I was getting lonesome for it."

He looked around the place lovingly, and your scribe could tell that he'd be

"You're probably the most commuting actor in the country, aren't

you, Doug?"
"Yes, it seems as though I ought to own a piece of the railroad by now, but I don't. And what's more I'm not one of those telephone-book salaried actors, either. I haven't got eight cars and ninety-six suits of clothes—not yet. And I don't ever expect to have 'em."

"Yet your apartment here is beautiful, with its Oriental rug, the softcushioned chairs, the tables and the desk"

"Stuff I picked up at auction. You can't furnish an apartment at furniture store prices, I discovered. So, I found out about certain auction sales, when the state of the same and had Mother than the same and had been supported and had Mother than the same and had been supported and had Mother than the same and had been supported and had Mother than the same and had been supported and had Mother than the same are supported and had Mother than the same are supported and had been found out about certain auction sales, chose what I wanted and had Mother go and bid for me—when she was in New York visiting. That was nigh on to five years back."

"How'd you happen to rent and furnish an apartment instead of living in a hotel?"

"It was the Lunts who drove me to it and I've heep glad ever since. They

"It was the Lunts who drove me to it, and I've been glad ever since. They said: 'What—live in a hotel room! Impossible. That's no life! Get yourself a flat and furnish it and then you'll feel as though you always have a place to hang your hat. Pay several months' rent in advance when you're working. Then, if you're out of a job, you won't have to worry for a while.'
"And I took their advice. That's what I've always done—and believe me, it's a comfort! Now I've got it paid up for a time, and I can shut the doors until I'm ready to come back—which I've a sneaking feeling will be before many months have elapsed."
"Is there anything you'd especially like to do in pictures?"
"Yes. You may think it foolish—(Please turn to page 78)

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Young Man from Hollywood

(Continued from page 77)

but I'd love to do 'Peer Gynt.' And I think it could be filmed—although I don't know whether it would be a boxoffice attraction.'

office attraction."

"And," the inquisitive interviewer continued to interrogate: "Have you any hobbies, Doug? Do you paint, sculpt, raise dogs, or what?"

"None—well, yes, I guess you'd say I have got a hobby. I memorize words of popular songs. Don't know why I do. I really can't sing a note, and a certain young lady I know who's studying for Grand Opera (not Miss Moran ing for Grand Opera (not Miss Moran—surely!) says she doesn't believe I'd learn how to carry a tune if I trained for ten years. I've a mania for lyrics. I'm not exaggerating much when I say that I've memorized the words of every popular song written since 'Alexander's Rag-Time Band.' When I'm alone in the apartment I sing popular songs for hours on end at the top of my creaky, croaky voice. It's positively a crime!"

creaky, croaky voice.

crime!"

"Haven't you any desire to travel?"

"Yep. I want to go to the jungles, but not to make a picture—just for a vacation. I'd get great fun out of hunting tigers in India without benefit of cameras. Just hunting."

"Alone?"

"Well-er-well, maybe not. Maybe I'll save that for after I've wished myself on some unfortunate young woman,

and we can hunt tigers together."

Take it from this writer, the girl who marries Douglass Montgomery isn't going to be unfortunate at all. He's delightfully unaffected—and you don't find this the case very often when you're interviewing an actor who has met with considerable success. Young Doug is handsome in a six-foot, slender, interesting sort of way. His features aren't perfect. His nose is too small aren't perfect. His nose is too small for his long face and his eyes aren't especially large. But his teeth are even and white, and he smiles often, and his smile is charming indeed. He radiates

youth and vitality.

He never went to college, but he's as intelligent as many young men who as menigent as many young men who possess Phi Beta Kappa keys. He's pleasant of manner, extremely well read, able to converse upon any current topic, interested vitally in the arts and sciences. And what's more, he likes people—one and all, which is indeed an admirable quality. His indeed an admirable quality. His movie favorite list includes: Helen Hayes, Garbo, Hepburn, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni and Alfred Lunt. But he's keen on many, many others.

Could You Take It—?

(Continued from page 31)

Could you understand that leading men who chat with you between scenes on the set don't expect you to speak to them at the Brown Derby or the Cocoanut Grove, if you chance to run into them there? Could you understand this even though he may have given you a lift home one evening and invited you in for a highball and to look this collection of even autographed at his collection of—er—autographed pictures?

Could you be sweet-tempered and glad you came to Hollywood when you get a call to work in smart street clothes and you wear your new blue suit which you had so wanted to wear out to dinner just once before working in, only to find that your job is that of a sales girl punching a time clock at the employes' entrance of a big department store set?

Could you remember that writing home to your dear ones to look for you in "such and such a feature" is really cruel for you probably won't register through the camera even once, in spite of the fact you are "just behind the principals"?

Could you keep up your courage if you were sent out on an "interview" to one of the more suburban almost-an-hour-on-the-bus studios, only to wait an hour for the director to take one dis-gusted look at you and yell "for Pete's sake why did they send YOU, I need a woman forty years old, how in . . . do you think I could use you!" And you've spent two bus fares!

Could you understand when lunch call comes and the studio commissary is so crowded you can see only one table with a vacant place, that it's a breach of etiquette for an extra to sit down at a table where directors and

principals are eating?
Could you refrain from going Communistic when various studios sud-denly start campaigns for "new faces" and look everywhere but in Hollywood? Could you still be glad you had made all these and many more sacrifices when you hear that they've picked a girl right out of your own home town, just because she looks "fresh and young"

because she looks "fresh and young" and has had no experience? They call these girls "discoveries" while you are known as "one of the extra gang."

Could you ever go back home and leave it all behind, knowing that it's hopeless to be an extra for more than a year? If you did this, do you think you'd be able to pick things up where you dropped them, or would you have spent so much energy trying to stand the gaff in Hollywood that you'd be way out of step back there where you once belonged?

Could you ever go to another movie in the Town Temple Theatre and really enjoy it, or would you be trying to spot Tom, Dick or Hattie in that blurred bunch of extras? Wouldn't this mean that your once favorite amusement had turned into a turning mightners? turned into a taunting nightmare?

Could you put up with all these

Could you fit back into your old niche after failing to become one of the glamorous ones?

glamorous ones?

Wouldn't you be better off staying right where you are now?

Then DON'T come to Hollywood unless Hollywood sends for you!!

And don't mutter "How does she know?" because then I'll have to tell you—"I Tried It!!"

Love Moves in on Lee Tracy

(Continued from page 41)

successful runs in "Broadway" and "The Front Page." With George Abbott, he had been sitting in the darkcned, deserted theater listening to a small fleet of pretty girls "try out" for the role of the movie star in the play. It was getting late and they were tired. The would-be actresses were terrible. Those who could read the part did not look like movie stars, the part did not look like movie stars, and those who looked the part couldn't read it. "What we want for the part is a Nita Naldi dame," said Abbott, "A slinky, over-exaggerated siren that the audience will place right away as a movie star!" It was almost a joke that the next girl to step out on the stage to read the part should be Isabel Jewell, so small and so blond they could hardly make out her fragile figure on the dark stage. Even Abbott had to laugh: "Never mind, honey, we won't need you. You aren't the type . . ." That same crack hurled at the other need you. You aren't the type "
That same crack hurled at the other
girls had dismissed them. But this
funny little thing stood her ground.
"But you haven't let me read the part,"
she protested, "You don't know whether
I can do it or not."
She looked so independent and
rpunky standing there that it tickled
Lee Tracy. Because he was the star
and could do pretty much as he liked,
he said: "Go ahead and read part of
it anyway"

She read it, and how she read it!
She gave it all the satire and over-exaggeration the part called for. All day long they had been sitting there waiting for someone to read that part just like that. Lee called: "You're okay!"
The sixty she was a second of the same of th

The girl on the stage called back:
"Thanks. So are you!"
But in spite of the fact that Isabel rehearsed the movie star role with the company for a week, at the end of that time Abbott definitely put his foot down and said she could not open in the

show!
"I think I fell in love with Isabel the day Abbott told her she couldn't open the show with us," said Lee in the first interview he has given since Isabel sealed his lips two months ago. We were sitting on the side lines, waiting for the starting line-up that will see Lee back on the screen in another one of the newspaper reporter yarns that made him so popular. The genial press agent at Universal had spent considerable time telling me: "Tracy's siderable time telling me: "Tr going to outdo himself in this one.

BUT Lee Tracy, the fast-talking kid, himself, is not the same. Don't believe all you hear that he has changed, become repressed and browbeaten. Lee Tracy couldn't live in that frame of mind... much less act with it. He has the same sparkle and off-screen zip he has always had, but you sense something more mature, and grown up about him. The Personality-Plus Kid had been thinking things over and it's been good for him.

"It's been that way from the beginning with both of us. We seem to have sort of fallen into the habit of fighting each other's battles. I'm not going into the many battles Isabel has fought and won, for me. They're too (Please turn to page 80)

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☐ Cake ☐ Liquid ☐ Black ☐ Brown

NOTE FREE OFFER BELOW Love Moves in on Lee Tracy

(Continued from page 79)

personal, too close, to be exposed for publicity. But each of us has always felt we had to look out for the other. "Back on Broadway, for instance, when Abbott dismissed her from the cast. I don't know why I should have felt about it the way I did. At least a dozen other girls had been turned down for the part. But it seemed to me such an injustice that his kid who played the role better than anyone played the role better than anyone else had, couldn't get it. She had been playing around in stock companies for playing around in stock companies for a couple of years and she was a darn good actress. Before she'd been bitten by the stage bug, she'd been attend-ing Lexington College down in Ken-tucky in preparation for teaching school. Her father, a well known doctor out in Wyoming, was horrified when his favorite daughter decided to walk out on school teaching and become an actress. She hadn't had any help at all. She'd had to fight her way along from scratch and I thought she deserved a better break than Abbott gave her. She cried like a baby when she got the bad news ... and well, after that, I felt I had to do something to see her get a break. When Isabel was signed for a swell role in 'Blessed Event' on the stage, just before I came out to Holly-wood, I was more tickled than I've ever been with any break in my own career.

WHEN Jimmy Cagney walked out VV of the movie version of 'Blessed Event' and I walked into it, I wired Isabel immediately to come out to Hollywood. I wanted her to do the same role she had done on the stage in the movie version. And that was the beginning of another battle. The casting director couldn't see her because he felt they should use a stock company girl whom they already had under contract. And so all I did was to get to Zanuck over his head, and tell him about Isabel. "Isabel didn't find out about this un-

til the picture was completed, and when she did she was furious about it. She said if she couldn't stand on her own feet and make her own way, she wasn't going to be dragged along because I was a star and demanded her in my pictures. She's the most independent little five-foot something I've ever

known in my life.

"For over a year we fought out that battle in Hollywood. She was so determined that I shouldn't do anything for her, I think she retarded her natural opportunities. She didn't even want to work on the same studio lot where I was working. There was a time when she talked about going back to New York and forgetting the screen, but I wouldn't let her. I knew she had something and that some day somebody was going to realize it. It wasn't until she appeared on the stage with Otto Kruger in 'Counselor at Law,' though that Hollywood really woke up to her."

Funny, isn't it, how these two have found their love strengthened because of Hollywood? Because Hollywood demanded strength and courage from Lee when Leabel was too blue to the strength and courage. when Isabel was too blue to see the screen fight through . . . and from Isabel when Lee would gladly have

"Yeah, it's always been that way with us," said Lee, "and I suppose it always will be."

I said: "That sounds very perma-

nent and matrimonial. . . ."
He smiled: "Does it? Well, you'll have to get the rest of that statement from Isabel. But there's one thing I'd like to clear up. As I talk to you now, we are not married! Certainly not secretly. Why in the world should we try to keep marriage a secret? We're both free, white and over twenty-one. Believe me, when we are married you and everbody else will know it. If Isabel will have me I'd be too proud to want to keep it a secret..."

Junior Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 54)

"Hey, Alexander, what is this with "Hey, Alexander, what is this you? . . . Why are we getting these shades of yesteryear or something?"
"Oh that—? Well, you see," said Benny, in all seriousness. "The sta-

"Oh that—? Well, you see," said Benny, in all seriousness. "The sta-tionery store man where I bought this rubber stamp said I could have it for ninety per cent off if I didn't mind taking a stamp that would only roll up to the year 1926. So, what the heck! . . . far be it from me to be a spendthrift—use your imagination! The purchase was made for a dime."

W HEN Will Rogers' daughter took the name of Mary Howard and went into the movies, she had a difficult went into the movies, she had a difficult time to keep from giving herself away. Her father discovered her escapade, but Mary did not want anyone else to know about it until the picture was finished. When she would go into the Fox "cafe de Paris" for lunch each noon with several of the girls on the picture, she would pass her father's table . . .

he would look up and say "How d'ya do?" Mary would smile slightly and reply: "How do you do, Mr. Rogers," and walk on to another table. But the secret finally came out when a friend of Mary's turned up as an extra on the picture and unwittingly introduced the famous comedian's daughter to some one as "Miss Rogers." Mary, by the way, has not given up her career, as the papers stated, but is taking dramatic lessons and plans to go to New York in the Spring to secure a

job in a summer stock company.
"I'm not going to just be in pictures,'
because I'm Will Rogers' daughter," said Mary, one bright noon, at their Santa Monica Ranch. "I want to earn a position in pictures and really think one is more appreciated if brought to Hollywood after appearing in a suc-cessful New York stage play." Hence the plans of Will Rogers' only daughter who has her father's complete approval

cf this program.

Junior Hollywood Gossip

Katherine DeMille, young daughter of Ceil B. DeMille, is making her second bid for screen fame in Para-mount's "The Trumpet Blows," starmount's "The Trumpet Blows," star-ring George Raft with Adolphe Menjou and Frances Drake, which has just gone into production in Hollywood. Miss DeMille plays the role of a Latin-American servant girl. It is for this picture that Jose "Pepe" Ortiz, Mex-ico's ace matador, was brought to Hollywood to teach Paft the intrinscios ico's ace matador, was brought to Hollywood to teach Raft the intricacies of bull fighting, which is incidental to the romantic theme.

PATRICIA ELLIS and Howard Wilson came out of the Pasadena Playhouse the other evening and got into Howard's car.

"Did you see a good movie tonight, Bob?" said Howard to the chauffeur.
"Yes, sir. I saw Helen Mack in a swell picture," responded the driver, knowing that Howard was a good friend of Helen.
"Oh, really... which one was that?" inquired Patricia

inquired Patricia.

"Let's see . . . Miss Ellis . . . it was called er—oh, yes—it was George Raft and Helen Mack in 'Half of You'."

"'Half of You'?" cried Howard. "You are the second of the second

don't, by any chance, mean 'All of Me'?"

"Oh, yes sir—that was it!..."

Toby Wing returned from New York recently with a beautiful diamond en-

gagement ring on the third finger of her left hand, and maybe there wasn't excitement when her friends, Lona Andre and Ida Lupino saw it.

"Who is he?... What's he like?...
Where did you meet him?"

"He is my sister's fiance, and HE

"He is my sister's fiance, and HE gave her a new, larger and grander engagement ring, so I've inherited this one," explained Toby triumphantly.

"Well, what's the big idea of wearing it on the engagement finger?" queried Lona.

"You see, I tried putting the ring on the other hand, but it got in the way when I wrote letters and things, so..."

when I wrote letters and things, so . . ."
"So . . . just skip it," chimed in Ida

and Lona.

We ran into Joan Marsh the same day that Toby Wing displayed the engagement ring on the Paramount lot, and finally extracted from Joan, her ideas on marriage.

"My ideal husband must like me...

like kids . .

like animals . and like the things I like." Not a tough assignment, if you knew

WILLIAM JANNEY and Tom Brown have been down to the beach regularly of late, to acquire those coats of tan that Santa Monica is handing out. The pair go down in Billy's car and so Tom pays lunch and gas. After lunch they play "twenty-one," or some other card game, and Tom wins from Billy all the day's expenses . . . It's fun . . . for Tom.

Joan.

Hal LeRoy proved to be the most amiable guest of honor of the season when the Puppets' Club gave a dinner for him at the Hotel Miramar recently. (Please turn to page 82)

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Kv.

Junior Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 81)

Hal, who is one of America's foremost tap dancers, completely outdid himself and eclipsed all previous records of intricate dance steps in a successful attempt to entertain his hosts, a reversal of order, which was much appreciated. The night before Hal had preciated. The night before Hal had performed for the first time in Hollywood at the gala ball of the Screen Actors' Guild. The place was packed and Hal brought down the house with his unbeatable broken rhythm routines. The show the Puppets put on at the Miramar the following evening would have been worth \$5.50 on any Broadway. Hal not only danced, but insisted on playing the trap drums in the or-chestra, sang a number from "Harold Teen," and even played the piano. In addition to his performing, Jane Johns, radio entertainer, and Patricia Ellis, Warner Brothers' star, sang several numbers, and Tex Brodus danced. It was all colossal.

JOAN WHEELER, recently found by Warner Brothers in a New York stage play, lived in Hollywood for years and acted in plays over at Pasadena without attracting screen attention . . Frankie Darro, the most ardent young Frankie Darro, the most ardent young fight fan in the picture capital, is seen every Friday night with his father at the Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . Joan Marsh, signed by Paramount to a picture contract, is trying to gain back seven of the thirty-two pounds she had to lose to secure the position . . And Mary Carlisle has been given

a two weeks' vacation by the M-G-M Studio for the express purpose of los-ing poundage . . . Because he has stuck to his rigid budget, one year from this May, Richard Cromwell will have paid off all the debts on his new home and have put more than eighteen thousand dollars in the bank. This is evidence that at least the youth in Hollywood are setting up a barrier to the "Big Bad Wolf" . . . It is interesting to note, though, how many picture people have business sidelines which they hope will assure them financial security in the future. Edward Everett Horton has his chemist shop; Conrad Nagel owns a Hollywood Food Market, and William Haines is known for his interior decorating establishments. And now, Mary Kornman, the pretty little blonde of the former "Our Gang" comedies, and later seen in Bing Crosby's "College Humor," has bought a beauty shop in Hollywood, and is taking a shop in Hollywood, and is taking a special course in how to run it . . . Henry Wadsworth, who made his first hit in the Lionel Barrymore picture "This Side of Heaven," (as Mary Carlisle's boy fren') has been signed to a five-year contract at M-G-M. During the making of that picture, Henry got only four hours sleep a night, be-cause he was appearing at the Holly-wood Playhouse in a leading role in "Elizabeth Sleeps Out," and at the same time, was rehearsing for the ju-venile lead in a new play called "The Ghost Train". . . . And with that I go

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 14)

Frances and, realizing the futility of reporting their mutual affection to her high-brow mama, they slip away to spend Christmas Eve in a secluded

When the sourly sadistic head of the school hears of the romantic escapade, Frances is expelled in disgrace. It seems that society still looks down it's long blue nose at this sort of "goings on." Or, at least, being caught at this cont of reinsort of goings on.

Anyhow, Frances is in the "dog house" and just about to make a further bad example of herself by committing suicide, when the loyal and loving Bruce dashes to the rescue and

marries her. And, didn't you just know he would?
Ginger Rogers takes care of the comedy relief, and Beulah Bondi, Dawn O'Day, Marjorie Lytell, and others supplement the cast.

FUR COATS

While "finishing school" may suggest "fur coats" to your Warner Bros. fertile imagination, don't get the idea

that this is a tale of ermine and mink-clad society debs frolicking in the frosty midst of a Park Avenue winter.

The fur coats play an inactive part in this story by Ann Garrick and Ethel Hill, and why the producers hit upon this particular title will be one the ever-present mysteries movie making. (As a matter of fact, the title has been changed to "A Woman in Her Thirties," since this review was written.—Editor.)

Aline takes a fancy to Paul Kelly, down and out sailor, and takes him home with her after the hungry fellow

home with her after the hungry fellow has grabbed a banana that she is about to feed to a monkey in the park.

Grateful to her, and not having anything else to do, Paul marries the lady Samaritan. But they don't live happily ever after. Not yet. For Paul has a roving eye and when Ann Dvorak does a naive "Mae West" across his line of vision he fargets his more Dvorak does a naive "Mae West" across his line of vision, he forgets his marriage vows and decides to go up 'n see her s'mtime. Lots of times. Well, boys, his wife is very unhappy. But, because she's a good girl and doesn't argue around about it, the good feities five the rice her a break

good fairies fix it to give her a break. And the minute Paul discovers that they're in for parenthood, his attitude changes. He becomes worshipful, reverent, and . . . strangely enough, supremely faithful. Good old baby fingers!

Everything is swell until the baby es. Then, heartbroken, Paul goes on the loose again and he is about to take run-out powder with Dorothy Tree, when Ann Dvorak arrives on the scene and deposits her baby (by Paul) with the bereaved Aline.

Paternal pride again swells in his breast so he tells the indignant Doro-thy to take a walk for herself while

New Films in the Making

he sticks around to play "Whoops-a-

At present, Director Alfred Green is furrowing his brow over an alternate ending in which Paul scrams with Dorothy before discovering about the new arrival, leaving Aline to seek con-solation in his baby, about which he knows nothing.

Please, Mister Green, don't ever do-oo-o that!

WHIRLPOOL

There seems to be an open season on babies this month.

Jack Holt marries Lila Lee, then accidentally kills a death-deserving tough guy in an honest fight. He is sentenced to twenty years on the rock pile and, not wishing to keep the little woman out of circulation, tells her to divorce him and see if she can do better. But Lila shakes her head and whispers happily, well, almost happily, that she will soon have a little stranger to bring with her when she comes to visit Jack on alternate Wednesdays.

Jack is beside himself and begs Lila to remove the stigma of a father's shame from the fuzzy little head by divorcing him and going far away ries Lila Lee, then accidentally kills a

divorcing him and going far away from there.

Lila still refuses, so Jack, in desperation, forges a letter, supposedly from the warden, telling her that her hus-band has been drowned in a whirlpool

while trying to effect an escape.

Fortunately, Lila doesn't write back for details, or the whole story would be jinxed. As it is, the author, Howard Emmett Rogers, turns Jack loose at the end of his twenty years, into a swell bundle of complications.

Lila has married again; the baby has grown up to be lovely Jean Parker; John Miljan, a nasty man if there ever was one, threatens to expose him unless he participates in some dirty work that will react to harm Jack's loved ones. It's a shambles, all right. But, Director Roy Neill leads them out of the tangle and the ending is more or less satisfactory. . . That's if you like to go home with a lump in your throat.

TELLING ME
Paramount

here's another title that is irrelevant, immaterial, and almost indigentials.

immaterial, and almost indigestible.

immaterial, and almost indigestible.
Fields is a small town optician and a self-styled inventor. The gadgets he creates would send Rube Goldberg screaming into the night, they're that complicated and impractical. However, he has hit upon a puncture proof tire that is the real thing.
Putting four of the tires on his old flivver, he drives to the city to demonstrate the phenomena to an automobile tire company.
So what happens? So our lovable crack-pot parks his car, wearing the wonder tires, smack in front of a "No Parking" sign and ambles in to talk tire turkey with the automobile com-

tire turkey with the automobile com-

kind-hearted doorman pushes (Please turn to page 84)



MRS. ERNO RAPEÉ

wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra

laughed when she heard about the 50¢ Lipstick for 10¢ and then...

MRS. RAPEÉ tried the marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath, sent for a lipstick (see coupon below) and is now convinced of the genuine quality, delicate scent and attractive appearance of these exquisite lipsticks.

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Now you can give your lips the irresistible appeal of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color. This lipstick gives an effect so alluring, indeed, that it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressingrooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for you tonight. You can get KISSPROOF Lipstick in all shades—in cluding the Special Theatrical Colorany drug or department store and at the ten cent stores.

Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

At last Mary Gets New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 83)

the Fields flivver out of harm's way, and just in time, too. For here comes a police flivver with a perfect right to park by the mean old sign. And then the fun begins.

Not recognizing the mistake, W. C. demonstrates to the tire prospects by getting out his gun and popping at the tires, which collapse, one by one, going flatter than Bill's prospects.

Heartbroken, he takes a train for

home, meeting up with Adrienne Ames. a beautiful princess who is touring a beautiful princess who is touring the country. She listens sympathetically to his tale of woe and, wishing to help him, gets off at his station to give the gaping villages a 3.2 thrill.

There's some excitement. The small town society leader, who has looked down her schnozzola at the lowly optician, changes her mind about her scalior, consosition to the marriage of

earlier opposition to the marriage of her son, Buster Crabbe, to Fields' daughter, Joan Marsh.

The tire company discovers the accident of the switched cars and buys the patent outright. And, all's swell that ends swell.

In case you have any doubts about the quality of the humor, J. P. Mc-Evoy wrote the tale, with the able assistance of Paul Jones. Erle Kenton directs the chuckle-full antics of Fields and cast.

3 ON A HONEYMOON

And here we leap lightly from gingham (a la Jean Parker) to Patou models (a la Sally Eilers).

Sally is the spoiled daughter of a steamship company's head official. And if you've ever longed to drop anyone overboard, Sally will get the unanimous vote of everybody present.

The sassy little baggage not only knows everybody's business but sticks

her fingers into every personal "pie" on

board ship.

Her proud papa has put her in charge of Charles Starrett, young ships' officer, and how he keeps his disciplined hand off the seat of her trouble-making inclinations is more than we can understand.

Honeymoon couples are her particular pride. She can manage to fix things so that the former ducky-wuckys are in each others' hair and ready to hop off at Reno the first day

The "3 on a Honeymoon" means

Mister, Missus, and Sally.
Ishbel Ross' novel has been kindly treated by director James Tinling, and, with ZaSu Pitts in the cast you just know you're in for a laugh or six.

THE FIREBRAND

And now we go from the ridiculous to the sublime, or 20th Century
torical, via the March, as Benvenuto Cellini, liar,

lover, and peer of goldsmiths.

Unlike most historical sagas, this promises to be far from stuffy. On the contrary, Freddie's portrayal of the famous Cellini amours is delightful. Cellini, himself, probably didn't do as

Thanks to director Gregory La Cava, the whole story is developed with

a subtle humor and innuendo that is bound to take the "hiss" out of "his-tory" and send the kiddies scramming to the Public Library for the low down on this Cellini fellow.

Constance Bennett, as the Duchess of Florence, is on the make for Freddie. Freddie, the gold chisler, has the same idea about Fay Wray, his model. That is, until he discovers that the gal is always thinking of something to

Connie's husband, the Duke, doesn't give a care what she thinks about, so long as she's beautiful and responsive. And that's the difference between Dukes and artists. So what?

The whole story is one long chase from boudoir to boudoir, with Connie finally settling down with Freddie in one corner, while the beautiful but dumb model contents herself with an

apple and the Duke, in another.

It's some fun, kid. And, if we ever have a chance to do it again, we'll certainly arrange to be born in Italy.

Edwin Justus Mayer wrote the

original play.

CHUE SHOW-OFF M-G-M

Speaking of cocky fellows, Fredric March hasn't anything on Spencer Tracy when it comes

to dishing it out.
But, while the devilish Freddie is going places and doing things, Spencer is sitting in front of the pool hall telling about it.

Accidently shoved into heroism, Spence takes it big. And loving him for the brave man she thinks he is, Madge Evans marries him.

The venture is a grand bust. Spencer lives beyond his income (even as you and I), his salary is attached, big deals fall through, due to his blustering mouthiness, and finally, in despair, Madge orders him to leave and never darken her guest towels again until he can prove that he's grown up and responsible.

responsible.
Realizing for the first time that he's whole-heartedly sets. a no-good, Spence whole-heartedly sets out to make a come-back into the lit-

tle woman's affections.

At first, it looks like he's pulled another boner, but, just as he's headin' for the last round-up, the deal flips the other way. Spencer is reconciled with Madge, and, as in George Kelly's play of the same name, steps back into character with a mouthful of personal pronouns and the same old chromium-

plated ego. Charles F. Reisner can take the pat on the back for directing this one.

Cniversal

LET'S "show-offs" . . . Lew
BE RITZY Ayres does a neat job of misrepresentation in "Let's Be Ritzy," an original story, by Wm.

Anthony McGuire. Only, in this case, it's an extravagant wife, Patricia Ellis, at the bottom of the wholesale misrepresentation.

Patricia spends more money thing that makes him most unhappy is the way she refuses to allow Old Man Stork within size to Man Stork within sixty miles of even the family dog house.

Frank McHugh encourages Lew to put up a false front for the benefit

Making

of a wealthy gentleman who may, if properly impressed, advance enough money to stall off the petulant land-

At the end of his rope, Lew goes in

At the end of his rope, Lew goes in ... and over, making statements that fail to match up with what the w.g. already happens to know.

On top of that, Lew catches his better half out with the kind of a guy what buys a gal diamond bracelets, and it looks like curtains on job, wedded bliss, and all the rest of it.

Director Edward Ludwig has the tough job of convincing a hard-boiled public that diamond bracelets and teafor-two-somes are purely platonic, and

for-two-somes are purely platonic, and the piece finishes with the usual clinch and a bigger and better job (as well as pay check) in the offing.

GLAMOUR
Talk about cycles!
The Stork is still having the run of his life.
And it's "Glamour," to vou.

And while Patricia Ellis refuses to let him get anywhere near her chim-ney (pictorially speaking), Constance Cummings welcomes the long-legged

fellow with open arms.
This story, by our favorite author,
Edna Ferber, seems to be the tangle

of the century

After pursuing Paul Lukas, com-poser of songs, until he finally weakens and marries her, Constance Cummings exercises her feminine prerogative by going into a tailspin over Philip Reed, her partner in the show for which friend husband was composing the

Always the strong, silent, long-suf-fering gentleman, Paul relinquishes his fickle frau to the hotcha hoofer and, baby and job notwithstanding, Connie goes away from there to lan-

again in the strong arms of her temporary Grand Passion.

After months of subordinating her career to further his, she discovers that Philip is pent-housing around with a gal named Amy.

Realizing that she's drawn a blank, Connie throws her toothbrush into an evernight hag and dashes back to the waiting arms of the now destitute Paul. But hefore she can reach the old homestead, the baby, whom she has left with Paul, contracts pneumonia and passes on to the Great Beyond without having to grow up and find out what a vacillating Venus he picked

for a mama.

Director William Wyler, who did
such a swell job on "Counsellor-AtLaw," smoothes out the wrinkled plot and brings it down to a perfect threepoint landing without having to get

out the parachutes.

ALL MEN ARE "All ME Enemies" ENEMIES

introduces the ex-

"All Men

tremely personable Hugh Williams to you . . and you . . and you!

Hugh is a young artist, hurt deeply by war and it's hypocrisies. He is he described searching for the perfect life, which he describes as the sheer enjoyment of living for the joy of life itself.

Two women help him in his search

Mona Barrie, the worldly. And (Please turn to page 86)

New Films in the Desserts Are Important

and

THESE ARE SO GOOD!

PINEAPPLE RICE

Cook 1/4 cup rice in 1 pt, milk until rice is tender and most of the milk taken up. Mix yolk of 1 egg with 2 tablespoons sugar and pinch of salt. Take rice mixture from stove and add egg and sugar, mixing thoroughly. Cook again until it begins to thicken. Add 1/2 cup of drained, diced canned pineapple. Heat thoroughly and pile into sherbet glasses to chill. Garnish with whipped cream and nuts.

One delicious recipe from the Dessert Bulletin.



Popular Dessert Bulletin gives over 75 delicious recipes

SWEETS for all the family . . . if you're

going to feed them correctly! And the best way to get in your sweets is in nourishing desserts which help balance the entire meal.

Light fluffy fruit gelatines, simple puddings and cookies for a heavy meal. Puddings, pies and cakes of the richer sort when the first courses have been rather light.

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Name
Address
City State State

THE Answer

was always



another girl . . . whispered words . . . timid NO became radiant, willing YES to a girl who found happy release.

"YES," was what she wanted to say whenever he phoned. But her sense of shame about her bad com-plexion smothered her confidence. She was afraid. She didn't have the heart to let him see her. Couldn't she do any-thing about it? Then help came from a least expected source—another girl. Some whispered words of friendly advice brought about a great change. Skin trouble became just a bad memory. "No," became "Yes" next time ory. "No," he 'phoned.

The simple and easy way to correct skin troubles, pimples, eczema, many thousands of women have found, is the use of soothing, healing Cuticura Oint-ment. The amazing record of success ment. The amazing record of success achieved by this super-creamy emollient for over half a century is obvious proof that Cuticura can and does provide satisfactory relief where many other treatments have failed. If you suffer from any form of skin trouble, considering private or carmon training the provider of the control of the cont especially pimples or eczema, try im-mediately the treatment which has proved so successful—Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap, too, you'll find a big help in the daily care of the skin.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores.

Also at variety stores in 10c sizes. FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-2, Malden, Mass.



... Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 85)

Helen Twelvetrees, the spiritual.

The absorbing story is a picturiza-tion of Richard Aldington's novel by the same name, and with the masterly touch of director George Fitzmaurice, this problem story should send you home wondering about a lot of things.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

Columbia

The ladies can't seem to make up their so-called minds this season.

What with one wanting diamond bracelets and tea parties, another wanting babies, and still another wanting no babies . . . well, you might expect a bit of indecision on the part of Elissa Landi in this story of an actress and her two boy friends, from

the pen of S. K. Lauren. La Landi doesn't have a particular yen for tea, diamonds, nor babies (either pro or con). What she's got to have to make her happy is a Career. And that's where Frank Morgan comes

Unhappily married to a society-mad wife, Frank looks over the situation and decides it's about time he got a little fun out of life, besides clipping coupons.

Not wishing to be a piker, he treats Elissa to a European trip, angels a show in which she stars, and sets her up in a super-colossal mansion, where all she has to worry about is keeping her balance on them thar superslick parquets.

Elissa is perfectly satisfied to be an old man's darling until Joseph Schildkraut, handsome young composer, skids into her life. Gold-digger though she is, a fine sense of loyalty causes her to deny her love for Schildkraut, and Frank, realizing the sacrifice, lets her go, renouncing his own great happi-ness and returning sadly to the mo-notonous grind of clipping more coupons

David Burton directs.

MARINES

Singly and collec-COME ON, tively, the good old MARINES Marines can lick their weight in wild cats. But it only takes one Paramount wild woman to mess

up a whole war . . . both sides.

Philip Wylie concocted this twofisted tale of the boys who are always 'landing and having the situation in as well as all the skirts in sight.

Richard Arlen is trying to work his way through the ranks so that he can be a sergeant and brag around to his

grandchildren when he gets old.

The general warns him that he must keep out of private fights and leave the gals alone. Otherwise, off goes his head. And no stripe on his sleeve.

Knowing that nobody expects a marine to be so gosh-pure, Dick scratches all his girl friends out of the little red book except Grace Bradley, red-headed entertainer of the cafes. And even the general ought to know that no marine should be without a brick-top g.f.

Grace, however, gets blotto and shows up at headquarters, howling Dick's name to the ceiling. Then, to Dick's name to the ceiling. Then, to top the whole thing, our well-meaning hero gets in plenty dutch with the general himself. So-oo-o, the naughty boy is demoted and shipped off to the tropics to rescue a bevy of beautiful girls from a "fate worse than death" at the hands of

some pretty dyspeptic-looking natives.
Henry Hathaway must have had some fun directing the excitement from here on. It's chaos. And, not content to finish up one war, Dick moves right into another by falling in love with Ida Lupino, one of the gals he's been sent to rescue.

Roscoe Karns fits nicely into the role of the wise-cracking taxi driver, gone A. W. O. L. after playing ju jitsu with the army regulations.

M-G-M

And not all war is sim-MALIBU ple martial strife. Malibu shows us the endless struggle for self preservation between wild life

and this so-called civilization. Paul Hurst hunts and kills, brutally, the defenseless denizens of the forest.

Russell Hardie, a ranger, and Jean Parker, a tender-hearted nature lover, combine to outwit the ruthless murderer of startled fawn, and, with the aid of an orphaned cougar cub, they

do pretty well by the plot.

The scenes are laid in a natural park and the entire picture is one of beauty and gentle propaganda against the wholesale slaughter of these harmless animals.

Heavy honors go to the artistic camera work, with Nick Grinde directing the shots and Chester Franklin handling the human angle. Joseph Vance Hoyt wrote the story with the understanding touch of a true animal lover.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD

Fox

Now that you're in the mood for a good murder, step this way for a peek at "Murder in Trinidad."

Brazilian diamonds are pouring into the world market by way of Trinidad. Everyone who tries to locate the source of this sparkling influx is mysteriously bumped off. But does deteriously bumped off. But does detective Nigel Bruce give a care? Heh
. . . of course not, you sillies. He
knows that director Louis King won't
dare rub him out because John Van-

dare rub him out because John Vandercook didn't write it into the story that way. Ya-aa-ah . . .

Everybody's under suspicion. Victor Jory might be the nasty man; or Pat Somerset; or even Heather Angel.

If we knew ourselves, we wouldn't tell. It's things like this that bring wit the heat ir wayin requirements.

out the beast in movie reviewers.

Let it go, kids. Just sit around and suffer until Papa Fox, himself, makes up his mind.

Strange as it may seem in "Lazy River,"
Robert Young plays the role of an ex-con-

vict who really did something to land himself in the hoose-gow, instead of being "framed" or righteously innocent and suffering for the guilty.

Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy (sans stooges) are jail buddies who dumbly try to convince him that they should all collaborate on bigger and better crimes. But, Bob is too wise to fool around with the obvious in jail bait. Instead, he heads for Louisiana with

New Films in the Making

the saner (?) idea of blackmailing a shrewd old lady. Maude Eburne, whose son has been killed by guards in an attempted jail break.

Maude has no money, but she has a beautiful young daughter, Jean Parker, and, after giving it a good think, Bob decides to go straight an I have a try for the gal's hand.

Irene Franklin, padded to a turn, shares the comedy honors with Healy and Pendleton. As Maude's cook, she picks and shovels herself through the boys' stomachs to their tough hearts.

Led by Bob, they all plot to save Maude's old homestead from auction. And, if you think they don't succeed, just ask Lucien Hubbard, the author. Bob has a worthless wife, Ruth Channing, who arrives on the scene to mess up the sweet young romance between Bob and Jean. But, when Bob's hore left father heaves in sight around

tween Bob and Jean. But, when Bob's long-lost father heaves in sight around you bend in the road, Ruth wisely hauls up anchor and scrams, on ac-count of her papa-in-law knows a few things about her that won't look too good in print.

good in print.

Director George Seitz ignores the melodramatic possibilities of the piece, pays off the mortgage and unites the happy lovers so simply that you'll be bound to agree that life really could be as easy as that.

NEWEST BEDSPREADS

Bedspreads you can make with the aid of our New Method Circulars:

My301-Here is one of the most effective of the new crochet bedspreads. It is washable and durable yet appropriate for the more elaborately furnished bedroom.

My302—An appropriate warm-weather bedspread, for the daybed is made of monkscloth with large initials in the center. Choose the appropriate letters and work them in silk or cotton to

match the binding. My303—Gaily figured chintz bedspreads are easy to make and appropriate at any time. Here is a design that may be used effectively with the new bordered chintz.

My304-A bedspread of taffeta silk

or rayon is appropriate for the more formal bedroom. The double row of cording gives a smart finish. My305—Here is the new butterfly ap-pliqué bedspread made from

alternating blocks of colored and white muslin.

My306—Learn to make candlewick bedspreads. Here is one of the newer, simpler designs in two harmonizing colors.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate circulars by the numbers given.

Blue Waltz brings you these 3 aids to Loveliness.

Become truly exquisite with Blue Waltz Beauty Aids...thousands of clever women daily use Blue Waltz Powder, Perfume and Lipstick with marvelous results. You, too, can become glamorously alluring with the magic help of Blue Waltz -men will admire you, women will secretly envy your natural loveliness. And yet the thrill of being completely irresistible costs but a trifle. Try these Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, each only 10c at your nearest 5 and 10c store.

JOUBERT PARFUMEUR

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



A delicate fragrance
— mysterious and
alluring — to make
the memory of you always charming.

Theindelible lipstick comes in four glow-ing shades makes your lips soft and tempting.

you radiantly at-

Other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids - Cold Creams, Cream Rouge, Toilet Water, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder

Here's a new way to make

Nine diagram patterns for the baby-and only 10 cents for the complete set! You'll get a lot of pleasure in sewing from these patterns which you can make so easily yourself. In this set for the baby are the following:

An Infant's Afghan Baby Bunting Wrap Infant's Sacque and Cap Decorative Feeding Bib Ruffled Bassinet Baby's Helmet Bunny Crib Hangings and Draperies Rag Doll Crocheted Dog

Complete directions for all of these attractive baby garments and accessories are given in this set for 10 cents. . . . Just send your request to

___ Trances Cowles __

Tower Magazines, Inc., • 55 Fifth Avenue, • New York, N. Y.



Pretty...Entertaining... But One Fault Made Her Seem Ill-Bred

HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder wouldn't stick. She woke un then—and decided to try the

She woke up then—and decided to try the powder one of her friends had been praising. It was Golden Peacock Face Powder.

Perfect Freshness All Evening

And how wonderfully it worked. For Golden Peacock Face Powder is different from ordinary kinds. This triple-fine powder repels moisture, for one thing. It covers with perfect velvet smoothness—because it refuses to unite with skin oils, and clog pores or get "caked." For another thing, Golden Peacock Powder contains a wonderful skin-toning and refining ingredient that ful skin-toning and refining ingredient that works actively to undo the harm done by ordinary make-up preparations, which get into pores and make them coarse and oily.

Next time she went out she never had to re-make" her face all evening—yet it glowed with a dainty, natural peach-bloom smoothness that hid every tiny imperfection and made her radiantly lovely.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder now! Ask for it at any good toilet-goods counter—only 50c—or 10c at any 10-cent store for the

at any 10-cent store for the generous purse size. If your dealer cannot supply you just write today to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. E-212, Paris, Tenn. Specify your shade, whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette, and we will send a generous sample free. a generous sample free.



Golden Peacock

Face Powder

BARBARA BARRY pursues Paul Lukas for an answer to the question-



Paul Lukas regarded me quizzically. "Isn't love the same . . . the world over?"

HAT IS LOVE?

FUNNY stuff, love. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is, but almost anybody will give you an argument on the popular subject, usually without even being asked.

A few sophisticated smarties will look wise and mutter: "It's a state of mind . . . a matter of geography . it makes the world go 'round—" Sure. But so does a double-barreled side car. And a nor'-by-sou' hay-maker. You couldn't fool a baby on that.

Hollywood should be a great place for research work along that line. The entire town is built upon a foundation

of research work along that line. The entire town is built upon a foundation of synthetic Romance. Amours—the real thing, or a snappy substitute—are so thick out here that Grandpa combs. 'em out of his whiskers. Sticky sentiments drip from the palm trees. Even the birds can't keep track of their girl friends. Walk up Hollywood Boulevard, and if you don't average twenty-nine Heavy Lovers to a city block, I'll gladly split the difference—skull down—absolutely free of charge. And let it be a lesson to 'em.

In spite of the colossal ballyhoo, you'd be surprised at how little these Great Lovers really know about the Grand Passion, outside of working hours. Without a red-blooded director and a pending option to spur them on, they're practically helpless. Your Aunt Minnie's boy, Ethelbert, could show them cards and spades on nothing

show them cards and spades on nothing more potent than three fingers of grapejuice and a pack of gum.

However, the Great American Public doesn't give a tinker's what-have-you about the way Ethelbert wows the gals in Moss Junction. Lionel Lovemore they'll listen to, because Lionel—the ducky!—pulls down a four-figure weekly check for taking off a young man's

springtime fancy as you . . . and you . . . like it.

OFF we trot then, to accost a current Heavy Lover on the why and wherefore of this international insanity—Love. We must choose our victim wisely, and, with only a couple of hundred candidates to pick from, the anticipated business did give us an uneasy split second

anticipated business did give us an uneasy split second.

A flock of women delegates were just emerging from a matinee showing of a new picture. Sneaking up behind them we listened, shamelessly, while they went hysterically to pieces over the star of the picture, Paul Lukas.

"My dear!" they gurgled (as in defective plumbing), "he's too, too divine!

... What tender finesse! ... what technique! ... "What ho! Paul Lukas was a marked man. From him, I would discover the delicate intricacies

I would discover the delicate intricacies of this synthetic high blood pressure. Or, would I???

H URRYING to keep my late lunch-eon appointment with the Hun-garian Heart Throb, I encountered a swooning female, leaning weakly against the wall, outside the Universal

against the war, outside the Oniversal publicity office. "So what?" I inquired solicitously. "Ptomaine? . . . or, did they give you a contract??" You never can tell, just looking at 'em.

"Oo-o-ooo . . ." she twittered, roll-g her eyes ecstatically. "Paul

ng her eyes estatically. "Faul Lukas. . ."

"Don't tell me!" I commanded sternly. "Let me guess." And, without even going into a trance, I drew the lucky number. "He kissed your hand?"

"Oo-oo . ." she began again. "Please!" I raised a supercilious eyebrow. "Pull yourself together. Re-

What Is Love?

(Continued from page 88)

member the kiddies. Remember your member the Riddles. Remember your faithful little husband, anxiously awaiting your return—so he can go out with the boys." I patted her shoulder. "You'll live . . . I'm afraid." And, with an Edna May Oliver sniff, I left the poor creature to get before or best sho sould get home as best she could.

WITHOUT malice, I cooled my heels in the publicity office, pending the arrival of the Hungarian

Romeo.

Lukas has the standing-sitting-squatting record of all time for being late. On only one known occasion did the gentleman present himself ahead of schedule. And that once happened to be his original birthday.

Impatient to begin on the Glorious Adventure—Life—the precocious Lukas infant beat the train, on which his mother was riding to Budapest, into the station by a scant few minutes. But he has evened things up by being behind time, ever since. behind time, ever since.

Just as my stomach was beginning

to think my throat was cut, the errant gentleman arrived, and led me, on the verge of collapse, to the studio restau-rant. The adventure was on! I wanted to talk about Love. Lukas

wanted to talk about auto-giros. So, we talked about auto-giros. That is, Paul did. And very enthusiastically,

He owns a Steerman plane . . . "the Rolls-Royce of the air!" he asserts proudly. And he is a licensed pilot. Which is all very swell. But love was my angle, and I didn't intend to be

Air is all right. I've had it given to me and I inhale it. But, get me three feet off the ground and I go into a tailspin that even Lindbergh couldn't duplicate.

Once, when very small, I fell off the roof of a chicken house. Which may clear up a lot of things. However. . . .

PREVIOUS to our interview—just to make conversation a bit easier—I had delved into the lives of some of the leading Hungarian celebrities—authors, poets, actors . . . and, ladies, if you like your Romance straight, bottled-in-bond, jump into the family flivver and push off for Hungary!

Over in that glamorous country, love is absolutely the Main Issue. Everything else—fame, fortune, even war—is incidental.

And there, across the luncheon table, sat the erstwhile toast of Budapest (not to mention the coffee)—Hungary's Great Lover . . . talking about auto-

PAUL LUKAS was the matinee idol of Hungary when Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor watched his performance in "Antonia" and decided that he would be cream in the boxoffice coffee over here where men earn

omce cottee over here where men earn and women yearn.

Together they approached the dashing young Hungarian, who received them graciously, but with a total lack of interest. The colorful picture they painted, of unlimited wealth and success in America, left our hero quite, quite cold.

"I was in love." he confided. "Market

"I was in love," he confided. "Madly, (Please turn to page 90)



... because it has a thick, doubl-edge ... because it always hangs straight

Interior decorators, stylists, women everywhere felt the edge of the new Roylace . . . and were amazed. Almost immediately this shelf paper has become the most popular decorative shelving in the country.

Roylace Doubl-edge doesn't crinkle or tear easily. It never curls up. Its special embossed construction resists dirt and grease spots. The bright, cheery colors are protected from fading. As the head of one great decorating establishment says, "It stays neat looking while the ordinary run of papers get raggy so soon."

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Be sure you get the REAL PERSTIK. Don't buy a cheap imitation that might harm the skin. Genuine Perstik is absolutely pure and

safe. Excellent on sanitary napkan: Get Perstik wherever you buy your cos-



What Is Love?

(Continued from page 89)

beautifully in love. Money?" he said it scornfully. "There wasn't enough money in the world to drag me from the side of my loved one!"

My temperature slipped up a couple of notches. After all, I'm only a weak woman. Just a defenseless girl in the relentless Whirlpool of Life. . . . You heard me!

neard me!

"Ah-h-h," I sighed, with a Bing
Crosby quiver in my voice. "If only
American men were capable of such
emotion!" emotion!

"But . . . aren't they?" He regarded me quizzically. "Isn't love the same

the world over?" "Not much, it isn't!" I scoffed bit-terly. "Offer one of our boys his choice between heavy romance and a ham sandwich, and watch him reach for the mustard!"

'Mustard?" he was puzzled.

"Mustard?" he was puzzled.
"Sure. To go on the sandwich!"
"But . . " he seemed unable to comprehend it, "just how do your men regard love?"
"Well," I explained, "the American husband kisses his wife with one eye on the clock and the other on the stock market reports. He forgets anniversaries and shoots the little woman for leading away from a king. If a boy sees a girl who appeals to him, he slaps her on the back and says, 'Hello, Baby!

sees a girl who appeals to him, he slaps her on the back and says, 'Hello, Baby!
Let's you and me go places!" I snorted.
The star's eyes twinkled. "I think I like that!" he said amusedly. "I must try it some time. 'Hallo, ba-bee!' " And he slapped the wall beside him. "Good!" he chuckled enthusiastically.

THE pity of it! Emotion caused my eyes to fill with tears. Or maybe it was the green onions. Anyhow, it was too much. Our little Paul

how, it was too much. Our little Paul ... going American?
"Perhaps your Americans are too frank." He relented a bit in the face of my obvious agony. "Instead of saying to a woman: 'You are glorious! I worship you! Your eyes are crystal pools ... your lips are petals from a rose,' etc., the American chap says, matter-of-factly: 'Baby, you're just what the doctor ordered. Say the word and I'm yours!" He smiled. "Not so poetic, but, at least, sincere. You can be sure that he means it. And, after all, isn't that more important?" that more important?"

"No!" I muttered grimly. "Give me the 'crystal pools,' and the 'rose petals!'
... Who wants ginger ale when there's champagne on the table?"

He eyed me a trifle anxiously. "Of course, you understand that my views on the subject are entirely retrospective? Today, I am just another hardworking actor, almost thoroughly Americanized."

I sighed regretfully. Then, the recollection of the swooning female outside the office crossed my mind

Across the luncheon table, I eyed

him with a reproachful look.
"Must you," I implored, "go about kissing ladies' fingers. Haven't you boys done enough to this country, cluttering up the universal bill-of-fare with goulash and chicken paprika, without putting our feminine blood pressure on the w.k. spot?"

the w.k. spot?"
"But, please——" he protested, "it means nothing! Just an Old World courtesy, you know... like the shaking of the hand, over here."
"So be it!" I shrugged resignedly. "But, sooner or later, your Old World courtesy is going to get you all tangled the interpretable of provinces.

up in a brand new breach-of-promise suit. And, then what?"

"But . . ." he picked a vagrant shred of ham from his plate, "a man cannot be sued for mere politeness, surely?"

"No?" I laughed hollowly. "Listen, my frand—you can't even say 'Howdy to a good-looking woman over here.

my frand—you can't even say 'Howay' to a good-looking woman over here, without having six lawyers and the judge's Airedale camping in your front yard by morning!"

HE is eternally perplexed at the idea that anyone should want to interview him.

"I am just like any other man," he protests modestly. "I bathe, shave, eat, and sleep. Nothing unusual about that. If I had been a traveling salesman, in-

If I had been a traveling salesman, instead of an actor, no one would be interested in my private life..."

Not unless you stopped at the farmhouse..." I began hopefully.

"If I am depicted as a despoiler of pure young womanhood, on the screen, doesn't it spoil the illusion to know that, in reality, I am kind to dumb animals?... And, if, on the other hand, the screen exploits me as an example of masculine perfection, isn't it a bit discouraging to realize that I beat my wife every Saturday night?"

Ecstatically, I dived for pencil and notebook.

notebook.

"No!... NO!" he fairly shouted.

"I was—what you say?—kidding! Of course I don't beat my wife! You interviewers are so—er—literal," he mourned. Then, his eye fell on the studio clock. With an exclamation, he leaped to his feet.

"I'm late" he muttered absently. "Appointment—three o'clock—Sorry."

"But... Love...!" I protested.

"Wait!... Tell me... what is Love?"

He smiled mysteriously. "A state of mind... maybe? A matter of geography, perhaps? At any rate...."

"It makes the world go 'round!" I finished for him.

finished for him.

"Very correct," he agreed. Courteously, though hastily, he extended his hand in farewell. Expectantly, I gave him my own.

A Continental bow from the waist... friendly "Adios!" and he was gone. Sadly, I stared at my unkissed hand. Life, alas, is like that!

IF STRAIGHT HAIR COMES BACK

Since Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford took to wearing their hair unwaved and perfectly smooth on the tops and sides of their heads, girls whose hair is just naturally straight have felt a bit of encouragement.

But don't be too optimistic-both Joan and Norma wear the ends of their hair in elaborate curls and it takes as much time and care and as diligent use of wave-set liquids to keep their hair smooth and straight as it does to keep it softly waved.

First Nights on Broadway

It Happened One Night—AAA (This Month's Best Film)

Directed by Frank Capra. Released by

THE same coach that patient audiences already have seen cross the continent a couple of times in overland bus photoplays appears once again in this film. This time, it is loaded with something important. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are its most noteworthy passengers. They are chief actors in a comedy that has speed and merriment and excitement that never for a single moment sag. After all this messing around with motor buses, the movies finally have produced something worth while about them.

Now that "It Happened One Night" actually has rung the bell, we can expect at least a dozen imitative films. No matter how bad these may be, they won't be too high a price to pay for photoplays appears once again in this

won't be too high a price to pay for having watched what Miss Colbert, Mr. Gable and Frank Capra, the director, can do with a lens and a strip of cellu-

Claudette Colbert has been lovely to look at for a long while. What she does with deft, smart comedy in this picture is about all that could be expicture is about all that could be expected from any actress. As Ellen Andrews, spoiled runaway child of a millionaire, she gives an almost perfect performance. Her work is matched by the hardboiled art of Mr. Gable as Peter Warne, a rowdy reporter. The disasters that overtake this couple on their passage from Miami to New York are hilarious, dramatic, romantic.

their passage from Miami to New York are hilarious, dramatic, romantic.

"It Happened One Night" is funny. More than that, it has a fresh, plausible plot and human warmth, thanks to the skill of all concerned. Walter Connolly does still another fine characterization as the shelving and apply father. Thanks also are due to Mr. Capra for an inspiring job of direction and to Samuel Hopkins Adams and Robert Riskin, who have supplied some of the most amusing dialogue yet embalmed on a sound track.

If after the amount of warmed-over and half-cooked film amusement they have been served, audiences aren't truly grateful for "It Happened One Night," they simply don't deserve anything betthan what they get most of the

High Spots: Bus passengers singing "The Flying Trapeze"....
Warne frightening a blackmailer by posing as a gangster. . . . Warne and Ellen discussing the technique of piggybacking. . . . Ellen and Warne expounding the art of hitch-hiking.

The Stars: Claudette Colbert, born a brunette in Paris; still remains so, despite Hollywood. Studied art in New York; leading roles in several Broadway shows before movies claimed her completely. In Hollywood's hotbed of temperament she is distinguished for temperament, she is distinguished for a level head and good sportsmanship. Prefers quiet entertaining in her own home to film colony hoop-la. Likes jig-saw puzzles, open fires, her garden, amateur photography and blue cos-(Please turn to page 92)





GLAMOROUS HAIR! Every woman can have it .. by simply using ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. This harmless vegetable compound ... neither a dye nor a bleach, adds alluring color tints to the hair and makes it sparkle with a soft, shimmering youthful Justre and loveliness. 12 natural tints...choose your color and stop fretting about faded or lifeless hair.

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w many OF THESE QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Count ten for each question and find out your rating

What is the difference between a settee and a settle?

What is the proper length of glass curtains and draperies?

Should heavy pieces of furniture ever be placed at right angles to

What is a spinet desk?

What color is made by mixing red and yellow?

What are secondary colors?

If a room has no fireplace, how can a center of interest be created?

In what style rooms may wall paper be used:

What is the difference between a Wilton and an Axminster rug?

What is the difference between brocade and brocatelle?

The Home Beautifying editor of Tower Magazines has developed an intensely interesting series not only on how to arrange your own home but on the general history and technic of furniture and decoration. It is broad in its cultural aspects and contains information your entire family will enjoy learning.

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First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 91)

tumes. Dislikes cocktail parties, never needs a reducing diet and is happily

married to Norman Foster, actor. Clark Gable, born in Cadiz, Ohio, 1901. Successively stock company call boy, salesman, factory time keeper, bill collector, movie extra, legitimate actor. Lionel Barrymore got him his first screen test. Six feet, one inch, 1900 nough by the property even 190 pounds, brown hair, gray eyes, married to Ria Langham. Likes hunting, fishing, golf, backgammon, showerbaths. Detests caviar, nightclubs, film premieres, bathtubs, polo.

The Director: Frank R. Capra, born Palermo, Italy, and taken as an infant to California, has been newsboy, day laborer, tutor, soldier and student at California Tech. Began motion picture carreer as gag man in 1921. "Sub-marine" was his first crash hit. "Lady for a Day" indicated that this was no accident. "It Happened One Night" proves it.

Carolina—B

Directed by Henry King, Released by Fox

THOSE responsible for this item never quite made up their minds what they were trying to shoot. It might have been just another of the mag-nolia and honeysuckle romances of Dixie. It might have been a grim drama of aristocratic decay in the "Carolina" swings from one idea to the other and never sits down anywhere.

Henry King, the director, toured the South for months before the action of this film was shot. He collected thousands of feet of local color and then threw most of it away. Save for a few flashes, the background of "Carolina" is like most of the background of most such romances.

Janet Gaynor, the girl who won't grow up, and Lionel Barrymore, the man who won't calm down, have the chief roles. Robert Young, is the hero. Henrietta Crosman, as a managing mother, gives this film whatever acting distinction it has. The speech of all the scions of the South is just plain Hollywood.

"Carolina" isn't a bad picture; it isn't a good picture. It's just another.

Looking for Trouble—A

Directed by William Wellman. Released by United Artists

RIGHT in the middle of this film about a couple of telephone trouble shooters, someone got a fit of melo-drama and spoiled what promised to be one of the best of moving picture comedies.

It isn't bad melodrama. It includes robbery, arson, murder and an earth-quake added for good measure but during all this violence I kept missing the Jack Oakie and Spencer Tracy of the

carlier scenes.

Good comedy, unadorned by song numbers and dance routines is about the rarest thing in pictures. Messrs. Oakie and Tracy can furnish it. In this, their first teamwork, they prove themselves God's gift to laugh-hungry audiences. Mr. Oakie's cocksure brand of merriment agrees with Mr. Spen-cer's more hardboiled humor as smoothly as soda blends with Scotch. As the trouble-shooters in the picture's earlier sequences, this pair is a delight. Even after the film goes melodrama on them, they still are good, but not so good. Involving a couple of mugs like these in a murder mystery is just wasting everyone's time.

There is a good supporting cast, with Constance Cummings doing well as Tracy's sweetheart. The telephone Tracy's sweetheart. The telephone company background adds flavor and color to the story.

High Spots: Joe Graham (Mr. Tracy) selecting his sweetheart's meal in a cafeteria.... Casey (Mr. Oakie) introducing Graham and himself to two hostile girls.

Sore Spot: The director's or the script writer's belief that a deathbed confession, to be legal, must be telephoned to the police and re-corded on a dictaphone.

Spitfire—A

Directed by John Cromwell. Released by RKO Radio

WHOEVER chose this story VV strange happenings in a hill-billy community as a vehicle for Katharine Hepburn did her no favor. It puts enough obstacles in her path to trip and spill almost any actress. The fact that Miss Hepburn soars over most of these triumphantly and turns an un-convincing plot into something filled with beauty is just another unneces-sary proof that she isn't almost any actress.

I'm not at all sure just what the quality is that lets this young woman fill otherwise implausible scenes with excitement and conviction. "Glamour" may be the word. She has an odd, inner radiance that, unlike most human ner radiance that, unlike most numan charm, shines more brightly on the screen. Her recent stage play, "The Lake," was something akin to a flop. So, by all laws, "Spitfire" should be too, yet she saves it by her peculiar art that can reach out of a shadow drama and twitch strangely at your heart strings

drama and the the trings.

There are Hollywood stars more beautiful than Miss Hepburn. There is no one who can put more beauty into a performance. Furthermore, she has performance. Furthermore, she has great versatility. The sullen, defiant little hell-cat of "Spitfire" who hurls rocks and curses at her healthy neigh-bors and prays for them effectively when they are ill, isn't even the re-motest relation of Jo in "Little Women."

There are moments of real loveliness in "Spitfire." The film's failings are not the fault either of director or actors. Robert Young and Ralph Bellamy are excellent as civil engineers with whom in turn "Trigger" (Miss Hepburn) falls in love, and the rest of the cast is acceptable particularly. Hepburn) falls in love, and the rest of the cast is acceptable, particularly Sarah Haden as a more than simple mountain girl. Mr. Cromwell's direction is intelligent and his people talk and act like hill-billies.

Story trouble is the ailment from which this photoplay suffers. The main defect of the story is its placing of its climax. The moment of highest drama comes long before the film is over, The moment of highest drama leaving action and interest to taper off,

through the rest of it.

First Nights on Broadway

High Spots: The artless loveliness with which Trigger woos Stafford (Robert Young).... Trigger striving by prayer to heal an ailing baby she is accused of bewitching.

The Cat and the Fiddle—AA

Directed by William K. Howard. Released by M-G-M

THIS overturns a lot of Hollywood conventions and sets a new mark for this type of cinema to shoot at. Here, at last, is a film musical comedy that not only is genuinely musical but good comedy, too. Without any elaborate shots, without even a single bare chorine, or one ostrich feather fan, "The Cat and the Fiddle" goes farther as entertainment and fares better than any of its forerunners.

Ramon Novarro, still youthful but a veteran of the silent films, returns with a good voice, talking or singing, and a deft sense of comedy. Jeanette MacDonald, formerly as much a part of a Chevalier picture as Maurice's straw hat, seems even more graceful and

tuneful without him.

The picture has been shot with intelligence by a man who apparently believes that audiences have that supposedly rare quality. There has been no attempt to explain the jokes for the sake of the mentally afflicted. A hundred adroit bits of comedy are presented with delicacy and a trust in audiences' brains that I don't believe is unjustified.

unjustified.

Frank Morgan gives another of his polished, sophisticated performances as a French impresario. Charles Butterworth is an ambitious student of the harp and about as funny as usual, which as far as I'm concerned is very, very funny. "The Cat and the Fiddle" does manage to end in a backstage setting. Apparently no musical film is regarded as genuine in Hollywood unless there are some shots of scene shifters and chorus girls hustling about and, as a climax, an understudy who steps into the chief role at the last minute and saves the show.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" makes

"The Cat and the Fiddle" makes that concession to movie convention. It doesn't keep it from being the best screen musical comedy to date.

High Spots: Victor (Mr. Novarro) and Shirley (Miss MacDonald) quarreling across an area by means of the pianos they are playing. . . . The dripping of a leaky roof, building itself up into a song accompaniment. . . . Mr. Butterworth's struggles with his harp.

Sore Spot: The final color sequence that looks as though Junior had been running wild with his Christmas paints.

Madame Spy—B

Directed by Karl Freund. Released by Universal

I T was a fine big war while we had it but I'm just the least bid fed up with the regular monthly release of an espionage film in which a woman tries (Please turn to page 94)

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First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 93)

to give her all for her country and herself to an enemy lover and succeeds, by now, in giving me nothing more than a pain in the neck.

"Madame Spy," with Fay Wray as the Russian adventuress and Nils Asther as the Austrian lover, is the current issue of that regular monthly stand-by. It is hard to say whether it is better or worse than forerunners, such as "I Was a Spy" and "After To-night." It's just the same old plot, once more.

Miss Wray and Mr. Asther do their best with a stencil story and Mr. Freund, the director, upholds cinema tradition by making spies at their spying about as reticent as sideshow barkers. It is doubtful whether many script writers will be chosen for espi-onage service in the next war. It is even questionable whether most of them will be able to get into the Intelligence Corps.

The Wonder Bar—A

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Released by Warner

JUST about as many stars and as big a chorus as could possibly be crammed into a picture get in each other's way in this, the most spectacular of musical comedy films. Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Guy Kibbee, Fifi D'Orsay, Robert Barrat and others try to push along a good, smart plot. No sooner do they get it rolling than a vast ensemble number stops it short again. If Hollywood would stop trying to mix drama and several hundred chorines, Hollywood would be doing this re-viewer a favor. What greater incentive could a town have?

All the same, I think this is the best All the same, I think this is the best of song and dance extravaganzas so far. It certainly is the most ornate. Apparently, the stage of The Wonder Bar, a Parisian night club, is larger than any armory floor and on its stationary and revolving floors regiments of dancers go through the most com-plicated and spectacular evolutions.

Plicated and spectacular evolutions.

I'd a little rather they had cut down some of these and left more of Mr. Jolson in. His films have not been over successful recently. In "The Wonder Bar," he returns to the top of his form which, as far as song and humor go, is level with the top of anybody's. He isn't a great actor but as minstrel and jester he need ask handicap of no one. Hollywood brigaded him with a dazzling set of stars who might be trusted ling set of stars who might be trusted to put the film over if he didn't. Mr. Jolson doesn't need their help. He takes charge of the picture at its start and runs clear away with it.

"The Wonder Bar" has much smart

and tricky camera work, magnificent settings and a deal of humor. This last, as far as one old Puritan is concerned might have been better if the dialogue had been a bit less laden with double entendre.

High Spots: Mr. Jolson's recital of what Bolshevism had done to his uncle... Murder terminating the Gaucho dance by Mr. Cortez and Miss Del Rio... Blackface Mr. Miss Del Rio. . . Blackface Mr. Jolson and his Missouri mule entering Paradise.

This Side of Heaven—AA

Directed by William K. Howard. Released by M-G-M

THIS story of a middle-class American family and its conduct when tragedy almost overwhelms it has sincerity and intelligence, which are just about all any picture needs. What films about he was a conductor and are saident at a reason to be seen the seen and are saident at a reason to be seen the seen and are saident at a reason to be seen the seen and are saident at a reason to the seen should have, and so seldom get, are honesty, warmth and skill in produc-tion. "This Side of Heaven" has plenty of each and this, I think, makes it an

important picture.
It is important because without fireworks of any sort it tells a rather humble story with art so close to reality that nothing gets between them. By the time the first half hour of its running time is spent, you have grown to know the whole Turner family from Martin, the father (Lionel Barrymore), who is having trouble at the office, to Birdie (Una Merkel), the hired girl, as you know your own friends. Of these two, I think Miss Merkel gives the better performance.

It is comforting to find that movie folk don't always have to be actors in spectacles but can, when they get the opportunity, interpret actual human beings. You should find "This Side of Heaven" more exciting and heart stirring than half a dozen wild west and world war films, with a couple of high society "drammers" thrown in for good measure measure.

Fay Bainter makes her picture debut as the mother of the Turner family. If Miss Bainter does not photograph beautifully, her acting is fine and true. Mae Clarke, Tom Brown and Mary Carlisle make the Turner children natural flesh and blood youngsters. is one of the rare casts in which there are no sore spots whatever. Even Mr. Barrymore acts with more than his usual restraint. The director not only knows how ordinary Americans behave at home but he has even been inside a college fraternity house and has remembered what he saw.

The picture's title doesn't make much sense. The man who names Pullman cars must spend his spare time thinking up movie titles.

High Spots: The morning strug-gle for possession of the Turner bathroom. . . . Martin Turner's visit to his son in the hospital. The camera craft by which all the characters in the film are tied together at the picture's start.

The Lost Patrol—B

Directed by John Ford. Released by RKO-Radio

HERE is a story concerning the fate of a British cavalry patrol, penned in an oasis by hostile Arabs. It makes a valiant attempt to do something different from run-of-the-mill films. The cast is entirely male. There is no love interest, which after the amount of celluloid passion to which I'm compelled to play kibitzer, is oke by me.

The truth is, though, that "The Lost Patrol," while different, isn't so very good. Neither director nor cast has been competent for the job at hand. The acting is routine and Mr. Ford, apart from his gift for shooting sand

First Nights on Broadway

dunes impressively, is pretty routine too. Douglas Walton, as a homesick youngster, does a small part well. Vic-tor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald tor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny and the rest are no better than average. It apparently took so much courage to tackle this unconventional theme that there was no room left for inspiration.

Sore Spots: Thirst tortured horses standing patiently at a water hole until their riders finish wallowing. . . Rifle fire kicking up spurts of sand, but a machine grup blast stirring no naticle.

gun blast stirring no particle.

As the Earth Turns-C

Directed by Alfred F. Green. Released by

IF you want to see how actual mere studio sets can appear, attend this photoplay of Down East life. I can't think of any other reason for going. All the farm scenes, I understand, were shot indoors. They are amazingly life-like artificial backgrounds. What happens in front of them is something else

Three families are involved in this Maine farm "drammer." Unless you've already read the novel of the same name from which the film has been name from which the film has been taken, you may have my difficulty in remembering which adults and which swarms of children belong to which household. On the whole the youngsters act better than their elders and the horses, cows, and turkeys give better performances than either.

The plot is wholly undramatic. It is the sort of story whose success must depend on the way in which it is told. It is not told very well.

Journal of Crime—B

Directed by William Keighley. Released by Warner

In this photoplay, Ruth Chatterton shows that if you knock off your husband's girl friend and he later finds and recognizes the gun you used, you're bound thereafter to have lots of trouble.

The film teaches an additional moral, to wit: If, after murdering your rival, you manage to be run over by a truck so effectively that it destroys your memory, everything is likely to end hannily.

happily.
Your correspondent, in this instance, breaks his rule against telling the plot breaks his rule against telling the plot of a picture, just to show what Miss Chatterton is up against. She displays her usual skill in a gloomy item that is saved from being utter tragedy by a truck. Adolphe Menjou is the husband who, instead of telling on his wife, prefers to let remorse hound her until, as he says: "She rots little by little and dies of it."

dies of it."

The picture is well directed and cast with Noel Madison bringing conviction to the minor role of a bank bandit. The plot has been taken from the French, which does little toward settling our debt problem with that nation.

High Spot: Guests at the dinner party given by Francoise (Miss Chatterton) discussing the murder she has just committed.

she has just committed.





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bulges, and accents curves.

The trend in brassiere styles is definitely the high-molded bust. For the flat-chested there are cunning little net rosettes to be tucked inside the brassiere to give the necessary bosomy effect. For the full-busted there is a new evening bandeau which looks like new evening bandeau which looks like a mere wisp of lace but determinedly molds into fashionable outlines. It has an inset of lastex for diaphragm control, and may be adjusted as low as the waistline in back. Just the thing for those with this particular problem. No



matter what your figure worry may be there are specific garments to remedy the defect.

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O SCAR WILDE once asserted that some people know the price of everything but the value of nothing . . . he might well have said, "some women." So often you'll notice a woman marching up one aisle of a store and down another, demanding the price of every item and seldom pausing to consider quality. With moderate to consider quality. With moderate price, fine quality, and attractive packaging fixed firmly in mind, a well-known manufacturer brought forth a line of cosmetics recently. Its success was so gratifying that he continued to add new products so that now there is everything from powder and compacts to eye-shadow and perfume. But please don't overlook the skin softener . . . it's simply g-r-a-n-d softener . . . it's simply g-r-a-n-d rich as dairy cream. When used as a powder base it gives that faintly luminous tone to the skin affected by movie stars. If you're still interested in getting your money's worth (and who isn't?) you'll want to know more about these products identified by their rehin'r our blury and relay after the start. robin's-egg blue color scheme.

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Hollywood Plays

(Continued from page 45)

gave, when Warren William's dogs were christened. Oh, of course, you had to be a picture player, too.

It was great fun, out there on the lawn in the Levee patio. Naturally we hoped for a lovely, free-for-all dog fight, but there wasn't any.

The William wire-hairs were duly christened, in the presence of their lively papa and mama, Jack and Jill, as follows: Cheeky, Mitzi, Babs, and Tip. Naturally being thoroughbreds, they have long pedigree family names, but nobody bothered with them.

Louise Fazenda brought her big Sealyham, Edward, but carried the animal around in her arms all the time. She said he was vicious with other animals.

animals.

"Why, he even fights the milkman's horse!" she declared. Jeanette MacDonald brought her

Stormy Weather, which had bitten her a few weeks ago. But she holds no grudge. She says he "was sorry after-

Then there was Jean Muir, with her black Scotty, and Nola Luxford with her unplucked wire-hair, Kiaora, which is native New Zealand—from which country Miss Luxford hails. It means

Good Luck.
Alice White was there with her sheep dog, Snooty, and said she was going to intimidate the judges into giving her

dog a prize.

Prizes were handed out by Andrew J.
Scott, internationally licensed judge of
dogs, and consisted of drinking cups
with wooden figures of dogs attached.
Alice White's Snooty, Louise's Sealyham, Warren William's Babs won first

prizes.

And there were big trays of ham-burger patties and big trays of dog biscuits for the animals afterward.

Oh, yes-and Mike Levee handed Mr. Scott a gun to protect himself in case anybody jumped him about the deci-

Barbara Blair, the new Warner find, was there, but dogless. She is witty and pretty and looks like a young little Mae West.

Barbara explained that her dog, a bloodhound, is in New York. When she brought him from the South, she said, it took her six months to get him over his nervousness.

"And his ears are so long," she told us, "that I have to hold them up when he eats. He gets them in his soup!"

MET Mae Clarke at a party without Sidney Blackmer! That's news. It was over at Nina Wilcox Putnam's cocktail party. She said that Sidney had taken his mother up to Big Bear

Lake for a rest from moving!

No sooner had Sidney's mama arrived than Sidney, she said, decided the house wasn't nice enough for her. So he moved to another house. But there a little girl got out under his window and played and yelled every morning. moved to another place, and found his

Now he's living in a house with a winding stairway, and his mother doesn't like going up and down stairs. But before moving again Sidney has taken his mother for a vacation.

(Please turn to page 98)

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Hollywood Plays

(Continued from page 97)

A DECIDED movie flavor gives a tang to the high-brow musical crowd's parties, these days.

Marvine Maazel and his wife gave a party attended almost exclusively by the movie set on the eve of Maazel's departure for Europe.

But then Mr. Maazel, whom you may know since he is a noted pianist, is very democratic always. He loves prizefighting, and one of the guests at the party was Fidel LaBarba, one time featherweight champion. LaBarba, on

his side, loves music.
"So after a concert, when I go back-stage to see Mr. Maazel," said Fidel, "I want to talk music and he wants to talk fights."

Raul Roulien came alone to the party. Conchita Montenegro was to have come with him, but fainted from overwork.

By the by, Roulien's name is much linked with Conchita's these days. However, both deny anything but a friendship. As will be remembered, Roulien's wife was killed by a car a few months ago.

'I could never find another woman so lovely, so entirely compatible, as my wife," said Roulien.

Impersonations of one another are a great indoor sport at movie parties.
Roulien gave several of his confreres,

doing them most amusingly. Among others he imitated Edward G. Robinson, who was present, and who enjoyed it

hugely.

Mrs. Von Stroheim, who was injured by fire in a beauty shop accident, is bravely facing the world. She and Eric von Stroheim were among the guests at

"We don't get a chance to see each other at all," sighed Frances Dee, who was one of the guests, and who referred to husband Joel McCrea, who, however, was present with her at this party. "I'm working and he's working nearly all the time in two pictures at once," Frances went on. "But Radio recognizes this state of things isn't good for married couples, and is planning to give us both a vacation together, fixing it so that I shall be working only when Joel is."

HESE foreign actors are so gallant. Take Werner Plack, German actor, at the Screen Guild's First Annual Ball, for instance.

Just outside the ballroom, very late, Werner met a pretty girl, whom he took for Betty Grable, entertainer. Though he hadn't been formally introduced, he took her hand, complimented her on her work, and then kissed her fingers. But he held her hand a little longer than the girl with Betty thought he should. She gave him a slap on the face. There was an exciting moment of suspense. Then—Werner took the slapping member and kissed it!

Asked about it afterward, Betty says she wasn't the girl.

So the mystery deepens.

And then there were Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, who had just made up after another of their quarrels.
"Of course we make up," grinned Lupe. "Who else should I go to the fights with?"

Lupe, you know, loves the prize-fights, and shouts more instructions to

the boxers than anybody else in the crowd.

I wonder if everybody in the world, even a film star and executive, thrills at sight of a star he or she hasn't seen before. I think so.

Anyway, though it seems incredible that Carl Laemmle, Sr., had never seen George Arliss in the flesh before, the fact remains, at the ball Laemmle was seen gazing after the departing form of Arliss, who was leaving the ball-room, and exclaiming, wide-eyed: "Is that George Arliss!"

Caught a glimpse of Edward Everett Horton, who says that every time he plays in a picture he builds a new room on his Fernando Valley home.
"But I've hardly caught up with myself now," he quipped, "I've played in four pictures since I had time to build a room."

a room."

The baby population of the film colony is to be increased by still another infant, if Corinne Griffith carries out her plans.

Those plans are the adoption of an

Corinne and her husband, Walter Morosco, have taken back their old home in Beverly Hills, and are settling down for good here.

One of the very nicest things being done for the small boys of the community is being done by W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo" and "Trader Horn."

Van Dyke has a big swimming pool at his home near Santa Monica, and he is inviting all the youngsters from far and near, one day a month, to come and swim. Johnny Weissmuller is around to see that the kids learn to swim and don't drown.

COCKTAIL parties continue to be the favorite form of Hollywood entertainment, as you may have noted.

That was a nice one which Mr. and Mrs. Carl Freund gave at their Brent-

wood home, where artists, musicians, and players gathered together.

Nils Asther told us he is going to London to appear in films, and is also going on to Sweden to fetch his mother back to Hollywood.

Anna Sten was present with her husband, E. Frenke, who has just produced band, E. Frenke, who has just produced a comedy. Evidently he worships his beautiful wife. He was demurring about her playing in "Resurrection," saying it has been filmed so often.

Alice Faye is refusing all personal

appearance offers.
"I shall appear on the stage only with Rudy Vallee's band, the Connecticut Yankees, behind me," she declared.

Grace Moore has had rather a hard time with her protegés.

Last year she had two youths from Tennessee, both with promising voices. One of them fell in love with a Hollywood girl, married her and went back home to sing in the church choir. The other just ungratefully scrammed, and she doesn't know where he is. Nevertheless the enthusiastic Miss

"I don't want to come to dinner, Mrs. Jones. Your meals are monotonous!"



F your guests or family spoke their thoughts aloud, could they say that about your meals? Don't risk Meal Monotony! Not when there's an easy way to give your dinners sparkle and zest. It's the menu-recipe booklet:

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS

This helpful guide to better planning lifts dinners out of the humdrum into different, delicious meals.

Take, for instance, casserole of chicken and waffles with maple butter. It's the maple buttersimple, inexpensive—that gives the novel, unusual touch! Out of the 44 menus and 76 recipes in this useful booklet you'll find all sorts of special new little ways to add to the enjoyment of meals.

Send today for "44 Easy, Economical Dinners"-10 cents a copy. It makes cooking easier ... results more appetizing.

FOOD EDITOR Tower Magazines, Inc. 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Plays

Moore is not discouraged. She has a pretty Hollywood gul under her wing now, and may even adopt her!

Bing Crosby told me at a party the other night that he is in bad with his wife, Dixie Lee. Reason, he insists on waking Gary Evan Crosby early each morning, so that he can have a romp with the youngster before he goes to

M URIEL KIRKLAND and Gordon Oliver seem to have started up a nice little romance. Gordon is the scion of an old California family. He followed Muriel down from San Francisco after she closed in the stage play, "Sailor, Beware," up there, and has been attentive ever since.

And he was very attentive, indeed, at the party which Muriel gave at the Russian Eagle.

Sidney Blackmer and Mae Clarke are still paradising. Mae is wearing a ruby ring, in old-fashioned setting, which belonged to Sidney's mother, and has been in the family a' long time. And Sidney tells us they really are going to wed some day, only both have family obligations at present

to wed some day, only book and obligations at present.

Sidney told us his colored chauffeur had gone off with his car one day, and the charman up for a week. "Just had gone off with his car one day, and didn't show up for a week. "Just wanted, boss," he said, "to see how far I could travel before I got lost. Then, hot diggity, I had to get a taxi to come home, and it'll cost me a whole week's wages to pay for the taxi!"

Mary Brian there with Dick Powell. Mary's batting average as to escorts to parties is about two out of three with Dick.

Willie Pogany is going to be married again. His choice is a young artist named Elaine Cox. Willie, you know, helps design sets for Warner Brothers, but his chief claim to fame is his por-trait painting and his illustrations of famous books, including the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Greta Nissen writes entertainingly

Greta Nissen writes entertainingly from London:

"The Prince of Wales attended the opening of my picture, 'The Red Wagon,' and I was presented in the Royal Antechamber of the theater. Being a foreigner I did not curtsey—I was the only foreigner there. It stirred up quite a commotion. I had a long talk with the prince—he didn't talk with anyone else!" (Now wouldn't we love to know what they talked about!) "I plan to go to St. Moritz soon. . . . I tried the left hand driving system one day in Hyde Park. It got me completely confused. Whatever I did seemed wrong, which was told me in no uncertain terms by husky policewomen in uniforms. They are not nearly as pleasant and polite as the English bobbies." English bobbies."

THEY are learning how to give really "intimate" parties in big hotel rooms—these movie folk.
That was a grand one which Adolph Zukor threw for Earl Carroll at the Blossom Room in the Roosevelt.
One probably thinks of Earl Carroll (Please turn to page 100)

Now ... MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO



NEW...WHY?

T'S NEW—and that's news—great news for millions of women—and men—

And here's WHY-

When the hair is washed with ordinary bar soaps or inferior shampoos-tiny particles of soap stick to the hair, despite repeated rinsings. The scap particles contain alkali which has a harsh effect on hair and scalp. If this is continued, hair will become dull and lifeless-scalp will become dry and dandruffy.

Now-after 30 years of experience in the care of the hair—Marchand's experts have developed a Castile Shampoo that RINSES COMPLETELY.

Think what that means—no soop particles, no alkali, no harsh effect on hair or scalp! Little wonder Marchand's new Castile Shampoo leaves the hair so exquisitely, so lustrously beautiful.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand's is to give hair a scientific beauty treatment. Marchand's thick creamy lather cleanses gently and thoroughly. It is made from the highest quality virgin alive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp, and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and fluffy—easy to comb-perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Low price—and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at druggists.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Send 35c coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co. 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. for regular size bottle



35c enclosed — Please send me your shampoo.
Name
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Hands can't be nice-if you scour with things that roughen and scratch them. For scouring there's nothing better than steel wool. But for hands sake—use the Steel Wool Brush-Skour-Pak. Avoid careless use of steel wool (or metal fiber) and other scouring devices-avoid messy, scratched fingers and possible

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Special non-rusting steel wool—fastened in a handy safety rubber holder. No waste—can be used down to last inch. Drains clean.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent Stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department Stores.

RIDGWAYS, INC., 60 Warren St., N. Y. C.

Hollywood Plays

as a gay blade hopping about from flower to flower in the feminine field. Really he looks very sedate. And as Jack Oakie said when Earl made his speech, he resembled Chick Sale giving an imitation of a Boston schoolma'am.

Carroll's eleven beauties, brought from New York, were all on hand, dis-tributed about at different tables.

We asked Constance Jordan, who was at our table, if the eleven ever quarrelled, and she said, "Oh, my, no-not a quarrel in a carload!"

Carl Brisson, who declares he hates attending social doings, has been doing nothing else since he came to Holly-

And he did seem to be having a good time when he danced with our Con-

All the girls expected to dance with Georgie Raft. And he danced most of the time with Grace Bradley.

Constance Jordan, who looks like a bet for a contract, said she understood that the way to be successful in Hol-lywood was to know who to be nice to

and who to be snippy to.
"No. 2," said Lanny Ross, who had stopped at our table, "be nice to every-

"Oh, no," put in Helen Mack, "don't be nice to anybody!"

But Helen doesn't live up to her own

THERE was an exciting moment. George Raft was having his picture taken with some of the Carroll beauties, when Killer Grey, his trainer, thrust his face before the camera.

A Paramount publicity man yelled to Grey to get out of the picture.
"Oh, let him stay," remonstrated Raft. "He gives color to the picture. You writers make me tired."

And Killer stayed in the picture! Lanny Ross sang. Methinks he is going to be the "It" boy of Hollywood. But his friend, Earl Oxford, declares Lanny used to turn a bright red when he sang love songs over the radio!

Quite a lot of new romances in Hollywood. Irene Hervey and Jay Lloyd, f'r instance. Both are from Texas.

And a sizzling one. Anyhow it is sizzling as this goes to press. Buster Collier and Caryl Lincoln. Buster just never writes to a girl. But all the while Caryl was down at Palm Springs, she was getting a letter a day from Buster, they do say.

There is the very young Jean Parker, too, and her boy friend, Pancho Lewis. And John Warburten and Judith Allen.

As for Shirley Grey and Matty Kemp, Shirley says she probably won't marry Matty for another year. Then she will Matty for another year. retire from the screen. we heard that before?) (Where have

Charlie Ruggles and Alison Skip-worth were discussing an old vaudeville trouper they had known who was addicted to practical jokes.

Ruggles: Poor fellow, one of his jokes ultimately killed him.

Alison: How so?

Ruggles: He walked into a night club in Chicago one night and yelled "Fire." Alison: So what?

Ruggles: Somebody did!

DOMINOS turned the clock back to the gay nineties by transforming their club house into an old-fashioned stage boarding house.

Stuffed birds under glass, wax flowers, velvet lambrequins, red tablecloths, stereoscope, family albums, tidies for the chairs, were some of the "props" used in the transformation.

Irene Franklin and Olive Cooper had charge of the affair and did themselves

Dinner was served in the good old style, with soup, boiled beef and vege-tables, cole slaw, chocolate blanc mange and of course prunes.

And Adele Rowland read Maude Ful-ton's poem on "Prunes."

And those signs on the walls!
Here are some of them:
"Do not wash tights in the basin. We have had serious trouble from same."
"Remember this is your house, but don't go too far."

We will appreciate it if you do not

steal towels. "Knife throwers are requested to practice at the theater."

"Acrobats kindly refrain from walking on your hands in the parlor."
"Do not carry food from dining room.
We guarantee to feed you—not your dogs.

And the costumes!

red Said Irene Franklin wore a red silk kimono and much paste jewelry. Said she had known a boarding-house keeper who, after her boy friend, an acrobat, walked out on her, never dressed again

except in negligees and much jewelry. Lucille Webster Gleason was a newsboy selling extras of the Johnstown flood.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson wore an all-over-embroidery gown, very chic in its day.

Jean Harlow was Peter Pan.

Julia Dean wore a white embroidered "combination" tied with ribbons of bright red. Maude Eburne wore tights.

Vera Lewis appeared in a bathing suit of thirty years ago.

Sarah Padden was lovely as Mae West, in blue velvet.

Prizes went to Jean Harlow as the most beautiful, to Maude Eburne as the funniest, to Mrs. Park French as the most original, and to Maude Fulton as the most picturesque.

Don Alvarado and Lois Wilson appear to be a new combination.

Marilyn Miller and Don were so close to matrimony that it's almost startling to see him with anyone else.

Lois and Don have been friends a long, long time. Or at least acquaint ances. So after all it's natural they should see something of each other. They dine and dance and go horseback

riding together.

Everybody is wondering about Rochelle Hudson's diamond ring, which she admits is an engagement ring—but she won't tell who, except that he is a writer.

Some people guessed that the writer was Barry Trivers, but both he and Ro-chelle strenuously deny it.

Anyway Rochelle says she isn't to be

married for a year.

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen were listening to the news over the radio, at a party. Over the air came



Jashion Decrees FLAWLESS BACKS

THIS season backs have come to the front. The woman who follows fashion's dictates cannot rely on her face and gown alone to win honors for her. Whether in the ball room or on the beach at Miami, shoulders and back are bared to view, and the smallest blemish can spoil the effect.

Are you proud of your back.. prepared to stand this exacting skin test? If not, begin now to help nature correct blackheads, pimples, roughness, sallowness or similar faults.

Bathe daily with Resinol Soap. Its battle daily with Kesinoi Soap. Its luxuriant non-irritating lather works into the pores and gently but surely cleanses them of clogging impurities. . the usual cause of blackheads and resultant pimples. Apply soothing Resinol Ointment freely to the broken out, irritated places. Its special medication quickly relieves the soreness and promotes healing of the ugly blemishes.

You can get Resinol Ointment and Soap from any druggist. Use them regularly and be ready to meet fashion's demands with confidence.

For a free test, write for sample of each to Resinol, Dept. 4-G, Baltimore, Md.



Don't let squeaking, groaning doors annoy you. Use 3-in-One Oil on the hinges, and squeaks stop instantly. Oil locks regularly and they will never groan or stick.

As 3-in-One lubricates, it keeps working parts cleaner and prevents rust. That's why it is better for all household devices, from hinges to the sewing machine. Handy cans and bottles at stores everywhere.

Hollywood Plays

a story about a woman who mailed her gallstones home to friends after the operation. They were crushed in the

"Well," remarked Lowe, "she may not have any more stones, but she still has plenty of gall."

RS. JOSEPH CAWTHORNE gave a nice little tea party for the English Lady Wilton, with guests including Mary Forbes, Mrs. Edmund Breese, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, who brought the Robinson baby because it was the nurse's day off; Mrs. Lumsden Hare and others.

and others.

AN Only Their Wives Club is going to be formed in Hollywood!

Una Merkel is the founder. Her husband was away on business, and she gave a little party for all the other wives whose husbands were away working on location or out of town on busi-

Mrs. James Cagney was there, and Mrs. Clarence Brown (Alice Joyce), Mrs. Clark Gable, Jean Harlow (her husband, Hal Rosson, was in Mexico),

There were tea and games, and a good time was had by all.

AT the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gensler for Lanny Ross, Lanny obliged by singing the entire musical score of his new picture, "Melody in Spring," accompanied by Gensler, who wrote the music.

Then Gensler was accused of "plugging" his own music because he played.

ging" his own music because he played

Lanny brought Ann Sothern, and seemed devoted.

Poor Benn Levy and his wife, Constance Cummings, are having just the worst time trying to be married without having to separate for engagements

in their professions.

They had just made an iron-clad agreement that Mrs. Levy was to be just Mrs. Levy during six months of the year, during which the two would live in London, while Levy is willing, he says, to be Mr. Cummings in Hollywood during the other six months, while his wife works. And then came along a stage offer that threw the monkey wrench into the works, when Miss Cummings was offered that grand Miss Cummings was offered that grand part on Broadway.

Russ Columbo celebrated his birth-

day by giving a party at the Beverly-Wilshire Gold Room.

And was Sally Blane there! She wore orchids, had given Russ a handsome birthday present, and he was most attentive.

Loretta Young, Sally's sister, was there of course; also Polly Ann Young, and Lowell Sherman and Geneva Mitchell, also Winslow Felix, who used to be Lois Wilson's heart, but who brought Marian Nivon to this party. Marian Nixon to this party.

Georgie Raft took a crowd to see the pre-view of "All of Me." He was still on crutches as a result of his accident.

(Please turn to page 102)

She wanted to know WHY

"It's very mysteries" she said. "My sum positively beont with breaty when I use that the ready of the

We save her a glassed water, and she't in I the serred P irred Liss cross the glass Seven part. Proved in disan with her imper, ther imper served dry! "Why, it's measures to a "" she said.

That means Lux ras shine-proof for hours; whit class pereserection without Try Lux r, and see! Or class on no

Hear June Meredath as "Taike Picture Time", NBC Standar, afternoom. See local paper





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Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE





Hollywood Plays

(Continued from page 101)

The final scene shows him hurling himself to the pavement from the win-dow of a tall building. Seeing the actor emerge from the theater on crutches, a woman from the audience put two and two together. "These movie directors must be awful," she commiserated George. "It's a wonder they didn't break your neck in that

Leo Carrillo's wife and adopted daughter, Marie Antoinette Carrillo, are installed in Leo's new Santa Monica Canyon home. A charming old Spanish house. No abortive mixture of Italian, Spanish and Colonial architectures, but authentically old California, even to the olla, or water jug, hung in the porch, and the garlands of onions and garlic by the kitchen hearth. Never mind that the kitchen, besides the great fireplace, also has a wonderful modern

Ken Maynard held a little party, mostly for society folk whom he knows.

There were some gate crashers.

One of these became hilarious and

then weepy.
"I don't believe you like me," he
moaned to Ken.
"Like you!" exclaimed Ken, "Why, I

don't even know you!"

ADELE ROWLAND and her husband Conway Tearle proved what irresistible hosts they are when everybody invited to their party arrived despite a heavy storm.

A talented crowd was present. By the way, a million dollar entertain-ment—if you choose to measure it by money-is given at nearly every Hollywood party.

lywood party.

Adele sang, with her husband accompanying her on the piano, and Victor Schertzinger played. Mrs. William Beaudine also sang, most beautifully. This director's wife never sings in public for money, however—Bill Beaudine keeps his song-bird to himself. But he is immensely proud of her voice, just the same.

her voice, just the same.

Joseph Santley and his wife, Ivy
Sawyer, were among the guests. Theater goers of a few years ago remember her as the incomparable dancer. Now she is just a charming home keeper, wife and mama.

HERE AND THERE

Sandra Rambeau, sister of Marjorie Rambeau, and Dick Powell dancing at the Cocoanut Grove together . . . Sandra was supposed to marry an Indian Prince . . . Lyle Talbot and Gloria Shea are seeing a lot of each other . . . And of course there are Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone . . . Conway Tearle rescuing an injured dog that had just rescuing an injured dog that had just been run over by an automobile—took him to a cat and dog hospital, and is finding a home for him. "We have eight dogs now, or we would take him in ourselves," said Conway . . . Sir Guy Standing is taking up painting again. He is an artist of recognized ability . . Gail Patrick is happy. Her favorite number is nine, and she has been given an automobile license plate full of nines . . Evelyn Kelly and Wanda Perry, Earl Carroll beauties working in "Murder in the Vanities," both at-tending the Paramount school, being under age.

Clarence Brown was on location when he received a wire from his boss, Louis B. Mayer. "Move heaven and earth," the telegram read, "but get back Fri-

Within an hour Mr. Mayer was surprised to receive an answer to his telegram. It was brief but to the point, and read: "Have raised hell. Will be back Thursday.

William Van Dyke's parties are always a huge success. There is more noise made at his parties than at any noise made at his parties than at any other ten gatherings and everyone has a good time. And Van Dyke pays the damages without a murmur, although Max Baer did pay all the doctor bills for the wife of a newspaperman who was injured when Maxie playfully threw her in the swimming pool. Recently Van Dyke issued invitations for another party and personally advised another party and personally advised all of his newspaper friends not to come. Knowing, however, that to a man they would be present, he nailed all his trophy rugs to the floor and had the water drained out of the swimming

George Chandler, comedian, says your income is what you can't live without or within.

People's Academy

(Continued from page 17)

reborn into a charmingly mannered, charmingly dressed creature when someone told her she had Norma Shearer's profile! In the East, relatives of my husband are having the barn on a long-neglected tract of land made into a replica of the country house in "When Ladies Meet"!

Mrs. C. G. Fane. As long as their influence is exerted in these directions no one is going to be worried by the movies. But—what about Durante's profile?

A Well-Deserved Tribute

Naugatuck, Conn. AS a humble movie fan desire to pay tribute to a trio of marvelous character actors who can take the merest bit and raise it to the heights of triumph in any picture. I refer to none other than Walter Connolly, Charles Laughton and Lionel Barry-more. Having been ever an admirer of real, sincere and artistic work on stage and screen, I would not think



Dainty fingertips, heightened to lovely lustre with Chic will welcome closeups. Five wanted shades - CLEAR (colorless), PINK, CORAL, BUBY, DEEP-to blend with time, place, gown ... lasting lustre that laughs at water . . . that's Chic. And Chic "goes on" as smoothly as your favorite dance frock! . . Also Chic Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover.

At all good chains.





You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tant those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of bloinde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tuning gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments, Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back gusrantee.

People's Academy

of missing a picture that would afford me the opportunity to study and admire their work

What a marvelous chance they offer to any young aspirant for stare or screen work. Every movement is so natural and what a delight to listen to their enunciation! No mouthing of to their enunciation! No mouthing of words here. You just sit back restfully in your seat when they come on knowing full well that you will catch perfectly every syllable in a voice that falls pleasantly on the ear.

Hollywood's loss is England's gain in the case of Mr. Laughton. I note he is appearing in Shakespearean repertoire over there and at a very low figure sometime for the time heing

repertoire over there and at a very low figure, spurning for the time being the gold that Hollywood temptingly offers. Personally I think he is right and is to be commended for his stand. My only regret is that he could not step into Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre in New York when she went on tour and thus treat us to Shakespeare as it should be played. Shakespeare as it should be played. I have a feeling that he is doing it over there just as it should be and that ornate and showy drapes, drops and what nots are not cramping his style, in other words, good diction and movement prevail.

I want to see our beloved Lionel ap-ear as some of our historical heroes. There should be ample material in a Inere should be ample material in a study of their lives to make excellent screen material for him. We do not have to go across the pond to portray historical personages. We have glorious ones in our own past whose exploits (as we can recall them from our school books) thrilled us in a day long gone and who can again thrill us if given a chance.

given a chance. The past year has brought so many fine pictures to the fore that I who have always been a skeptic have at last been convinced that Hollywood has it within its power to reign long and gloriously if it will concentrate on fewer and finer pictures. It has the producers, the directors and the artists at hand. There is absolutely no ex-

cuse for a mediocre presentation.

J. Edw. Mulcahy,

4 Oak Street, Room 5.

All film fans will agree with this judgment of these three actors. Every picture in which they appear is sure to be, by reason of this fact, enjoyable entertain-

Roses and Brick-bats

Portland, Maine. WONDER if I'm just funny that way—or has anyone else noticed it, too? That what the general public it, too? That what the general public-yes, and the critics, sometimes, who are supposed to know better—call acting is often overacting. Just watch the Barrymores, Norma Shearer, Garbo. They are supposed to be great "emo-tional" actors and actresses. Well, if what they display are the emotions of normal people—even under stress—then I hope I'm subnormal. They act all over the place and what does it amount to? They may be able to por-tray the eccentric and bizarre but when it comes to real people, they're lost. When I see in a "trailer" of a Shearer or Garbo picture "This woman might be you—or you—or you," I see

re seem to be people in this (Please turn to page 104)



Here is a 'lipstick' deodorart that has everything. The purest and finest ingredients. Exquisite texture. Instant effectiveness...and a container that is the last word in daintiness and convenience.

And, most important, TEKÉRO lipstick deodorant has refused to follow a prevailing custom. Refused to reduce the size of its 10¢ slick... just now the favorite method of raising prices.

You'll be attracted at once by the generous size and smart beauty of TEKERO. Procure a package for your purse . . . or your dressing table.

If your favorite cosmetic counter hasn't yet been supplied, just clip and mail this coupon.

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Use it, as so many motion picture stars do, and make yourself as bewitching as they.

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People's Academy

(Continued from page 103)

world who think a character in a play or movie is not worthy of a good actor or actress unless he, she, or it, but particularly she, is steeped in sin and suffering, and whose life is seamy on both sides. The ordinary, everyday people who live their lives day by day, through laughter and tears, trying to do their best instead of their worst, as the aforementioned seem to delight in, would not be given a second thought by such players. Many of the so-called lesser players have far more ability to really reach the hearts of their audience than the bright lights of filmdom. Just to mention one, there's Richard Cromwell.

There are certain other young actors that are raved over far more than he. Eric Linden, for instance. But how did he spring to prominence? By playthe moronic, swaggering, and by murdering. Eddie, in "Are finally murdering. Eddie, in "Are These Our Children?" While Richard, from "Tol'able David" has gone on through a succession of good parts (at least I'd call them good) as a lovable sort of kid who might be the boy next sort of kid who might be the boy next door, or the boy in your own home. Surely you wouldn't want your son or brother to be like Eric Linden's "Eddie" would you? And yet that's the sort of stuff you rave over in the pictures. As for Richard Cromwell, I like the sort of parts he has. Oh, well, there was "Hoopla." He did well with what material he had, but it wasn't his part. In fact, it wasn't anyone's part anyone's part.

Now, on the other hand, "This Day and Age" was just made to order for him. I've seen it twice and intend to see it again. It was wonderful. Acting. That wasn't acting. He was that boy, just as much as he is himself offscreen. He was sweet and appealing and natural. (You may have guessed (You may have guessed by this time that I have quite a crush by this time that I have quite a crush on Richard.) Everyone in that film was good. I particularly liked the boys who were Billy and Gus and Sam. Please don't think that there's no one I admire besides young Mr. Cromwell, for there are several I'd like to see more of. Richard Arlen, Julie Haydon, Dorothy Wilson, Dorothy Jordan, Una Merkel, Andy Devine, Edna May Oliver, Marie Dressler, Marian Nixon, David Manners, and so on, and on.

Thank you in advance for your kind attention.

attention.

Elizabeth A. Cudworth, 71 Mabel Street.

You are welcome. Difference of opinion is what makes the world go around. One man's star is another man's pet irritation.

They Make 'em-You Name 'em

Utica, N. Y. T'S all nonsense—showing a film in half the theaters of the country under one title, then changing it. First it was Harlow in "The Blombshell" changed to "The Blonde Bombshell." Then "The Late Christopher Bean" was changed to "Her Sweetheart."

All production problems should be hashed out in Hollywood. It surely doesn't please the public to feel that the film magnates can't make up their minds about a picture until the public edits it.

Phyllis Thompson, 1225 Howard Avenue.

Sometimes what starts out to be a good title, in the opinion of the moguls, curdles, in their opinion-and so they have to change their minds.

Comics and Mystery

Springfield, Ohio. I'D like to see a movie based on the comic strip "Moon Mullins," with Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler as Willie and Mamie Mullins, Guy Kibbee as Lord Plushbottom, Eddie Cantor as "Banjo-eyes" Moon Mullins, and others Aunt Emmy, Kayo, and little

"Egypt."
I'd also like to see Hulbert Foot-ner's tales of "Madame Storey" brought to the screen. Myrna Loy would be grand as the irresistible lady detective, with ZaSu Pitts as Bella, the secretary. Incidentally, Myrna Loy should have been starred years ago. She is not only beautiful, but has never failed to give an excellent performance in every picture in which she has appeared

Marg. Graven Kemper, 45 So. Burnett Road.

The bouquet for Miss Loy is well deserved, and she is coming into her own now. Did you see her in "The Prize-fighter and the Lady"?

Past Heroes Live Again

Monterey, Calif.

S TYLES in movies come in cycles and the latest, so I have noticed, is that of biographies.

Whoever brought that idea to light deserves a great big gardenia. Personally, I prefer biographies because the lives of great men and women are interesting and educational. I don't know whether it is because truth is stranger than fiction, but a biography often has certain qualities not to be found in fiction. Furthermore, one understands better the actions and beliefs of the famous person in the biograph, after reading his life.

Now our heroes and heroines of the past will live again through the

past will live again through the medium of the silver screen. And I offer a few suggestions as to the filming of biographies and the stars I would like in such roles.

Julius Caesar with Fredric March, Helen of Troy with Elissa Landi, Christopher Columbus with John Gilbert and that famous Priscilla-John Alden romance with Gary Cooper as Miles Standish, Cary Grant as John Alden and Fay Wray as Priscilla. Also, as a more modern biography, I suggest the life of Texas Guinan with Mae West as Queen of the Night Clubs.

R. D. Mersurio, 243 Pacific Street. Tastes of audiences also move in cycles, which is one of the big reasons we are getting more historical pictures now.

Actors Worthy of Their Hire

Miami, Florida. ONE of the most puzzling things, in recent pictures, was the omission of the names of the superb supporting cast in "Counsellor-at-Law." Even the handsome young chap who appeared in the role of office boy, was an outstanding personality while the

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Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC. 55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

players who character and "Henry Becker," "Malone" and "Mrs. Simon." short of stellar, and the interpreta-tions of the roles of "Charlie Maclasden" (the detective), "Mrs. Becker" and "Arthur" (the wise racking law clerk), were remarkable; yet we have no inkling, whatseever, as to the what sever, as to the identities of these splendid players who made up the best supporting cast ever to appear in pictures and this seems to me a most unfair and petty procedure on the part of the persons responsible for the omission responsible for the omission.

Unit Mosher.

69 Northwest 26th Ave.,

Apartment 16.

Certainly fans are entitled to know the names of those in supporting casts, especially if they do fine work. These actors, too. deserve a break.

Clogging Up the Firmament

Grand Forks, N. D.

RECENTLY viewed an all-star production. It was a good picture, but not quite what any one would expect from such a cast. All through the show, however, I kept wondering the show, however, I kept wondering why a studio makes all-star pictures. The cost of production must be tremendous. I noticed some of the most important "stars" played small or incidental parts and appeared on the screen but for a short time. Some of the smaller parts could adequately be filled by folks who are not stars yet good actors, and this would lessen the cost of production. Is it because pictures are sold on "names," that all-star pictures are made? Just wondering.

Miss F. J. Henry,
917 N. 5th Street.

Perhaps the all-star pictures are just

Perhaps the all-star pictures are just occasional stunts of the producers, to see how the public reacts to this combined twinkling.

"An Unfair Proposition"

Columbia, S. C. R ECENTLY, I read the account of a Hollywood stunt man who risked his life to dive backward from a high cliff into a mountain stream of icy water. He was paid the amazing sum, for such a service, of \$25. This is merely one among hundreds of similar instances.

Doubles are surely unsung stars. They gamble their lives to furnish thrills for an audience. Their work brings applause and admiration, not for themselves, but for the stars. They take risks often resulting in broken bones, permanent injury or even death. Stars get the praise. Their pay is negligible in comparison to that of the stars they glorify.

It may be necessary in the production of certain pictures, but it strikes me as being the most unfair proposition in the world.

Seldom are they mentioned in print. It occurs to me that articles and stories about them would be interesting, in-structive and most widely read. They would contain human interest.

Can't some be published:

Cannon Fertic, 919 Sumter Street. All of this may be true, but it is well to bear in mind that if the stunt boys and girls did not want to put on their thrillers, (Please turn to page 106)



AVE your hair at home for a penny! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder makes a whole pint of professional wave set for ten cents. You make your own wave set by mixing powder with water at home. Guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Leaves no white flakes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug

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Sample Face Powder.

People's Academy

(Continued from page 105)

they wouldn't be risking their lives for small change.

Walking in the Dark

Minneapolis, Minn. DO you, as the publishers of one, if not the foremost movie publication (and, I say this without a trace of boastfulness), think it would seem right and proper if you were to conduct a special page in your monthly journal.

Just head it: "How to light a theater

properly." Give the preparation of same for this page into the hands of a competent electrical man-one who is well versed

in theater lore, it needs, etc. Then, perhaps, one can take a seat in the balcony of one of our better theaters and not be in danger of falling overboard and onto the first floor.
As matters now stand, the dimly

lighted theaters are a menace to safety (what with fires, and what have you) and not the best thing for one's nervous system.

> H. F. Kane. McKilley Court.

Complaints of this nature put squarely before the theater owners, would correct this condition, wherever it exists, more quickly.

These Stars May Take a Bow

Cheney, Wash.

JUST a word of tribute to:
Will Rogers, for his human,
kindly portrayals, which smack of
reality and make him seem like an old friend.

Otto Kruger, for his splendid acting, and his fascinating smile. I hope to see him starred.

Frank McHugh, who puts the best into all his small roles, and does humor

and pathos equally well.

Mae West, for stirring up bubbles of laughter in a world recently touched by depression.

Evelyn McLean, Box 653.

Words of commendation do much to spur actors and actresses to greater effort. May we join in the applause?

Finest Dramatic Actor

I T is my opinion, and in this I share the belief of the thousands who have seen and thrilled to his superb por-trayals on stage and screen, that Paul Muni is the finest exponent of dramatic

art in the theater today.

His performance in "The World Changes" was brilliant. It was truly the work of an artist who has lived and suffered and endured hardships in

real life.

Muni has had more than his share of the strife and struggle that beset the ordinary human. Is it any wonder then that his characterizations of desperadoes ("Scarface") and outcasts ("I am a Fugitive"), are so thrillingly true to life?

Let there be no doubt then, of the position that Muni occupies on the ladder of achievement in acting—that's it-the top rung

Nathan Wishinsky, 289 Fountain Ave.

Muni's portravals have reached high levels, and his art is being recognized far and near, high and low.

A Dramatic Genius

M ORE power to Katharine Hep-burn! She has done wonderful work in every picture she has made to date. However, in "Little Women" she gave a superb performance that over-shadowed anything she did in the past. She is truly a dramatic genius.

Albert Manski,

66 Bowdoin Street.

Miss Hepburn has more power-and more and more. And her star has only started to rise.

We Appreciate This, Too

Ft. Smith, Ark.

Ft. Smith, Ark. FOR an evening's entertainment some prefer dancing or the theater, but give me a cosy chair and a copy of The New Movie Magazine. It is the perfect screen magazine, as it contains pictures, sizzling news and the latest dope on your favorite stars. A new feature which is also swell is "Advance News on New Films in the Making." Please give your readers some stories about Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, Charlotte Henry and Tom Brown.

Lyndall Koller,

Lyndall Koller,

1400 May Avenue. Thank you-and may New Movie bring you new thrills each month.

A High Voltage Thrill

Seattle, Wash. THERE'S a new and delightful personality on the screen — Fred Astaire, the dancing idol of New York and London. He contributed some marvelous stepping to "Dancing Lady," and in "Flying Down to Rio" he completely stole the picture from a cast of big names with his sensational dancing spirited viscoins and country and the state of the state ing, spirited singing, and grand com-edy. When he and cute Ginger Rogers danced the sensuous Carioca, it was a high voltage thrill. His ease, grace and finesse are remarkable. Hitherto he has been but a name in theatrical magazines to thousands; now all dance lovers who have the small price of a movie admission can enjoy his incomparable art. We want to see more of this slim, lithe fellow with the nimble feet and engaging manner—here's to Fred Astaire

Gertrude Westenberg, 334 Randolph Avenue.

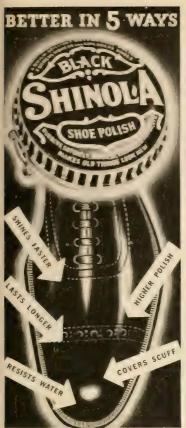
There is no doubt about Fred Astaire's dancing wizardry. And he's always been

Danger of Miscasting

Miami, Florida.

I T has reached the point where, after seeing a screen performer for the first time and becoming enthusiastic over his or her work, I seem to wait in fear and trembling for the inevitable miscasting of this navicance. able miscasting of this newcomer to the screen in the next picture.

My latest cause for worry along this line is Katharine Alexander. I fear that in her next picture she will be assigned some horrid role in order to





Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them-they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your fat rite it re or head shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

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WAVE SET

People's Academy

prove her versatility, despite the fact that her superb performance "Should Lakes Benavel" prived her preter of the feminine sophisticate

Miss Alexander has everything necessary: brilliant characteriza-tions. Patrician beauty of face and figure, exquisite taste in dress, charming, gracious mannerisms, and fascina-187124 sephisticate vealed in the expression of her eyes and smile which betray worldly wisdom, tolerance and a touch of cynicism. 11.8

69 Northwest 26th Ave., Apt. 16. "Versatility" doesn't mean much when it is paraded in a poor film-to maybe your fears are groundless.

A Story the Titles Tell

Bronx, N. Y.

COLLEGE COACH" met "The Chief" "By Appointment." They went to "The Bowery" in search of "Blood Money," then "From Headquarters" came "Christopher Bean" who turned out to be the "Invisible Man" and he took them to the "House on 56th Street." There they had drinks at the "Wonder Bar" which led them into "Blind Adventure" and they became involved in the "Kennel Murder Case" and "One Year Later" came the "Day of Reckoning . . ."

Miss Betty Presner,
1874 Loring Place,

1874 Loring Place, c o Kalison.

Rises Above the Story

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A TER seeing him in so many splendid portrayals I must say that Walter Huston is the best character actor on the screen. Mr. Huston has shown us from "Abraham Lincoln," down to "The Prizefighter and the Lady," that his acting is of the finest calibre. No matter how mediocre the story or how poor the dialogue, Walter Huston's performance is worthy of being seen by any movie fan. May I also commend Mr. Claude Rains for his splendid performance in "The Invisible Man"?

I hopefully await more news of film-Brooklyn, N. Y

I hopefully await more news of filmland's character actors in the future pages of the New Movie.

108 McKibben Street.

There are thousands who will agree with this-regarding both Huston and Rains-for they're all you claim for them.

Oh! Let Us Thank You

Chicago, Ill.

JUDGING from the letters in "The People's Academy," half the fans are sobbing for the return of their old time favorites while the other half are time favorites while the other half are clamoring for new faces. So, being of a very generous nature, I am turning the following plan over to the producers free of charge. Why not send a bunch of the old time stars to a plastic surgeon, who would give them new faces? Then everybody would be satisfied. Oh, that's quite all right, don't thank me. don't thank me.

Maurice Seitter. 6454 Laflin Street.

But maybe the old time stars are satisfied now. Anyway let's give the youngsters a break. They'll outgrow their youth.



Right TO FINGERTIPS

LO lends that last obtail of period growns ing the "right" to a hithat spells "all are"! Able a bosely Lette to par a cot for pet a fee brief hours but be dues longer than ordinary polish. I'd pass on satur smooth, doesn't paul or on x, co as in twe ultra smart shales. Also F-O Cotable Remover and F-O Nail Polish Remover. Fort Orange Chemical Co.,

Albany, N. Y. 11 of I would like





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--- MARY T. GOLDMAN--

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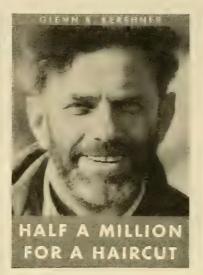


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CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO ...



By HAL HALL

GLENN R. KERSHNER, Hollywood's expert motion picture cameraman, has had a lifetime of experiences that would make the ordinary man green with envy. He ran away from home when he was fifteen, taking his brother with him. They went to Los Angeles where they made their living by Glenn's drawing skill. One day he needed a haircut, so ap-proached a barber for a deal. The barber wanted some sketches and photographs. Glenn asked eight dollars for the job. The barber offered him an acre of ground away out on Wilshire Boulevard. Glenn spurned the offer. "What could I do with it?" he asked. So he agreed to take out the job in haircuts. He had one haircut and left Los Angeles. Today, that acre of ground is worth a half million and on one corner of it stands one of the finest department stores in the West. barber wanted some sketches and pho-

Kershner is one of the most versatile men one will ever meet in any walk of He is an expert motion picture cameraman. He is a sculptor of no mean ability. He paints much better mean ability. He paints much better than many artists whose pictures find their way into the salons. He is a cartoonist of unusual ability. His drawings have been printed in maga-zines and newspapers throughout the United States. He plays the flute, the bass viol and the piccolo well enough to be classed as an accomplished artist. His ability as a carpenter is shown by this ability as a carpenter is shown by the fact that he has rebuilt the entire interior of his house. As a stone mason he could get a job any day and his golf is always in the low eighties. He has just finished writing a book on the South Seas which has been accepted by a publisher who insisted that Kershner draw his own illustrations,

which he is now doing.



By MAUDE CHEATHAM

FROM vamping queen to mother role—that is the movie transition of lovely Betty Blythe. Ten years ago, "The Queen of Sheba" set a new mark in spectacular entertainment and gave Betty Blythe, luscious, glittering siren of that historical epic, a permanent place in film history. Today, she's lovelier than ever before and is gaily climbing the ladder again. Already she climbing the ladder again. Already she has appeared in half a dozen films, her last role being Mary Brian's mother in "Ever Since Eve"—a very modern mother in sables and lovely frocks. "It was my first event as a mother," laughed Betty, "but I even had some love scenes with Herbert Mundin, letting my eyes go coquetish once again."

After her original film success she went abroad for five years, appearing in all of Europe's gay capitals. Then came the crash and all her investments came the crash and all her investments were swept away. She returned to California to her husband's citrus ranch, cooked, kept house and even learned to pack oranges for shipping. The sudden change created a confus-

The sudden change created a confusing situation to the high-spirited woman, but she stood the test gallantly and stuck to it until she had mastered the duties that confronted her. But life there was too peaceful. Betty yearned madly for the whirl of life and the activity and spur of a career. Then, too, there were mortgages, improvements for the ranch, many rough sputs that a pay check would smooth provements for the ranch, many rough spots that a pay check would smooth out. So finally she ventured back into Hollywood and because the "Queen of Sheba" still lives in producers' minds and because Betty has more to offer today than ever before, she crashed the studio gates. "Experience is a grand teacher," says Betty, "and the gift of humor is in diploma. Besides, I've learned to live life, not tried to understand it."

Gets His Picture

A "close-up" of Dan Clark, one of Hollywood's most daring cameramen

HAL HALL

A CAMERAMAN down beneath the waters of the Pacific ocean in a home-made diving bell . . . a wooden contraption with a glass top. Just ordinary window glass cemented into place. Two horses suddenly gone mad with fear and excitement . . . their iron-shod hoofs kicking the glass covering of the bell a few inches from the cameraman's head . . .

No, this is not a scene from a motion picture. It is just an experience in the life of Dan Clark, one of Hollywood's best known cameramen.

It was some years ago that Clark

It was some years ago that Clark did his diving act. He was head cam-eraman for the Tom Mix unit at Fox, and there was a sequence in which two horses and their riders were to be photographed out in the ocean. Someone thought it would be a great shot if a camera could be put under the water and a shot procured of the swimming horses from directly beneath them. Clark, always fearless, agreed. But a diving bell could not be secured in time to keep to shooting schedule. Clark solved the problem by building

Clark solved the problem by building his own, and prayed it would work.

"I had no time to fix any elaborate breathing apparatus," said Clark. "But I figured that a tube running up to the surface would give me plenty of air. A signal rope also ran to the surface. My assistant was to keep it in his hand at all times and if I jerked it three times they were to pull me up as quickly as possible. Everything was set and I gave the signal to start. Over went the horses and I started cranking my camera. Then the fun began. Those horses didn't like the water or something and they suddenly started kicking, threshing, struggling. started kicking, threshing, struggling. It made a great shot, but without warning my diving bell started to rise gradually and in a few moments those horses were beating a tattoo on the glass top of that diving bell. I pulled my signal rope frantically but nothing happened. I learned later the fellow who held it had got excited and had started for shore. As nothing broke I shot a few more feet of the scene. The horses were yanked away and they

horses were yanked away and they pulled me up safe and sound. It was a great scene and pleased Mix."

That was only one of many exciting experiences for Clark who holds a record that is unique in Hollywood. For seven years he was the only head cameraman Tom Mix would have on his picture. During that time Clark photographed a total of sixty-two of the then famous Mix thrillers.

Once he was reptographing a scene

Once he was photographing a scene in which a girl was swimming through rapids. Something went wrong and suddenly the girl and three men were in the water struggling for their lives. Clark jumped in and saved one of the men. The girl was drowned and the men. The girl was drowned and the other two men managed to get ashore. Just another day in the life of this man who started life very prosaically by being a metallurgist, later a telephone switchboard operator, a baker, and a hard-boiled First Sergeant in the United States Army.

He Always Thousands of Brides eager to Cook not knowing how



There she was, wedding ring and all, a bride of twenty years, starting out with only the vaguest idea about cooking. She wanted to prepare wholesome, appetizing meals for her husband, but it was only after failures and disappointments that she became a good cook. Then she looked back on her achievement as a thrilling adventure and wondered how she ever looked upon cooking as drudgery.

Thousands of young women are starting out on married life like thateager to learn how to cook, but not knowing just where to obtain the help and information they need. For the benefit of these women who want a short road to good cooking—who want the thrills of achievement without the disappointment of failure—Tower Magazines are offering information in home cooking, giving special helps needed by the individual as well as the broad foundation essential to good cooking generally.

If you already know something about cooking, this low-priced information will be arranged to provide specific understanding of food values and meal planning with specific instruction on more advanced sorts of cooking that interest you most.

Write for information to

FOOD EDITOR

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

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DAUGHTER of WILL ROGERS

The true story of Mary Howard who took another name in order to make good on her own

7 OU don't know Mary Rogers very well-yet-but I do, so let me tell you about her—she is really swell. Of course, you have read how she secured a job as Mary Howard at Fox Studios to see if she could get by on her ability instead of simply as Will Rogers' daughter. That is typical of Mary. Never, does she refer to her famous father in a manner of braggadocio, nor does she use his reputation and popularity to promote her personal interests.

It was one day a few Summers ago that we all went to the Brown Derby in Hollywood for luncheon. It was Mary's first trip to this famous luncheon spot of the stars, and honestly she was as much or more thrilled than we were and that was plenty. It was our first trip to Hollywood, and that is a treat to any one.

Mary "Howard," as we must now call her, has had everything she wanted all her life. Still on top of it all she is as sweet and unspoiled as any girl you would want to know.

Would it surprise you to learn that Will Rogers' daughter enjoys riding

at Santa Monica, California. Five of the reels called for scenes on horseback. Paula Stone was to write the story as well as enact a part, with Mary, Jimmy and Bill Rogers, Jr., and several of their young friends in the leading roles, while the extra ranks were filled by such "unknowns" as Will Rogers, Jack Holt, Big Boy Williams, Fred Stone - and many other stars who happened to drop in at the ranch. I think, however, that Mary would not have cared who played



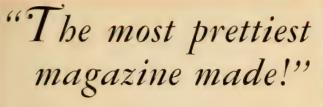
Left, Mary Rogers, alias Mary

whom-or did what-so long as the script called for plenty of boots and saddles.

Mary Rogers' fondest dream-to act in the movies-is realized, and she is all set with a stage name and everything.

The flash of a smart roadster. a blond head, and Hollywood Boulevard sees another movie star speeding to the studio for a day's work. Watch her go. It is Mary Howard, daughter of Will Rogers; another Mary who will prove that it's a grand old name.

By GEORGE WILKINS



declares Loraine Baumgartner

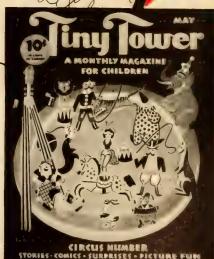


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Edward Jan.

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You know the signs-tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like keyrattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

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Never tire your Taste









TANGERINE...FLAME...NATURAL...BLUSH

AT ALL LEADING FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Isnit it a Shame?

Bright girl...good company...but her teeth are dull...her gums tender!



SHE has the kind of personality that elicks! She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that — it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that brushing the teeth is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm shining through, unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and massage your gums with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana

gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with Ipana today!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

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GOOD OR BAD?

Is Mae West a destructive influence on minds of today's movie-goers? Read first part of life story of the real Mae West starting in this issue of NEW MOVIE



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

VOL. IX, No. 6

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

JUNE 1934

Cover Design by CLARK MOORE

THE BEST OF THIS MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

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OFFICERS
Catherine McNelis, President
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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Tom Brown and Jean Parker, of Filmdom's younger set. At the right, Mary Carlisle.

Hollywood's Younger Set

· All the latest gossip about the doings of the youthful crowd of the motion picture capital

HENRY WILLSON

IRLS who aspire to screen stardom, please note the sizzling ambition of Jean Parker, the petite M-G-M in-genue. Here is a first-hand report of her busy program:

"I want to continue with my dancing and also keep up my art work, and just as soon as I finish in pictures," remarked Jean, as if finishing in pictures was something that would happen soon, "I want to travel and eventually have a chateau in Southern France, where I will write a novel on my own philosophy. Also, I hope to perfect myself in singing

and learn to play the piano."
So you see, it's fortunate she is so young, for Jean has much to achieve before her happiness is complete. Then, there is Pancho Lucas—she'll have to sandwich in some time for him somewhere along the line, as they plan to be married in five years. Pancho has given up the screen and is studying law at the University of Southern California.

M ANY movie stars have other accomplishments than just acting, and as you may know, Richard Cromwell was first recognized in Hollywood for his painting. It's more of a hobby than a business with painting. It's more of a hoody than a business with Dick now, and when he has a few hours to himself he goes to his room and paints. His latest effort had him stumped. At first it was going to be just a portrait of a beautiful girl of whom he had a mental picture, but for some unknown reason, the mental picture, but for some unknown reason, the face that appeared on the canvas was that of Myrna Loy. The picture was finished the day Katharine Cornell, in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" arrived in Los Angeles. Dick saw the play and was so infatuated with Miss Cornell that he hurried home and started to repaint the picture as Katharine Cornell. His effort turned out exceptionally well, I thought, but Dick wasn't satisfied.

"It's worse than ever," he said laughingly. "So I thought I'd black it out and do a Madona with a

I thought I'd black it out and do a Madonna with a babe in her arms." As he looked quizzically at his work, he continued: "I painted a pretty good picture, work, he continued: I painted a pretty good picture, but much to my surprise, the babe bore a striking resemblance to Myrna Loy—so I decided the best thing to do was to get rid of this complex and do a portrait of Myrna Loy." And he did.

"Since it was not losing the love of Frances Dee that caused Eric Linden to leave Hollywood," writes

one of our readers, "what (Please turn to page 64)



Frances Dee, the bride of Joel McCrea, has been working steadily since her marriage, making films.





NEXT DAY

ITOOK CONNIE'S
ADVICE __ CHANGED
TO LIFEBUOY. IF BY
ANY CHANCE 'B.O.'
WERE THE REASON
JOHN CHANGED_IM
SURE I COULD WIN
HIM BACK NOW



"B.O." GONE _

her bachelor days over!

JOHN, DARLING, I'M GOING TO TRY SO HARD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY DON'T HAVE TO TRY, HONEY, JUST STAY AS YOU ARE NOW





SO SAY thousands upon thousands of women. Lifebuoy keeps their complexions clear and fresh—let it do the same for yours. Its gentle, searching lather penetrates pores—coaxes out clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful radiance to dull skin.

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Lifebuoy gives bandfuls of creamy lather whether the water is hard or soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygiemic scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies and deedorzes potes — stops "B.O." (body odor).

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SLAVE SCRUBBING
AND BOILING —
STILL THE CLOTHES
NEVER LOOK
REALLY WHITE

STRUBBING
SILLY CHILD! CHANGE
TO RINSO—IT SOAKS
OUT DIRT. CLOTHES
COME 4 OR 5 SHADES
WHITER WITHOUT
SCRUBBING

WASHDAY

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I'M SO HAPPY, JIM' I'M USING
RINSO NOW—FOR THE WASH,
FOR THE DISHES AND ALL

CLEANING.

IT SAVES SO
MUCH WORK

ROSALIND
THEY'RE
LOVELY!

DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING PROUD OF MY WIFE?

No WONDER he's proud of her! She doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter in Rinso suds. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds even in hardest water. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.



LIFEBUDY

HEALTH SOAP



Ray Jones

Romance

"Give me the moonlight, give me the girl—" With this setting it is little wonder Bing Crosby sings beautiful love songs to Carole Lombard in "We're Not Dressing." This is the first time Bing and Carole have been together. From the looks of things we hope it is not the last.





HAVING FUN IN HOLLYWOOD



Upper left, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale chat with Marcel Achard at the beautiful party given by Harry Lachman and his charming wife. Just above, an informal group of the Lachman quests.



Louis Calhern joins Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan for a toast to their host and hostess, the Harry Lachmans.

Harry Lachmans entertain. Dorothy Dell's coon hunt. Van Dyke has unique party

By GRACE KINGSLEY

T looks as though Hollywood hostesses will soon be taking lessons from a certain Oriental hostess-Mrs. Harry Lachman, to be exact, who is a beautiful young Chinese woman, and whose parties are rapidly becoming known for their charm. Mr. Lachman is a Hollywood director.

Mrs. Lachman was a concert singer in Europe, and she combines the savoir faire of the Occident and the Orient.

Being a perfect hostess anywhere is something of an achievement. In Hollywood it is more difficult than anywhere else in the world.

Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier are denying romantic rumors about each other. All the same, they are seen about together, and came to the Lachman party together.

What an odd, silent, retiring personality Chevalier is in private life!

He appears to adore pretty women, however, but even with them there is no apparent effort of pursuit. Whatever pretty woman is nearest him, he talks to.

If there is anything in opposites attracting, Kay and Maurice should certainly be devoted to each other, for Kay is the (Please turn to page 12)



It was a handsome frog!

Marilyn Albright ... of Chicago, who writes: "I am a little girl seven years old. I read Tiny Tower and like it very much. I made the frog bank in Tiny Tower. It was a handsome frog."

OF course it was a handsome frog because Marilyn made it herself—from a page in Tiny Tower. Right there is the secret of this new magazine's sure popularity with small boys and girls: the many delightful things it gives them to DO and MAKE.

Let's look at the June issue. There's the magic page and the Funnywigs to color. A treasure box to make and hidden objects to find. There's a fairyland game and the most fascinating new "picture secrets" you can imagine! Plus stories, rhymes, a song, picture strips—everything children like

The June issue is now on sale at F. W. Wool-worth stores and on selected newsstands. After your children have had so much fun

with one gay, colorful issue, you'll want them to have a year's subscription (\$1.00). The coupon below will start it for you.



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Please send a year's subscription for Tiny Tower to the child whose name appears below. twelve issues.

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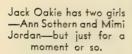
The New Movie Magazine, June, 1934

HAVING FUN

IN HOLLYWOOD



The start of Hollywood's first coon hunt. Dorothy Dell, center, originated this idea.







"The boys" at Harry Lachmans' party. Eddie Robinson is bantering with Ernst Lubitsch, to everyone's enjoyment.

(Continued from page 10) very soul of vivacity and friendliness.

Kay and the Frenchman danced together just once at the party, then Chevalier went back into

Then there was young Jesse Lasky, Jr., seeking an introduction to Kay, and paying ardent court.

They established a sort of little game, Lasky starting it by pretending to be a celebrated bullfighter, while Kay was Carmen. Then he courted her as a Russian, and last as a Chinese! Kay played up, and it was amusing.

Very torchy indeed about each other are the newlyweds, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, and entirely swect and engaging, too.

We asked Pat why she and Charles didn't get married in Los Angeles.

"Oh, we just couldn't wait," she said. "Then why didn't you fly to Yuma, instead of motoring? You could have saved about four

hours," we reminded her.

But it seems that fear of flying had overcome even Boyer's love ardor.

They have a house, of course—a house and many acres—and so they didn't really need a honeymoon trip.

Pat says she made up her mind in just ten min-

utes about getting married.

"So we really never were engaged at all—we were just married! As soon as I consented Charles said, 'Well, when shall we start?' And off we went to Yuma."

Janet Gaynor, whose name has been linked with that of Winfield Sheehan, was to have been present, but wasn't there.

The Fox executive brought the lovely French actress, Ketti Gallian, who has mastered English during the few months since she came from France.

Ketti's feet hurt her so much from dancing, that she betook her to a bedroom, took off her shoes and stockings, and went home barefooted!

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale came together, and stayed together most of the evening, as they invariably do.

The Lachmans always have interesting guests of honor. This time the honored guest was Marcel Achard, noted French dramatist.

A Hawaiian orchestra furnished the music, and the Edward G. Robinsons assisted in receiving, Gladys Robinson having adorned herself with a

lei made of carnations and gardenias.

The entire guest list was a distinguished one, including besides those mentioned above, Odette Myrtil, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Gladys Unger, Albertina Rasch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wolfe, Louis Calhern, Diana Wynyard, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kane, Arthur Richman, Lilian Mav Ehrman, Max Reinhardt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Boris Lovett-Lorski, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel, Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan. Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Vojda, William Hawkes and Bessie Love, Mrs. Koerner and others. The entire guest list was a distinguished one,

Some of the costumes were unusually beautiful, the hostess's being the most interesting.

Mrs. Lachman has managed to combine the Chinese costume with the Occidental in the most charming manner. She wore a blue and silver dress, which, while it suggested the flowing lines of the Chinese cost, still managed to be a lovely western gown, with its (Please turn to page 66)



the contract which was to make her son a famous name in the world of the theater. She had lived to see a dream that was over eight years in the making finally realized. That she could not be there in person made the triumph less sweet but the victory was her's as much as the son she

Hal LeRoy, in the intervening three years has traveled to even greater fame as a motion-picture star. His performance in "Harold Teen" won him a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. Yet, every step of the way, his mother's presence has been there to guide him aright. Hal, for all his success, is just as fine and clean as his mother would wish him to be. Not a prig, in any sense. Just a natural, level-headed youngster lacking in affectation, seriously engrossed in making the success his mother had expected of him.

Wherever Hal goes, be it to Hollywood or a long personal appearance tour, there goes with him an enlarged snapshot of his mother and himself. It reveals a fine-looking woman in her late forties standing beside a chubby-faced boy of fourteen. Framing the picture is a cellophane border fashioned by a convict of Sing Sing. Made with careful (*Please turn to page 78*)

Your

HANDS

in Hollywood



The Garbo hand is long and strong, with a magnetism all its own.

Charming indolence is revealed in Madge Evans' hand.

O girl ever failed to make good in Hollywood just because she had ugly hands. No director, let us say, ever said to an ambitious young woman: "You have real dramatic talent. You have a magnetic manner and charming personality. Your face is appealing and your figure is better than the average—but you can never hope to succeed because your hands are not beautiful." The fact is that among the stars and near stars of Hollywood the average of perfectly proportioned hands, wrists, fingers and finger nails is no greater than it is anywhere else. Stars are not chosen for their beautiful hands and yet they all manage to have hands that look lovely. That is unless they are girls like ZaSu Pitts who do character parts and deliberately set out to make their hands look awkward and amusing.

Beautiful hands in Hollywood are not the result of special selection but of diligent care and careful management. They show conclusively what any girl can do to make her own hands lovely if she only tries. Take nails first because they receive so

Take nails first because they receive so much attention and because their shape and color have so much to do with the apparent proportions of the rest of the hands.

Expert manicurists in Hollywood have bent their heads over the manicure table with well-known actresses to produce effects that will give most beautiful results. And yet the tools and cosmetics they have to work with are of the simplest most usual sort, simply scissors, or clippers, files, emery boards, orange wood sticks, nail creams, polishes and enamels that almost any girl counts in her own nail beautifying equipment.

There is no cream nor other application that will make short nails long or that will give a graceful oval to nails that are naturally squarely shaped. But careful, regular and gentle treatment of the cuticle at the sides and base of the nails will enormously improve the general contour. Use of creams and oil will keep away hangnails and broken or calloused corners. The entire shape of the nails and fingers can be improved through the way the end is shaped with



 Dorothy Jordan's gentleness and highly sympathetic nature are indicated in the graceful contours of her lovely hands. the help of file and emery board, and there are numerous tricks that every girl should know about the use of nail enamel.

Hollywood has and still does endorse the use of deep-toned enamel. In fact on the screen and off, well groomed women in Hollywood are more generally inclined to use the deeper rose tones than they are, let us say, in Chicago or New York. Still not all stars go in for brightly colored nails. Mae West, for instance, whose hands are definitely short and plump, wears deep rose enamel from the base of the nail to the very tip. A girl with the long strong fingers of Greta Garbo would hardly choose to follow this example, and on some types of short hands any sort of deeply colored enamel would emphasize the end of the fingers and so make them seem short. And almost invariably short finger nails are improved if allowed to grow fairly long. Something of a point, or a long oval, adds to the illusion. On the other hand, long slim fingers that are inclined to look awkward or too lean, are improved by a shorter cut. Greta Garbo's hands are a good example of this.

Hollywood sets a high standard in manicure operators and one rarely finds one who will use scissors or clippers actually to cut back the tender cuticle at the side of the nails, as fastidious women realize that this thickens and coarsens the fingers and causes hangnails that may lead to real infection. It is at best only a temporary way to get rid of excess cuticle. The regular careful use of antiseptic liquid for removing cuticle and the application of softening creams to the skin around the finger nails is the best

answer to the problem.

It is especially important for stars in Hollywood to care for the skin on the hands, since roughness or excess dryness is so sure to cause wrinkles. The climate of Hollywood itself, during the warmer season, generally tends to dry the skin.

In cases of extreme sensitiveness an oily cream is

In cases of extreme sensitiveness an oily cream is applied occasionally at night, or at any other time when the hands can be kept in cotton gloves for several hours. An oil or cream massage may be used on the hands and fingers, and as a part of the every-day routine hand creams are used extensively—lotions and creams of the sort that, once rubbed into the skin, leave no trace of grease.

To keep the hands generally supple and to help develop a graceful method of handling them, motion picture actresses follow the same general methods that are

usual to actresses anywhere.

A favorite exercise to give the hand the relaxation needed for beautiful gesture consists of simply pulling of the fingers, one at a time. The idea is that by a slow pulling manipulation of this sort the tenseness and energy are actually pulled out of the fingers. Try this yourself sometimes when your hands feel tense. Following out this suggestion daily over a long period would have a tendency to lengthen the fingers, and if the tips are gently pinched with each pull it will tend to give a tapering line to the fingertips.

Then, of course, there is the shaking exercise, known to every actress. This can be done from the wrist, from the elbow or from the shoulder. It not only makes the fingers and hands limber, but causes a general circulation that takes down any possible bulging of the veins.

(Please turn to page 65)





Joan Crawford once again falls frantically in love with Franchot Tone in "Sadie McKee."



Marion Davies and Gary Cooper take us back to Civil War days in "Operator 13."



NEW FILMS

IN THE MAKING

EARL CARROLL brings his own play, written by him, with the assistance of Rufus King, direct from Broadway to the screen.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES

Paramount.

A gory hodge-podge of falling sand bags, shots in the dark, off-stage screams, blood here, finger-prints there, and everybody in the place under the heavy cloud of suspicion

except, of course, the real lady killer.

Director Mitchell Leisen wouldn't even tell me who was responsible for the dirty work and . . . ps-st! just between you and me, he didn't look any too sure himself!

Jack Oakie is pinch-hitting for Earl Carroll who is supposedly ill in Florida. It's a tough spot, what with police lieutenants hounding him for passes to the show, dead bodies cluttering up the joint, dizzy dames, in various stages of undress, and one thing and another.

various stages of undress, and one thing and another.
Carl Brisson starts the whole shambles by
announcing that he intends to marry Kitty Carlisle
directly the final curtain hits the boards.
This aggravates his ex-sweetie, Gertrude Michael,

This aggravates his ex-sweetie, Gertrude Michael, so much that she starts slinking around in dark corners with scissors, hatpins, poison, knives and guns tucked in the belt of her G-string. But just about the time you make up your mind that she's out for no good, Jessie Ralph, the wardrobe mistress, begins ducking up alleys, tossing ver-rry suspicious glances over her shoulders, and you have to get out your erasers and start all over again.

We know one thing, though . . . we didn't do it. And if Police Lieutenant Victor McLaglen starts anything with us he'll have a pretty fight on his hands.

THE RETURN OF THE TERROR

Warners

John Halliday, who is engaged to Mary Astor, has been framed into a lunatic asylum by his partners, who want to get him out of the way so they can get hold of

the "fleurexray" for themselves.

Escaping from the bug house, he returns to his own sanitarium and, when a pair of unscrupulous thugs pursue him (Object: Murder), he climbs on a table, turns on the "fleurexray" and all the bad mans can find is a pile of human spare ribs.

The unusual plot was inspired by the late Edgar Wallace's book "The Terror" and Howard Bretherton effectively directs the spooky details.

More dead bodies this month! Robert Lord contributes a few more in his story "Without Honor," and gore hits a new high for the season.

and gore hits a new high for the season.

It's Jimmy Cagney again, in a "public enemy" role, the like of which boosted him to the top of the stellar ladder a few years ago.

Bad boy Lee Tracy is with us again as a demon reporter in "I'll Tell the World." Keeping you up-to-date on latest pictures being filmed in the movie capital. Ronald Colman and Lee Tracy return to the screen

By BARBARA BARRY

Fresh out of jail after a three-year stretch for safe cracking, Jimmy frames the guys who were responsible for his excursion "up the river."

When Jimmy is on the spot and about to be taken for a ride, along with Joan Blondell, he does the one decent thing of his life. Convincing the vengeful gangsters that Joan is an innocent by-stander, he sends her back to Victor Jory, her fiance, and goes heroically out to decorate somebody's alley with his perforated carcass. Nice talk. But it's a gruesome finish and I'm just preparing you for the worst. Lloyd Bacon directs.

SADIE MeKEE

This story is taken smack dab, practically word for word, from Vina Delmar's story of the same name.

M-G-M know that Joan is in love with a "love-'em-and-leave-'em" expert, played by Franchot Tone. Franchot is a sweet kid but unreliable and addicted to playing the field. When he breaks her trusting heart by going to town with another girl, Joan ups and marries Edward

Arnold, millionaire All-American tank.

Edward not only looks on the wine when it is red, but goes out and rounds up a flock of pink elephants every odd Tuesday. He's really a super-colossal mess, until Joan takes him in hand, prunes the John Barleycorn out of his system, and, with that job well done, returns to Franchot, who is dying on account of he hasn't lived right.

PARTY

HOLLYWOOD Jimmy Durante as Schnarzan, quarrels with his Jungle Woman, Lupe Velez. And quarrels. AND quarrels.

Jack Pearl, still the Baron, arrives on the scene with a boat-M-G-M load of wild, wicious animals. Jimmy wants the beasties, but, before he can get loose from the fish-hooks in his pockets, Charles Butterworth, eccentric millionaire has bought up the whole load, and, only by making love to Butterworth's wife, Polly Moran, can Schnozzle accomplish his purpose.

Allan Dwan directs the hilarious hi-jinks and the

cast is really colossal.

OPERATOR 13

Whether you like it or not, period pictures are still going strong. This time, Marion M-G-M

Davies dives into a hoop skirt,
Gary Cooper hauls on a pair of
Confederate pants, and . . . presto! change-o! . . . the

Civil War is upon us!

AS "OPERATOR 13," Marion takes the place of her brother who has been killed by a rebel bullet, suh, while

spying on the southern army.

Hieing herself to the center of martial activities, she dons a southern accent and plays ducks and drakes with the whole Confederate army, until Gary smells a "nigger in the wood pile" Please turn to page 1961

Ronald Colman returns to films in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," with Loretta Young.



Jimmy Dunn is with Janet Gaynor, but "The World Is Ours" has Charlie Farrell, too.



William Powell and Edna Best form two-thirds of a triangle in "The Key," with Colin Clive.



Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



Do you get the fun and favors in life-or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are

So get yourself a Camay Complexion-a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

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competing with other women. Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women





GALLERY of STARS

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Ernest Bachrach

FRANCIS LEDERER — This promising young Czecho-Slovakian has been under wraps in Hollywood. Literally, for he played the blubber-eating Eskimo hunter in that yarn of the Arctic, "The Man of Two Worlds." He is soon to have another screen story, but meanwhile he has done nothing really to fulfill the Broadway cheers for his romantic playing in "Autumn Crocus."



Ernest Backrack

GINGER ROGERS—A hit in a number of musical films. You liked her in "Flying Down to Rio" and she should win new plaudits opposite the deft-dancing Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorce," a giddy matrimonial tangle set to music and words. Ginger has verve and piquancy—and she knows how to sing and dance, thanks to her apprenticeship on the Broadway stage.



THE FIRST REAL LIFE STORY

THE history of motion pictures is replete with stories of colorful personalities who have risen from obscurity to world-wide fame in an incredibly brief span of time, but Mae West is the only one who made herself a star with

her opening entrance.

All the others-Rudolph Valentino, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, and the late Wallace Reid-served an apprenticeship before the cameras of at least two or three pictures-in some instances, years-but when Mae West, blonde, bold, bad and buxom, swaggered onto the screen for the first time, 20,000,000 people started listening to her song.

The scene showed her checking in at a swanky night club. The check girl admired

her jewels.
"Goodness," she exclaimed, "what beautiful diamonds!"

"Goodness," retorted Mae West in that insinuating drawl of hers, "had nothing to do with them, dearie."

Mae West had only a "bit" in that pic-

ture, but it was her name that went up in electric lights, and she was the reason "Night After Night" was re-booked in 5,000

motion-picture theaters.

She started an era-the Mae West era. She brought a rowdy spirit to the films, which made Hollywood blush, but which made her the sensation, not only of America, but of Europe, too. She took Paris by storm -fastidious, critical Paris, the rendezvous of the elegant, the suave, la politesse. Somehow, through her utter frankness and honesty, her double meanings are not offensive even to the most sensitive.

She shattered every tradition of the screen as well as the box office, and has contradicted every theory of stardom by her un-conventionality, her ribaldry, her boisterous philosophy. She doesn't believe that sex should be taken seriously, but with a laugh. She is unconventional, she says, because Joan of Arc was unconventional, and look at what

she did for France.

But unconventional as she certainly is, Miss West, as we shall see, has a code of her own. She has a reason, as well as a wisecrack, for everything.

Mae West's success was not an accident. A lifetime, with all but five years (the first five) spent tirelessly in the theater, lay behind that first entrance upon the screenyears of experience, incessant labor, welldirected energy, firm adherence to purpose

MAE WEST

THE BROOKLYN BLONDE WHO STARTED A NEW ERA ON THE SCREEN

in the face of many discouragements and setbacks, in spite of

which she never lost sight of her goal.

Mae West's strong individuality and her firm will are as responsible for her success as her inherent talent—a talent which was as apparent at the age of five as the strong little personality which bossed all the children on the block, and was the terror of the brownstone house district of Brooklyn-the Bushwick

MAE WEST the child, as with Mae West the showwoman, never allowed anything to swerve her from her purpose. During her long career, which has taken her into all phases of the theater, stock, vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, producer of her own plays, Miss West, as I said before, never forgot that her aim was to reach the very top. And there is something else she never forgot-something many women do forget in the bitterness of struggle for success. She has never forgotten to be a woman, and it is this warm, gracious quality which has helped her to become the celebrity she is today.

Despite the fact that she is now a world-wide figure, those who knew Mae West "when," and "after," find her the same kindly, unaffected, hard-working woman she was when she first became known in show business. Her success on Broadway never changed her, and her success on the screen has not made a particle of difference in her attitude toward life in general and toward those less fortunate than herself whom she frequently has encountered in her long journey into the various phases of the theater.

Mae West has a level, as well as a clever head, on her shapely shoulders, and I have never known anyone representing a worthy cause to ask her for financial help that she did not immediately reach down into her stocking-which serves as a bank-and roll off a banknote from her wad.

Ostentatious in her love of jewelry, she contributes large sums unostentatiously to worthy causes. The only party she ever gave in Hollywood was for the little orphans at the circus, where pink

lemonade and peanuts were the refreshments.

She is a woman of great sympathies, great courage, and is remarkably abstemious in her private life. (She never smokes or drinks, yet being feminine, she's scared to death of a mouse.)

Mae West the woman is just as (Please turn to page 74)

BY AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

Prizes for Your Opinions

What do you think of Mae West? Do you think her influence upon motion pictures has been good or bad? Is she a gusty, invigorating force? Is she a rowdy, damaging influence? Has she helped or harmed the screen? There is no question but that Mae West hit films hard, that her personality cannot be discounted.

NEW MOVIE wants your opinion. For the two best letters in 250 words, answering the question, "Is Mae West a good or bad influence?" NEW MOVIE will pay \$25. NEW MOVIE wants the best arguments on each side. Address your opinions to Mae West Contest, NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Letters must be mailed by June 1st.





RUSSELL HARDIE

Russell Ball

Evelyn Venable is just twenty, new to movies, yet has the privilege of refusing a role if she decides it lacks professional dignity. She will be seen in "Double Door."

Broadway to Hollywood. That is actually what Russell Hardie did, and he played a part in the picture of that name. Watch him in "Operator 13," his next film.

Alice Faye is known to radio audiences as the singer on the Fleischmann hour. When Rudy Vallee went to Hollywood for "George White's Scandals" Alice went, too.

NEW

THEIR FILM DEBUTS HAVE



FACES

MADE THEM COMING STARS

William Walling, Jr.





Clarence Sinclair Bull



Clarence Sinclast Bull

One out of nine thousand. That is the title of Agnes Anderson who won a screen test in a contest of that many. Her movie debut is in "Hollywood Party."

Only nineteen years old, Dorothy Dell is making her mark in the film world. For her good work in "Wharf Angel," Dorothy has a nice role in "Little Miss Marker."

Nelson Eddy has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House. His debut in pictures was a small part in "Dancing Lady." His next film role is in "Prisoner of Zenda."



Clarence Sunciais Bull

JEAN HARLOW—What gallery is complete without a picture of the Platinum Lady? Miss Harlow has been a long time between pictures, due to a little studio argument. In her last film, "Blonde Bombshell," she played a temperamental film star. Her next will be "Age of Larceny," which sounds intriguing. Jean is too vivid a film personality (and they're rare) to be inactive.



Ernest Backrach

JOEL McCREA— One of the handsomest of Hollywood's young actors. Also one of movieland's favorite leading men. Best role to date: the young waster who falls in love with the hula heroine of "The Bird of Paradise." His latest appearance was opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Gambling Lady." But you have yet to see Joel in his big role for 1934, the hero of "Green Mansions."

"MURDER AT



HE VANITIES"





HELEN TWELVETREES—No young actress aroused greater expectations when she appeared on the film horizon. Somehow or other, she never has realized that early promise. The lady with the sad eyes encountered a lot of bad roles, lost her stellar position. Let's hope that her next appearance in the Fox film, "All Men Are Enemies," offers a real chance.



CLARK GABLE

answers "What is Your



LARK GABLE, the woman's choice from Maine to Zanzibar, came East for his first vacation from films in three years, but . . .

He had to cut his vacation short, to return to Hollywood for a rest, a victim of his own mysterious allure for women, an allure as devastating as dynamite.

What it takes, he has, although he says, a little dazed still by his recent encounter with perfervid femininity en masse, "I don't know when I got it, and I can't explain it."

Gable, tempted during his New York visit into a series of personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, created as much havoc in feminine bosoms as an explosion in a glass factory. You could hear hearts breaking right and left with the rat-a-tat-tat of ma-chine-gun bullets against a steel shield.

Women fought to get into the theater, and the frantic management fought to get them

out after one performance.

The Battle of the Main Stem, where the lights go red and green at Broadway and Fiftieth Street, waged by women from Flatbush, Flushing, the Bowery and the Bronx, has not been equalled in New York since the fans said good-bye to Valentino. Le roi est mort.

The first day of that hectic week, before he knew better-for Gable is a modest fellow, continually surprised by his success-he left the theater between shows. Each time he came out the stage door and tried to get back in, he was caught in a surging mass of shouting, squealing women and girls who yanked at his coat tails, grabbed for his handkerchief, his tie, his hat, his shirt, risking their own arms in an effort to get close enough to their idol just to touch him—and maybe snip off a lock of his hair or part of his clothing for a souvenir.

The second day and for the remainder of the week he remained between shows in his second floor dressing-room, eating sandwiches, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and pacing up and down his narrow cell from before noon until after midnight.

In the street below, five thousand women milled around, breaking through police lines and causing New York cops to perspire in

Chivalry Forgotten As Men Battle Women Over Clark Gable Feminine Hearts Flutter as Clark Gable Arrives

GIRLS IN LINE. HURRY TO SEE

zero weather as they struggled to keep the fervid fans from tying up Broadway traffic in Cupid's bow knots.
"I never saw anything like it," moaned one young

officer. "It's worse than them Union Square riots."

Every time the stage door opened, it set up an atmospheric tension that was followed by a gasp of disappointment. "It's not him! It's not Clark Gable!" they'd moan.

THE crowds diminished a little when the word got around that Gable was staying indoors all day. The third day, when he was breathing a little easier in his dressing-room cell, two girls appeared at the

"Hi, there, Clark! Autograph these, Clark, will

The intrepid pair had broken through the lines and climbed the icy fire-escapes.

Inside the theater, the scene was reminiscent of the Chicago stockyards, except that the squeals were feminine rather than porcine. The minute Gable appeared on the stage there was an eeee! from the packed house. The crescendo squeal started so high it couldn't get up any higher, and it subsided into a

rapturous purr only when Gable held up his hand to

speak.

Theater executives rubbed their hands so hard in glee that sparks flew; the ushers wore scratches, black eyes and torn uniforms, symbols of the Gable power over women; the management grew more frantic trying to induce women to leave after one performance and make room for the mob outside, clamoring to get Some brought their lunch and supper and stayed all day, and eventually the Capitol theater, for the first time in its history, adjusted its schedule and per-

On his first trip to New York since entering films, Clark Gable became a sensation

> Ву IRENE KUHN

suaded the harassed Gable to make six appearances a day instead of four.

When it was over, he fled to the Waldorf with Mrs. Gable, and they threw their things into bags and made for the Grand Central Station.

There, aboard the 20th Century, Gable confessed

that he couldn't understand it.
"It'll be a long time before I care to go through all that again," he said with definiteness. "I'm going to

stay in California.
"Of course, I'd be ungrateful if I didn't appreciate such demonstrations, for it shows that the things we work for on the screen are really worth while. But I wouldn't care to do it as a daily diet. I've lost five pounds since I came here," he finished, with a rueful look at his concave middle.

"He glanced then at his watch. It showed ten min-utes before departure time. Gable pulled down the

window shade and took a deep breath.
"It won't be long now," he grinned. "I won't feel safe until we're under way."

There was a knock on the compartment door.

"The conductor, I suppose. Come in," he called. The door was opened by a tall, sad-looking girl, with a gleam in her eyes and a package under her arm. She held the package out stiffly to Gable, never taking her eyes off him. (Please turn to page 80)

At top, Clark Gable being mobbed by New York women. Below, Clark with wife who says, "Women's appreciation of Clark is a tribute to my judgment."



Hollywood Pays it's

YEVEN years ago came the talkies. Al Jolson's voice poured forth from a motion-picture projection machine. The Jazz Singer cried his wares from a hundred talking silver screens and the Four Horsemen rode over Broadway with their forebodings of doom. Not the four of the Apocalypse but the Four Horsemen from Hollywood: Science! Money! Fame! Sunshine!

In Hollywood there was consternation, confusion, and even panic. The handwriting was on the wall. With uncompromising ruthlessness the finger of fate was

writing finis to dozens of careers.

Hundreds of famous players stared at that handwriting. And wondered. And waited; while the earth shook under them, and the fickle pendulum of public fancy prepared to strike with the fatal cruelty of the guillotine. On the Great White Way the Hollywood trumpeters blew their horns; modern Gabriels summoning a new race of conquerors from behind the footmoning a new race of conquerors from behind the footlights to the new Paradise in the West. Everyone who had ever spoken a line in a play seemed to have heard the call and across the continent the bright lights of Broadway grew ever dimmer, with desolation but a pace away. Theaters fell into darkness. First Ruth Chatterton went West, and surrendered

body and soul to the waiting cameras. In quick succession Ann Harding succumbed, followed by the late Jeanne Eagles, Ina Claire, Leslie Howard, Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Helen Hayes, Helen Twelvetrees, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Marilyn Miller, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, Lee Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Fay, Lenore Ulric and Clark Gable. As the army grew Ethel Barrymore joined the Broadway emigres, along with Gene Raymond, Once Movieland robbed the White Way of its stars, now the big names are migrating back

By RAMON ROMERO

Paul Muni, Mary Boland, Bette Davis, George M. Cohan, Joan Blondell, Jimmy Durante, Mae West, Otto Kruger, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, Alice Brady, Violet Heming, and others who were gilt-edge names in Manhattan's box offices. Of the big-time stars only Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne, Nazimova and David Warfield remained faithful to the living drama.

In pandemonic frenzy New York's theatrical mag-nates hastened to develop new stars. Katharine Hep-burn blossomed out in her first lead in "The Warrior's Husband." Margaret Sullavan got her big chance, jumping from understudy to leads. Marguerite Churchill, Franchot Tone, Miriam Hopkins, Douglas Montgomery and others, were swept overnight into Broadway prominence.

But the Hollywood talent scouts were on the job.

In a second invasion upon the depleted theatrical district the movie bosses captured the new finds for the Hollywood prison camps. Each Coastbound train carried some fresh captive to the Promised Land.
From 1929 to 1933 the situation on Broadway grew

Katharine Hepburn in the days when she was a stage novice. The scene below shows her with Jane Cowl in "Art and Mrs. Bottle."

Helen Hayes in her early hit, the little girl of Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus."





The New Movie Magazine, June, 1934

Debt to Broadway



HOW TO HOLD

A HUSBAND

Three Thousand Miles Away

DON'T know that I hold him. He holds me. He has made himself over for me!"

Irene Dunne and I were talking about how to hold a husband three thousand miles away. And I had told her, "It just doesn't happen, this long-distance-happy-marriage thing."

You know Miss Dunne's husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, lives most of the time in New York, while she stays in Hollywood. This has been going on for years—this intermittent marriage—and everybody is amazed at its success.

But she doesn't hold him, she says! How dare even Irene Dunne to destroy old traditions like that? Why of course it's the wife who holds the husband. Everybody knows that. But Irene went on to explain. "We didn't try to make each other over. Instead we

"We didn't try to make each other over. Instead we tried making ourselves over for each other. And my husband succeeded. I'm afraid he made too much of a success of it—that is, I might have tried harder if he hadn't succeeded so well at his own job of making himself over.

"You see at first he hated everything about the stage and actors. I gave up my career when I married him. Now he likes my world. He has joined an actor's golf club, and he said to me only recently, when he was in Hollywood, 'I love every one of them!'"

"Ziegfeld was responsible for my husband's change of heart. He came to us both—" (now, did the canny Irene arrange that, I wonder?)—"and put it up to us about my playing in "Show Boat." We both decided I couldn't miss such an opportunity."

"All the same he is very strict with me," she said. "When I was late on the set one time, he was very much agitated, because I had kept everybody waiting, instead of being very nice and taking my part, he said, 'You know you were late,' and he said it sternly, too.

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Above, Irene Dunne is pensive when her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, is across the continent, but (right) vivacious when he is with her.

"We made ourselves over for each other," says Irene Dunne, and that explains why a 3,000 mile separation causes no rift in her happiness





Irene Dunne, lovely stage and screen star, who played in "Ann Vickers" and "If I Were Free," whose next appearance will be in the forthcoming "Stingaree."

And I accepted the remark just as he gave it to me. "No, there's not much babying in our family, on either side."

So one rule for a happy married life is not having too much sentimentality.

Yet Miss Dunne seldom speaks of Dr. Griffin by his name, but nearly always as "my husband." It sounds

"We both really make big sacrifices to make our marriage a success," she smiled. "Only, if you care a great deal they don't seem like sacrifices. But then, doesn't every married person make sacrifices? For instance, my husband has installed capable assistants to carry on his practice when he comes West. He couldn't possibly give up his practice there and take it up out here. Too many are dependent on him, back in New York. I appreciate his efforts. And on my side, no matter how tired I am, or how hurried, I always go back to him when I can. Both of us spend lonely hours, though, when we are apart. We are together whenever possible.
Won't it be great when you can fly to New York in thirteen hours. Then I can spend the week-ends with my husband!"

A NOTHER rule for keeping a marriage happy, though husband and wife are three thousand miles apart, is to be interested in each other's work.

"My husband keeps in touch with my work all the time. I send him my scripts to read, and I depend a lot on his judgment. He is my severest critic and I always listen to him.

"It's refreshing for both of us, being in different

worlds of thought. I'm interested in his work, too, but I don't meddle. It's an outmoded idea about wives, that they can help their husbands practically in their work. Only by being a good wife can a wife help a husband, except, of course, if they are really in business together. A husband needs relaxation at home.

"I wouldn't let my husband give up his work in New York if he wanted to. That's one way I hold him. Women should insist on their husbands doing their best in their callings, with no selfish feeling at all in

the matter.

"We encourage each other in our work. Dr. Griffin, when he is here, always goes into the sound booth. When he comes out, if he doesn't say anything, I know I wasn't so good. But when he likes me he praises me."

My, what a test of love! I'll say that any actress who lets her husband criticize her work is at least

fifty per cent sure of a happy marriage!
"By the way," Miss Dunne went on, "my husband loves to hear me sing. And I sing for him whenever he asks me to."

Rule umpty-ump for a happy marriage: Don't save your accomplishments for the world alone.

And Miss Dunne has made some song records for her husband.

"Don't you ever want to talk things over with him—nag at him in wifely fashion?" we asked.
"Why, of course I do!" flashed Irene. "We talk over the telephone an awful lot. It's dreadfully expensive, but after all that doesn't matter when it is so necessary to our happiness. And those chats are the only solution. It's very beautiful, (Please turn to page 72)



The BOULEVARDIER

He looks over the passing show in Hollywood, welcomes Gloria Swanson back, worries about police guards for stars' kiddies and wonders what will happen next

By HERB HOWE

Y favorite of Hollywood's droll stories is that concerning an actor who mortally wounded a supervisor. With screams of indignation brother supervisors fluttered into war conference and demanded the actor's scalp (Indian for toupe). "Fire him!" was the raucous cry. The studio's head man listened in glum silence, gulped and with a helpless gesture mourned: "We can't fire him, boys. He's a gangster." After due deliberation a more dignified rebuke was decided on. The actor was called in and reprimanded with a new contract.

THAT reminds me of Gene Fowler's wide-eyed query. I was visiting "The Firebrand" set which was curiously infested with flies. After slapping myself sore I was moved to ask if Connie Bennett attracted them. No. It seems two jars of the pests had been released and two days spent—\$10,000 in overhead—getting one to walk around the rim of a wine glass. "Why didn't they get a supervisor to do it?" Gene asked. I understood then why the use of insecticide was not permitted.

Supervisors are Hollywood's official goats. They

correspond to Russia's OGPU. Some of them are really fine boys. Nevertheless, I'd rather see than be one.

S AM GOLDWYN spent a million dollars improving Anna Sten and the critics call her "earthy." "Real estate" would be a more respectful description, \$200,000-a-foot frontage to be exact.

John Cabot Lodge, the Boston aristocrat, proved to be an actor in "The Scarlet Empress" and further proved his aristocracy by falling off a horse. If he feels as I do after a royal tumble, and taping of two ribs, he'll now proceed to emulate H.R.H. by taking up petit point.

SALUTE to Gloria Swanson! It will be good to see her back again. (Beautiful back!) Though she never entranced me from the screen I'm fascinated by her swashbuckling adventures in person. Gloria's one serious mistake was in seeking to be an actress when the public wants only glittering Gloria. She's so much more exciting than the roles she plays. Thus I see acumen in de-mothing the matted old tiger skin of "Three Weeks" and currying it for Gloria, once Mme. Glyn's protegée. Also in casting ex-husband Beery with her. To make it more personal I helpfully suggest that the title be changed to "Among My Souvenirs." Again, hail Gloria; bright and constant star among five-year meteors.

I HOPE you won't think I've been indulging in marihuana if I go poetic on you and fail to mention Greta or Mae for a paragraph or two. Across the green bowl of valley there's a flight of almond blossoms on the haze of Palomar, the bowl is full of birds, and Hollywood is to hell and gone down by the sea.

I'm back in my adobe among the Cupa Indians. "Cupa" means lazy. I qualified for the tribe quite a while ago through heaven's gift. Just before my



Leaves His Adobe Hut

return this week a forest fire plunged over the mountains on a snatch for my casa. It was crouched for the final spring when Felicita, my faithful Cupena, invoked the wind god's aid. The fire was blown back but not before that lecherous monster had snatched the little chic-sale study with its Sears-Roebuck literature. Felicita and the wind god admit some assistance from 125 C.C.C. boys encamped five miles away. They fought the fire five days, five nights. Now some of them come to swim in our pool. They are to be disbanded soon because we, the Public, can't afford to pay them a dollar a day any longer. One young pollywog, as agile an Adonis as Weissmuller, learned I was from Hollywood and brought me a clipping—an editorial observation that it would take the pay of 500 C.C.C. boys to equal the salary of the average picture star. He grinned. Not the least "Red." Said boy he'd give a million for Janet Gaynor, as with ecstatic whoop he plunged feverishly into the pool.

ONLY last week at dinner among old friends Janet Gaynor observed, along with the rest of us, the dissatisfaction of the Hollywood life. She said the trouble with her was that she was designed to be a small town girl. All the things she really enjoyed were village delights. She would like going to the drug store, climbing a stool and taking her time on an ice cream soda. Afterward she'd meander into the hardware store and handle everything. Hardware stores always fascinated her. She'd go to the post-office for the eleven o'clock mail, stop to ask Mrs. Pickles about all the little Pickles, then home to sit on the front porch and rock.

Her idyll snapped as she glanced at her diamond watch. It was ten o'clock. She had to be up for location at seven. Sadly she slunk into her mink and said good-night. The closed car with armed chauffeur raced frantically to a walled estate. Iron gates swung open, two armed guards stood on either side. The car sped in; gates closed. Small town Janet was home.

I N kindergarten days when chivalry surged the veins I panted to rescue little princesses who couldn't play as other children because of position and wealth. Perhaps I've gone balmy with the mountain air, the tweet of birds and yips from the pool. All morning I've had the squirrely notion of snatching Janet up here and introducing her to that admiring, yipping, young dollar-a-day pollywog. Doddering old matchmaker!...guess I'd better go jump in the pool.

My mood is sympathetic with Helen Hayes who fled Hollywood with her child after witnessing a children's party where state troopers stood on guard against kidnapers. And, believe me, if I were the mama of a state trooper I'd fly to Hollywood with him before his duties were made to include the changing of didies.

It was unfortunate, of course, that just as Katie Hepburn flopped in "The Lake" her mother should appear before Congress advocating birth control. Such legislation is unquestionably urgent, at least for Hollywood, if army expenses are to be kept down. Thus far, private guards and state troopers have been enough to keep off snatchers but any day it may be necessary to call the marines. In that emergency I hope the public will be tolerant as toward army pilots who were not trained for handling air mail. Surely our leathernecks, drafted into nurse-maid service, must be excused if they fumble with the unbuttoning and buttoning.

THE story of Hollywood children is precisely that of the little princes and princesses who peered pathetically through their bars at peasant children playing happily. The only solution I can think of is for papas and mamas to quit being kings and queens and embrace Father Roosevelt's plan for redistribution of wealth. Every day we're learning that pursuit of inordinate wealth leads but to jail, public or private.

(Please turn to page 87)

FIRST NIGHTS ON

Once again George Arliss gives an outstanding performance. Aline Mac-Mahon excellent in first stellar role.

Ruggles funny as ever

By
FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER



Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson are the harassed parents of a little boy who belongs to a gang. Their troubles are portrayed in "No Greater Glory."

The House of Rothschild—AA Directed by Alfred Werker. Released by United Artists

GEORGE ARLISS has done this picture a couple of times before, but he improves with practice. Except for the element of Jewish persecution, a different period and a better cast than has supported him heretofore, "The House of Rothschild" is his "Disraeli" or "Hamilton" repeated and bettered.

The story, though laid in the time of Bonaparte, has its present day implications with Boris Karloff playing a Jew-baiting chancellor of Prussia and Nathan Rothschild (Mr. Arliss) as his people's and his country's chief defender. Apart from its timeliness, the film had other virtues. Chief of these is the smooth, significant acting of Mr. Arliss as Nathan and his fine character bit in the film's earlier sequences as Maier Rothschild, Nathan's father.

In the large supporting cast, Robert and Loretta Young supply the love interest and Helen Westley finally finds her feet in films, after a long stage career, as Gudula, strong-minded old mother of the Rothschild brethren. The film concludes with a glaring color sequence in which Nathan is honored by the Prince Regent just as Mr. Arliss's Lafayette was honored by Washington and his Disraeli by Victoria. As long as Mr. Arliss continues to make his favorite photoplay better and better, I don't care how many more times he does it.

High Spots: The tumult in the Rothschild household when the tax collector approaches. Nathan striking his enemies by beating down the bond market. Mother Rothschild in conference with her five sons.

The Show-Off-AA

Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Released by M-G-M

O NE film like this seems much more valuable to me than many miles of celluloid dedicated to spectacle. There are no ornate sets of breath-





Above, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, once again the cut-up team in "Six of a Kind." Left, Walter Huston and Frances Dee as they appear together in "Keep 'Em Rolling."

BROADWAY NEW PICTURES

taking sequences in this story of current, middle-class American people. "The Show-Off" merely tells what happens to an ordinary family when its daughter marries a wisecracking, noisy egoist, but it recites the simple story with a warmth and fidelity that, I believe, make it important.

Spencer Tracy at last has been taken out of the groove of tough-guy roles in which he has traveled for so long. Because he is a better and more flexible actor than most persons have suspected he makes Aubrey Piper, "The Show-Off," a flesh and blood, credible person. Despite Aubrey's continual boasting, dreary jesting and endless swell-headed bungling; despite moments when you'd gladly lynch him yourself, Mr. Tracy's fine skill makes him appeal to your sympathy. That, in itself, is no small job. It is, as a matter of fact, the best work Mr. Tracy has done to date.

The rest of the cast also appear as three-dimensional.

living creations. Clara Blandick as Aubrey's long suffering mother-in-law deserves special mention for an acidly humorous minor role. Madge Evans is sincere and convincing as the Show-Off's wife. You'll laugh a good deal at this photoplay but you'll suffer a little too, thanks to the rare atmosphere of reality preserved on the screen.

High Spots: Aubrey attempting to charm prospective relatives-in-law with his personality. Consternation in the office at Aubrey's apparent reform. Aubrey rehearsing his speech to the president before the latter's office door.

This Man Is Mine—A

Directed by John Cromwell. Released by RKO-Radio

AN intelligent cast and first-rate direction lift this out of the ordinary run of pictures about wife and husband and the woman who comes between them. The story itself is about as novel as a buffalo nickel, but it is good entertainment because of what Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy, and the rest of the actors do with it.

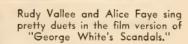
"This Man is Mine" demands all their ability. Besides its rubber stamp plot, it is filled with long, moralizing speeches that, if uttered less expertly, would just lie there and perish. Miss Dunne and her (Please turn to page 95)

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA-Outstanding; A-Good; B-Fair;

- AA The House of Rothschild The Show-Off
 - A Coming Out Party Heat Lightning This Man is Mine
- B Keep 'Em Rolling Six of a Kind The Crime Doctor
- C No More Women George White's Scandals

EARLIER BUT WORTH WHILE: It Happened One Night, This Side of Heaven, The Cat and the Fiddle, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, His Double Life, Duck Soup, Little Women, Eskimo, Design for Living, Berkeley Square, and Henry VIII.



George Arliss sadly looks on while daughter Loretta Young looks up lovingly to her sweetheart, Robert Young. All this is in "The House of Rothschild."

HOLLYWOOD

Latest news of intimate lives of stars in film capital. Advent of Brisson.

7 HAT appears to be a very insignificant incident can sometimes prove the most expensive scene in a picture. Take, for instance, a scene in "The Firebrand" when Constance Bennett hands Fredric March a cup containing poison. The scene as you will see it, shows a fly alighting on the rim of the cup, sipping the poison and falling dead, but how that scene was made was not as simple as that. A bevy of flies were buzzing around in a glass jar and, one by one, were used in the scene in an effort to find one with sufficient histrionic ability to act his part. All known aids, such as honey, sugar, ether, chloroform were put on the rim of the cup in the path of the fly. The cup was wired in an effort to make the fly's work easier by electrocuting him. They tried greasing his feet so he could slip gently down into the soup. Hours went by while expenses mounted, nerves were frayed and dispositions, too. The studio doctor stood by but when the scene was finally photographed he had to use his medical skill in resuscitating poor Constance Bennett and Fredric March who had succumbed, not to

poison but exhaustion! A director's ingenuity is often taxed to make children cry in pictures. When little Shirley Temple was told to cry for a scene recently the tears refused to come. Shirley's mother, trying to get the child in a sad frame of mind, said: "Shirley, remember that poor little dog we saw run over the other day?"

Little Shirley said, "Yes, Mama, I remember that poor be saw run over the other day?"

ber. But that was the other day. We can't do anything about it now."

William Powell and Edna Best had a hard day recently when one scene for "The Key" refused to go right. Powell had a very long speech to make and each time he made it something happened to spoil it and the entire scene had to be made over. Several times he blew up in his lines, so the whole company held its breath when on the twelfth take it looked as if it was going to be all right. He was nearly through his speech and just about to say: "You know, my dear, when two men love the same woman—" but instead, he said, "You know, my dear, when two men love each other—holy mackerel!" And everyone on the set was in convulsions.

WHEN Norma Shearer had finished "Riptide" she announced that she must buy three new spring outfits and was asked, "Why three?' One for Irving, one for the baby and one for myself," she ex-



Mary Pickford, who still maintains her title of "America's Sweetheart," appeared over the air not long ago with Will Hays, Czar of Filmland. Mary is still in New York, and loves every minute of her stay.



A Britisher visits the set of "Sadie McKee." Captain A. P. Y. Langhorne, at the extreme right, of the British Royal Artillery is seen with Franchot Tone, hero of the film, Clarence Brown, the director, and Joan Crawford who plays the title role. The Captain enjoyed it more than he shows.

DAY BY DAY

Cagney acquires organ. New developments of Crawford-Tone match



"Dynamite!" That is what Lupe Velez and Jimmy Durante portray. No wonder their next picture bears that name. "I love working weeth Jeemmee," says Jimmy's answer was, Lupe. "Atchacha!"

plained, and added that she always did all of her husband's shopping for him. She does many other things for him as well and everyone at the studio runs to her with their

One of the best-local people of the M-G-M Stad a was little Tommy Shagrue, an electrician who has now passed on. One day in the studio cafe he was pointing out the big shots to a new electrician. "And that is Irving Thalberg," he said, pointing out the chief. The green electrician didn't believe him, saying, "He's too young to be Thal-

berg."
"I'll prove it to you," boasted young Shagrue and turning to a waitress said, "Tell Mr. Thalberg I want to see

A few moments later their lunch was interrupted by Mr. Thalberg standing behind Tommy's chair. "Did you want to see me, Tommy?" he asked quietly.

Tommy turned red and pale by turns and stammered it was a mistake, but as soon as he finished

eating he ran as fast as he could to ex-plain the incident to Norma Shearer. He knew that if she knew the facts everything would be all right with Mr. Thalberg.

ARL BRISSON hadn't been in town CARL BRISSON haunt been a Garbo twenty-four hours before Greta Garbo telephoned him. He was out and she left a message saying she had called to inquire if he was happy; if there was anything she could do for him.

When Brisson was a star in Sweden Miss Garbo worked a couple of doors away in a barber shop. She worshiped Brisson and one day waited for him at the stage door to hand him a little bunch of flowers. He was impressed by her eagerness and sincerity and gave her a handful of tickets so that she might go in the theater whenever she wished and watch his performance. And Garbo never forgets.

MAE WEST has a hard time keeping her public believing she is as hard is all as the roles she plays. Recently the little church where she worships was in financial difficulty and it was decided to give a supper to raise funds. The tickets were fifty cents are hard that the content of the state of the sta

"But don't tell anyone," she warned the committee. "I can't stand that kind of publicity."

(Please turn to page 44)



Polo! Hollywood has gone mad with this game. Stars have broken legs and arms playing, but still love it. Nigel Bruce, Leslie Howard and Snowy Baker, polo star, chat between chukkers.



(Continued from page 43)
The first picture Gloria Swanson posed for after she signed her new M-G-M contract was on a tiger rug!

A DIRECTOR at the Columbia Studios made up his call sheet for the following day, naming the people he wanted and included "1 bit butler," meaning an actor who could portray a butler and act a little bit. Imagine his amazement when he saw the call sheet on the board reading "1 bitten butler." A new stenographer had corrected his grammar.

IN England, where film censors put their hearts into their work, the Anna Sten picture, "Nana," has been retitled "The Lady of the Boulevards!"

Samuel Goldwyn doesn't care what they call that picture, however, for it will clean up a big profit under any title. He showed me a fan letter he received recently and which read: "I would like to receive one of your favorite

movie star's lances free of charge."

The writer had apparently been reading about free-lance actors and was willing to ac-

cept anything, even a lance, if it were free.
Incidentally, Miss Sten's husband, Dr.
Eugen Franke, who is a Doctor of Laws and also a graduate architect, has sold the motion picture he made starring Jimmy Savo and has a contract to make a series of them.

ALTHOUGH it's hard to imagine, there is such a thing as making too much money. Ruth Etting hesitated before signing a contract for another series of broadcasts because her income has reached such proportions she has to pay over about one-half of it to the Government in income taxes. And that, I am told, is the reason Eddie Cantor refuses to make more than one picture a year.

WITH a vacation in England in sight, George Arliss took one week's vacation after he finished "The House of Rothschild" and jumped right into production of "The Head of the Family." Little Charlotte Henry, who had only to look surprised through "Alice in Wonderland" plays Mr. Arliss' grand-daughter in this picture and will have a real opportunity to act.

And in no business but motion pictures could a thing like this happen. Janet Beecher appeared so effectively in "Gallant Lady" that she was immediately offered many other jobs. Twentieth Century Company, which had let her go after that picture, became interested in her when everyone else wanted her. It oc-curred to someone to look in the cupboard and see if they had a contract with her. They did, and found that they had an option on her services, so she was recalled from New York where she had gone when no jobs were in sight, and will appear in "The Head of the Family."

 $J_{
m for}^{
m OHN}$ BARRYMORE was making a scene for the picture, "Twentieth Century," in of the picture, "Twentieth Century," in which he threw a pot of black paint over a billboard. At the end of the scene, instead of saying: "Cut!", Director Howard Hawks said: "Out, damned spo—" but got no further, for he was stopped by Barrymore, who rushed toward him waving his hands. "Stop!" he cried. "You're in a theater and it's bad luck to give a quotation in a theater!"

Several old stage people around agreed it was a well known theatrical superstition.

The entire action of the play, "Twentieth Century" transpires on board a train but when

Hollywood





Day by Day





the authors. Ben Hecht and Charles Mac-Arthur, wrote the screen adaptation they added other locations. And when it was finished they decided it was very good. "Why didn't we write the play this way?"

they asked each other, whereupon Hecht got down on his hands and knees and MacArthur kicked him. Then MacArthur got down on his hands and knees and Hecht kicked him.

I was privileged to see an old scrap book recently and in it was pasted a letter, obviously in answer to a fan letter, signed: "Maurice Chevalier, the Reginald Denny of France." Which looks as if Chevalier thought Denny a pretty hot shot in those days, and it is quite possible that he may have an opportunity to think so again. Denny, after being ignored by producers over a period of several months, is suddenly in great demand again.

ON her own birthday Jean Horlow presented her mother with a new town car. It isn't really my birthday," Jean explained to her mother. "You had all the trouble of having me on that day and you deserve the present.

Personally I think Jean's mother deserves a present or a reward of some kind for having

ON her birthday Miriam Jordan received a surprise telephone call from her family in England. Her mother, father, seven sisters and one brother each talked to her for two min-utes. Figured at the rate of \$43 for three minutes, the call cost almost three hundred

MARY FAHRNEY, the cough syrup heiress, who has one and a half million dollars in her own right and is in Hollywood seeking a film career, talks long distance to her father in Chicago every night. She tells him the events of the day and they often talk for an hour. It has been her custom to visit Paris each season to lay in a supply of clothes and especially blended perfumes but inasmuch as her heart is set on a career and she can't go to Paris this year she has cabled her favorite shops to send on the latest things in summer clothes and spring perfumes. She had better watch out or she'll find herself married to a M'Divani brother.

S PEAKING of marriage, pictures and a chain of circumstances seem to postpone Maureen O'Sullivan's marriage to John Farrow. With "Tarzan" completed after eleven months' work, Maureen's contemplated honeymoon trip to her native Ireland is again postponed while she appears with Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

 $J^{\,\mathrm{OAN}}$ CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone only smiled and thanked him when Gene Austin, one of Joan's favorite crooners, asked them if he might sing at their wedding. They didn't say yes and they didn't say no, but Joan's final decree is due on May 12, and everyone expects something nice to happen immediately after

Joan is putting much thought (and money) into her home. She doesn't care a great deal about parties or going places but she does love her home. Recently she purchased a vacant lot next to her property, which made room for a tennis court, swimming pool and small theater which is equipped for amateur theatricals and also for showing pictures. Joan asked to have a clause in her new contract providing that she might spend part of her time in stage productions but her (Please turn to page 82)



The PEOPLE'S

New Movie's readers give their opinions about Hollywood personalities and pictures. They cheer Anna Sten, applaud Jack Gilbert's comeback, defend Greta Garbo and—boy!—want to team Mae West and James Cagney

John Gilbert

"THERE'S no love like an old love," is an old adage, and all our old love and appreciation will return to lovely Norma Shearer, when we see her in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a picture made from the

play by that name.

Norma Shearer is exquisite always. She is meticulous in the care of her person, and at any time that you see her she looks as if she had "just stepped out of a bandbox." She has an arresting personality, a sort of inner light that shines out from her and attracts us to her whether we would or not. I predict greater success than ever before for her in this new picture "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Belle W. Drake, Idylease Inn, Newfoundland, N. J.

We are waiting for "The Barretts," too. Did you know that Charles Laughton will be in this film, too?

Cheers for the Director

THE director does the casting, passes on sets and costumes, interprets the script, builds up or shortens scenes, plays the characters one against the other, and by his clever handling of the actors, makes each day on the set constructive—a spirit of comradeship rather than a hell of jealousy. He adds "human interest," puts over the story so that it seems, no matter when or where the scene is laid, as if you, too, live these moments. Story, actors, advertising? For a picture's success, give credit to the director; for his hard work, tact, courage and vision.

Marguerite Duncan Jacobi, 3721 80th St., Jackson Heights, L. I.

While we are passing our superlatives, what about the much-maligned supervisors?

Suggesting Some Co-Stars

 $M^{\,\,\mathrm{ORE}}$ pictures co-starring Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. They were delightful in their first picture together—"It Happened One Night." Ronald Colman in a talkie version of "The Dark

Angel."

Better roles for Ralph Bellamy. So far, he has not had roles worthy of his ability.

Ramon Novarro in a talkie version of "The Student Prince."

Fans are awaiting Norma Shearer's appearance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Jean Parker in a talkie version of "The Little French Girl" with Franchot Tone.

Margaret Long,

Margaret Long, 3807 River Park Drive, Louisville, Ky.

What about Jack Gilbert in the new version of "The Merry Widow"? And Colman in "The Tale of Two Cities"?

Salutes Anna Sten

JUST returned from one of our largest and, incidentally, during the day, noisiest theaters, where I witnessed a performance of "Nana."

Sitting in about the fifth row, center, the following remarks reached my ears:

"She has a voice like Garbo."

"Isn't she cute?"

"She reminds me of Olga Baclanova."
"She has Dietrich's searching eyes."



ACADEMY



Judging from reader letters, Anna Sten's "Nana" was of great interest.



Fans like Ann Harding for her acting ability and naturalness.



Better roles for Ralph Bellamy, please.

do penance for those harsh words. We Garbo fans will have you drawn and quartered!

Ruth O'Rourke, 3 West 27th St.. Wilmington, Del.

Take that, Mr. Van de Water! The editor of this department is a victim of Miss Garbo's charms, too. "Definite limitations" indeed!

(Please turn to page 90)

"Remember Alice Terry? Doesn't she look like

Leaving the theater, my chum said, "Hers is, indeed, a glamorous personality and 'Nana,' a magnificent performance."

So, though there was much comment about Anna Sten, I heard not one adverse word.

I salute and wish much success to ANNA STEN—a truly magnificent woman.

Dagmar Hagar, 2101 Beekman Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anna Sten has great possibilities. Two or three films should put her up with Garbo, West and Dietrich.

Disagrees With Mr. Van de Water

M. R. VAN DE WATER, you certainly ought to be lynched for saying that Greta Garbo is an actress of "definite limitations." Great Garbo, the divine one, a mediocre actress! Utterly absurd, my dear man! "Queen Christina" was magnificently portrayed by this superb creature. Even those who are not Garbo's followers admitted that she was marvelous as "Christina." And how can you say that as a dominating monarch she was not so successful as might be expected? Surely, the "Queen" of the movies is the only one capable of bringing to life the beautiful "Christina," ruler of Sweden during the Seventeenth century. Mr. Van de Water, you'll

THE People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGA-ZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
- 2-BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
- 3—BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
- 4-BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
- 5—BEST HUMAN INTERST PICTURE
- 6—BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
- 7-BEST ROMANCE
- 8—BEST COMEDY
- 9—BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
- 10—BEST NEWS REEL PICTURE
- 11—BEST DIRECTION
- 12—BEST STORY



Here is the new pink and white organdie dress worn by Ann Harding, glamorous RKO-Radio star, and a close-up of her hat and old-fashioned knotted head-dress.

Streamline Gerons



Soft, flattering chiffon in a luscious shade of golden brown was chosen for Miss Harding's newest and smartest hostess gown.

Jade green crepe was chosen for this dramatically simple evening costume with its rather unusual attached cape.

Buttercup yellow clopinette crepe combines with a wind-blown collar of burnt orange in this formal dinner and dance costume.

MAYBE a blonde cannot get away with everything, but a radiant blonde like Ann Harding, famous RKO star, can wear almost any color she chooses to distinct advantage.

That pink and white organdie dress with the tightly fitted bodice and square neckline is a real event in Hollywood fashions—especially when Miss Harding wears it with her hair knotted in a low coil at the nape of her neck, and a cartwheel baku straw hat that serves as a halo for her blond beauty. The top of the hat is trimmed with a simple band and bow of rose pink ribbon and beneath the brim there is another similar band and bow to rest against her smooth golden hair.

The new golden brown chiffon hostess gown exemplifies the new vogue for ruffles—ruffles, in this case, that go from the hem to a quaint high neckline. The gown has a three-quarter length short-sleeved jacket and its only ornaments are a belt and band, on the sleeves, of old gold lace braid.

The jade green gown has a cape cut in one with the high-necked bodice, and the tightly molded lines of the skirt fall in graceful ripples ending in a graceful train. The only ornament is a jeweled clip at the back.

"A wind-blown collar and a breeze-ridden bow"—to quote Miss Harding—give special interest to the dress of buttercup yellow clopinette.

Worn in the Ann Harding Manner

Illustrated by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

THE WAGES



Back in the all powerful days of the director, the writer's main job was writing titles for the films.

T was at a dinner given in Hollywood recently in honor of Sir Frederick Lonsdale that I looked around the room and realized, with something of a shock, that almost every American dramatist of importance was present, as well as a goodly number

There were nearly fifty famous playwrights in the room and I wondered who was going to write next

season's plays.

As far as I could count noses, there were absent only three well-known writers for the American theater: Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill and George S. Kaufman. The last of these, I am told, in spite of his authorship of "Once in a Lifetime," has since accepted a Hollywood contract.

As I watched all these distinguished people, happy and unashamed, my mind went back to a day some eighteen years ago when I told my brother dramatists that I was leaving the theater for a while and casting my lot with the "movies."

I remembered their shocked faces; the sad tones in which they bade me farewell and the general impression they gave me that my position was no better than that of "Our Nell" after she had not been done right by.

And now this group who pretty well dominated the English speaking theater of their day was assembled to welcome the eminent guest of honor who had just introduced to the screen a new and somewhat terrifying quality which was known as "Sophistication."
How we reveled in "sophistication" that year. The

screen, overnight, had become peopled with a new race, hard, glittering ladies and gentlemen who wore perfect clothes perfectly; thought only of one thing and spent

A noted director and dramatist takes you behind the scenes of the Hollywood studios and tells you of his own experiences of writing for the movies.

their lives trying to solve the eternal problem of who's

As I noted the number of men at the table who were known for strong, simple, virile and direct writing, it was painful to realize what was in store for them-to know that, no matter what their natural styles of writing might be, they would be asked to write "sophisticated" dialogue, and to know further that, if they felt unable to do it, their work would be done over by one, two or three other writers who had succeeded in acquiring that year's type of screen

With such an array of writing talent in Hollywood, why is it that so little of real literary value appears on the screen? And why, when the phenomenon does occur, is it almost always because some values have been mercifully retained from a stage play?

Of the host of master craftsmen who have labored so long in Hollywood, and invariably for more than a modest stipend, which of them has written for the screen a work approaching in power his work in the theater? So few that we are forced to look for an underlying cause.

It cannot be the soft and languorous climate of Southern California which renders so many mighty penmen suddenly impotent. It cannot be that the mere difference between stage and screen technic is an insurmountable obstacle to men of such well-known mentality and dramatic instinct. It must be that



OF CINEMA

WILLIAM DEMILLE

conditions under which they find themselves working are not such as inspire or stimulate imagination.

A short time ago a picture producer was battling in his office with a young but highly successful dramatist new to the studio.

"I'm afraid I can't make the changes you ask in this

scene," said the dramatist.
"Why not?" asked the producer. "You see, the way you've got it, the audience doesn't know whether the girl loves the man or not."

"But that's just what I mean; the girl herself doesn't know."

"It's better for our audience if she does," said the

producer with great finality.

The young man suppressed the first three things he wanted to say

"Look here, Mr. B," he said quietly, "I am a drama-You are paying me big money because I know my job. I know what this girl feels and how she would act better than you do."
"You do, eh?" the other grunted. It seemed hard

to make this stubborn young man listen to reason; his

sense of proportion was all wrong.

"Say." remarked the executive abruptly, "when you come to work in the morning, what kind of a car do you drive?'

The younger man looked puzzled.
"An Essex," he said. "But what's that got to

Mr. B interrupted him; taking his arm, he led him to a window. Below, on the other side of the street, a

Rolls-Royce glittered in chromium and red. "See that?" said Mr. B. "That's what I come to work in, and yet you're trying to tell me how to make

This little incident illustrates what a sensitive writer may run up against in Hollywood. The strange thing is that Mr. B would not dream of taking the same attitude with his doctor.

If the producer had a sick child and sent for his physician he would unhesitatingly take his professional advice, no matter what kind of car the doctor drove; but when he has a sick story he gets a thrill out of diagnosing the case himself, prescribing the remedy and using the professional only to administer such

treatment as he orders.

Of course, if the writer above had only thought to sell the company's stock short, he, too, owned a Rolls-Royce and thus have been able to argue the point of craftsmanship at least upon equal terms.

On the other hand, the writers themselves are not entirely without blame for this situation. They have, for the most part, taken the attitude that they are paid enough for their labor to do as they are told and assume no further responsibility.

They have seen their brain-children twisted and tortured and have only shaken their heads gently as they turned away from the sad spectacle. They have seen their work cinemangled beyond recognition and found consolation in the clink of gold. Every author of standing in the theater has a clause in his contract that no changes may be made in his work without his consent.

He would roar like a wounded tiger if he came to rehearsal and found that someone had ordered changes which affected character, structure, the entire personality of the whole work. In the studio he not only permits this to be done but learns to expect it.

Because he expects it, it is impossible for him to have the same creative feeling of true authorship he has in his own proper work. Without this feeling his writing lacks its normal power and is more subject to criticism, so that the very (Please turn to page 100)



Mr. DeMille predicts that tomorrow will make the writer of equal importance with the director and the producer. Is he right?



Next came the scenario writer who wrote film stories to order, and with his tongue in his cheek sold his soul for paltry gold.



By RICHARD CROMWELL but people have already stopped saying, "There goes DeMille's daughter." I don't suppose Elizabeth went about saying, "I want to be a queen" and neither did Katie go about shouting, "I want to be an actress." They both bided their time and paid attention to what was going on about

K ATIE has learned a great deal from her father. She has watched the business of making movies all her life. DeMille is a brilliant man and she reflects much of that brilliance. From him she has acquired poise and determination. She certainly has all of the other qualities, but he has also put her at a greater disadvantage. Very seldom do two people of one family attain fame and Mr. DeMille's would be very hard to equal. It's difficult to have people say, "Charming girl—DeMille's daughter, isn't she?-What is she doing now?" never to be taken seriously, just to be part of the DeMille legend. She's proud too, and here's an instance: During the making of "This Day and Age" Katherine came often to projection. Projection with DeMille is like holding court and all his subjects (staff, crew and actors) are invited to the "command performance." Each evening while the picture is in production they all gather to see the previous day's work shown on the screen. Unlike most directors, DeMille likes as many people to see these "rushes" (as they are called) as can give him intelligent comment, and God help that actor whose scenes are bad or the cameraman who has a shot out

of focus. He tears each scene to pieces with a vengeance and bawls the devil out of the guilty ones. He is fair though and never hesitates to praise a good bit.

So it happened one night that I sat next to Katie in the studio theater. Along with the regular "rushes" we saw a test he had taken of a girl for a part in his next picture, "Four Frightened People." The part has since been eliminated, but at that time it was to be an important one in the picture . . . that of a native girl. Katherine confessed to me that she would give her "eye teeth" or the equivalent, to play it. Afterward DeMille asked for suggestions . . . what did we think of it? . . . pretty bad? . . . well, who would we suggest? This was Katie's chance. He had probably not even considered her for the part. I thought she would have been perfect and started to suggest it, but she stopped me. I couldn't understand why. Then she explained, "I couldn't take advantage of him. If I were bad in the part, it would hurt him. The picture comes first, and he'd have to fire me. Besides, if I was all right, or even (Please turn to page 65)

T'S no cinch being the daughter of the Great DeMille.

For twenty-one years Cecil B. has been THE producer-director de luxe and rightly so. He has become a legend . . . the king of kings . . . his lavish productions are unequaled, and he is as famous for spectacular bath tubs as for the women he has made (famous), but his throne is threatened.

Up to now there have been no rivals for the DeMille glory. He is still the only director whose name alone will carry (or sell) a picture, but now there is another DeMille to be contended with-his daughter Katherine.

These daughters kind of sneak up on a guy. member Henry the Eighth (he was a big shot too), well, his little gal Lisa didn't do so badly for herself. Of course Henry died before she really did very well, and DeMille will probably go on being king for another twenty-one years, but nevertheless he had better

It would be hard to imagine a theater advertising "Cleopatra," directed by Katherine DeMille's father,

How famous stars show their appreciation to those who help them



Constance Bennett doesn't distribute gifts at the end of each picture, but waits for the holiday season.

By MAUDE LATHAM

A MODEST little idea was born in the picture studios several years ago. Today it's one of the many considerable items that make a dent in every star's salary.

When the industry was in its nonage, there began the custom of the leading player, or star, giving a big dinner for the company at the completion of a picture. It was a gesture of gratitude for everybody's

cooperation.

"Like one big happy family" was not just a bit of sarcasm then. It was more or less of a reality. Cameraman, director and star usually worked together as a unit over long periods. Furthermore, the star had to depend more on the cameraman then than now. There were no make-up men to correct slight facial imperfections. There were no hairdressers to watch every wayward strand of hair. There was no panchromatic film to bring out color in blue or gray eyes.

All these things were up to the cameraman to watch, and correct, by the clever use of lights. When his work was especially good, the star made him a small gift as a token of appreciation. Oft-times, it amounted to no more than theater tickets for himself and wife, or something for the new baby.

BUT with the years, the idea has expanded, along with the stars' salaries. Today, money or a personal gift is distributed to every member of the working crew when a picture is "in the can," as the expression goes. This means electricians, property men, sound men, camera-



Martene Dietrich has always given gold pieces to the crew. What will she do now?

LEAVE THEM LAUGHING

When You Say Good-bye

men, assistant director, cutter, makeup man, script girl, hairdresser and the director.

It's not done with a mercenary motive, nor as a bid for publicity. That's why you simply can not get anyone to talk about it.

A star feels that everyone connected with the making of a picture gives something of value in their services. These gifts express their gratitude. They vary in size according to the pocketbook or generosity



Norma Shearer goes on a lingerie-dispensing spree when one of her pictures is finished.

of the star, and take in everything from a gold toothpick to a new suit of clothes.

Mae West broke the record for a newcomer when her first Paramount picture was completed.

She distributed envelopes to every member of the working crew, en-



Clara Bow is like a kid about her presents to people. She waits around until they're opened to see how they're liked.



Completing "Alexander Hamilton," George Arliss gave ten-dollar bills with an engraving of Hamilton on them.

closing bills ranging from \$20 to \$100.

But then Mae's generosity has a touch of the oriental about it. Don't greatly admire something of hers. She is just as likely to hand it right over to you as a gift.

One day a young woman from the Paramount offices came on to the set. She remarked that Miss West's perfume was the fragrance that she adored above all others. Mae's reply was, "Yes, I like it, too."

But the next day the girl found a large bottle of the precious liquid on her desk, with a card from Mae West.

If you've ever saved your nickels in the hope of buying an ounce of this particular kind, you'll know that it took the better part of a fifty-dollar bill to pay for it.

GEORGE ARLISS made one of the nicest and most appropriate, gestures when "Alexander Hamilton" was completed. Every member of the company received a \$10 bill from him which bore the likeness of Alexander Hamilton. I'll bet that not even the current state of everybody's (Please turn to page 109)



IN SKREENLAND

To Editor New Movey Mag, who must get happy all time looking at the ladies he publish.

DEAREST SIR:

FEW days of yore I were in backyard, rubbing smooth shoe Polish on the Rev. Boots of my owner, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. While doing this with rags my delicious brain could not stop working too, so I commence make-up of Hollywood Nt. Hymn:

"From Skreenland's icey mountins, Put up by nice stage-hands,

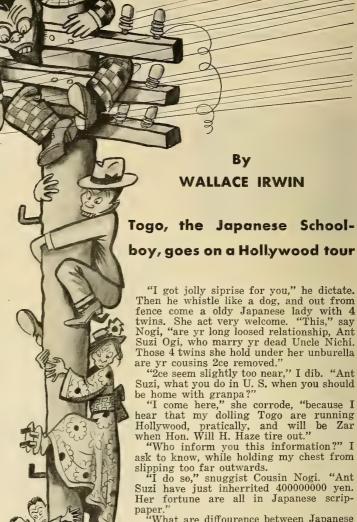
Where even soada fountins

Do something to your glands. . . ."
"Ah, happy daze, Togo, happy daze!" I look see, and there were my Cousin Nogi. By his tone of speech I could see that he want something else besides my adorable best hat he took when he borra

my sox also. He wore those now, looking quite Sundy with sweetly smiling.

"What make you get so happy all of a suddenly?" I glub.

"I promus you something if you come down," he decrop. . . . "What you offer?" I require ambly. . . . "To kill you," he negotiate.



"I come here," she corrode, "because I hear that my dolling Togo are running Hollywood, pratically, and will be Zar when Hon. Will H. Haze tire out."

"Who inform you this information?" I ask to know, while holding my chest from

Suzi have just inherrited 400000000 yen. Her fortune are all in Japanese scrip-

paper."
"What are diffourence between Japanese scrip-paper & American same?" I nego-

"Japanese scrip-paper got nothing printed on it," he describe. "When you need money you just write what you imagine."

"Many an Emotion Picture Corp have been ogganized with that kind of cash," I deploy. Ant?" "And what can I do to you, Hon.

"Ant Suzi," say Cousin Nogi, "wish see Hollywood with an emotion picture magnet of intense power. She are referring to

"Folla me," I holla like Hitler talking to Mussolini. Therefore I stop Polish those boots where I drop them safely behind garbage-pale & start.

Mr. Editor, you never know how unportant you are (Please turn to page 104)





Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air
—recreation. And watch your
smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

TEST YOUR NERVES ..

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail orderblank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Fobacco Company Dept. 118-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Send me book of nerve tests postpand.

Name Prog Na

City



...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

The New Deal in GLASS

Quench your summer thirst with beverage-filled glasses decorated in the modern manner

RINKING merely to quench your thirst or to drown your sorrows calls for no elaborate glassware. An old-fashioned jelly tumbler or a battered tin cup will serve the purpose. But if you have an eye to style and a taste for flavor then the design and color and shape of the glass are of real importance.

importance. The secret of fine glass making was once known only to a few and even within recent times glasses of real distinction could be enjoyed only by a favored few, not only because of their high initial cost but because of their extreme fragility. It is now possible to buy reasonably priced glasses that are not only sturdy enough to survive an amazing amount of hard usage but that are really beautiful in design. Many of the smartest of these glasses come in a variety of useful sizes. There is a five-ounce beverage glass that you can use, among other things, for fruit juice

or for tomato juice cocktails, a nine-ounce glass that is the usual choice for water or milk, a ten-ounce glass for lemonade or highballs, a twelve-ounce glass for ice tea, and the larger fourteen-ounce highball glass.

Modern glass makers have taken pains to provide glasses for a wide variety of tastes and dispositions. If you are a conservative sort of person who prefers to take your ice tea or other cooling summer drink without benefit of gay color, choose a simple band design in white, black and platinum. On the other hand if you are blessed with a light and rather frivolous nature you will prefer the new bubble glasses, decorated with an assortment of red, green, yellow, orange and blue dots.

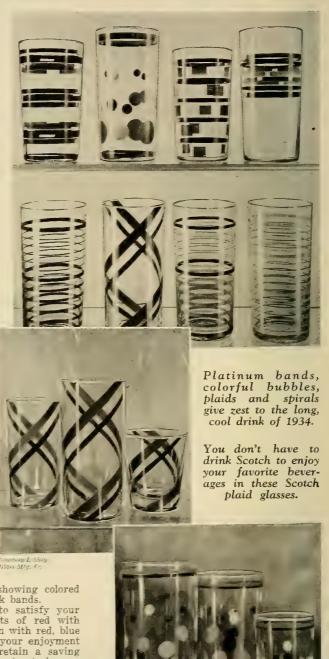
If you are a more practical sort of person, interested more in facts than in fancies—and still like color with your liquid refreshments—choose the tumbler showing five platinum bands combined with blocks

of red, orange, yellow, green and blue or one showing colored rectangles in combination with platinum and black bands.

Other glasses that give you an opportunity to satisfy your taste for color show interesting band treatments of red with black, orange with green, yellow with green, green with red, blue with green and black with yellow. But, if with your enjoyment of better business and the new deal you still retain a saving sense of thrift you cannot possibly do better than to stock your pantry shelves with an assortment of the colorful Scotch plaid glasses that may be had in no less than six useful sizes.

A plentiful supply of ice has greatly simplified the question of cold drinks in the home. Perhaps you do not wish to serve beer and other beverages ice cold, but that does not mean you have to have a deep, dark cellar for storage. With a little ingenuity you can duplicate any temperature by regulating the refrigerator or by shifting the beverage bottles.

Stem glasses served a practical purpose to begin with. When it was difficult to chill your drink to a refreshing temperature the stem kept off the heat of the hand. Now well-chilled beer, milk or water can be served in either type of glass.



Red, green, yellow, orange and blue bubble glasses in highball, ice tea and regulation table size.

WANTED ---

Junior Safety Volunteers!



OULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going—especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt—many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.

The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?



	ife Insurance Co., Dept. 634-B
I want to he copy of "The J	elp prevent accidents. Please send my lunior Safety Volunteer."
.,	
Name	(Print plainly)
Name	(Print plainly)

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

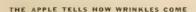


To avoid Wrinkles... to Fight Dryness

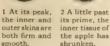
CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In UNDER SKIN right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In OUTER SKIN (in center) stop mortifying dryness . . . roughness, with moistening cream.









wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

Few WOMEN know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their outer skin and their under skin. That's not only sound sense-that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker-and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands, that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES... Long before you're aware of them, insidious wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. Natural beauty oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS ... Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for soften-ing chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the arrestingly beautiful Mrs. John Davis Lodge describes her Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.

1. "My nighttime cleansing . . . Pond's Cold Cream parted in well . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's soft Tissues.



Mrs. John Davis Lodge

(née Francesca Braggiotti) keeps both her Under and Outer skins young ... fresh ... with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs."

"Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream, which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin beautifully.

• For your Under Skin-Pond's Cold Cream, Olly, Or Pond's Liquefying Cream. Melts instantly.

For your Outer Skin-use Pond's Vanishing Cream.

3. "Mornings, and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder and rouge go on so evenly.

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples! In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin will be.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F 48 Hudson Street, New York City

Tenchose for tro cover portage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades
I prefer Dark Shades

Street.

City_____State_ Copyright, 1784, Pon I's Extract Company

Any camera plus Verichrome Film is the best combination yet for day-in and dayout picture-making ...Verichrome works where ordinary films fail.



DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

- 1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive
- 2. Highly color-sensitive.
- 3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
- 4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
- 5. Translucent, instead of transparent. Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Little Women Contest

THE March issue of New Movie offered six awards for the best letters on why its readers packed the theaters of America to see "Little Women." Here are the winning letters, as selected by the contest judges:

First Prize-\$50

IF the opportunity came to revisit my grandmother and her beloved cookie jar and singing teakettle, I'd

rejoice.

Just so—when "Little Women" came to the screen, I HAD to renew my friendship with these dear companions of my youth. I love them just as I or my youth. I love them just as I love the memory of my grandmother. I didn't go to see Katharine Hepburn. I went to see "Jo." I came away dreamily content. By happy fortune, the producers had symbolized my old friends—not made the characters symbolize the stars. My treasured memory is sweetly intensified—not disillusioned—a reset thing in the movies. lusioned—a rare thing in the movies.

Mrs. D. S. Campbell

1661 Sacramento St., Apt. 5 San Francisco, Calif.

Second Prize-\$10

I WENT to see "Little Women" because I knew that no matter how much the story was torn down in picturization, there must still remain the clean, sweet home-life of the early

The public is surfeited with slush, sexuality, and booze guzzling, as is evidenced by the box-office receipts of "Little Women."

The bubble has burst; we have come down to earth; we are groping for something substantial. And the sooner the picture industry realizes this fact, the sooner it will again establish its prestige.

Mrs. Vida B. Butcher

s. Vida B. Butcher 107 South St., Ocononcowoc, Wisconsin

Third Prize—\$10

W E did not see "Little Women" because of its cast; neither did

its merited fame impel us.

We went because we knew of no more eloquent and effective way of appealing for clean pictures; because we wanted to prove the number of us attracted by the filthy innuendos so shamefully characteristic of many pictures today is grossly exaggerated; because we appreciate delicacy and reserve in pictorial display of human passions; and because we had waited a long while for a picture to which we could take mother and sister and daughter without fear of embarrassment or consequences even more regrettable.

Samuel R. Blanken 4206 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fourth Prize-\$10

THE overwhelming success of "Little Women" was due to its being released at an opportune time. the general depression people have become more serious-minded and the movies instead of simply being a "fill-in," have become the sole entertainment of many. Weary of vulgarity and sensationalism, American and sensationaism, American audiences welcomed the simple story of the immortal March family. We have had an overdose of unwholesome pictures. Producers, by making each production an exceptional one, would find an appreciative public—what proof? Witness—"Little Women."

(Miss) E. Rogers

111 Midland Ave.

Arlington, N. J.

Fifth Prize-\$10

THE American movie audiences are intelligent, and are about tired of

The highest, and are about the types of pictures offered recently. Too much of the sex, burlesque, musical-comedy themes, following the also overdone racketeer pictures.

"Little Women" came as a pleasant

surprise; it brought to us of this complex age, a glimpse of the refreshing life of an unhurried era.

It was so real, clean and appealing, and delightfully portrayed by an ideally chosen cast. Seeing "Little Women" was like

going from the noisy bedlam of city streets, into a lovely garden.

Jean Leach

13 Newport St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sixth Prize-\$10

HAVE read "Little Women" many times, each time with greater plea-re. I hoped for a long time to sure.

I did not go especially to see Miss Hepburn, though I knew I should enjoy her as Jo, the boyish, impulsive character everyone loves.

Nor did I go simply because of the fame of Miss Alcott's book.

I wanted to see nice plain people living wholesome, uneventful lives in

living wholesome,
their own way.
Lives can be interesting without
teaming SIN, SEX and MONEY.
Mary Christine Carroll
11 Hughes Ave., Glen Oaks,
Rye, N. Y.

The July issue of

NEW MOVIE

will be on sale June 1st. Get your copy early . . . The supply won't last all month.



I'm sending the enapshot

I'm sending the enapshot

Aid you really mean it.

When you asked for one?

square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it____

Picture it__with snapshots

FRUIT with a Flourish

BY NANCY JAMES

Raising oranges

is Elissa Landi's

favorite hobby.

Here are favorite recipes from Hollywood's amateur fruit growers

AISING fruit and making motion pictures are about the most important things they do out Hollywood way, and within a radius of fifty miles of the hub of motion picture activities you will find two kinds of people. Those who take their fruit seriously and their pictures by way of diversion, and those other people who take their pictures seriously and their fruit as a diversion.

There's that little Columbia star, Elissa Landi, for instance. The really serious business in life to her is making pictures, but by way of diversion she owns and supervises a fruit orchard that would meet with the approval of any seasoned rancher. Oranges and grapefruit are her special hobby with figs and guavas as side lines.

Warner Baxter's estate also displays a proud assortment of California's favorite fruit—with special emphasis on avocados which he gathers from his own trees to make his favorite salad. If you have no avocado tree of your own you can buy an avocado at the fruit stand and try this salad for yourself.

First remove the skin from the avocado, take out the pit, and cut the fruit into thin, wafer-like slices; alternate with similar orange slices. Place on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

Alice Faye, (Please turn to page 68)

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 108.

Warner Baxter brings avocados from his own trees for his favorite salad.



Hollywood special-grilled pineapple, with sausages on the side.

Use TINTEX—for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations



Use TINTEX for

Underthings...Negligees Dresses ... Sweaters Scarfs...Stockings...Slips Blouses ... Children's Clothes ... Men's Shirts

Curtains...Bed Spreads Drapes...Luncheon Sets Doilies ... Slip Covers

On sale at drug stores and

Color Magic for Every Fabric

EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again ... or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, longlasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



Tintex Largest Selling Tints and Dyes



ONDER BAR" from the picture of the same name. is a delightful melody, with a decided tango swing to it. Freddy Martin and his orchestra do this one, in excellent style too. Nice trombone work in it, also. Wes Vaughn sings the vocal chorus.

On the other side is another tune from the same Movie. "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" is the title of this one. A bit more swingy than the preceding side. Freddy Martin and his orchestra also play this one with swell vocal work by Terry Shand, who sounds at first like Rudy Vallee and is supported by the male trio. (Brunswick record No. 6770.)

"T HAT'S LOVE" from the motion picture, "Nana" is another sweet bit of music, this time dished up by Syd Peltyn and his orchestra. The tune is not outstanding, but it's dressed up very well by the orchestra, and makes a very enjoyable record

"Old Pappy" is the tune on the other side; also played by Sid Peltyn and his orchestra. Here is a swell tune, and played excellently by the orchestra. There is a real good vocal in this one too. I advise you not to miss this one. (Bluebird record No. B-5638-B.) "THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET" from the picture, "Eight Girls in a Boat," is sung by Ruth Etting. Miss Etting is right up to par in this one, and I'm sure her admirers will welcome this latest bit. It is the best vocal record that I've heard of this tune.

On the other side Ruth Etting sings, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," from the musical comedy, "Roberta." This is a typical Etting tune, and she handles it in great style. (Brunswick record No. 6769.)

"FARE THEE WELL TO HARLEM" is played by Whiteman and his orchestra. To tell the

and his orchestra. To tell the truth, the orchestra doesn't do much in this one, as it's almost a completely vocal record, with Johnny Mercer and Jack Teagarden trying to out-yodel each other. However, it's good all the way through and Teagarden gives us a bit of his swell trombone work.

The other side is played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra, an English outfit. "Everybody Loves My Marguerite" is the title of the tune they play. This is a sweet, easy-going melody, and the orchestra does very nicely with it. There is a vocal refrain. (Victor record No. 24571-B.)

(Please turn to page 68)

BIGGEST HITS

"Wonder Bar," played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra.

(Brunswick)

"That's Love," played by Syd Peltyn and his orchestra. (Bluebird) "This Little Piagie Went to Market"

"This Little Piggie Went to Market," sung by Ruth Etting. (Brunswick)

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," sung by Ruth Etting. (Brunswick)

"Mister Magician," played by Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. (Vocalion)

REVOLUTIONIZE FACE POWDERS



Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN

Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE
OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES <u>NEW</u>
POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT
COMPLEXION FAULTS



Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette—uses Pond's Rose Brunette. "No other powder has ever seemed so grand for my skin."

A new era in powder blending has come about.

Here's the amazing truth... In every human skin, there are colors you cannot distinguish with the human eye.

Now, a delicate optical machine has

finally been found to detect those colors. By means of this machine, Pond's actually recorded to the smallest degree the bright blue in blonde skin—the startling green in brunette.

Many skins analyzed

Many blonde and brunette skins were analyzed to find exactly what amount of blue makes the most beautiful blonde skin, what green goes into the loveliest brunette skin.

Then Pond's used these actual records to blend their new powder shades.

Now any girl can be sure that these scientifically analyzed powders will bring back to her just the colors missing in her own skin.

Pond's powder is finer in texture than expensive French powders. And Pond's has the same fragrance as a certain very costly imported powder. A lovely glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as most \$1.00 boxes. And, in the five-and-ten and variety stores—ten and

twenty-five cent sizes. Six colors! Natural, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

* Two Special Boxes for 5c. Send Coupon.
Send for two special boxes of Pond's powder—
two new light shades or two new dark shades
— as you prefer. Try them! See what life—
beauty—these new colors bring to your skin.

Pend's Extract Company
Dept. F. 92 Hudson Street, New York City
Lenclose 5e (to cover cost of postage and packing) for
TWO Special Boxes of Pond's New Powsler as checked.
L prefer Light Shades

Tyme

Name	
Street	
City	State

News of the New

REEZES of fashion shift easily, and while the wind-blown silhouette of last Winter meant one thing, this Summer it apparently means something quite the reverse. Then we were sailing against the wind, with the fullness of skirt centered at the back. Now we are sailing with the wind, with fullness shifted lightly forward.

In the world of fashions, winds may quite easily blow two ways at the same time, so that while the fullness of our skirts appears to be blown forward our hair may be blown smartly off our foreheads and our hats may have a back blown tilt. But of this no one is quite certain. Only a few weeks ago bare foreheads were in order, and now the latest word from Paris indicates the smartness of a short straight bang.



H ERE'S something new in constructive beauty culture—lessons in loveliness given to you by experts with your own fair face as the object of your attentions. You take your place in front of a make-up table spread with all sorts of tempting cosmetics. Eight or nine others, who make up the class, are seated at similar make-up tables while an expert gives you instructions and individual guidance in beautifying your skin, your eyes and your lips. She will tell you precisely what shade of rouge you should use and where it should be applied to best advantage, and she will study your face and show you how to bring out all the latent beauty in your eyes and lips.

There are classes in the morning and afternoon for the home-makers and women of leisure, with special evening classes for the busy business woman who realizes that an understanding of beauty culture and the best use of cosmetics may be as useful to her as a brush-up course in French or Spanish.

At one of these new schools of beauty, where classes are strictly limited to ten, arrangements may be made so that you with nine of your friends may have a special hour all your own. One lesson would give you help—two or three would give you the claims to real expertness.

Even those self-sufficient women who think that they know all that there is to know about the use of rouge, powder and other cosmetics will learn dozens of new ways to increase their charms.

THERE always seems to be some

THERE always seems to be something to worry about and, while fifteen or twenty years ago, philanthropists were worrying about the long hours that we working girls had to spend sitting at our desks, standing behind our counters or tending our machines, they are now giving a lot of kindly consideration to the subject of how we will spend our new leisure. Once they were afraid we would ruin our health working too much and now, perhaps, they are afraid we will get into bad habits with not enough to do.

Deans of women's colleges, presidents of large industrial organizations, mayors of cities, personnel directors, plant managers here, there and everywhere have been called upon to give wise advice—but the most helpful and altogether pleasant suggestions have come from certain department stores who have shown us concretely what hobbies we might pursue.

Bagatelle, parcheesi, checkers, lotto and camelot we soon discover are not a bit too childish to focus our adult attention. As Summer comes we may take up Tom Thumb golf or croquet on our own front lawns. There are dozens of musical instruments of a not too intricate sort if we wish to make melody and, if we are conscious of latent artistic talents, we can now dabble in water colors or oils at a most reasonable cost.



CHEESE to the average American housewife a few years ago was just cheese—a yellow sort of nourishment sold in wedge-shape pieces at the corner grocery store, that could be made into welsh rabbits or served with pie. There were also the "smelly" cheeses—limburger, brie, and camembert, appreciated by only a few, until ten or fifteen years ago. Then we all began to wake up to the fact that the world was full of a variety of delicious cheeses that could be used to give welcome variety to the diet and add style and tone to our meals.

Much the same thing is happening now with respect to sausage. To many of us the word still means little more than frankfurter, bologna, salame and the regular sort of fresh pork sausage that can be bought either "loose" or in



links. If you are discriminating in your taste you know, too, that there is a big difference in the flavor of this fresh pork sausage, depending on the grade and freshness of the meat used and the precise blending of spices and other seasonings. That is as much as most of us know about it. The fact is that sausage of one sort or another has been a very important and valuable food for over three thousand years and, to quote that well-known dietitian, Lucy Graves, sausage is known today by almost as many names as it is years old.

The spiced and salted sausages were among the earliest forms of preserved foods and, just as with cheese, each community recorded something of its own taste in food flavors by the type of sausage it chose to produce.

Now there seems to be starting what might be called a newer knowledge of sausage, not only of its food value and convenience, but of its interesting flavors and style value. While the busy housewife felt a sense of apology at sending the children to the corner store for fifteen cents worth of bologna for their midday meal, she now realizes that pure high-grade sausage gives commendable variety and nourishment to children's diet, and the style conscious hostess feels that she is showing her sophistication when she offers a plate of assorted sausage as an hors d'oeuvre at luncheon or as the pièce de résistance at a late supper.



MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage course re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

	Cac Coupon Delon
i	C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
	45c enclosed send coins or stamps. Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
	Name
ļ	Address City State



X-LAX looks like chocolate -nasty-tasting, violent cathartic was

ever a bit more effective!

Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax works the way a perfect laxative ought to workgently but thoroughly - without disturbing the system.

You take Ex-Lax just like you would a bit of chocolate. No bottles to shake-no corks to lose. Nothing to gulp down. Nothing to make you shiver and shudder. Nothing to splash or stain the washbowl!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for all-men, women, the kiddieseverybody! And the nation knows it-for Ex-Lax is America's leading laxative!

Ex-Lax isn't a bit expensive. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

But see that you get the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X,



Hollywood's Younger Set

is the real reason for this juvenile's sudden disappearance from the film colony? The answer is, "Little Women." Eric's greatest desire was to play the leading male role in Louisa Alcott's masterpiece—a role that was finally awarded to Douglass Montgomery. The Acaisin against Eric apparently crushed decision against Eric apparently crushed him too deeply to permit his remain-ing in Hollywood. But never yet has a motion picture actor been able to dismiss the appeal of grease-paint so nonchalantly and completely. Watch for Linden's return to Hollywood and to his beloved profession.

BLACK and blue, but principally blue, was the beautiful Patricia Ellis, after three weeks on location at the Al G. Barnes circus winter when she unavneetedly and quarters, where she unexpectedly and without previous notice, became acrobat, animal trainer and bare-back rider. When you see the Joe E. Brown pic-ture, "Circus Clown," you will be ture, "Circus Clown," you will be witnessing the real McCoy in the depiction of single Park 120 McCoy in the depic tion of circus life. So far, Patricia has spent hours hanging forty feet above the ground on a rope or trapeze—has wrestled with a lion (the same —has wrestled with a lion (the same "Leo" that took a nip at Joe Brown)
—was made to play with the seals, and finally spent four days learning to ride bare-back with the famous "Poodles" Hanneford as her teacher. So, if you hear of Pat raising elephants in her back yard, you'll know that the sawdust got her!

WHEN M-G-M rushed Mary Car-lisle off to New York for per-sonal appearances, the last thing they said to her was, "Don't forget your diet!" The studio is anxious for their starlet to lose a little weight. Mary didn't forget it. She packed a suit-case full of the various concentrated foods she was permitted to eat en route, and remembered well that she must not even taste any other food. Then, what a disappointment! The second day after leaving Los Angeles, her mother received the following tele-

gram:
"FOOD STOLEN—STARVING TO DEATH-LOVE. MARY.

Mrs. Carlisle rushed new containers to replace the stolen ones.

HE Fox Studio would have us believe that a girl who isn't intelligent and able to understand orders, is not the type that a dance director will select for a big musical production—which is quite believable. So Lew Brown, producer of the "Follies," has made up a set of questions, con-stituting a sort of Intelligence Test, which the girls are required to pass before they're even permitted to face a camera. Here it is:

In what year did the World War

What does C.W.A. mean? What is the capital of New York

Who is George Bernard Shaw? Describe the Darwinian theory in one word?

Who is Vice-President of the United States?

On what date does Decoration Day fall? How many license plates are required

on an automobile in most States When it is noon in New York City, what time is it in the Pacific Coast cities?

So, girls, if you know on what date the Fourth of July comes, and can dance a little, maybe you can get a job with Fox!

TWO great actors were up for the same part recently at Paramount, and it finally went to the older—Master Richard Arlen, Jr., aged eight months. Master Gary Evans Crosby (the six-months-old son of the croon-er)—the other applicant—was ques-tioned as to why he didn't land the part. Gary replied firmly, but with all dignity, "Not enough money, in the first place, and secondly, I didn't like the dialogue."

DID you see little George Breakston as "Nemecsek" in "No Greater Glory"? He's a bright boy, that French lad, and is already looking to the future. No—not as an actor, but as producer and director. George, now eleven years of age, has his own motion picture camera and projection set. He writes plays and tries them out on his classmates at school. If the play clicks, George immediately selects a cast from among his friends—puts the picture into production and directs it personally. When the boy isn't busy filming these When the boy isn't busy filming these stories, he is making short subjects featuring guinea pigs, dogs, cats, ponies, and any other animals he can ponies, and any other animals he can find handy. He is one of Columbia's new "finds," and a star in his own right, but that—with George—is quite secondary to his own production plans.

A FTER a three-mile work-out on the beach, twice a week, Jay Lloyd and Irene Hervey sit on the sands and study diction. Jay is trying to run away from that southern accent. . . . Joan Marsh, featured in Paramount's "You're Telling Me," made her screen debut when nine years old, her first picture being "Hearts Aflame," on which her father, Charles Rosher, was the chief camera-man. . . Tom Brown gave Anita Louise a cute Scotty puppy as a first anniversary gift. Tom and Anita have been going together just a year now. . . . Billie gift. Tom and Anita have been going together just a year now. . . Billie Seward, nineteen-year-old Columbia beauty, was more than surprised the other day when she received a fan letter for her performance of "Once to Every Woman." Her "performance" consisted of lying in bed with practically her entire face covered with handcally her entire face covered with bandages, so Billie can't quite figure out how her admirer thought she was so beautiful. . . . Jack Boyle, son of Johnny Boyle, stage producer and one of the country's greatest tap-dancers, was signed for Fox's production, "Bottoms Up," on the strength of a specialty dance at the Guild Actors' ball.

the writer to Eddie Quillan:
"Dear Eddie—Where are you? I've been trying for weeks to locate you for an interview, and also to have our photographer do some work on you—fans tographer do some work on you—lans are interested. I've called all studios and they didn't know a thing. They haven't the slightest idea where you can be reached, and neither have I. I'm now searching the monasteries.

"Yours. without a clew,"

"H. W."

DeMille the Second

(Continued from page 52)

good, people would think that he had favored me. I couldn't bear that. No, I shall prove myself before I ever work for him." So he probably doesn't know pet that Katie wanted that part. badly too. That's courage.

BUT her time has come. While the family were in Hawaii on "Four Frightened People," Katherine got herself a job in "Viva Villa" all by herself. She had done a few bits, but this is a real part wherein she plays Wallace Beery's wife. This part is finished, and she is heautifully auttanding and and she is beautifully outstanding and clever in the small role. Next she started work in "The Trumpet Blows." A new DeMille legend is started. . . make way for DeMille the Second, herself, actress.

Olive-skinned, the world's largest brown eyes, the most infectious laugh. the disposition of an angel, the most perfect sense of the ridiculous . . . has a passion for sailing and swimming ... is nuts on the subject of Russia is nuts on the subject of Russia ... has poise you could cut with a knife ... as enigmatic as a Chink ... has a Chink's horror of emotional display, but can break down under proper strain and behave like a very small, very sweet little girl ... drives an Auburn that she is still paying for herself on the instalment plan. Auburn that she is still paying for herself on the instalment plan . . . wants a sail-boat in the very worst way . . . reads a great deal, but doesn't fancy herself of the intelligentsia . . . has the understanding of a mother, the heart of a child and the mind of a man, the ambition of Crawford, the aloofness of Garbo, the down-to-earth sweetness of Helen Hayes and an individuality that defies comparison . . God, what that defies comparison . . . God, what a build-up! . . . but it's all true . . . just wait and see . . . for yourself.

Your Hands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

The rule in all dramatic training is to hold the hands in positions that are naturally graceful, and for this reason there are fewer hard and fast rules for position and gesturing than formerly. The dancer's hands are trained to express motion and rhythm, with too great flexibility for the usual sort of acting or for real life. The average woman's hands are too stiff and static. The happy medium between these two extremes is what we should achieve. If you watch the hands of the gifted

If you watch the hands of the gifted actress on the screen you will notice that certain gestures and positions usually reveal certain traits of character or emotions. The closed hand indicates concentrated thought—secrecy, resistance, a threat, or selfishness. The half-open hand indicates relaxed thought—carelessness, ease, kindness, gentleness, abstraction. And the open hand shows candor, power, benevolence.

Active fingers indicate a sensitive

nature, mental activity, and sometimes precision. The use of the hand as a whole, without the independent motion of the fingers, implies greater strength and determination.

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you— shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're white!

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "resk" soaps just can't do a job

What clothes need is real soapsoap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the golden bar with lots of dirt-loosening naptha in it!

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stubborn dirt is loosened' (Naptha an i soap are working for you -helping you do the rubbine 'See how easily Fels-Naptha suds rich and livels wash all that dirt away!

Yet-here's an important pointthat wash of yours will be whitened-

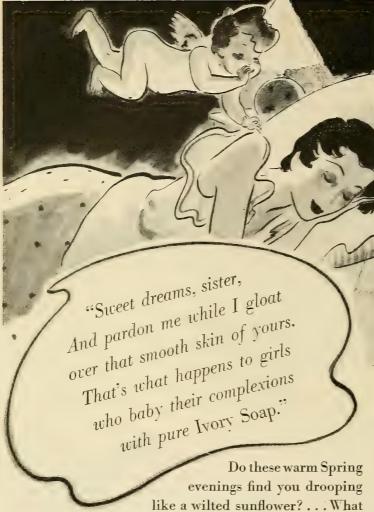
Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the be thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woolens. It's nice to

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them-use hot, lukewarm or cool water-machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out snow y-white-in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



"More good news!... Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years!"



to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first-just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face-doctors scoff at elaborate beauty rigamaroles. They know that soap-and-water is best for the skin. Not just any soap, of course, but Ivory Soapbecause it is absolutely pure. Ivory protects the most sensitive complexions in the world-the skins of tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your soap! Ivory contains nothing harsh to dry up your skin's natural oils. No flossy colorings or perfumes in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy your scent in a bottle and not in a soap.

Get some Ivory today and start working for your baby-smooth Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the finest and least expensive beauty treatment your skin has ever had.

lvory Soap

99 44 100 0 0 pure - It floats

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 12)

short train, and its semi waist-line.

POOR Carole Lombard seems to be I getting the worst of it in that bear gag. Norman Taurog was telling me

gag. Norman Taurog was telling me about it at tea, the other day.
You know, Carole sent Taurog a bear as a birthday present. And Taurog put it in a zoo to board, sending Carole the bill. And the latest is that, the bear falling ill, Norman has ordered a twenty-four-hour nurse for the animal, with instructions to send all hills to Carole! all bills to Carole!

WALTER BYRON says the only fan club he wants to belong to is Sally Rand's!

DOROTHY DELL and Jay Henry declare they are not engaged. That odd looking ring worn by Dorothy is a birthday present from Jay, she says, and she merely wears it on her engage-ment finger because the ring fits it. It is a large bloodstone with an antique setting of white gold and platinum. But Dorothy and Jay knew each other in New York before going into pictures, so maybe they're putting something over on us.

Jimmy Dunn and Lona Andre have quit holding hands. Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr came rushing into the publicity department to deny they are engaged. That is, they want it denied to the public. But we wonder whether Evelyn has denied it to Hal!

Ernst Lubitsch is positively denying that he is going to wed Mrs. Koer-

ner or anybody else.

Maureen O'Sullivan says that when she is married, she will be married in London, "and wear a nice, long veil." Asked whether she would marry Johnny Farrow in London on her way to Ireland, she answered, "I don't know."

Irene Hervey and Earl Oxford are

going places together. Barbara Fritchie denies that there is anything serious between her and Austin Parker, writer, Miriam Hop-

Leslie Howard very nearly didn't get to his own wedding anniversary party at all! He was working in a picture, and didn't arrive home until around ten-thirty, when his guests had nearly given him up.

"By the time your eighteenth weding anniversary rolls around, you really should have the Fates better trained!" Peggy Wood reminded him.

"But what a noble example you are

"But what a noble example you are setting the rest of us—being happily married so long!" observed Norma Shearer, who had arrived with Irving

Shearer, who had arrived with Irving Thalberg.

"The rest of us" included Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gargan, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris, Benn Levy and Constance Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. John Boles, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, and others.

"And this event nearly makes the rest of us, who aren't married, take the step," confessed Dick Powell.

Having Fun in Hollywood

The unmarried guests included Ronald Colman, who came alone to the party; Heather Angel, Diana Wynyard. The spirit of the gay nineties very nearly came back when entertainment

was announced. Musical evenings were musical evenings back in those days, you know, and respectful attention was given artists in the drawing room.

Peggy Wood sang, and so did Dick

And then there was a good, old-fashioned song-fest, with everybody gathered around the piano when Ruth Lee, colored entertainer, played the well-known songs. Gary Cooper lent his baritone, Dick Powell his tenor, Constance Cummings her soprano, and Benn Levy his bass to the musical effect.

The party wasn't confined to the house, either, but overflowed into the well-lighted patio and garden.

But one of the hits of the evening was the opening of the Howards' new Baby Bar, a tiny affair, very cleverly arranged. Here guests flocked and sang some of the gay nineties' some. some of the gay nineties' songs.

MAE WEST has made good her threat and bought a ranch. It is in the San Fernando Valley, near Hol-

in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood.

"I'm going to see how it seems to wake up and hear a bird singing, for a change, instead of listening to taxis and trucks or milkmen," explained Mae over the teacups. "They say I'll be able to reach out of the window and have my orange juice. Well, we'll see."

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw are Mae's neighbors on the ranch.

DAVE BUTLER, up in San Francisco to see the preview of a picture, dropped into a cafe for lunch. He ordered a sandwich, and one was

"What kind of sandwich is this?" he asked the negro waiter, who explained, "An All-American sandwich,

sah."
"Yah, I know," retorted Butler, "but what year?'

BERT WHEELER says he thinks a nudist should make a good golf player because he goes around in noth-

M AY ROBSON drew all the dashing young blades during her recent stay in New York. Buddy Rogers, Rudy Vallee and Eddie Peabody all gave parties for her, and she danced, she said, until her "feet dropped off."

A LETTER in Hottentot probably wouldn't astonish a star, but Marlene Dietrich was rather excited when she got a letter written in Esperanto, the universal language, so-called. She handled it gingerly—didn't know whether it was a threat or a bashful admirer trying to cloak his words mysteriously.

Anxiously she awaited the outcome of the research department's study of the letter. But it turned out to be, translated, a pæan of praise for her work in "The Song of Songs" and—of all things!—a recipe for making fudge!

(Please turn to page 69)



WHEN patients are run-down," says Dr. Rosenthal, noted physician, "I always suspect sluggish intestines.

"Constipation shows itself in such varied troubles as drowsiness, headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, and skin troubles.

"These afflictions, together with loss of appetite, irritability, and lack of energy, disappear when the blood stream and intestines are purified by yeast.

"Yeast," Dr. Rosenthal adds, "is a veritable policeman of the intestines.

"For more than 20 years, I have found yeast the best remedy for constipation. It acts in a natural way . . . unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics."

Won't you decide to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast right now?

Eat 3 cakes daily for at least 30 days. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains ... very rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast gets at the root of most troubles . . . bodily poisons! Then you're like a new person . . . more cheerful...more energetic . . . So start eating it right away!

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"AFTER EXAMINATION, I told the young lady: 'The root of your trouble is constipation.' I advised her to give up cavoune lady: thartics, and to start eating yeast daily



"THE CHANGE was extraordinary. Before a month had passed, her nervousness disappeared. Her appetite and strength quickly returned. Headaches disappeared.

"My Doctor advised Yeast!"

"I was very tired and run-down," says Mr. Thomas Laman, a sculptor, of San Fran-cisco. "My appetite had completely dis-appeared. I feit logy and spiritless.

"My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Voost. In a few weeks I felt alert and clearheaded.



Hitting on all twelve!

WIN THE RACE! Outswim a boat! Break a record! Why not? Even miracles seem easy when digestion is good, when peevish irritations aren't slowing you up.

Keep your digestion sweet, your temper even, your spirits high. Chew Beeman's - the tempting, stimulating chewing gum - to aid digestion.

You'll like it after meals for its mild, pleasant aid. You'll like it before and between meals for its delicious goodness - so cool and refreshing -kept fresh by the unique new air-proof Triple Guard Pack. Try Beeman's today!

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Fruit With a Flourish

(Continued from page 60)

Rudy Vallee's heart throb, likes Baked Pineapple Tomatoes: 6 medium sized tomatoes 3 slices crisp bacon

1 cup crushed pineapple ½ cup bread crumbs

Grated cheese

Butter

Scoop out centers of tomatoes; chop bacon and tomato centers together; add pineapple and buttered bread crumbs; mix all together thoroughly; tuff tomatoes with the mixture to stuff tomatoes with the mixture; top with buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese; bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Makes six servings.

Janet Gaynor's favorite "fruit ensemble" contains:

Lettuce, cream cheese, oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, green pep-

per and tangerine.
Cut one whole head of lettuce across the bottom (near root end) and pull Two or out hollow basket of leaves. three small baskets may be made from one head. Place basket on plate and press bottom flat. Make two rosettes of cheese at sides of basket to hold it upright, and one in bottom of the basket. Arrange a ball of fruit in center of the basket, composed of alternate sections of orange and grapefruit, seven or eight in number. Make a little rosette of cheese on top of fruit to hold sections in place. Decfruit to hold sections in place. orate top rosette with a flower made of strawberry and fancy petals cut from green pepper. Over the two side rosettes make a half-round ball with three small sections of tangerine. Pour a little bar le duc over the top center ball just before serving. Currant jelly may be used in place of bar le

This salad can be turned into a real masterpiece. It is decorative and pal-

atable and should be served as a separate course with toasted butter wafers. Nice for bridge or afternoon tea.

Ginger Rogers has a pet recipe for Fruit Muffins that can be stirred up quickly and make an appetizing addition to any luncheon. 2 cups flour

4 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons butter

31/2 teaspoons baking powder

½ teaspoon salt

1 egg ½ cup milk

1 cup berries Sift dry ingredients; add gradually well-beaten egg, milk and melted butter. Beat thoroughly. Sprinkle flour on berries and stir lightly into the mixture. Grease muffin tins; fill two-thirds full. Bake about 25 minutes in moderate oven.

Pat Paterson recommends Baked

Pears:

Wash, quarter and core pears. Put in deep pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar, or add a small quantity of molasses, then add water to prevent burning. Cover and cook two or three hours in a very slow oven. Small pears may be baked whole.

Sally Eilers gives us this one: Sautéd Bananas: Remove skins from bananas, cut in

halves length-wise, and cut again, length-wise. Dredge with flour and sauté in clarified butter. Drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Mona Barrie, Fox player, says the following recipe is "delicious!"

Quince Honey:

Pare and grate five large quinces. To one pint of boiling water, add five pounds sugar. Stir over fire until sugar is dissolved, add quince and cook fifteen or twenty minutes.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 62)

DEVIL'S HOLIDAY" is played by Benny Carter and his orchestra, an outfit that is new to me. This is a good hot tune, and it contains the first hot flute solo that I ever heard. This is a very fast band and I know that we'll hear a lot more from them. "Symphony in Riffs" is on the other

sympnony in Khis?" is on the other side, and is also played by Benny Car-ter and his orchestra. Another hot tune and done up in great style. (Col-umbia record No. 2898-D).

"I CAN'T Go on Like This" is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. A very smooth tune, and done in the regular Garber style. This is O.K. if you like Jan Garber and his orchestra. The vocal refrain by Lee Bennett is very god

"Lullaby in Blue" is the title of the tune on the other side, and this is also played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. Very nice trumpet work in this one. Lee Bennett again does the very excellent vocal work. (Victor record No. 24560-A).

"M ISTER MAGICIAN" is the name of the tune that Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra play for us next, and it's a pip too. Ozzie and Harriet Hil-

liard share the vocal honors in this one. You'll get a real kick out of this record, and it's a good tune in the bargain.

"What's Good time in the bargain.
"What's Good for the Goose Is Good
for the Gander" is the long-winded
title of the tune on the other side, also
played by Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. Once more it's Ozzie and Harriet
sharing the vocal work. Nice stuff by the band in this one. (Vocalion record No. 2642-A).

"GOIN' to Heaven on a Mule" is another tune from the picture "Wonder Bar." This time it's Tal Henry and his North Carolinians doing the musical honors. Henry always did have a top notch outfit and I have often wondered why we didn't hear more of him on records. He does a swell bit of work on this tune and the vocal by Taz Wolter is very good.

"Don't Say Good-night" is on the other side. This is also from the "Wonder Bar" and also played by Tal Henry and his Boys. This time it's a waltz and we hear Chester Shaw doing the vocal chorus. (Bluebird record No. B-5364-B),

All numbers are fox trots unless noted in the text.

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

MONA BARRIE tells about a tell-the-truth party she attended, everyone being pledged in the invitations to tell the absolute truth when she or he spoke. "What an atrocious hat you're wearing!" was the hostess's greeting to the first arrival, Mona said. The guest turned and went home.

"What happened to the other guests?"

we asked Mona.
"I don't know," she admitted, "I was
the first arrival!"

SAY, I wish some of the other Hollyof W. S. Van Dyke's book when it

comes to giving parties!
You have no idea how much more fun a party is when literally everybody in a studio is invited—props, grips, electricians, secretaries. That's how it is at Van's parties, and there is real, instead of synthetic mirth and reveling.

And was that a nice one he gave the

Raoul Roulien brought Conchita Montenegro, and they do seem awfully devoted. But both deny anything serious. And Conchita is such a little

ous. And Conchita is such a little coquette, you never can tell.

They spoke of visiting mutual friends up in Santa Cruz—and if you've ever been in romantic Santa Cruz—why just anything might happen there!

Otto Kruger was the subject of some flattering attention! Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones were present, and Mrs. Jones confided she had never meet Otto, but that on the screen he was just too but that on the screen he was just too awfully fascinating, and would some-

Somebody did. And Mrs. Jones asked for Otto's autographed photo-

asked for Otto's autographed photograph.

"All right," agreed Otto, "but you'll have to write me a fan letter first!"
And Mrs. Buck agreed.
Not everybody in Hollywood knows Vince Barnett yet. Jay Lloyd came in for ribbing at a party, but it nearly became serious, because Jay didn't like that ribbing a-tall.

In fact. Jay started after Vince, but

In fact, Jay started after Vince, but was held back by a couple of guests. "He's Vince Barnett, and he's just ribbing you!" they explained.
"Oh, is that so! Well, that makes it all the worse for him!" exclaimed Jay.

And then it took three men to hold him.

Some of the guests preferred to stay out at the swimming pool, and some even took a dip, though the night was chilly. Harry Carey and his wife were among the number—just people of the

big outdoors.
You expect a fond mama to talk about her child. But Karen Morley's husband, Charles Vidor, outdoes Karen. Everybody who inquires about the child is invited to the house to see the young-

The pair had been expecting to build a house at Palm Springs—but they sacrificed it to baby. Baby needs a trust fund and a new nursery and, when he grows up, a badminton court. So that's what they put the Palm Springs money into.

Ruth Channing and Hamilton Mc-Fadden, very torchy about each other, sat together most of the evening. Ruth wearing that elaborate (Please turn to page 70) watch

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use" Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene," Check other baoklets if desired. ("Preparation for Motherhood." [""Neeping a Healthy Home." LEHIN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L-26 Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hool

REALLY KISSED.



JEAN SARGENT THE BROADWAY STAR, SPEAKING -FOR ALLURING LIPS THE MOVIE STARS AND THE GIRLS IN THE BROADWAY SHOWS USE A SPECIAL LIPSTICK ... CALLED KISSPROOF ... THEY COULD PAY ANY PRICE ... YET YOU CAN GET KISSPROOF LIPSTICK IN THE 10 STORE JUST TRY IT! SHE DECIDES TO TRY KISSPROOF



TrytheStageandMovieLipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new KISS-PROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theartrical Color! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive KISSPROOF gives matchless allure to the actresses. It will do the same for you will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new Special Theatrical Color, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

PEGGY GETS Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 69)

which Hamilton gave her at Christmas. Billiards and crap-shooting were the pet games, with John Miljan, Ted Healy, Louise Seidel and Irene Hervey, not to mention Muriel Evans, the principal players, Muriel proving herself a regular sharp at billiards. "Van is a grand player, and he's been teaching me," she explained.

Marie Walcamp and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hatton chatted of the old days, in a corner. Remember Marie in all those wild serials?

DID you know that Merna Kennedy and husband Busby Berkeley are both musicians? And composers?

At a little party the other night Bus sat down at the piano and played a song, the music of which had been written by himself, while the words were by Merna.

R ALPH MORGAN is to lose his beloved daughter, Claudia, in marriage. She is engaged to no less famous person than Robert Shippee, member of the famous Shippee-Johnson expedi-tion which flew to South America and discovered those marvelous ruined cities of a long-ago civilization.

TOM BROWN and Anita Louise celebrated another of their "anniversaries"—which occur every month, you know! Anita gave Tom a double cameo ring, and Tom gave Anita a Scotty pup, which kept Anita awake all night with his crying.

So now Anita may send back the "engagement" pup!

EVER go coon-hunting?
Well, Dorothy Dell has brought
the sport to California with her from
away down South. In fact, she imported some "coons from Alabam" to a

place at Los Angeles harbor called Nigger Slough, and turned them loose. Then she and some friends, with their hunting dogs, inaugurated the first California coon hunt. Alfred Delcambre, young Texas player, who was familiar with the sport, was her principal aid, the evening of the hunt.

In a secluded, marshy spot the animal was released and given half an hour's start, and then the hunt was on, with the stumbling into ditches in the darkness.

The hounds worked quietly when the scent was cold, but became voluble when a fresher trail was found. Miss Dell sounded her hunting horn melo-

diously, in and out of season.

Jay Henry, player; John Kerr, animal trainer and keeper of the hounds;

Joshua, the negro lantern bearer; Sir Guy Standing, Helen Mack, Charlie Ruggles, Randy Scott, Barbara Fritchie, Roscoe Karns and Dorothea Wieck were among the hunters.

Finally a detour by the coon into a large poultry ranch enlivened the evening, with the owner first threatening to shoot the hounds and then the hunters. But the coon eventually was

YOU can never get the best of Will Rogers in a talk fest. During an air trip which Rogers took from East to West, the plane landed in a tiny midwest town, and Rogers decided to get a shave. He sat down in the first barber shop he spied, but found the barber's razor dull, and had a rough time of it-

Will asked the barber where he learned his trade, and he retorted in-dignantly that he had learned it at a well-known correspondence

"Well, I'm not complaining," drawled Rogers, "but I want it clearly under-stood that hereafter you'll shave me by correspondence!"

TOBY WING says it's all off between her and Maurice Chevalier, but doesn't explain. She let the fact be known at Miriam Jordan's party.

But the report is that Chevalier isn't a good enough correspondent to suit Toby. She got only one letter from him while he was in France, and when he came back Toby wouldn't let him explain.

Jack Oakie brought Toby to Miriam's tea, and was all attention to her. But you know Jack. He's the real sheik of Hollywood-not Jack Gilbert or anybody else.

And that was when Miriam let us know who her fiance is. He is Stephen Gray, of New York, and he had expected to be present at the party, but business engagements in the East prevented. They won't be married for a year, because Miriam's divorce won't be final until the be final until then.

We saw Stephen's picture on the mantel. And if he is as good as he is good-looking, we need have no fear about Miss Jordan's future happiness.

Quite a number of budding romances

were visible at Miriam's party, includ-ing Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, and Muriel Kirkland and Gordon

Oliver, business man.

Jack Oakie was telling about his playing golf at the Lakeside Country

"They gave me the highest handi-

THE NEW HATS AND SCARFS

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can easily make the season's smartest hats and scarfs.

Ju307—Linen hat made from three pieces of material with end of material tied amusingly at the top of the crown.

Ju308—Linen searf to match. This is made from a single piece faced with matching or contrasting material.

Ju308—A new floppy brimmed hat of secretaker with a bright ribbon trimming at the front.

Ju310—Matching seersucker scarf made with a straight center piece and gathered ends of the same material.

Ju311—The new plaid gingham hat with ribbons at the back of the head that tie at the back over the hair. Ju312—Matching plaid gingham searf made of a single piece of material with matching lining.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Having Fun in Hollywood

cap," he grinned, "-twenty-seven! Say, they wouldn't give that handicap to

Baby Leroy!

Jack has a fund of golf yarns. He told about Slim Somerville—himself an ardent golfer—bringing a big trombone to the course, standing in a thicket near where Oliver Hardy was playing, and, when Hardy was in the very peak of his swing, letting out a blast from the trombone that completely ruined Hardy's stroke.

OW the profession is going outside

Two engagements, in particular, are those of Roberta Gale and Ona Mun-

Ona, you know, is a Broadway actress who did a little work in pictures. At one time she was engaged to Ernst Lubitsch. And she is still a great friend of his. In fact, she saw a lot of him when she was in California last,

on a visit.

But her heart, quite obviously, is entirely with Stewart MacDonald, New entirely with Stewart MacDonald, New York banker. Ona is wearing a square-cut sapphire ring, mined hundreds of years ago in Persia. The ring was on exhibition in the American Art Galleries in New York, and MacDonald couldn't think of a nicer gift for his fiances as an engagement research.

couldn't think of a nicer gift for his fiancee as an engagement present.

And so far as Lubitsch and MacDonald are concerned, there are absolutely no hard feelings. In fact, Ona introduced them to each other and they are great friends.

Roberta Gale is likewise engaged to a layman—Samuel Zagon, Los Angeles

E DWARD BUZZELL is faced with a dilemma. He has just received a letter from a Mrs. Edward Buzzell of Indianapolis, Ind., in which she confesses that she and her husband have been separated for some time, and that recently the hed been pressing the scale. recently she had been passing herself off as the comedian-director's wife. "I've been having so much fun at parties!" she writes.

Eddie says he won't mind how much fun she has—unless she starts signing his name to checks.

OCKTAIL parties continue to rage

COCKTAIL parties continue unabated in Hollywood.

I met Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at the very nice one which the Ralph for Janet Beecher. Morgans gave for Janet Beecher.

Ginger has a lovely sense of humor. When Eula Guy and her husband, James Todd, told Ginger about a cer-James 100d, told Griger, about a Griger, she exclaimed: "Oh, I love to have children as fans! When they grow

children as Ians: When they grow up and are old, I'll still have them!" Children of the movie and stage set are turning out to be clever artists

themselves.

A new member of the Our Gang comedies is none other than Herbert Corthell, Jr., son of the comedian. His mother told me about him at the

"He is only four, but already he is

And then there is little Ottilie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kruger, who is becoming something of a (Please turn to page 72)



HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but is he an icicle! Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless all day long. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.

Who was the $\it real$ man in the IRON MASK?

A barrier little more than skin deep shut out the world, the past, and the present. Could it blot out forever a human identity?

NOT even the jailers knew the identity of the prisoner whose very resemblance to a human being was buried within that blank, unanswering metal helmet. Many have wondered and many have guessed, but even today no one can say with certainty who that

A bad complexion, too, becames a punishment mask—hiding the real man or woman behind it. How much of the best of life it shuts away from its victim. So unnecessarily, too. For it has been proved in thousands upon thousands of cases that there is a possibility of amazingly speedy and effec-tive relief through the medium of treatment with Cuticura Ointment. The impressive record of success achieved by this soothing, healing emollient for over half a century is obvious proof that Cuticura can and does provide satisfactory relief where many other treatments have failed. If you suffer treatments have tailed. It you suner from any skin ailment, especially eczema or pimples, try first the treatment which has proved so successful—Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap, too, you'll find a big help in the daily care of the skin. Ointment 25c and 50c, Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept.



. . Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

prodigy at the piano, though only

seven. Victor McLaglen, too, rallied 'round in the children's admiration society, and told me that his little daughter Sheila, eleven, is giving a piano recital

MINNA GOMBELL and her husband, Joseph Sefton, had the funniest run-around the other night.

Sefton had hired a new butler for the beach home. Minna had never seen him because she has been working so hard in pictures that she has been staying in town. When she thought would surprise her husband coming home unexpectedly, the butler didn't know her! And wouldn't let her in until she called a policeman. She was surprised to find Joe absent.

But the pay-off came when Minna discovered that Joe had also had the surprise idea, and had gone to Minna's apartment in town, but couldn't get in because he had forgotten his key!

AMOUS stage stars of another day I are flocking to hollywood, and the older aristocrats of the screen and stage are entertaining them.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese gave
Madge Lessing, once the toast of London and New York, a cocktail party.
And how lovely Miss Lessing looks!
She is doubtless destined for pictures. She has been traveling since the death of her husband, a noted London stage director, two years ago. Her devotion is a sort of sweet-lavender-and-old-lace

note in Hollywood.

"I've been traveling the world, trying to forget," she said. "We were so happy all those years of my married life."

William Faversham, fascinating as ever, was there with his boy Philip; the latter is going into pictures. And there were Lew Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kruger, Leon Errol, Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, and others. And did you know that Otto Kruger is a composer and a fine pianist? He sat down and played a charming march he had just written.

WHAT a mix-up that was, to be sure—that Chinatown dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee gave and then unable to get there them-selves because Mrs. Levee, all un-known to her spouse, had arranged to be present at the Film Welfare League party, a charitable affair which simply couldn't be overlooked. And, as Mike had arranged the Chinatown affair before telling the missus-well, there you

But the food was Texas, not Chinese! The party was given in what had once been a notorious gambling joint, the trap-doors and iron-barred cashier's office giving mute evidence of what went on there when gambling was in full swing. Visitors sit with their backs against walls that harbor secret panels leading into get-away passages.

Louise Fazenda said she expected a

a ghost to hop out of a panel any min-ute, and clank its chains at her. And Warren William declared he heard the clink of money at an unused table

EORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen were discussing a mutual enemy on the set of "We're Not Dressing."
"I hate him so I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole," asserted Gracie.
"And why not?" demanded George.
"Oh, it would look so silly!" countered Gracie.

JOHN MILJAN was telling about his

gardening.
"Did you have a good garden this year?" inquired a friend.
"Yes," answered John, "one of those Peter Pan gardens—it never grew up!"

How to Hold a Husband

(Continued from page 37)

our marriage, but it isn't an ideal arrangement, our separation."
"And you never quarrel?"

"Oh, we did most of our fighting while we were engaged. And we did plenty-had everything out and set-

tled before we were wed.

"Another thing that keeps our mar-riage a success is that it is never humdrum. Nothing has a chance to become commonplace. But maybe there's a little of the perverse about the success of our long-distance marriage. If we decided on a trial separation, it might not turn out so well. Just having to be apart, we want to be together.

I HAVE to give my husband a great deal of credit for our happiness.

I think doctors have a wonderful sense of humanity. They must have.
"I'm fairly domestic, but I don't take it too hard. Just hard enough to remember my husband's tastes in foods and in domestic arrangements. I never let myself forget these. Whenever he

comes West, we always have just what I know he likes best for dinner on the

evening of his arrival.

"And I try to remember what he likes in the way of clothes, so that I may please him when I see him. There is a particular kind of lip rouge he abominates, and I always remember abominates, and I always remember not to wear it when I see him. There are lots of little things like that which

are lots of little things like that which help keep up the continuity of our companionship and understanding.

"I know what cigars he likes," she continued, "and always send them to him on certain days. And he knows my favorite perfumes. and doesn't forget to send me bottles of it on certain other days, like anniversaries of our first meeting and other occasions."

(Item sixty-six or thereabouts, then: Don't forget to send each other rifts at

Don't forget to send each other gifts at certain times when separated by three

thousand miles!)

"And we write to each other about anything and everything—at any time. And it's a job to write, when you're

How to Hold a Husband

awfully busy, even to your nearest and dearest, as everybody knows. But we do it, faithfully."

"Do you tell each other your troubles?"

bles?"
"Oh, I simply pour mine out to him.
But he doesn't tell me his. He is a strong man. Except sometimes when he loses a patient. That's always a tragedy to a doctor. Then I don't fail to sympathize with him. But he does not lose many. He is really a very fine doctor.

dector.
"By the way," she continued, "we By the way, she continued, "we never speak of ourselves and our doings as 'we' and 'our'. Each of us is an individual. We think independently always. We don't question each other opinions very much. You see, being apart, we naturally get new and differ-

apart, we naturally get new and different views on things."
"Doesn't Dr. Gridin meet a lot of attractive women in his profession—those professional invalids?" I asked.
"When you go into anything," she said, "—marriage or anything else,—you have to go into it whole heartedly. You can't think or worry about small things, or let them interfere with the success of your venture."
Well, then, jealousy is out in this business of holding a husband three thousand miles away.
"Neither of us is jealous," Irene went on. "It's something you have to cultivate, this not being jealous. If you

cultivate, this not being jealous. If you just say to yourself, especially if your husband is three thousand miles away from you months at a time, that you are only making yourself and him miserable, probably about nothing, and then put your mind on something else, you can help yourself a lot in that way. If my husband and I let ourselves be jealous, we'd lead a pretty existence! Your best friends will shake existence: Your best friends will shake their heads and say, 'Your wife was here,' or 'Your husband was there.'
"So now I tell my husband everything I do and every place I go. I am

too busy and too lazy to bother telling lies. I tried it a few times, and it didn't turn out so well. So I gave it up. Lying is a career in itself, and I have no time for it. As for my husband, he bends over backward being truthful. Even telling the truth is trying on each other at time. ing on each other at times, and we are probably too truthful, but at least we know where we stand."

"Do you ever go out with anybody else?" we asked.

clse?" we asked.
"Yes, sometimes. And my husband is happy when I do. He would much rather I did. He himself doesn't go out a lot. He is too busy with his work. But I never nag him when he does."
"And your husband realizes how nerve-wracking your work is?" I asked.
"Yes, and takes good care of me, even long-distance. But I try to resist the temptation to tell him my small aches and pains over the telephone or

aches and pains over the telephone or in my letters. I know how he worries about me."

Maybe there is something in the marriage of an actress to a doctor that helps make for happy marriages. Both

are students of human nature.

Maybe all actresses should marry

doctors!

And maybe there is something in these long-distance marriages. Maybe all couples should live three thousand miles apart!



"Mary-I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite?



"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry-I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight.'



"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Suc, Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children-it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child-and often do more harm than good Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it-all children do. Yes, that's the kind-it has the signature Chas. II. Fletcher on the carton."

Cast Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

· from babyhood to 11 years ·

Mother, from babyhood on-there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



UNKISSED

Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

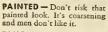
The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes part of your lips, not a coating.

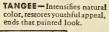
LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee

today-39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED-Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.









World's Most Famous Lipstic	k
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOO	
★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET	
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG64 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City	
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge,	
Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).	
Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel	
Name	
(Please Print)	

City_____State____

The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 23)

remarkable, just as fascinating a human being as Mae West the celebrity. But totally different and at opposite poles are Mae West the star, and Mae West the woman. And it is the woman as I have seen her that I want to introduce to your

want to introduce to you.

You all know Mae West the star, whether you live in Hyde Park, London, Charlottenberg, Berlin, or Chillicothe, Ohio. "Take all you can get, and give as little as you can" is the philosophy of Mae West, the celebrity, but as you will see, the philosophy of the real Mae West is "Give where you can, give generously, un-sparingly of yourself, of your money, of your time, to your work, to your friends, to those who are weaker than yourself."

It takes more than merely acting to become a national figure-an emblemwhich, strange and contradictory as it may seem, is exactly what Mae West Fashions, figures, diet, manners, social customs, even morals, as we shall see, have felt the influence of her

strong personality.

She was voted by the Seaman's Institute as their favorite actress.

She was nominated a Kentucky Colonel by Governor Ruby Laffoon.

The Central Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists endorsed her cians and Gynecologists endorsed her unanimously at its annual convention, whereat Dr. W. P. Holmes of Chicago delivered himself of these sentiments in regard to her Rubens figure:
"If it is Mae West who is responsible for this new, yet age-old fashion, my hat is off to her. The return to plumpness is a boon to motherhood."

A Hudson River househoat plias the

A Hudson River houseboat plies the

river bearing her name.

J. P. McEvoy, the famous author and humorist, gives public thanks on behalf of writers, for her initiating the benair of writers, for her initiating the new era—an era of wide skirts, full bosoms, ostrich feather boas, large hips, trains, and the ample curve of the "90's"—the Diamond Lil of the stage, Diamond Lou of the screen, Lady Lou to the boulevardiers of Paris.

She abolished the modish repression

known as the boyish form, and making sex funny instead of lachrymose, murdered one screen convention after another-and has thrived.

She advised the skinny girl: "What the good Lord has forgotten, we'll put there with cotton," being an advocate of curves because "they will get you farther than an angle." farther than an angle.

M AE WEST knows men and how to appeal to them.

She knows, too, that the charm, the romance and the glamour of the Lillian Russell period captures man's imagination. She knows that men, though they flirt and play, and are often caught, to their sorrow, by the wide-eyed in-genue, really love women with charm and poise and worldly wisdom; that men know they are being teased and hoodwinked by their platinum blondes and fall for them, but that they are willing to die for their well-rounded, full-bosomed inamoratas of the "90's"

Men like Mae West the minute they meet her, but she never does a thing to attract their attention. Off the screen she dresses simply—usually in black. But men are attracted, as Cary Grant explained to me, by her intense

human qualities—her love of people, her interest and desire for their welfare. She is frank and spontaneous, utterly unaffected. Moreover, she is considerate and understanding, and very, very witty. Absolutely on the level herself, she's intolerant of sham —and is quick to detect it. Years on the stage have left her no illusions.

Her grasp on life is tremendous and her sympathy inexhaustible. She knows, likes and understands people— sums them up quickly. She is essen-tially the sophisticated woman of the world who has tasted life with all its experiences. But it has not left her

Naturally talented and clever, keen and shrewd, Miss West has, since the age of five, devoted all her efforts toward mastering her profession, climbing the ladder of success, as she will tell you with a laugh, "wrong by

I T is interesting to know, and I will tell you the story later, just why, how and when Mae West decided to be bad—professionally. For the moment, let's meet the high-spirited little flaxen-haired girl, the daughter of the Wests, known because of her unconventional exploits at an early age as "that West child," and looked upon with arched eyebrows by the conservative mothers of the neighborhood because untamed, stubborn little spirit as she was, and the leader of the block, she refused to conform to the then current pastime of playing jacks in lady-like fashion on the top step, pre-ferring to gang about with the boys. Mae West, the daughter of a French

mother and an American father, grew up in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. She was one of those children whom all the neighborhood knows you know the sort-a forceful little mite, getting into every kind of mis-chief (instituting most of it), deter-mined to see it through—the sort that all the other children look to for leadership and a jolly good time of it, and the kind grown-ups watch and frown

She became used to the public eye at an early age because she took part in neighborhood theatricals. She was a child actress at the age of five, and strange as it may seem in the light of subsequent events, one of her most popular roles was that of the angelic child of all times, the studiously po-lite and decorous little being of the velvet suit and lace collar, known to the world as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mae West's mother was a native Parisienne. Miss West says she got that insinuating strut of hers walking over men, but as long as her mother was alive, her daughter Mae accorded her a devotion and a reverence seldom seen in these days of scorn for family ties and neglect in general of the older generation. Until the time of her mother's death three years ago, the two were seldom apart. Miss West went to her mother for advice about her life, for counsel about her work, and for discussion of all the problems

besetting an active and strenuous life. Hardboiled, you ask? After her mother's death, Miss West, prostrate with grief, was unable to see a living soul for days, remaining in her room

The Real Mae West

alone trying to reconcile herself with the loss of the person she loved most on earth.

But I am ahead of my story. Let's go back to the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, where a clever little flaxen-Brooklyn, where a clever little flaxen-haired girl lived with her parents. Battling Jack West, the one-time light-weight prizefighter, was her father, and it was from him that she received her first interest in the manly art of self-defense. To this day she is an ardent fight fan. It is one of her few diversions and she never misses a fight, always occupying a ringside seat with "some of the boys."

M AE WEST was a strong, husky child, full of vitality, determination and fire. She explained to me one day that even as a child, once she got an idea into her head, nothing on earth could get it out. "I don't give myself any credit for that," she said, "I'm just that way—so stubborn and diffi-cult once I get an idea into my head." Her mother was the one person in her early youth who had the patience to cope with it.

She tells of a visit she paid at a tender age with her mother to an eldi

tender age with her mother to an elderly spinster, very precise and inflexible. In the living room of the elderly lady's house a multi-colored globe on a mahogany table caught the fancy of little Mae's childish eye. Bored by the conversation, she edged her way over to the table and began to finger the bowl curiously, as children do.

"Little girl," said the elderly lady in cold, disapproving tones, "you're too big to handle other people's things. Keep your hands off—you should know better." Something in the woman's tone was too much for Mae's amour propre. She went and found her hat and coat, stalked up to her mother and announced: "We are going home, Mother" Her. announced: "We are going home, Mother." Her mother coaxed and cajoled, apologized and threatened. Candy, cake and cookies, even knick-nacks, were pressed into service. It was useless—home they went—and Mae, wounded to the heart, never entered the undiscerning old lady's portals again.

Another day her mother took her to the toy department of a store on Brooklyn's Broadway to buy a doll. When she entered the shop, Mae's eyes lit upon a shelf full of matchless beauties with flaxen hair and long, curling eyelashes. On the top of a pyramid of boxes, so high the salesman could not reach them, Mae spied immediately the doll she wanted-a fetching creation in lavender. The salespeople united in trying to persuade her to choose another doll. There were pink ones, blue ones, yellow ones, bigger ones, dolls that talked and walked and cried, dolls that talked and walked and cried, but Mae, to the exasperation of the assembled salespeople, was adamant. She could see they all hated her cordially, but she stood her ground. Finally, exasperated, they sent for a ladder from the basement, and a scowling salesman, too annoyed even to pretend to be gracious, got her the doll on top. Ever since, Mae says, she's wanted everything at the top and will be content with nothing less.

When she was about four years of (Please turn to page 76)



and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on genuine Maybelline eye beauty aids-for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.





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scription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container . . . 10c

The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 75)

age she began showing an aptitude for mimicry. She appeared at the ama-teur performances of the neighborhood teur performances of the neighborhood church and club socials, giving impersonations of Eva Tanguay, Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan and other popular vaudeville headliners of the day. Her take-off of Eva Tanguay, the unrestrained, hippy favorite of soldiers, sailors, college boys and tired business men of that day, invariably won her the greatest applause. It practically gave Mae West her start in show business.

MAE WEST never forgets a friend nor a kindness, and seems to have an inexhaustible memory for the faces of those who have crossed her pathway in her long journey from Brooklyn to Broadway.

Like all the children on the block, Mae West went to the public school, and she passes over the monotony of the schoolroom for the more exciting adventures in the evening when, as a child actress, with grease paint and furbelows, she occupied the center of

Her first professional appearance took place with the Clarendon Stock Company at the Gotham Theatre in East New York. She was the little daughter who cried out "Father, dear father, come home with me now, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." As As Little Eva she often took the piano-wire route to heaven in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing, as a matter of fact, a large repertoire of child roles in the good old days—"Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Moonshiner's Daughter,"
"East Lynne" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the
Cabbage Patch."

As a member of the stock company, when there were no child parts in the plays, she was called upon to take part in what are known in old-fashioned plays as "olios," or vaudeville acts in between the scenes of the plays. acts in between the scenes of the plays. She sang popular songs and gave her imitations, being what was known on the billboards as a "coon shouter." It was at this stage of the game, she avers, that she learned to roll her eyes, a propensity, however, that had to be curbed when she became, for the sake of drama, "Little Eva" or "Little Pod Pidling Hod"."

Red Riding Hood."
She continued her schooling, off and on, to please her mother, and when she was "going on twelve," she made another interesting discovery. It was the interest—reciprocated, she admits —she had for boys. She never played with girls at all if she could help it. "Gee, I loved the boys," she says. "Went around with lots of them and "Went around with lots of them and played with them. There was a gang of us—of course, we would have fights." And since she was a husky child, she'd smack a boy on the nose as quickly as she would a girl.

Popular as she always has been with boys and men, Mae West has never married and she has very definite reasons why she who trypifes all

nite reasons why she, who typifies all that is seductive and charming to mankind, has preferred to pursue her career in real life alone.

The second instalment of Mae West's real life story will appear in the July NEW MOVIE.

That Mad Mexican

beside her a little stupefied and watched her . . . my glance roved. She was wearing a pair of very red flannel pa-jamas and sheep-skin slippers; between her knees she grasped a waste-basket. She said:

"I never, never sit without it between my legs in my dressing-room! Do I?" she called to the maid. But the maid had fallen asleep. Lupe acted just as if she had answered, however, and went

if she had answered, however, and while blithely on.

"Why? I never know . . . look what have I on? I pay for these to take on location for Laughing Boy—I never take 'em off again. I sleep in 'em and I work in 'em. Take a look at my wardrobe!" With the waste-basket still between her kness she gestured, toward robe!" With the waste-basket still between her knees, she gestured, toward it—and I felt full of expectancy. Thus, I looked dutifully toward the wardrobe. One of the doors was open. Inside hung another pair of pajamas slightly more soiled than the ones Lupe was wearing and of a very loud shade of biue. On the floor of the wardrobe were a pair of patent leather shoes. I saw them almost with a sigh of relief, which died instantly when Lupe informed me that those belonged Lupe informed me that those belonged to her maid. She opened her mouth and shouted again,

"Have I wore anything to the stujo but dese?"

The maid woke and said, "No, indeed," and fell asleep again. Lupe became very absorbed then in showing me all sorts of things . . . she pulled out her make-up box which is an old shoe box "with my name on it" she cried gleefully, and sure enough there was her name written badly in pencil . . . inside the shoe box were a dirty towel, a piece of grease-paint—the old kind—and a can for her mascara with a candle

in it.

"Got personality, that's why Lupe doesn't use her beautiful make-up box!"

I laughed a little bit and looked around the dressing-room. As if I'd given a signal the place turned into a bedlam—the doorbell shrieked, the telephone began to ring furiously and Lupe commenced to sing soulfully. While the maid rushed around from one thing to another-she no sooner answered one than the other rang I put my hands to my mouth and made a megaphone; then I screamed, "It's a nice dressing-room anyway!"

"I never notice where I am. Long's I have a good part I don't mind if they poot me with the horses!"

"What?" shouted Lupe.
"Ha—Ha!" I roared.
"Oh, yeah—Ha-Ha!" returned Lupe.

That Mad Mexican

S OMEONE opened the door and came in, but went right out again and the maid ran after him down the hall to see who it was. While she was gone, the telephone rang again and Lupe told it to shut-up.
"How of are you?" she asked me.
"Twenty!"

"I'm twenty-three!"

"Twenty!"

"I'm twenty-three!"
"Not much older!"
"Oh yes, much! I am too old for words. I think I am TOO tired!"
"Y'mind if I call you Lupe?"
"Worken't knew how to answer if you call me anything else!"
I stopped looking at her and placing one foreinger in each ear—they had started construction on a new building I think just after I arrived—I looked into my little book for the question I intended to ask Lupe.
"Don't you think that what happened between you and Gary left you with a greater understanding of acting than you ever had before?" I knew that this question had to be said in a subdued, intimate voice but necessity and the telephone had me shrieking it.
"Oh, honey," she returned. "What is pas' is pas' . . . I live for today . . . not tomorrow or yesterday. I'm never sorry for Garee and me an' how we turn' out. Nothing can make Lupe sad! Why should she get sad? I just get mad . . . nothing ever gets me blue—but when I was a little kid I use' to get mad . . . nothing ever gets me blue
—but when I was a little kid I use' to
have a little tiny ol' chair and every
time they would spank me I would
hol' in my tears till I got to my chair
then I would cry very hard! Only time I cry now ees when a dog dies or sump'n."

This seemed a trifle irrelevant but I smiled and nodded and wrote busily as if it had a great deal to do with something. Lupe looked terribly happy to see me so occupied. She had her maid tearing around the room and me writing and a song writer who had suddenly made his appearance busy making an effort to have her rehearse a song. In the midst of his effort she turned to me and showed me her arm. "My God but look how theen I am . . I lose pound after pound I am so nervous and I work on t'ree pitchers all at once . ."

I started to speak in an ordinary voice but I had to yell above the din. "You ought to drink milk!" I hollered.

"Oh, no, honey . . . Milk makes me sour in the stummick!"

She began then to make a great many protestations to the song writer and looking up expectantly I noticed that he had vanished.

There was a moment's quiet and I stabled the hush with my next ques-

stabbed the hush with my next ques-

"Is your family here?"
"Family? No, darling, they are all
in Mexico."
"You have a large one, haven't you?"

"I come from a large familee, honey, that ees like a freight train-it never ends."

I LITTLE knew that that was the last question in my interview to be answered. The rest of the interview, questions and all were taken over by Lupe and her hairdresser. I tried every way possible but my questions didn't seem nearly so important even to me as theirs. even to me as theirs.

(Please turn to page 78)

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That Mad Mexican

The other interviewer, so to speak, arrived with a curling iron and one of those little iron things used to heat it. She undid her coat and began to comb Lupe's hair. Lupe seized the comb. "I tell you a thousand time' I don'

wan' anyone to comb but me—you hurt me, you!"

The hairdresser shrivelled up and Lupe grabbed hold of a lock of auburn hair and tore the comb through it, leaving about half of its former weight—still plenty—she gesticulated gruffly and the hairdresser began to curl up the locks. While the H.D. was frantically twisting up the ends Lupe began to outline her mouth, muttering things throughout. I noticed that she didn't use false eyelashes and commented upon it and she said she couldnot because they made her look either sleepy or drunk and she said, too, that she couldn't drink because of her liver and anyhow she didn't like drinking.

"Only the fights and to play hearts, she said. "Johnnee likes sports. I don't

I said that I thought without doubt that her marriage would last. Lupe turned right around and ignoring the hairdresser's plight she said:

"Do you know why I think my mar-riage will las'? It ees because we fight so much! We enjoy our fighting-an' Hollywood can leave us alone! I adore my husban'-he's the sweetest husban' God ever made—he gotta helluva lesof temper . . . he's like a little tiny kid . . . we figure it all out—Johnnee and me—the bes' thing to do in Hollywood is to fight—they say you are fighting anyway, so why not? Why, honey, I steeck to one man for years—"

Was there a shade of sadness in her face? It had suddenly become mask-

like and weary.

"I went weeth—Garee—for three an' a half years. I started to go weeth him when I was eighteen—so you see— I go weeth one man for so long and then get tired and I call it a day . . ."
I did something then that I rather

I did something then that I rather regret. I said:
"I broke up with a boy, myself—and when I saw you and Johnnie together at the fights one night—and you used his big white hanky, I felt—as if I were seeing myself all over again."

SYMPATHY is one emotion that rushes out from Lupe. She put her hand with its scarlet nails on mine and said softly:

"Eesn't it fonny how after you are 'through' everything and everyone seems to look and feel like you once

did—I know how you felt!"
Then she grew excited again and

"I never, never go to see Johnee during the whole day! I theenk that that ees what ees wrong with so many marriages—a man gets tired of never being to himself and with his friends!"

The telephone rang again and trembling from sheer exhaustion I picked it up and answered it. They wanted to know how soon Lupe would be ready. I asked and she said in ten minutes.

I stood weakly. The room seemed to be whirling around me. I knew then ... I had been a fool to think that I could come out of it unscathed. I took Lupe's hand and pressed it and said I thought I'd better be going and she said no, stay, and called me "darleeng" and I shook my head miserably and staggered to the door—there I met an address who said me and I shook my head miserably and staggered to the door—there I met an address who said me and the said me and th old man who asked me where Lupe was,

and I told him hoarsely:
"I don' know but I theenk she ees
dressing inside . . . adios, senor!"

Goin' to Town

(Continued from page 13)

hands by a lifer in gratitude to the talented boy for his several appear-ances in the frequent prison shows. ances in the frequent prison shows. Of course, another picture travels with Hal. It is a portrait of a pretty, darkhaired miss who lives with her parents in a small town far from the glittering lights of Broadway. Yet close enough to New York for Hal and the girl to see each other frequently. see each other frequently.

It has been an amazing set of circumstances which lifted the obscure Cincinnati boy LeRoy Schotte, whose family had no theatrical connections whatever, to star on stage and screen at an age when most boys are still in college. age when most boys are still in conlege.
When LeRoy's father, a lumber man,
was transferred to Memphis, Tenn,
destiny, which was to lead his eightyear-old son to fame, first took a hand.
It was around his father's lumber

yard that the gangling youngster with the light curly hair and buck teeth met up with some colored lads his own age. These dark-skinned youngsters, filled with rhythm which is the heritage of the negro, expressed their joy tage of the negro, expressed their Joy of living in a strange dance which they called the Charleston. Soon the white boy found himself following their strange gyrations, adding little steps of his own which somehow seemed appropriate. To his amused and delighted

parents he demonstrated the steps. Immediately his mother recognized the rare talent which her youngest son possessed as a God-given gift. She de-termined he should have a career.

So, when the family returned to Cincinnati some months later. Master Le-Roy Schotte, now close to ten years old, Roy Schotte, now close to ten years old, and large for his age, traveled with his mother across the Ohio river to Covington, Ky. For it was here that the energetic mother had learned of a theater which featured a weekly amateur night, with cash prizes. Behind the footlights in that small, dingy hall, appear had a his first public annear-LeRoy made his first public appearance. It was here that the inspired hoofing which was later to carry him up the ladder burst forth upon a delighted audience. His success was immediate and so apparent was his pull with the crowd that he was signed by the delighted manager to appear as headliner on the following week's bill at the munificent salary of forty dol-

lars a week.
"It seemed like a lot of money, then," Hal told me modestly as we sat op-posite each other in the Park Chambers in Manhattan, where he and his father share a modest apartment.

Hal was at ease with me as he con-tinued his story. This was due to

Goin' to Town

our acqua ntance extending back to the time when he first danced on Broadtime when he first danced on Bread-way at Janssen's Hofbrau restaurant long before he dreamed of becoming a screen celebrity. "That engagement in Covington convinced me that I wanted a stage career. Of course, I was still going to school which pre-vented me from doing a matinee, but I was at the theater right after supper and eager to do my stuff."

When the Covington engagement was

When the Covington engagement was over, the theater manager advised Mrs. Schotte to take her talented yournester to New York. It was there, he said, the real opportunities lay. Thus the following year found the going-on-twelve boy and his mother on their way to the big city. Here, failure was to await them. Lacking the proper connections and unused to the ways of Broadway, the boy could not get a chance to show what he could do. After some months of this, and faced with a fast-dwindling bankroll, the crestfallen two returned home. But Mrs. Schotte was not defeated. over, the theater manager advised Mrs. was not defeated.

was not defeated.

The boy did amateur performances around Cincinnati, winning a succession of Charleston contests and, meanwhile, practising new routines. (He has never taken a dancing lesson in his life.) Finishing high school at the age of fifteen, he was still filled with the desire for a stage career. His mother, her courage undaunted, gathered together the family fortune and they again set forth.

Came the usual discouragements made less keen by a better knowledge of how to go about getting recognition. Finally an agent got him with a show called "Tattle Tales." Joining the show in Boston, he was a sensation. The show lasted a week in New York.

I N the meantime, his mother's health, long precarious due to a malignant disorder, had made it necessary for her to return home under a doctor's care. Hal would have returned too but the agent realized he had a good bet in the young dancer. He put him in a vaude-ville act with two other hoofers which finally reached the Palace, then the mecca of all vaudeville thespians. Here

mecca of all vaudeville thespians. Here Ted Healy spotted him and signed him for a show called "The Gang's All Here," then going into rehearsal. After weeks of rehearsal, the elaborate musical finally opened rating only lukewarm notices. However, the critics, without exception, but on a rave act. without exception, put on a rave act for the unknown kid, now known as Hal LeRoy. Among the messages delivered backstage following the opening was a note from Florenz Ziegfeld. The next day found Hal sitting in the luxurious office opposite the great impresario himself.

"Mr. Ziegfeld offered me a contract.

'Mr. Ziegfeld offered me a contract. "Mr. Ziegfeld offered me a contract. Said he would give me an important spot in the new 'Follies' which was then in preparation," Hal told me. "Naturally, I was thrilled but rather disappointed, too. You see, I was under contract to the man who had put on the other show. I explained that to Tienfald and he said to let the matter. the other show. I explained that to Ziegfeld and he said to let the matter rest for a week or so. You can imagine my relief when the show folded after two weeks and I was released from my run-of-the-play contract. I immediately rushed over to Ziegfeld's office and signed up with him, before he changed his mind."

Hal being under age, it was necess-

Hal being under age, it was neces-(Please turn to page 80)



DANCE? DON'T RUB IT IN. GWEN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO WALK AT THIS TIME OF THE MONTH!

FIDDLESTICKS! YOU ARE COMING, BECAUSE I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID ANY PERIODIC PAIN.





AND SHE DID !

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That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.





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today's Brides ... prized fine needlework,



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end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle,

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY ... AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

Clark Gable Answers

(Continued from page 81)

-the sky today, the sidewalk tomor-

"That's one thing I learned from New these personal appearances in New When I saw those demonstra-York. tions I really appreciated them. I wished I had had something more worth while to offer those enthusiastic fans. I'll never do a personal ap-pearance again without having something prepared well in advance, so that I'll be satisfied that the audience is getting its money's worth. If they're satisfied just to look at me, I'm not. I want to give them some fine acting, too."

ABLE'S reaction to a flood of sug-G gestions that he capitalize his great personal popularity and return East to appear in a play on the Broad way stage, was a decidedly negative

"There's a certain psychology con-nected with a movie actor's appearance in a play that's entirely different from a stage actor's," he explained. "I've been both, so I know. And I'm not going to stick my chin out now. Not until I'm a lot better satisfied with my work than I am at present.'

Gable had appeared in several shows without eliciting much more than program notice. He was embarked on the long trip to eventual success on the stage however, after his appearance as "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile," when the movies His instant screen popularity, evidenced by thousands of letters demanding more Gable pictures, strengthened his determination to re-

main in movies.

"You see," he explained further,
"every stage actor is a ham until
he proves himself otherwise. Your legitimate theater-goer is a hard-boiled sophisticate. He's generally well-educated, traveled and cultured; he's harder to please than the movie audience, which goes to pictures in a more tolerant frame of mind. Your theater-goer is daring you to amuse or entertain him; your movie-goer hopes you'll entertain him, and he's willing

to give you a break.

"My appearance on the legitimate stage today, because of my success in pictures, would make me more vul-nerable than I was; the audience would be more intense in its criticism. "A personal appearance audience is

different. You don't have to prove anything to them. You walk on the stage and they accept you, because seeing you in person is an added experience. They've already accepted you in pictures, or you wouldn't be there. Your personal appearance is in the nature of a dividend, so far as they're concerned. That's why I'm sorry I didn't have something better to offer than the repetition of a bit from a picture for them, a picture

Clark Gable's missus, who had been silent through all the interview, interrupted.

"I want to say this. I'm immensely grateful to those girls and women who made Clark's appearance at the Capitol such a success. It's a confirmation of my own judgment. I be-lieved in him first; I knew he had it ...IT," she repeated, her eyes laugh-ing as she realized her repetition of the word in a different inflection gave it the connotation of sex appeal. "Their appreciation of him is a tribute to my judgment and a compliment to us both. I think it's nice."

Mrs. Gable's genuine little speech

pleased her husband. He smiled his thanks. It is obvious that he respects

her judgment. She is slightly older than he, of medium height, with real auburn hair and regular features. Her face is distinguished by a quiet dignity. She has not the manufactured beauty of screen heroines, but her face reveals her character; that innate charm and warmth of spirit which have won her scores of friends. It is to see the attraction she holds for Clark, for she is a restful person, quiet in voice and manner, with a gift of humor and friendship, and with tolerance and understanding.

She dresses smartly but unobtrusively, and this unobtrusive grooming is the keynote to her character.

Mrs. Gable has a womanliness that appeals to the real Gable—the Gable who is surprised that women like his caveman portrayals on the screen. Gable at home is an old-fashioned fellow who enjoys hunting in Wyoming, horses and pipes, and likes his wife because she is a feminine wife—and a regular person—content to make a charming home for him in which he can find understanding, companionship and peace.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 45)

request was refused, so she built her own theater.

HEN movie people take up any V sport or hobby they do it thor-aghly. If it is a game, they buy complete outfit of clothes for it; oughly. they employ a professional to teach them and, until they either become proficient in the game or tire of it, they practice regularly as you would take a course of music lessons. Gary Cooper has never played either golf or tennis until recently when he began both games. The first day he played both games. The first day he played tennis he became so angry at the

elusive ball that he threw his racquet across the court with sufficient force to wrench his back. Which proves that stars are just human beings like John

Jones, after all.

Ken Maynard, a cowboy who can retire any time and live comfortably for the rest of his life, has a very expensive hobby. Whenever he hears of an exciting event he travels to see it, no matter where it is, and takes pictures of it with his 16-millimeter moving picture camera. He has in his col-lection an alligator hunt in Mexico; the Round-up at Pendleton, Oregon; Aztec temples, Mayan ruins, Indian ceremo-

Hollywood Day by Day

nials and is now on his way to Madrid to photograph a bull fight.

Mitchell Leisen, artist, director, calms his befuddled nerves at the end of the day's werk by flying. He dies over the ocean where no carpenters, supervisors or prop men can reach him. Recently he took his two servants up for the first time. They were a little nervous and when they reached home after their trip the colored butler said to the cook: "I'll bet you've been five thousand feet nearer to heaven than you'll ever be nearer to heaven than you'll ever be again."

W HEN Mrs. Wallace Beery's sister passed away, leaving three children, their future was just as much of a problem as it would have been to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones in Keokuk, Iowa, but, just as Mr. and Mrs. Jones would have done, the relatives of the children came to the rescue. Wallace Beery adopted the youngest child, Beery adopted the youngest child, Carol Ann, and although the spotlight Carol Ann, and although the spotlight of publicity shines more brightly on her because Wally is a popular motion picture star, the two other children, both boys, are equally well taken care of. Bill, the one just older than Carol Ann, was adopted by Mrs. R. E. De-Voer, an aunt, and George the eldest of the three, lives with his maternal grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Priester. Carol Ann is surrounded by every luxury money can buy, but the two boys have just as much love and being boys, do not require as much coddling boys, do not require as much coddling as little motherless Carol Ann.

while motherless Carol Ann.

While motion picture fans make an idol of Wally Beery for adopting a baby, they object strenuously when the younger stars have children either adopted or their own. Bing Crosby is a case in point. When his small son was born the studio received a storm of protest from Bing's fans. They didn't want their idol married, much less the father of a baby.

Joel McCrea is making no secret of the fact that although he is jubilant over the thought of becoming a father, he is worried over the effect the news is going to have on his fans.

Before she left Hollywood for England Constance Cummings had two wisdom teeth extracted. Coming out of the anaesthetic she was surprised to see her mother and husband, Benn W. Levy, holding her hands.
"My, how solemn you look," she said.

"Here I was having the time of my life doing something I have always wanted to do. Charles Chaplin and I were throwing custard pies at each other."

Several stars who had planned to travel to Europe this Summer have come to the conclusion that travel not only broadens one but, with things as they are over there, it might flatten them, and are making plans to see America.

The Richard Arlens, however, refused to be daunted by unsettled conditions and went to Europe taking their year-old baby and a nurse with them. "History is being made over there right now." Dick said, "and we might as well be there to see it."

(Please turn to page 84)



WHO PAY \$1 FOR THEIR FACE POWDER

You are invited to try this sensational new \$1 quality face powder which Woolworth sells for 20c. Read the startling offer.

A \$1 quality face powder for 20c? We think we know what you are going to say ...

You are going to say, "I don't believe it." And, really, we can't blame you.

Yet it is true.

A well-known manufacturer of fine cosmetics went to Woolworth's and said: "I'll sell the entire output of my Embassy Powder exclusively to you. . . You, with your huge organization of over 1800 stores, will be my one and only customer for Embassy. And thus I'll cut my costs of doing business to such a minimum that we'll be able to offer women a real \$1 quality face powder for 20c."

. . And now - may we prove it to you? Prove it with an offer so daring, so challenging that it leaves no room for doubt.

Today get a box of Embassy Powder. Feel its exquisite, smooth texture on your face. Like \$1 powders, it is sifted through silk, soft as a cloud, tender as a kiss.

Notice the color of Embassy Powdertrue skin tones adorably natural. And notice, too, Embassy's delicate fragrance. If, after a week's use, you don't think Embassy is exactly like a \$1 powder, mail it back to Embassy, 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. We will send you, absolutely free, a package of ANY \$1 powder you care to choose. (Offer expires June 15th, 1934.)

In making this offer, we are relying completely on your honesty. And in all honesty-once you try Embassy-you'll say, "This is a \$1 quality powder".

Other Embassy Aids to Loveliness

Embassy is a complete treatment and makeup line - all \$1 quality products for 20c. Facial Cream (Nourishing) - for wrinkles. Cleansing Cream (Liquefying). Cleansing (Cold) Cream - for dry skins. Skin Freshener Lotion) - revives circulation. Skin Softener makes make-up natural. Rouge, Lipstick, Eye-Make-up, Perfume.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THESE GIRLS ARE SAYING?



Can they say this behind your back?

"Why in the world can't someone tell Meg! She looks so plain . . . and she'd be positively lovely if she only knew how to make the most of herself. That's something every woman has to learn."

"Yes, but you just can't make personal remarks to people. And think of the thousands of women who would be beautiful if they only knew how to bring out their good features and hide their unattractive ones."

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines has developed a series to show women HOW they can gain new loveliness . . . HOW to make the most of your hair and skin. . . . HOW to choose the colors best for you. . . . HOW to acquire personal charm and good grooming.

Write and ask the Beauty Editor about learning loveliness

Tower Magazines, Inc. 55 Fifth Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 83)

ACCOMPANYING an announcement that Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" is to be remade as a talking picture, is a note which says more humor is to be put into the new film with there was in the original version with Lillian Gish as the star. They might put a little humor into the title as well and call it, perhaps, "How Hester Won Her 'A'."

Speaking of Miss Gish, upon seeing her in a picture recently I was struck by the amazing resemblance she bears to ZaSu Pitts, or vice versa. Lillian usually plays tragedy while ZaSu is a comedienne, but each girl is at the top of her profession. Can it be true, these rumors we hear, that ZaSu wants to be a tragedienne and that Merion Cooper, chief at the RKO Studios, has great plans for the little star in somber roles?

Whether tragedienne or comedienne, ZaSu is raising her children sensibly. Her home in Brentwood is nearly ten miles from Hollywood and on this three-acre estate her children are being taught how country people live. They have a cow, which her young son milks and cares for; and chickens, which are fed and looked after by her little daughter.

AT the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove you can hear almost anything when the lights are turned out for the moonlight dance. "Let's get out of here," a passionate voice whispered to his dancing partner and a moment later a prim little miss floated by, holding her partner at arm's length. As they passed she said, "But I think Scotties have a lot of personality, don't you?"

JEANETTE MACDONALD collects miniature orchestras. Recently she received a new one from Czechoslovakia, but the, most amusing one she has is made of bright colored chenille and was given her by Rozika Dolly.

They say there will be no merry widow hats in M-G-M's musicial version of "The Merry Widow." The date of the story has been moved back to 1885 instead of 1910, the date of the original play. This means, I am told, there will will be bustles in the picture. What a lot of fun! But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters if Jeanette sings.

Johnny Mack Brown has some interesting antiques, including the first silver pitcher made by Paul Revere and the bill of sale for it signed by Paul himself. Other articles in his collection are the model for the first California stage coach and a fine linen napkin on which is a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence. At the time the Declaration was signed each singer was presented with one of these napkins and eventually one came to Johnny as a present.

GRACE MOORE was driving along the beach with her colored servant who accompanied her here from the East. "Now this is the Pacific Ocean," Miss Moore explained. "It is much larger than the Atlantic Ocean."

"Yes, Miss Grace. I can see that," replied the darky seriously.

Miss Moore is soon to make her new picture which is to be titled "Victor Schertzinger's Grace Moore Production" until someone thinks up a good name for it. And Mr. Schertzinger was moaning because, due to many postponements, he had collected all of his salary for directing the picture before he started to make it.

Hardie Albright was in a quandary when the American Kennel Club notified him he was to act as judge in a recent show. "All my friends have entered their dogs. Shall I be honest or shall I give them ribbons?" he asked.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY is having dog trouble, a huge one. His Irish wolf hound pup is the size of a Shetland pony and no hotel or apartment house wanted to admit him when they caught a glimpse of the dog. There is a state law prohibiting dogs from entering restaurants, but the managers of Hollywood eating places are torn between a desire to obey the law and the fear of offending their motion picture patrons. Yesterday Douglass started into a cafe with his pup and was stopped at the door.

"But I have to eat," argued Douglass, who is a good customer of the cafe. So the manager told him to hide

"But I have to eat," argued Douglass, who is a good customer of the cafe. So the manager told him to hide the dog under a table in the corner. The dog could only get partly under the table but stayed anyway. At the Universal Studio cafe the dog rushed in and knocked over three tables before he was stopped.

"I'm about as welcome around town as scarlet fever," Doug complained.

Laura Burt Stanford, known on Broadway as Laura Burt, but who must now use her husband's name in order to collect a legacy, was taken to a party given in honor of Claire Trever. When introduced she failed to catch the name of her hostess and couldn't seem to find out what it was because probably no one else knew it either. During the course of the evening the host suggested taking the dog for a walk and Mrs. Stanford, eager to get some fresh air, offered to go and did. There was a dense fog and within a short time Mrs. Stanford realized she was lost. She couldn't inquire the way because she didn't know her host's name. In desperation she stopped another pedestrian and inquired if he knew where the little Eskimo dog lived. The house was immediately pointed out and she arrived back safely.

M AE CLARKE was guest of honor at the Agua Caliente horse races one Sunday recently. When she was introduced over the loud speaker she had her speech ready and was just about to say: "The only time I ever won a race was when I bet on a horse named Wandering Jew. He won by a nose." Before she said it, however, she looked up and found herself surrounded by motion picture producers and quickly changed her speech.

Alice White was in an exclusive millinery shop looking around when a lady, obviously a tourist, came in and asked to see some hats. Giving the saleslady a wink, Alice waited on the customer and sold her two hats. The hats were boxed and paid for and the woman ready to leave when she turned to Alice and asked her if she knew where she would be apt to see any

Hollywood Day by Day

motion picture stars. "I'm from Iowa," she explained, "and I want to see some of the movie people while I'm in Hollywood." "I'm from

Virginia Kellogg, young scenarist at M-G-M, was stuck for an idea one at M-G-M, was slack for an idea one night and stepped out of her office into the hall. The junitor was mopping and she stopped to chat. "How would you like to change jobs with me?" she asked him. "Give me your mop and you write my story for me."

"No ma'am," he replied. "I know when I'm well off."

WHEN the beautiful English star, Madeleine Carroll, was given a welcoming party at the Fox Studio, it was suggested to another Fox Studio, it was suggested to another Fox star that it would be a nice gesture on her part if she would drop in and say hello.

"If she wants to see me she can come to my dressing-room," the star is said to have realised.

is said to have replied.

LOYD BACON always has a piano or organ on his set whether the script calls for it or not. Between scenes he and his company gather around the instrument and sing. The other day I stumbled onto the set and found James Cagney playing hymns on an antiquated organ and the gang trying to sing them.

Jimmy found the organ so fascinating they could hardly get him to leave it long enough to play his scenes. The next day a tiny organ was delivered at his house, a gift from Joan Blondell.

Jimmy now has a complete stock of

Jimmy now has a complete stock of musical instruments. He has a grand piano, an organ, an accordion, a violin, a banjo, two guitars and a ukulele. And he tries to play all of them.

BILLIE BURKE was remarking recently the difference in voices over the radio and the telephone. When her husband, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, was ill in New York, he kept the knowledge from her while she appeared in a show in Los Angeles. "It talked to him on the telephone every night," she said, "without suspecting anything. But when he talked over the radio, briefly, I knew instantly that something was I knew instantly that something was wrong." She left the show and hurried East and, as she had suspected, found him very ill.

Billie Burke and Gilbert Emery are the only non-English players in "The Dover Road," which includes Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Phyllis Barry, Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen in

John Boles would have the wide world know he is Irish and he was never as happy as when he sang the Irish number, "Katy" in "Bottoms Up," "That was John Boles," he said, "and it's the first time I was ever allowed to be myself in a picture."

MARY BOLAND is so fed up on apartments and hotel rooms that it got to be a complex, so when she bought a home here recently she got a house with eleven rooms in it. "I rattle around in it, it is so large," she said happily, "but I'm so happy to have room enough for everything, plenty of closets and drawers. And I'm even (Please turn to page 86)



HOW JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES" Tion





Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure ... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—instantly! Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



BUILDING A HOME?

If you are, you'll be interested in these blue prints before you go ahead: Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. Send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 85)

having a swimming pool built. I'm going completely Hollywood."

THEY are telling this on Paul Lukas. It seems that he refuses to work overtime. One day recently the production manager thought it necessary to finish a certain sequence that day and asked Mr. Lukas if he would consent to remain two hours overtime. "Will you stay, Mr. Lukas?" he asked. "Will you play ball with us?"

Mr. Lukas drew himself up to his full height. "I'm an actor, not a ball player," he replied as he strode off the set.

Hugh Williams, young English actor, took his first lesson in crap-shooting recently. He lost all of his money and as he turned away the dealer called him back. "Wait a minute," he said, reaching in his pocket. He drew out a pair of dice and handed them to Hugh. "Take these home and practice a little bit."

Alice Brady confessed recently that she paid little or no attention to favorable comments on her screen work and added: "But when I read an unfavorable criticism I cut it out and save it for several days. I read it over and study it, trying to decide whether there is any justice in the criticism. If there is, I try to improve my work along the lines suggested in the criticism. If I decide the criticism isn't fair or worthy, I forget it. Of course we all like to read the nice things written about us but it is the constructive reviews that help us in our work."

GRETA GARBO'S head adorns a new issue of Swedish postage stamps... The pictures in Constance Bennett's dressing-room are framed in black and white gingham frames, which was William Haines' idea . . . Lyle Talbot's real name is NOT Lyle Hollywood, as has been told . . . A cameraman was about to snap a picture of Clive Brook playing golf in shorts when Clive remarked: "It's the first time I've ever been photographed with my pants off."... Spencer Tracy and his brother, Carol, look enough alike to confuse their friends. Carol is Spencer's business manager . . . Ann Harding's sister, Mrs. Edith Nash, is her secretary . . . They are saying in her secretary . . . They are saying in Hollywood that the most dangerous woman here is a tiny star about five feet tall, who weighs a hundred pounds, has red hair and enormous brown eyes and freckles. Men never Men never seem to recover after falling for her charms and it seems all she has to do is to cast an eye in the direction of any male and he is sunk . . . The Gale sisters, Jean, Joan, June and Jane, are not quadruplets, as most people think, but two sets of twins. Joan is now a but two sets of twins. Joan is now a contract player at M-G-M. . . Every week studios announce new finds but after a week many of the finds are lost so why doesn't a studio organize a lost and found department? . . . One reason for Sidney Fox's haste to procure a divorce from Charles Beahan may be because a fortune teller has promised her a new romance and an ocean voyage . . . When Mary Nash arrived in Hollywood, her friend, Ruth Chatterton gave a dinner party in her

honor. Ruth was in Palm Springs so she invited the guests by telegram and instructed her servants by telephone just what to do. It was a lovely party and everyone was there but the hostess...

Joan Crawford makes her own bed every morning. She says it helps her to wake up. Frank Fay paid \$10,000 for a clock for his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. It was formerly owned by a King of Poland and is set with precious gems. Barbara keeps it in a gluss case and it runs. . Katharine
Hepburn tried to get a job at Warners
before she was found by RKO . . .
Charles Starrett always refers to his
three-year-old twins as "my elder son"
or "my younger son" because Charles Junior was born eight minutes before the appearance of David . . . Greta Garbo's hairdresser at the studio Garoo's hardresser at the studio begged for an autographed portrait and said, "to remember you by."
"Must you have my picture to make you remember me?" Greta asked her.
"You couldn't forget me, now could you?" And the girl didn't get any picture . . . All of the younger actresses and secretaries at M-G-M copy loan Crawford's althea and loan leave. Joan Crawford's clothes and Joan loves it . . . Ivan Lebedeff was embarrassed when he stood up in the theater to allow a lady to pass and she sat down in his seat next to his girl! . . . Mala, the Eskimo actor, always wears a beret because he can fold his long hair up under it. It bags a little in the back, but that's on account of the hair He is still under contract to M-G-M and will next be seen as an Indian . . Onslow Stevens started out in life to become a lawyer but the closest he ever came to accomplishing his desire was when he appeared as John Barrymore's law partner in "Counsellor-at-Law" . . . Myrna Loy recently rented a furnished house belonging to a psychiatrist. He left his library, including dozens of medical books, and Myrna declares she will read them all . . .

A CHORUS girl in New York pursued Earl Carroll for months and when he came to Hollywood, sent him a telegram every day reading: "I love you, I love you, I love you" and signed her name. Suddenly the telegrams stopped and Earl was worried so he had a friend in New York find out if she was all right. The friend wired back: "She married an usher in the second balcony of your theater." And Earl said, "My God! My honor is at stake. Couldn't she have married an usher in the first balcony?" . . . Mae Clarke names her automobiles. Her second-hand Ford is named Abe because she hoped it would grow to be a Lincoln, and her Chrysler is named Chiseler because she had to chisel her budget in order to pay for it . . Lou Tellegen is about to embark on another picture career. He says he is finished with romance after four marriages and hopes he will be forgotten as the Great Lover and can play roles like Lionel Barrymore's . . The M-G-M publicity department proudly announces that Leo G. Carroll, who plays a very special kind of butler in Joan Crawford's "Sadie McKee," won the critical approval of even George Jean Nathan for his work in "The Green Bay Tree" on the New York

Hollywood Day by Day

stage last seas in ... Grant Withers who was the married to Lord's Young, has a rear, no words. Her name is Alis Wash and stage to the name is Alis Wash and stage to have a double for her acrobatic stunts with Joe E. Brown in the circus picture, until it was time to make scenes with a trained seal who had almost eaten his trainer up the day before. Then she said "I'll pass" ... Ronald Colman said people often approached him on the streets of foreign cities while he was traveling around the world, and called him "Bull Dog Drummond." He is now making "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back" for Zanuck's 20th Century Pictures and rattling around in Mary Pickford's bungalow dressingroom ... Dorothea Wieck's contract with Paramount has expired and if someone doesn't offer her a job soon she must go back to Germany. The little school mistress of "Maedchen in Uniform" has had no similar opportunity in her American pictures and she feels she hasn't been given a break ... An old man rode unchallenged into the Columbia Studio on a truck. He walked onto the stage where John Barrymore and Carole Lombard were working and watched them for an hour. Everyone thought he worked there because his clothes were dirty and he sat quietly on one side. Finally he went over and asked Mr. Barrymore to sign his autograph album and that gave him away. He was ejected from the stage and the studio, but he had his autographs! ... And that's enough of that.

The Boulevardier

(Continued from page 39)

When Mr. Insull was reported escaping in woman's clothes I wanted to wire him warning against seeking sanctuary in Hollywood. In all the world there's no place as hospitable to financial racketeers as Southern California but female impersonators are instantly clapped in jail.

FOR months I have been conducting a secret research for the Rockefeller Foundation—a little gratuitous surprise for them—to determine the film favorite of womankind. My canvass covering months and embracing women of all complexions and complexes results in the conclusion that, year-in-year-out, Ronald Colman is the suffrage nominee by almost Rooseveltian majority.

suffrage nominee by almost Rooseveltian majority.

I ran into Ronnie in a London fog at United Artists. Ronnie says he has been in a fog ever since he came to Hollywood. This one was for "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back," a 20th Century production, of London atmosphere (fog). I haven't seen him since his year of round-the-worlding. The old reserve has melted to a degree. I don't mean to say he's romping with Jack Oakie and Billy Haines, playing practical jokes. It's just he isn't as careev.

eagev.
Maybe Spain melted him. Spain he found the most charming of countries.
(Please turn to page 89)

Macaroons a Child Can Make!





What Are YOUR Home-Making Problems?

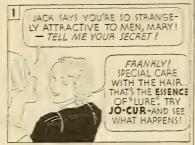
Address Miss Mary Marshall

TOWER

Whatever they are—about food amout children, about time-saving devices—why don't you dispose of these irksome questions by sending them off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She's an expert about home-making and is very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no charge—it's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.

MAGAZINES, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty







Have a Wonderful New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quince-seed base—which eliminates all stickiness,

and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10 estores.





Perfumes

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SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring, Sells
regularly for \$1.2.60 an ounce.
Made from the essence of flowers:—
A single drop
lasts a week! Send only

Three odors:

(1) Romans.

(2) Romans.

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To quickly introduce these new performes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one ser to each new customer.

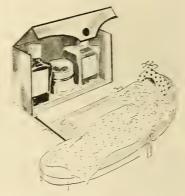
set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
233 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

MAKE-UP BOX

FRAGRANT sachets of crushed herbs and flower petals to lay on tired eyes . . . gold-flecked green eyeshadow for evening glamour . . and an automatic tweezer for smoothly arched brows! All these products came to our desk this month so is it any wonder that everyone in the beauty department has been rushing about with sparkling eyes and sweeping lashes?

WE simply can't get the words on paper fast enough to tell you about this new eye kit which is making its debut in the smart shops. A well-known beauty specialist recognizes the necessity of daily care of the eyes to combat irritations of sun, wind, dust or strain, and offers a kit containing these four essential preparations. Acque bath to soothe and strengthen; rich eye cream to keep tissues about the eyes free from lines and wrinkles; herb and flower-petal packs whose healing essences are released when



dipped in hot water and pressed gently over closed lids; and an astringent to tone the skin around the eyes and invigorate strained muscles. So whether your eyes are roguish, serene, sophisticated, dreamy or quizzical, be sure they are always radiant with the rested look this care gives.

ONE of our favorite brands of mascara has just come out in a new scarlet and gold vanity case but at no increase in price. The modern and attractive case contains mascara in black, brown or blue. It is delightfully soft and natural on the lashes and gives them a silky, lustrous look. What can be more appealing when dancing than to have beautifully accented lashes demurely sweeping your cheek?

E YE-SHADOW in blue, brown, gray, green, mauve, and, for the sophisticated in evening make-up, gold-flecked or silver-flecked! You'll like the assortment of shades and the smooth quality of the shadow in its handy little container. Eye-shadow creates a fascinating brilliance and lends depth and allure to eyes which are only moder-

ately attractive. Remember, too, that shiny eyelids are very smart this season, so leave just a little oil or eye cream on your upper lids to make them glisten.



B ELOW are pictured twin gadgets for eye beauty. Although these are sold separately you'll surely want both. An automatic tweezer which has a peculiar mechanical fascination . . . a knob is pushed, then tiny jaws open and are poised over the hair, another knob is touched and presto! Use of this tweezer insures a clean accurate eyebrow line.

Its twin is an eyelash curler which does for straight lashes what a permanent wave does for straight hair. The instrument fits the curve of the eye allowing the lashes to slip between tiny rubber-covered bows. A gentle squeeze on the handles and the lashes are curled upward, giving that starryeved look.



If you would like further information about the articles described and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 87)

Seville the most beautiful of cities. Senoras e senoritas most alluring of women. I confess to a little license. No one could snare Ronnie into definite statement about women. It's Sherlock Howe's deduction:

Ronnie landed in Spain with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, intending to spend a week-end, stayed a month. He says he enjoyed the bull-fights. Bull-fights occur only on Sundays, though. He quit Spain for Paris with intention of going on to England. Within a week he was back in Spain. Those bull-fights? Those castanets,

them eyes!
During long, uninterrupted servi-During long, uninterrupted servitude in Hollywood Ronnie was tempted to become a hermit, as who is not? He bought miles of beach and a herd of mountains in the Big Saar, a wilderness north of Santa Barbara. He bought it partly for speculation, partly with yearning for retreat into solitude. Now he regards it only as a speculation. Now he regards it only as a speculation. His change of mood is indicated by his reply to the question always asked the world-traveler: Where in all the world would you choose to live?

"Paris," he said. "Six months there, six months traveling."

WHEN the moribund Academy of Arts and Sciences shook off its shroud to croak annual awards everyone felt creepy. It was as a voice from the tomb. Designed by producers to trap actors when Equity sought to unionize them, the academy fell into disrepute when there was talk of reducing star salaries. Artists and artistes walked out in a body, leaving Art and Science flat on their backs. But you know actors are just children. They were probably lured back with the offer of little gold statuettes. The nominees for last year's acting honors and the statuettes (beautiful gilded boys resembling the Valentino me-morial) were: Katharine Hepburn, May Robson, Diana Wynyard, Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton. Four foreigners, two Americans. Shame on! No nutty nationalist, I find no fault with the nominations exand no fault with the nominations except they did not include that sturdiest, actingest American, Mae West, who, incidentally, seems to be the choice of foreigners in the land of Bernhardt, the land of Duse, and even in the land of West, if box-office votes are any criteria. In view of all the gilt she's garnered-enough to clutter up the house with boy statuettes—she probably has the philosophy of one of my colored buddies in the war. After a trip to Langres he appeared in camp, his breast ablaze with the Croix de Guerre. Inasmuch as his heroism had been con-Inasmuch as his heroism had been confined to policing roads after mules, we asked how come. "Bought'm," he said, adding with a scratch of his wool, "What Ah can't understand is why a man goes to all the trouble of gettin' shot an' everythin' for one of these l'il ol' badges when yuh can buy'm for ten francs." ten francs.

But just in case you're grievin', Mae, I herewith affix badge of actin' honors to your bosom. The Academy fathers may feel you don't deserve the badge for classy actin' but they've got to admit that among all actresses in Hollywood yours is the only bosom capable of sustaining same.
Yours passionately, Herb.

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FREEZON

People's Academy

(Continued from page 47)

Why Doesn't Elsie Act?

I NOTICED last month a letter from a correspondent, commending Elsie Janis as a writer of interviews with stars. What I want to know is this why is not Elsie acting as well as writing?

Through a long and successful career she was one of America's (and other countries, as well) biggest boxoffice attractions—a splendid mimic and dancer, a versatile actress, and the best "trouper" of them all (ask the A.E.F.!).

Now that the movies have graduated from the stupid "beautiful but dumb" stage, there is a place for the charming, poised and talented performers of Elsie's class. Many a picture would be 100 per cent more entertaining with the Janis personality to give it distinction.

Grant S. Whitney, R. F. D No. 1 Portland, Mich.

We'll show your letter to Elsie. But we want to keep her as a writer, too.

An Idea With T.N.T.

HERE are some stars I would like 1 to see teamed up. Mae West and James Cagney. Marie Dressler and Will Rogers. Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.

ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway.
Of course it is a pleasure to see such couples as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the like but "variety," as you know, "is the spice of life," so let's have some new

Elizabeth Nyilas, 41-24 74th St., Jackson Heights, L. I. We echo the Mae West-James Cagney suggestion. There's dynamite in that idea!

Praising Ruthie's Poise

I, FOR one, think Ruth Chatterton, deserves a better "break" than she has been getting for some time.
She is one, if there ever was one

who was meant to show us how real ladies act-never forgetting for an instant, the dignity and poise of a

Instant, the tagain, lady.

It is some time now since I had the pleasure of seeing her play in "The Right To Love" and it remains a pleasant memory. She was just grand! Her sweet, sad smile lingers somehow. I know not why. Her soft, lovely accent is a thing of beauty.

For heaven's sake, aren't there

For heaven's sake, aren't there enough stars whose talents are more suited to play the gutter-girl and others of her ilk, than Ruthie, I'm asking?

Mrs. John Feehan, 109 Warren Ave. Hamden, Conn.

We are among those who can take poise or let it alone. How about the rest of you fans? Remember Miss Chatterton's playing in Emil Janning's film, "Sins of the Fathers"?

Grandma, Turn to Page 22

HE writer is a grandmother, one who loves youth—even the so-called "Flaming Youth."

To keep in sympathy and understanding with my young people I go to see the pictures they enjoy. Our discussions about the pictures after, give me an opportunity to help them judge their moral value.

My early training was of the puritan type, and for my own pleasure would never choose to see a so-called "sex" picture.

However, when the much advertised and talked about picture, Mae West's "I'm No Angel," was in a local theater—well, I went off quietly by myself to see it, bracing myself against being shocked.

By the way—has the word shocked become obsolete? It's a long time since

I have heard it used.
Instead of being shocked—maybe
I have degenerated—I enjoyed the picture more than I have enjoyed any picture in some time.

Mrs. Minzella M. Robinson

5629 Ash St., Los Angeles, Calif.

We are with Grandma Robinson about Mae West. She has our cheers every time she makes a film.

But What a Robot!

I BELIEVE I am justified in a criticism and my first and last is—Mae West. I have several objections to her: (1) She cannot act. She is a charge whether the district of the several objections to her in the several objections. to ner: (1) She cannot act. She is like a robot; obeying her director's gesticulations and motions precisely, but forgetting that she is the one who must portray depth and feeling through her words. (2) Her type of pictures is useless. They have absolutely no moral or educational value, and to me, they are not even even. and to me, they are not even enter-taining. (3) She is sex personified to be sure, but only in her actions and "wise-cracks." I always be-lieved that a girl who was considered a flirt and a vampire must have a beautiful face and figure, lovely clothes, and a striking personality. Surely Mae West does not rate particularly high in regard to these quali-ties. A lot of people would perhaps consider me a prude. Well, maybe I

Dorothy Irons, 25 Hood Ave., Rumford, R. I. And still, we agree with Grandma Robinson. We believe Mae can act.

Walking a Mile for a Ciggie

I N one scene of "Nana" between the brothers after the younger had spent the night with Nana, the boy took a "package" of cigarettes from the mantel and lit one. Now I wonder if there were packaged cigarettes so many years ago? The machine-made cigarette does not date back so many generations ago. generations ago.

I find it very amusing to run across these little instances which would hardly happen. I remember some few years ago of noting high-heeled slip-pers upon the siren in the picture "Kismet," in which Otis Skinner

played so superbly.

Bernice Hoagland, 333 Fairmount Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.
" was beautifully acted, Still, "Nana"

People's Academy

"When the Blue of the Night-"

BING CROSBY—gee, just the mention of his name sets me all agog I always was an ardent admirer of Bing, but after having seen his latest picture "Going Hollywood," well. words can't express my feelings.

In my humble opinion he's Super-legant' (if you know what I mean). Here's hoping his future pictures are just half as good as his former ones

Dottie Johnston, 300 S. Cortez St., New Orleans, La.

Yes, we know what you mean, Dottie. Bing has our cheers, too.

Attention, Jack Gilbert

Is John Gilbert through?" I say, "No," being one of his most enthusiastic fans. I have always enjoyed his pictures because of his sparkling personality. In my estimation, John has never had a really human part to portray since "The Big Parade." If he will only keep faith in himself and fight for better pictures, I am sure he will succeed in talkies just as he did in the silents. He fought through to the top there and he will again, talkie voice or not.

John Gilbert makes a distinct comeback in "Queen Christina," playing

back in "Queen Christina," playing opposite the greatest screen personality of all time, the incomparable Garbo. After witnessing his outstanding performance in this picture, I am posi-tive that he will retain his popularity, not for just a day, not for just a year,

Mae Strader. 516½ So. Figueroa St. Los Angeles, Calif.

New Movie thought that Jack Gilbert was great in "Queen Christina," too. Hope he makes a great come-back! Surely he deserves better by Lady Luck.

Thinks Ann Harding the Greatest

I HAVE been admiring Ann Harding for some time and I think she is the greatest actress on the screen. No matter what part she is given she always does it well. She was perfectly grand in "Gallant Lady." She is one of the few actresses who knows how to fix her hair the most becoming way, and yet fit the occasion. So many of the female stars like to fix their hair differently, regardless of whether it is becoming to them or not. Ann always looks natural and to me she is much more beautiful than she would be artificial. She has a winning smile and it helps to display her won-HAVE been admiring Ann Harding

would be artificial. She has a winning smile and it helps to display her wonderful personality and character.

I think Ann and Clive Brook, make a perfect team. I think that they should be highly recommended for their splendid acting together. I hope that in the future they will play more together. I am looking forward to their future nictures. to their future pictures.

Rosie McCloud, 1227 W. University Ave., Gainesville, Fla.

We would like to see Ann and Clive together again, too. Two splendid players! (Please turn to page 92)





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Name Адани

People's Academy

(Continued from page 91)

You're Wrong, A.M.V.

I HAVE been reading New Movie, a good while and I must say I like it. I have also sent in several letters to the "People's Academy," but as they contradicted New Movie, in some of its views my letters were relegated to the waste paper basket. I notice that the letters you print are only those with which you seem to agree. But just the same I shall go on reading NEW MOVIE, because of its tremendous interest.

One more thing before I close, and before you heave this in the basket, please, please do all in your power to get that tinny music out of pictures. It often spoils an otherwise good show. Why, the music in a Mickey Mouse comedy by far outshines many so-called musicals. That's a fact. Ask some of the other suckers who have been paying good money to hear junk that we can get for nothing on our radios.

> A. M. Vitale, Box 685, Lincoln Park, N. J.

Just to prove we're broad minded, here's your letter. We agree about Mickey Mouse, music or no music. Have you seen Mickey's new one, "Playful Pluto"?

Bring Back the Cowboys

I T is with deep regret that we learn that our real he-men screen heroes, such as Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, and George O'Brien are deserting Western pictures for straight drama. For there's a certain glamour to the picturesque Westland with its fine horses and hard-riding cowboys. thanks to Ken Maynard, he's still try-ing to preserve the old "horse opera"

Here's hoping he can continue to find plot material for Western pictures for a long time to come!

R. D. Fearey, Route No. 1, Box 645, Berkeley, Calif.

Wonder if other fans want more horse operas? The producers think you don't. What do you say?

Can't Blame the Sun for Coming Out

I AM such an inveterate movie fan that I am willing to overlook almost any inconsistency about weather, costumes, or dialogue, but it was a little too much for me, when, in "Hold Your Man," Clark Gable stared at Jean Harlow's window, almost blinded by the snow, and within an hour or two was strolling down the street with Jean on his arm, a marriage license in his pocket, and the bright sun shining overhead.

Startling change in the weather, in such a short time!

Lucretia Money.

Lucretia Money McComb, Miss.

What do you care about weather when Jean's around? Surprised you noticed the

Straight from the Shoulder

Stroight from the Shoulder
I wish to comment upon Silvie
Wynne's letter concerning Mary Rogers.
I think that if Miss Wynne would
consider the matter impartially she
would admire Miss Rogers' ambition.
Judging from all papers and magazines, no "pull" was employed in obtaining Miss Rogers' role in "My
Weakness." Although her father is
wealthy she deserves the chance to
make a name for herself as much as
any other girl. The Arts do not take
into consideration social or financial into consideration social or financial standing. If Miss Rogers has the talent required to entertain the motion picture public, there is no reason why she should not do so.

Pauline Wharf, 749 E. Sandusky Avenue. Bellefontaine, Ohio.

No comment is necessary. Your words speak for themselves.

A Word for Westerns

I have been reading several articles in different magazines and newspapers that the movie producers are of the opinion that western pictures are no longer popular with the movie public.

longer popular with the movie public. I wish to express my opinion and say that I think the western pictures are great and I enjoy them. We have so many excellent western stars, Tom Mix, George O'Brien, Tom Keene, Tim McCoy, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and so many others.

It seems that as long as Zane Grey and Max Brand write such delightful western stories, they should be made into pictures so that everyone who enjoys outdoor life could enjoy the pic-

I hope the movie producers change their minds and continue giving the public the splendid western pictures.

Mable McCown,
2724 South Cherokee.
Englewood, Colorado.

You are right. The spirit of the old West should always belong to America.

More College Pictures

I've read the articles published in every New Movie Magazine for the past few years.
I've a thought (think of it). It's this: I think there should be more dashing

college pictures.

college pictures.

They are always wholesome and get lots of applause. The public enjoys such people as Dick Cromwell, Judith Allan, Bryant Washburn, Jr., Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, and others. If everyone saw "This Day and Age" and also "Too Much Harmony" they would agree with me. I hope everyone agrees that the college pictures would be better for young and old.

(Miss.) Helen Skonerson

(Miss) Helen Skogerson, 4116 Zenith Avenue South. Minneapolis, Minn.

Let's give three rousing cheers for our college! Do you think the producers will hear? Here's hoping.

What Does Garbo Think?

After reading oceans of letters about Greta Garbo, some praising, others de-nouncing, I wonder what the great star

herself thinks. She probably laughs at such pugnacious tirades which the fans

such pugnacious tirades which the fans so arduously hurl at each other. Instead of doing that, I want to shower praise and congratulations on a star who has been steadily climbing since 1930. This is Irene Dunne, one of the finest actresses on the screen. In what other woman can you find the true, sincere characterization of any who else can make you laugh and cry with such conviction that you imagine it is yourself on the screen? Surely an actress with achievements like these commands attention and deserves praise.

I never took much interest in motion pictures until I saw Irene Dunne. Since then you couldn't find one more con-cerned than I. Come on you Irene Dunne fans! Let's hear something from you in the future

Miriam Berkowich, 2109-18th Street N.W. Washington, D. C.

No words can be added to your praise of a fine actress.

More Excitement

Clark Gable, Charles Rogers and David Manners can act but when it comes to the real thing "Bill" Gargan has "It." I think, as others think, that pictures of exciting photography are really what draws the public. "Less sex and more realistic action," such as "Headline Shooter," featuring "Bill"

I hope to see more of my favorite in my most interesting magazine, THE NEW MOVIE.

(Miss) Ruth Glynn, 1213 Devonshire Street. Hobart, Indiana.

There are many, Ruth, who agree with you. Hence Gargan's popularity.

A Prophet Speaks

Eugene McKenzie's letter in your December issue pleased me no end.

Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably America's greatest contribution to the motion picture world . . . the youthful counterpart of Garbo.

She is not in any sense, though, an imitation. Hepburn is almost strikingly original, tremendously vital, brilliant, a superb actress. She understands the art of pantomime as only one other, Garbo.

She is not good looking-but, then neither is Garbo. Yet, no other actress on the screen today can play as effec-

We also have three fine actors before us. Let me but mention the names, Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook. And, let us not be unmindful Drook. And, let us not be unmindful of a very promising talent in our own Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Watch that lad! He is rising to the top steadily, and yet rapidly. Soon his name will be associated with the great names in motion pictures. See if I am not a good prognosticator!

Patricia Salvator, 111 W. 72nd Street. New York, N. Y.

We agree with you that Hepburn is no imitation. And "Catherine the Great" proves Doug. Jr., has ability. (Please turn to page 94)

People's Academy WHO SAYS WOMEN DO ALL OF THE GOSSIPING?



of chicken, the gingerbread and the chocolate custard pudding take hold. Recipes for breakfast breads and other dishes, meats and meat substitutes, vegetables,

pies and pastries, cakes, puddings and simple desserts, candies . . . recipes the men folks like best. And food that men like is pretty sure to be popular

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RITA CALHOUN, FOOD EDITOR

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People's Academy

(Continued from page 93)

Of Course, and Why Not?

I had often wondered what books or magazines the stars read. I had made arrangements with a mutual friend to introduce me to my favorite actress, Marie Dressler, and I made up my mind that if the opportunity presented itself after the introduction I would ask her what she read.

When she was in New York, my friend and I called at her hotel. We were ushered into her presence

and there she sat deeply engrossed in a late copy of New Movie.

I wonder no more what the stars

read.

Mrs. Elsie Vitale. Box 685.

Lincoln Park, N. J. We need not add to your letter except to say we heartily agree with Queen Marie.

Strong for the Musicals

I wish to say a word for the musicals. I have enjoyed them all. Each one has been a bit more glamorous than the one before. Please don't give us too

many.

Let's have a few serious pictures, for example. "Magnificent Obsession," with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery taking the leads, and the much talked about "Rosary," Ann Harding and Wil-liam Powell portraying the leading characters. We have had "The White Sister" which was a success, so why not try these other stories I have sug-

What do you say, New Movie

readers?

H. Schultheis, 133 Carter Street.

Rochester, N. Y. What do the others have to say? If they tell the producers what they want, their commands shall be obeyed.

Give Us More Comedy

I am submitting this letter to you with praises and loud huzzahs for a grand comedian who seldom gets his just reward from the critics and fans. His name is Ned Sparks and his frozenfaced antics have evoked more laughter from this correspondent's somber face than the humor of some of our sup-posedly "star" comedians. He added the spice needed to "Gold Diggers," "Too Much Harmony," and "Lady for a Day." Let's give credit where credit is due. What do some of the other fans think?

William S. Shilstone, 249 Speedwell Avenue. Morristown, N. J.

It is good to receive comment on one of our favorite comedians.

A Madge Evans Fan

Recently I saw Madge Evans in the "Day of Reckoning," and now am one of her most ardent fans. Her performance was brilliant and she never looked more beautiful. Miss Evans is displaying unknown talent and if given the wight roles will become one of our the right roles will become one of our greatest American actresses.

greatest American actresses.

Please, Mr. Producer, no more mediocre and stupid roles for Madge Evans.

Connie M. Joffre,

1011-15th St. N.E.

Canton, Ohio.

something.

You are perfectly right! Madge has

The Wholesome Vision:

Golden hair that shimmers, glimmers, Like the sun's reflection, dancing upon the waters.

Sparkling eyes that send forth a telltale inner glow Of a beautiful soul.

Certainly after reading this eulogy there should be some explaining to be done. Present-day actresses have slightly gone blase, most of them being highly artificial in their make-up as well as otherwise. Most producers will boost and press-agents will shout praises about some unwholesome painted baby-faced doll, while a real actress with a healthy and charming face and body will be kept in the background. I am referring to Miss Helen Vinson. You'll have to seek far and wide to find a girl as wholesome, beautiful and talented as she.

Give this girl a hand. Miss Betty Presner, 1964 Davidson Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

The Three Little Pigs

Jean is three and Billy five, Healthy and very much alive. Always teasing to see a show.

Too often, alas, I must say "No!"

But what can I do with a gangster real!

Other mothers know how I feel) Or society dramas where love runs wild!

Such an experience for a child!

You can imagine how joyfully I greeted Walt Disney's piggies three, And the big, bad wolf in that charming play!

My youngsters talk of it since the day They sat enthralled, with delight

sublime,
And sat it all through a second time!
For these three little pigs were old, old friends.

And they knew well how the story ends.

If movie producers and the others Who make such films knew how we

Just call them blessed for things like this

Not one opportunity would they miss Of featuring stories all children adore, Like Mother Goose and her fairy lore, As the silent pictures used to do,
With less of this modern hullabaloo!
Mrs. W. R. Gordon,
325 Garner Street,

State College, Pa.

An Incentive

When we do not know, we rap! It is human nature!

And so, despite numerous protests against the "Advertising bally-hoo of Movie Trailers," I say a big bouquet to them! I should never have gone to see Mae West, Otto Kruger, Katharine

Hepburn, George Arliss, and—believe it or not—Greta Garbo, were it not for one of these "coming events."

I don't know why. I had nothing against them! I just didn't think that they would appeal to me! Well! I was wrong!

Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Avenue, Cranford, N. J.

First Nights on Broadway

(Cont word for juge 41)

assistants make them the lively, interesting conversation of actual hu-man beings and John Cromwell has been able to show the life of a wealthy American family without aid of sunken bathtubs and overstuffed butlers. Raiph Bellamy as the fatheaded amorous husband, Constance Cummings as the siren, and Kay Johnson as her disapproving sister-in-law succeeded in being flesh and blood people. Sidney Blackmer does a convincing minor bit as a competitor for the easy affections of the adventuress.

High Spots: The bridge game waiting for the return of Jim (Mr. Bellamy) and Fran (Miss Cummings). Tony (Miss Dunne) struggling to hold her two-timing husband. Jim and Fran parting with a slap, a bite and a sock in the see. the eye.

Coming Out Party—A Directed by John Blystone. Released by Fox

S OCIETY'S goings-on are presented in this film with more intelligence and skill than such photoplays usually get. Pictures prepared under the experienced eye of Jesse L. Lasky always have polish. In this case there are in addition good backgrounds, good dialogue and a fine cast to handle it. These cover up fairly well the defects of a rather wabbly old plot.

The story is about a poor young man (Gene Raymond) and his love affair with a multimillionaire's daughter (Frances Dee) which tangles itself up into complications on the night of her debut. If the plot is routine and rather hard to swallow in spots, there are compensations. and skill than such photoplays usually

are compensations.

Chief of these is Miss Dee's portrayal of the distracted heiress, which is gentle, wistful and truly lovely. There is also Mr. Raymond's defiant young musician and a number of excellent minor performances with Nigel Bruce's fatherly Scotch butler, leading

Mr. Blystone's direction is smooth and elaborate. There have been a lot worse photoplays than "Coming Out Party" and, this month, not many better.

High Spots: Joy Stanhope (Miss Dee) wheedling her father (Gilbert Emery) out of cash for her debut. Troon (Mr. Bruce) demonstrating the harmonic capabilities of the bagpipes. Stags cutting in on Joy at the comingout party ball.

George White's Scandals—C Directed by George White. Released by Fox

THIS film edition of a famous an-lot of moving picture shorts, all pasted together. There isn't enough plot to mention, or enough of anything else to dwell on long. The "Scandals" is a stage director's first, not very suc-cessful attempt to master photoplay technique.

What traces the film possesses of story are concerned with goings-on (Please turn to page 96)



What's It Going To Be?

An American An English o r MONKEY BUNNY

> We are not suggesting a new animal for the zoo or a toy for the children.

On the contrary, American Bun- sandwich . . . frozen fruit salad nies and English Monkeys are both delicious recipes for cheese dishes that you will want to serve often. These two recipes come from one of the best collection of cheese recipes you can find anywhere. Cheese straws . . . Roquefort canapes . . . onion cheese soup . . . rarebit . . . cheese fondu . . . broiled open

with cheese . . . olive cheese mold...cheese filling for gingerbread . . . foreign cheese dishes.

There are dozens and dozens of tempting recipes in this food circular that you'll be glad to have. To get them send 10 cents in stamps or coin for "Delicious Cheese Recipes" to

RITA CALHOUN

Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.





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THANK YOU---

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 791, Keokuk, Ia. Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 95)

backstage during production of a musical comedy. Jimmy Durante, Gregory Ratoff and Cliff Edwards supply most of the humor, and Rudy Vallee as the hero is no more impressive than the average radio star, transferred to pic-

You can miss this item without missing much.

Heat Lightning—A Directed by Mervyn Leroy. Released by Warner

COMEDY and tragedy flourish side by side in a desert tourist camp that is background for this photoplay. Among the patrons of the two sisters who run the camp are fugitive bank robbers, a couple of Reno divorcées and a number of other travelers. Without one ingredient this would be another so-so film. Thanks to the presence of Aline MacMahon as the slatternly older sister, "Heat Lightning" is well

worth seeing.
It isn't Miss MacMahon's face, with its long, tired lines and weary eyes that has brought her so far in moving pictures. The brain behind that plain visage is responsible. She is one of a few who have convinced Hollywood that ability is as important as magazine-cover features. From her undergraduate days in Barnard College on, Miss MacMahon has been acting and improving steadily. This is her first stellar role in films.

As Olga, the reformed lady with a past, who is striving to keep her younger sister (Ann Dvorak) from following in her own purple path and at the same time is striving to remain resolute in the presence of the unreformed scoundrel (Preston Foster) whom she herself loves, Miss Mac-Mahon_is impressive and appealing.

Mr. Foster is believable as the bad egg and Ruth Donnelly does an amus-ing bit as an acid divorcée. The rest of the cast is satisfactory but "Heat Lightning" is Miss MacMahon's pic-

ture. She deserves more.

High Spots: Olga resisting her old lover's wooing. Olga's despair over his dead body.

Keep 'Em Rolling—B Directed by George Archainbaud. Released by RKO-Radio

Your correspondent is no push-over for pictures about our dumb friends. In films they usually are so much more intelligent than human beings that my loyalty to my own species is stirred. "Keep Em Rolling" is better than most because Rodney the battery horse is just a horse and never steps out of character. Neither does the 16th Field Artillery which furnished color, background and many

actors for this photoplay.

Most of the drama is left to the hoofs of Rodney and the hands of his rider, Benny Walsh (Walter Huston). They do their best with an excessively sentimental story and a whole artillery

sentimental story and a whole artillery regiment adds glitter and excitement. It's a good safe film for any youngster. High Spots: A battery race with galloping horses and jolting guns. The 16th Artillery marching in review past Rodney and Benny.

No More Women—C Directed by Albert Rogell, Released by Paramount

THIS is a rehash of the old "What Price Glory" film and a photoplay about divers done by Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in the days when pictures were seen and not heard. There is little worth hearing or seeing in the result. Victor McLaglen and Edmund is little worm near result. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe take underseas this time the fight they have been waging through many miles of celluloid. That quarrel by now has become more routine than funny. Minna Gombell plays a waterfront siren and Sally Blaine, as the heroine, can't quite make up her mind whether she is cast as an ingenue or a soubrette.

Six of a Kind—B Directed by Leo McCarey. Released by Paramount

THIS picture is acted by some of filmdom's goofiest—Charles Rug-gles, W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Gracie Allen and George Burns. There are moments when you'll laugh till it

moments when you'll laugh till it hurts. There are many more when you'll be expected to, but won't.

A transcontinental motor trip, a bank robbery and a series of completely crazy happenings have all been stirred together in "Six of a Kind" without any regard whatever for common sense. The film would have been hetter if the script writer hadr't tried. better if the script writer hadn't tried to be more amusing than even Messrs. Ruggles, Fields and their accomplices could be. The average person likes a certain amount of reality even in his jokes. No photoplay with the above cited actors and actresses could be a complete flop. If you should be fortunate enough to come in on "Six of a Kind" at the moment when Mary Boland fall interface. land falls into the Grand Canyon and can doze off thereafter until W. C. Fields begins his pool game, you'll have seen everything worth while.

The Crime Doctor—B Directed by John Culbertson. Released by RKO-Radio

I DON'T think the author or playwright plays fair when he gets all his characters tangled in a most egregious mess and then explains that the whole thing has been just a dream or the plot of a book some character has been writing.

"The Crime Doctor" in which Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther have the principal roles has its complex tragedy solved by such a trick ending. At least one trustful simpleton felt, after seeing it, as though when the poker game broke up it had been announced everyone had been playing just for fun.

This is one of the murder mysteries in which none but the audience knows who killed the victim. It is well staged and directed. Mr. Asther and Miss Morley do fine, sensitive work and Mr. Kruger performed less finely with a regrettable tendency to express emotion by making faces. Judith Wood is more than satisfactory as the little so-and-so who is killed and the ever-lasting court room scene is well done. High Spots: Andra (Miss Mor-

First Nights on Broadway

ley) pleading with her husband (Mr. Kruger) for her lover's life.

Death Takes a Holiday—A

Directed by Michael Leisen. Released by Paramount

AS a stage play, this was a novel idea rather bunglingly developed. Its transfer to celluloid has sharpened and intensified its significance but it still remains a sermonizing allegory rather than a drama. The film version of "Death Takes a Holiday is ornately staged, finely cast and gloomily im-

The action proceeds at death march pace to the accompaniment of slow, poetic speeches about dissolution and its imperceptible sting. The acting harmonizes with its cadences. Fredric March is Death, embodied in human flesh for a brief vacation. It is largely flesh for a brief vacation. It is largely Mr. March's flexible voice and significant acting that carry the film along. Sir Guy Standing, as Death's unwilling host, is excellent and the rest of the cast is generally good.

Evelyn Venable, who prefers extinction with Death to life without him, has an adolescent air, a childish face

and a generally unsophisticated presence. She brings little more than these

ence. She bring's little more than these to aid her in a difficult part.
"Death Takes a Holiday" is intellectual and solemn entertainment—if that last isn't too frivolous a word. At all events, no one can complain in this instance about the havoc wrought by motion picture vandals. They have taken a fair stage play and have improved it.

High Spots: The Duka (Sir Guy)

High Spots: The Duke (Sir Guy) introducing his dread guest. The terror of the Countess (Katherine Alexander) as she identifies him who masquerades as Prince Sirki (Mr. March).

Good Dame-B

Directed by Marion Gering. Released by Paramount

THE same old carnival background that has served for Mae West's "I'm No Angel" and Clara Bow's "Hoop-la" has been drafted again for this item. The set hasn't deteriorated but the statement of the set hasn't deteriorated that the statement of the set hasn't deteriorated that the set hasn't deteriorated the set hasn't d but the photoplays acted before it get

but the photoplays acted before it get steadily worse.

"Good Dame" is an acute case of story trouble. No less than four authors are implicated in the script. There is enough ignominy there to cover them all.

Fredric March plays the part of a rough, tough gambler with a heart of gold. Sylvia Sidney is a stranded chorine. Her heart is gold too. Thrusting excellent actors like these and the rest of the cast into so completely silly a plot is like expecting the Yankees to play baseball on a sandlot. Mr. March and Miss Sidney keep their vehicle from seeming even worse. This is all Irving and Duse could do.

This is all Irving and Duse could do. Sore Spots: Mace (Mr. March) and Lillie (Miss Sidney) playing house together. Lillie and Mace raving about love before the judge who is about to give them six months each but marries them instead.
(Please turn to page 98)



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First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 97)

No Greater Glory—B Directed by Frank Borzage. Released by

To some of you, this drama which is acted by an almost completely juvenile cast may be a lacerating fable directed against the insanity of all war. To others, it may be just another "Our Gang" comedy, with the comedy left conspicuously out. In either event, I think you'll agree that in tackling this picture Frank Borzage, the di-

this picture frank borzage, the director, assumed handicaps that no one in filmdom could rise completely above. In the first place, boys of from eight to thirteen are rarely polished actors in tragedy and most of the actors in "No Greater Glory" are between these ages. In the second, boys in this land are not as unhumorously addicted to militarism as the supposedly Hungarian youths in this film appear to be.

These facts make for unreality and a little tediousness. The earnest anti-war message of the film, which is taken from a Molnar novel, saves it from being a complete washout but can't rescue it entirely. You'll probably cry over "No Greater Glory" but I don't think that fact makes it a good photoplay.

Gambling Lady—C Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by

If there has been a sillier photoplay story written in the last seven months, I was lucky for once and missed it. The plot of this piece, on which a lot of good actors, including Barhara, Stanweck, Loel McCrea, and which a lot of good actors, including Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien, have been thrown away, is the sort of thing that is brought forward as an exhibit by the intellectual who writes on "What's Wrong with the Movies."
"Gambling Lody" is about

"Gambling Lady" is about a gambler's daughter who lives in a town apparently run by a gambler's syndicate and who, after serving as a queen of the gaming tables, married a man of wealth and social rank only to have

him weaned away temporarily by a high-born adventuress. Miss Stan-wyck is the gamblerette, Mr. McCrea is the hero and Claire Dodd is the lady who vamps him with the headlong rush of a man sliding into second base. There's no use dwelling on this number. I imagine those concerned will be

as glad to forget it as I shall be. Sore Spots: The gambling syndicate holding a directors' meeting. Miss Stanwyck's prospective father-in-law (C. Aubrey Smith) cutting cards with her to see whether she'll marry his son. Miss Stanwyck playing blackjack with her rival at an exclusive social affair and trimming the rival of all her jewelry and her garters.

Bottoms Up

Directed by James Butler. Released by Fox

A LITTLE of almost everything has A gone into this film and, putting it all together, you get mildly funny entertainment and a feeling of con-

"Bottoms Up" is about a girl (Pat Paterson) who breaks into the movies with the help of three crooks (Spencer Tracy, Herbert Mundin and Sid Silvers) and-believe it or not-makes a Miss Paterson, a recent crash hit. discovery, has a nice voice and an unimpressive appearance. Harry Green, as the distracted movie magnate, is more comic than any of Miss Paterson's accomplices. John Boles sings

When all is said and done, "Bottoms Up" turns out to be one of the pictures in which little is done and much is said.

High Spot: The song number "Waiting at the Gate."
Sore Spot: The failure to decide whether the company was shooting a musical comedy, a crook drama, a satire on the cinema racket or a success story.

Come on Marines

Directed by Henry Hathaway. Released by Paramount

THE marines have landed again but in this item they never get the situation completely in hand. Here is one of the disappointing films that start with a bang and end with a sputter. It is well cast and well staged and as long as it deals with typical marine existence, it is good hardboiled comedy. After Richard Arlen and his platoon of leathernecks set out to res-cue a bandit-beleagured flock of shipwrecked junior leaguers with few clothes and fewer inhibitions, the plot goes musical comedy with no music and little real comedy to excuse it.

The cast does its best to save a pic-

ture that is wrecked by a bad story. Mr. Arlen gives his usual good per-formance as a marine sergeant. Ros-coe Karns is amusing as a backsliding leatherneck and Monte Blue, screen idol of other years, returns after what apparently has been a fattening-up

period.

Sore Spot: The sergeant breaking up a necking party between men of his command and the res-cued girls by spanking them all with a shingle.

Hold That Girl

Directed by Hamilton McFadden. Released by Fox

I N this comedy, the characters do most of the laughing. "Hold That Girl" deals, once again, with the viglent adventures of a girl reporter. It has speed but too little of everything else a good picture needs.

Claire Trevor plays a durable, if not very interesting newspaperwoman who is nearly murdered by a maniac, is wooed by a racketeer, is arraigned for indecent exposure in a fan dance, is audience at a gang killing, is put on the spot herself and, finally, is married by a detective (James Dunn). This is a routine picture with only the

pace it sets to recommend it.

Sore Spots: Tony's (Miss Trevor's) detective lover forcing her to do her fan dance in court. . . . Gangsters plotting Tony's murder in train announcer tones, though they know she is in the next room.

Hollywood Pays Its Debt

(Continued from page 35)

Carmel. There is little doubt that she will return to Broadway as soon as her entract expires. The Ann as her entract expires. The Ann Harding who will go back will be a tremendous box-office star whose pop-ularity has been made by the Hall-wood machine. Movie fans who have never patronized the legitimate theater will flock to see her—and thus in one small way Hollywood will have re-paid some of its tremendous debt to Broadway.

small way Hollywood will have repaid some of its tremendous debt to Broadway.

Helen Hayes, in the midst of a spectacular Hollywood vogue, has completely deserted the studio for the stare. A few months are Miss Haves viewed the deplorable situation in New York and realized that unless something drastic was done immediately the spoken drama was finished for at least a generation. Tourageously she announced to the world, and to Hollywood in particular, that she was returning to Broadway to do her bit for the theater.

Hollywood smiled disdainfully at Miss Hayes' decision. A publicity stunt, the cynics said—a magnificent gesture wrapped in cellophane. Others slapped back at her with the retort that she was disagreeably ungrateful.

With taunts burning in her ears, she boarded a train for Manhattan; a play script of Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" in her hands. In a few weeks she was in rehearsal. Her triumph in the role is already a record of modern theatrical history.

Just as Hollywood robbed Broadway, so now the Theatre Guild looted Hollywood of one of its outstanding stars. Helen Hayes is back behind the footlights—back in her element—home again; face to face with an audience whose applause she can hear, whose reactions she can feel. Only an actress who has trouped across the boards can know what that means. Inspired by Miss Hayes' denunciation of Broadway's renegades Katharine Hepburn returned to star in "The Lake." Commercially, if not histrionically, her decision was considered even more important than that of Miss Hayes, for Hepburn's status in Hollywood was already on a par with Garbo's. At the moment it was the next best thing to Garbo herself consenting to play Broadway in the flesh. A scoop for the theater.

Within seven weeks "The Lake" had opened and closed. Instead of winning new laurels for its popular star the metropolitan critics gave it the cold

opened and closed. Instead of winning new laurels for its popular star the metropolitan critics gave it the cold

shoulder.

However the reception given Miriam However the reception given Miriam Hopkins was not only warmer but more considerate, in view of the fact that her play, "Jezebel," met the same fate as "The Lake." The red carpets were laid out for Walter Huston, too, to welcome him back in the starring role of Sinclair Lewis' dramatization of "Dodsworth."

Nancy Carroll's play, "Shady Lady," was short-lived, suffering a harsh beating from the scribblers. It found its

ing from the scribblers. It found its way to the storehouse before the paint was even dry on the scenery. Like Hepburn and Hopkins, Miss Carroll was brought to Broadway at a tre-mendous salary because it was be-(Please turn to page 100) Is Such Beauty
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Hollywood Pays Its Debt

(Continued from page 99)

lieved her name would be a big draw. The results however have been most discouraging, and Broadway managers are becoming skeptical as to the drawing power of so-called big pic-

Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith, to New York to do plays, with the ultimate idea of making a comeback in pictures via Broadway. Neither had had any stage training, being essentially celluloid artists. Miss Moore, trying out a new play, took it first to several of the larger key cities. Miss Griffith took to the road in Lynn Fontanne's role in "Design for Living." When it came time for them to show themselves to the critics that haunt Times Square they decided with the wisdom accredited to sages that it would be like leaping from the frying pan into the fire to attempt to face a row of first-night reviewers who have swords for tongues. So both returned to Hollywood.

These two instances are used to prove conclusively that whereas a screen performer cannot change his medium of expression without risking failure, a stage actor can switch to pictures with his chances for success

more than double to one.

A stage player transferring his talents to the screen has every advantage over the Hollywood actor who ventures before the footlights. both cases a difficult, trying period of readjustment is necessary. No matter how bad a stage star may be before the camera there is always the possibility of correcting mistakes by retakes before the picture is released to the public. A picture star facing a Broadway audience and a group of acid-tongued newspaper critics, either fails or succeeds on the opening night.

Even ex-legitimate performers returning to the stage after a sojourn in the films find it difficult to alter the Hollywood technique they have acquired in the interval. Speaking lines into a microphone has taught them to soften their tones, to lessen the range of their voices. The result is that of their voices. The result is that once they are back before an audience they find themselves playing to the first three rows.

Such players as Ina Claire, Douglass Montgomery, Paul Muni, Olga Bacla-nova, Pauline Frederick, Kay Johnson,

Otto Kruger, Joseph Schildkraut, Lyda Roberti, Lillian Gish, Irving Pichel, Hal Skelly, Frances Fuller, and others of more and less reputation, make it their business to alternate between stage and screen. Thus they are enabled to maintain a happy balance; retaining the technique of one and the mechanisms of the other.

In rare instances a few screen players have overcome the obstacles of making a Broadway debut. Jean Arthur is a Hollywood ingenue who has gone successfully from one play into another, topping her lukewarm furor in the talkies. Lois Moran also has won greater success in the new

field of endeavor.

Lillian Gish, discovered by D. W. Griffith, made her name in the flickering flickers. For years she rode the crest of the waves of Hollywood success. When the tide of popularity receded she went back to the theater in which she had once played minor roles. Today she is being hailed as the modern Duse of the spoken word. Broadway has already seen her in "Uncle Vanya," as well as "Nine Pine Street." Her new play is "The Joyous Season," written originally for Maude Adams' return to the stage. In the interval Miss Gish has made a picture, "His Double Life." Lillian's sister, Dorothy, has turned definitely to the stage.

Hollywood names shine from the Hollywood names snine from the electric lights on practically every block of Times Square this season; twinkling bait for movie enthusiasts. One finds Walter Huston in "Dodsworth," Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews in "Her Master's Voice," Hope Crews in "Her Master's Voice," Conrad Nagel in "The First Apple," Melvyn Douglas in "No More Ladies," Laurence Olivier in "The Green Bay Tree," Lillian Gish in "The Joyous Season," Dorothy Gish in "By Your Leave," Pauline Frederick in "Her Majesty, the Queen," Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland," Hal Skelly in "Queer People," and Mary Pickford making personal appearances in a tab making personal appearances in a tab version of "Church Mouse" prior to doing a play herself.

Margaret Sullavan has a contract to

star in a play for Jed Harris later in the season. Other picture names rumored to be Broadway bound are Sylvia Sidney, Phillips, Holmes, Gloria Stuart, and Edmund Lowe.

Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 51)

attitude which the system forces upon the author is the excuse for the system

WHENEVER the studio pays a big salary to a writer or a director it does so only because that writer or director has previously demonstrated ex-

ceptional ability in his profession.

No artist receives "big money" in motion pictures until he has proved his claim to it; a condition which, alas, does not always apply to the executive

branch of the industry.

There must be something amiss when creative artists are engaged for enormous fees and then forced to work without real authority, subject to meddling and interference from bright young men with little cultural or creative background, but a passionate yearning for artistic authority. The situation has been well summed

up by a prominent dramatist who re-

marked plaintively:

marked plaintively:
"We leave our comfortable homes in
the East, abandon the work we were
doing, spend long, hot days in stuffy
offices, have our work thrown back at
us to be done again, frequently work
all night, gradually go crazy under the
strain—and for what?—a fortune."

Wages of Cinema

From the very beginning the paychological development of motion pic-tures has been measured by the gradually growing importance of the writer's work in creating those values which make box-office suc-

In considering the origin and growth and literary and dramatic quality in screen-plays three major phases stand

out in distinct progress

First there was the era of the director who completely dominated story, cast and interpretation. His word was law and his gesture royal.

Then, with the advent of sound, came a period of confusion in which authority was mixed for a time but which ultimately led to the era of the executive who grasped the imperial scepter and held both director and writer in

WE are now on the eve of a third phase in which the writer's position will be nearly as authoritative as it is in the theater. I say "nearly" because the manuscript of a photoplay can never be as complete a work in itself as is the manuscript of a stage play: too much depends on the handling of the camera and the technical cameracontinuity.

Dramatic values on the screen are dependent to a great extent upon the di-rector's sense of distance, angle and grouping. In the theater the distance of the characters from the audience remains constant and always fairly re-mote—a condition which forms the basic difference between stage technic

and that of the screen.

But in whatever proportion authority may be divided between writer and director it is quite evident that what is needed for future progress is the development of the writer's responsibility for the picture. That the present con-dition exists is not at all the writer's

When picture companies were first organized the writer was not included as an essential element. He was an afterthought, called into the game long after the director had established him-

after the director had established himself as king.

My own entrance into the fascinating world of the studios was as an author, not as a director. In those days "The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company" had several directors but no writers.

The company consisted of Jesse L. Lasky, President, my brother, who had entire charge of production and Sam Goldwyn, who attended to all the

finances.

These gentlemen, being young and eager to do new and unheard of things, thought it would be an interesting experiment to see if a trained dramatist might not be of use in the infant art. To this end I was sent for and at once became enthusiastic over the possibilities I saw beyond the immediate crudeness of the craft.

At that time the whole scenario de-partment was the office stenographer who typed rough scripts at the director's dictation.

In fact so simple was the process that one director then known as the dean of his profession, used to boast that he could read a new novel, dictating notes to his stenographer the while, and when he had finished the book he had his picture scenario all ready to shoot: a far cry from the countless re-(Please turn to page 102)





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Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 101)

writings by hordes of authors, which are characteristic of today's methods.

So jealous was the director of his prerogatives during this period that, some time later, when a timid little thirty dollar a week scenario writer dared to write the detail of a picture's climax, the director blew up and had her brought into the royal presence.

"What the hell do you mean by tell-ing me what to do?" he stormed. "I'm the director and I know my business; all you've got to write is 'Lovers Meeting, Fadeout,' I'll do the rest."

A S the company grew and it became impossible for me to write all the scenarios needed, I brought other writers into the fold so that gradually we became a "Scenario Department" and many were the evening meetings at which we threshed out ways and means of putting a story upon the screen; detail after detail of technical method was discussed, adopted, tried and then discarded as better ways were found to get the same effect. Development was so rapid at this period that the whole accepted technic of picture writing changed materially every four

A student of the history of picture technic may learn much from the various changes of form in the sub-titles or captions flashed upon the screen.

Originally there were no sub-titles at all or at most one or two. As screenwriting developed and scenes became more complex and delicate in shading, writers were forced to flash upon the screen the words a character was actually saying, or the meaning of the scene was lost. At one time, indeed, there was danger that the footage de-voted to titles would dwarf that given to the picture.

This use of printed dialogue was accompanied by an urge toward poetic quality in the sub-titles used between sequences either to mark the passage of time or to explain the psychology of a character.

Early in the game it was considered good screen-writing to use the shortest titles possible and writers sat up nights trying to find new ways of saying "Dawn," "That night," "Later,"
"Meanwhile" and similar "time lapse titles" as they were called.

As the desire for more poetic expression swept over the craft these evolved into "Came the dawn," "Gentle night falls softly," "After weary hours" and "While Mary dreamed."

It was discovered also at this time that any startling coincidence or improbability could be laid to "Fate" and many were the titles which laid squarely upon the broad shoulders of Kismet happenings which could hardly have occurred without this supernatural

collaboration.
Of these "Fate takes a hand" was the formula, and several hundred ways of saying just that single thought had to be devised.

Once launched, "poetic prose" tended to take the bit in its teeth and bolt. Screen language became more and more flowery to a point that where a few years earlier we would have been quite content to use the simple title "Temptation," we now found it advisable to say "Passion, that furious taskmaster, strikes without warning and leaves the mark of his lash livid across the soul." The first recognition of literature as

an element of motion pictures was marked about this period by the ap-pearance of a special class of screen writers. "Title writers" they were

called.

Their function was to take the assembled film and rewrite both sub-titles and spoken titles so that actors viewing the finished picture often found themselves expressing different words, different thoughts, even, from those they had actually played when the scenes were shot. This, of course, frequently led to startling changes of characterization and also of motiva-

The period is chiefly interesting as marking the beginning of loss of integrity; the dawn of the "too many cooks" era. But the importance of the writer as a necessary element in the creation of a picture was beginning to be more and more evident.

As a result, came the first great hegira of authors to Hollywood. They came in droves and, largely with tongue came in droves and, larges, more in cheek, would expect to dash off a ten thousand dollar story in four days or in the belief that it was "good so in the belief that it was enough for the movies."

Most of these made brief visits only. The few who really took the job seriously worked hard and stayed longer. Only a few of these, however, were able to bridge the gap between the story as told in words and the story as told in silent picture.

The others could not "think picture;" they were used to writing scenes which depended entirely upon conversation and which upon the screen were static, draggy and little else than flashed titles. The attitude of a cele-brated author was frequently that of a great concert pianist who, never having played the violin, condescends to give lessons to a music hall fiddler; the fact that one was a greater artist hardly compensated for his ignorance of the instrument involved.

SCREEN writers and directors had by now spent years trying to apply to motion pictures some of the basic principles of drama. They had gone through the work of discovering that various shades of thought, delicate touches of character, could be made clear upon the screen if enough trouble were taken, but the progression of the story had to be visual, not verbal. This was a great stumbling block to many who were brilliant writers in other fields.

As an example, I remember a very successful picture whose story was by a well-known novelist. In his screen treatment the author had written: "Not by accident they found themselves that evening in her husband's hunting lodge."

It took the director and his scenario writer two reels of picture to express those three little words, "Not by acci-dent."

On the other hand, certain authors, used to the restrictions of the theater, became infatuated with the fluidity of the new medium. They thought, because the picture could change its locale every minute, that it was the thing to do.

An episode started with two men and a girl having tea on the lawn. In the

Wages of Cinema

course of the seene the girl shot at arrow which struck high up in the trunk of a tree. The men, still continuing their conversation, both climbed for the arrow. Having reached it they played a portion of the scene up in the air; then returned with the arrow to the girl; and the episode finished where it began and where it could all have been played with greater dramatic effect. The author's only motive in the arrow business was to provide movement and change of background.

AT one time during this period I was to produce a certain picture story written for the screen by one of the foremost dramatists of the day. The outline of the work was complete and, in my judgment, extremely good, but it had been written only as rough notes. Most of the story existed simply as it had been told to me verbally. As the author was new to pictures, I arranged for my scenario writer to work with him on the camera-continuity while I took a hurried trip East.

On my return the script was complete, and to my horror had lost every quality for which we had bought the story. My scenario writer was in despair; the had hear every and he story. My scenario writer was in des-pair; she had been over-awed by the importance of the dramatist and had felt bound to follow his ideas of screen

treatment.

He had quite unconsciously murdered his own story, and in striving for what he thought was screen value he had left out all the lovely, tender, human and romantic values which were there as he first told the tale. He would never have made this mistake had he been writing for the stage. I finally per-suaded him to write a detailed outline in prose so that those who were fami-liar with picture technic could preserve the very qualities of his work which he himself had destroyed.

This experience may seem to deny the contention that an author should really write his picture and be solely

really write his picture and be solely responsible for its story values. As a matter of fact it does not. It merely means that an author must master the medium in which he is working.

He should either become a trained screen-writer, as many have today, or he should write in the medium he knows; the medium in which he can express himself fully and without restraint. It is quite possible that many good plays here here lest and many good plays have been lost and many bad pictures created by urging bad pictures created by urging dramatists to desert the theater and write directly for the screen before they were ready to use the different technic

Development of the talking picture has done much to help this situation. While there is still a great amount of screen technic which should be acquired by the writer the fact remains that a by the writer the fact remains that a talking picture is much more closely related to a stage play than ever a silent picture was; frequently too closely related as witness the early talkies, which abandoned motion picture craft and photographed long conversations which filled the spectator's ears indeed, but had a strong tendency to close his eyes.

This fault of the early talkies was due in no small degree to terrible

due in no small degree to terrible limitations suddenly imposed upon director, actor and cameraman by the clumsiness and inflexibility of the new instruments they had to use.

It is a fine tribute to the technicians of the industry that, within a few short years, they have restored to the director absolute freedom of character movement and a fluid camera; and to cameraman even a better chance than before to make his pictures veritable

Nowadays, the importance of the talking picture cannot be dismissed lightly. It is the accepted dramatic literature of the vast majority and, because it has all the drama's power of spoken thought, it is more than ever necessary that the author take his rightful place in the scheme.

He has been at a disadvantage since pictures were born; in the early days because he had to write neither language nor character; he merely wrote construction; and today, because production methods growing out of the writer's subordinate position in the past, minimize the importance of his work by scrambling it with the work of others

How different is the picture when the writer is really qualified to protect his work. One of the greatest successes in the history of pictures was made with the writer in charge, even the director not having authority to make changes without the author's consent. This procedure has been followed more than once with good results but a real difficulty is that there are not enough good writers qualified to divide production responsibility with the director.

Necessity is probably so often a mother because she knows no law, and necessity is already beginning to point out the solution. More and more writers are learning screen expression as their native language; some theater direc-tors are learning the limitations and the possibilities of photodrama; many screen directors are learning how to

handle the spoken work effectively.
It must be noted however that a very great proportion of all the outstanding work of the past year has been made under the direction of men trained for years in motion picture studios.

As we estimate the present studio product it is evident that more good pictures are being made today than ever before. Why, then, are the picture companies in such dire distress?

If it is not the fault of the writers. the directors or the actors, whose fault is it? I suppose we must blame old man Depression; but he would have struck less sharply had the country not had twice as many theater seats to fill as it was able to do even during good times. Of course the public is much more sensitive to true dramatic values than it was four years ago.

It is the custom today to debunk everything and the artificial traditions of the old theater, both stage and screen, are now outworn and outmoded; consequently a picture, to succeed, must be relatively better than in the old days. To bring this about in more than a few exceptional cases, production methods must be changed radically.

It begins to look as if motion picture companies would have to finance them-selves directly out of their earnings. This is what they did when they were growing large and powerful, making pictures the public wanted and spending only money they had earned.

The doom of the old motion picture

(Please turn to page 104)



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Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 103)

industry was written the first day a motion picture stock was listed on Wall Street. For years after that event the companies ran on credits, laying by no surplus for hard times; millions of dollars in earnings being accompanied

by ever-increasing obligations.

Money was easy for a time, but with
easy money there set in a certain degeneration; too many important men in the industry were thinking of stocks rather than of pictures; financial domi-nation of the industry was the im-

portant thing

In the new industry which is bound to rise at once from the ashes of the old there will be a different point of view as to the making of the product.
All signs point to centralization of the machinery of manufacture and diversification of the opportunity to use it. Overhead will be condensed as the use of a given machine is expanded. There will be half as many studios, twice as many producers.

Theaters will again be independently operated with freedom of release for every film. There will be real competi-tion; not between groups of pictures, but between individual pictures, each one against the field.

Thus the soul the individuality of

one against the field.

Thus the soul, the individuality of each picture will be too important to be created by factory methods.

The old system is doomed. As high an authority as Jesse L. Lasky says that authors will hereafter write their manuscripts on their own time, as in

the theater, and will take a percentage of the profits or gross instead of sal-aries. If this is true, then indeed a new era is at hand. If the depression has brought this about it may save the future art of the screen.

The old system has made mercenaries of creative artists in spite of themselves. In depriving the writer of his true feeling of artistic responsibility it has left nothing to be gained but money. In giving both writer and director too little time to do a good job it has forced them to travel the easiest

way.

If the writer and director, under the new system are to be paid according to the success of their work, both will be compelled at once to assume proper authority in order to protect them-

selves.

It is the writers' problem more than the directors'. As long as the studio could pay so handsomely authors were willing to accept "the wages of sin." As a result of the new deal, the author will demand literary respectability as compensation for the lower wages which he receives.

If the bread and butter depend upon box-office receipts, he will not waive that professional responsibility which is his by right.

If the studio is no longer willing to pay "the price of dishonor" the author will insist once more that he is pure as the driven snow; he will defend his literary virtue with his life.

Seeing Sights in Skreenland

until you begin doing so. When my Ant Suzi pumote me to Hon. Will H. Haze, why there I were, by goly! I strid 4th through Hollywood at front of Japanese precession, making my feet

very wide.
"Hum!" I expunge like Hon. Geo. F.
Ogre when feeling most swollen. "Do you hummble & backwooden Japanese wish see the Sights of Hollywood?" "Yes—do!" holla 4 Japanese twins

in unicorn like chorus gels.
"Well, then," I narrate, "folla me to Polo Field where I shall show you Sight No. 1."

So there we was at Polo Field with horses playing football. Up they jounce and down they jilt while 240000000000\$ worth of actors knock at each other with krokay mallots. Pretty soonly up come a pretty English looking Polo with jocky pants and a awfully London Hell Met on his head. "Could he be Prince of Whales or something?" require Ant Suzi from

excitement.
"He could, but he do not," I manage. "You watch see."

JUST then Hon. Ball get big hitt so he squirm through air ¼ mile while Hon. Polo with English horse-pants smack him again sidewise awfully cruel.

Then what happens? Oh!

Hon. Horse Pants stop riding of sud-denly and deery, "Well, boys, I gas it time to wrote my dailey ediotorial. Sec-retary! Gol-ding my sacred somberario,

here are my Secretary went?" Then upcome sweetish yong lady with

stenografer axpression.
"Gimme my gum!" corrode Hon. Polo.
She do. He chew. "Now take dictation-writing. N.Y.Times, dear sir, some folks thinks polo are built for dudes. Ain't so. I got twice as many bursted legs as I done when I roped cow-girls on Ziegfelt Ranch. Polo are like Frank Roosevelt. You never can tell what he going to do until game starts. Way Frank are acting make me sure that Uncle Teddy were a Democrat after all."

all."
"What shall I sign it, if anything?"

require Hon. Secretary.
"Will Rogers, as usually," report he,

"Will Rogers, as usually," report he, and go golluping away.
"Well, I are willing to be dam," yall Ant Suzi Obi.
"So many do," I nudge. "Now folla me, Japanese relationships, and I will show you more Sights of Hollywood." Pretty soonly, while walking down Bullyvard I point out a pink-faced ottomobile with sign on rear bump, "Just Divorced."
But what nextly?

But what nextly?
With equalized speed I saw a pink-faced ottomobile coming from opp direction with signal on its tail, "Just Married."

"What a phenomenal!" ollicute Ant Suzi. "& who you think were in the divorced car, spedding so rapidily?" "Ronald Colman, perhapsly," I nego-tiate. "Who know what?" "Yes, but who in that married car,

Seeing Sights in Skreenland "What a Saving"

caming right back?" she ask it. "Oh, Ronald Colman, perhapsly. Or perhapsly somebody else. Sometimes Hon. Traffick move so fastly on this Bullyvard, going & caming, that you can not tell Who. Even for all I knew those pink-cheeked car cantain Hon. Ann Harding & Hon. Harry Ballistrade, seeing a lawver at one (1) end of Hollywood and a clergy at other. Time March On, by golly. But Oh!!! Believe it or don't! Throw your eyes at Stage 14, over yonderly, & see what comes out!"

"OUT of there come a very thin King. He got crown, he got spectre, he got robe. While he walk, reading Jollywood Jottings from Los Angls Times, he took cigar from crown and litt him with the end of his royal

"Hushes!" hissy Ant Suzi Obi. "Poor man, I say so! Let us elope away—maybe he go more crazed pretty soonly. Have he got no keeper?"

"Of surely yes," I narrate. "He are

kept by Warner Bros."

"Do they give loose Kings like those a name or just a number?" require 4 Japanese twins together like college

"He got a name," I dement. "Lessee it I could remember it. O yes, mam. He are called Geo. Arless, something like that."

"Do he really think he are a King?" snuggest Cousin Nogi.

"He know darnly well he are," I flume. "He were King in 'A Royal Thursday Off' and he were so close-up to being a King in that Jewish play 'Dish-Really' that Queen Victoria nearly jump out of the picture. Now this Arless gentleman have got life contrack being a Royal Pussonage."

"Awfully few Kings in Europe are kep on so long like that," divulge Cousin Nogi.

"But who are that shorty gentleman just arriving up to King Arless? The one with silk-top hat and pants like Hon. Jas Walker (retired)?"

"That are Mrs. Ma-lean Deitrick," I report. "Custume she are wearing are called German Kimono."

"Coedu!" stickle Ant Susi Ohi. "So

"Goody!" stickle Ant Suzi Obi. "So glad I went to Hollywood instid of

"Nextly, if you don't mine," I acknowledge, "we will pay shortish visit to Hollywood Famous Jewelry Collexion."

Therefore we sonter hurrily acrost to Ballyboo Beach where we stood among sand, looking at it.

"If you see yonder bather over there," I collapse, "you will observe it."
"Can't see nothing or less," decry Ant Suzi, "because sun are in my eyes till I are dazzed."
"Foolish and a "."

"Foolish madam," I manipulate, "that are not the Sun. That are the Jewel Collexion. By common personalities like you & I it are called Mae West" West."
"May whiches?" deprive 4 Japanese

twins.

"West," I corrode.

"I should say it were North by the ice on it," yal 4 Japanese twins.

"Here are 5 pair baked eyeglasses, invented by a Beverley Hill druggery for pupposes of looking at Mae West," I explan, while all put them on.

"O C!" holla Ant Suzi Obi. "Her

bathing-suit seem all blazes. & look at her pants! Are they on Fire?" "No, simpul Japanese," I say. "They

are bilt of solid rub.es."
"But how can she set down, if pos-

sible?" report 4 twins.

"Hon. Mae West are so famus she not need to set down," I support. "But sometime she lay down, just to be diffrnt. For instancely, at night she sleep in pijammers made from dia-

"O horrus!" decompose Ant Suzi Obi.
"Sippose she should burst off a dia-mond or 2 while rolling over in bed." 'That would not cut ice with Mae,"

"Perhapsly not, perhapsly not," say that Japanese old woman. "But I should think ice would cut Mae. Now tell me these. Why you think she go round all wrapped up in bright shiners

like she do?

"She are by nature a very scared & timid lady," I tell. "Once when she were a quite youngly child she wander away from Parent & can't be found pretty soonly. Since that date she all time afraid of being lost. One day Hon. Thos A. Edison tell her a way. 'Lite yrself up,' he dictate. So now she shall be found annywheres, even in fog. When airplane pileots air-wing down Coast in heavy wether they de-cry, 'Point on Mae West & you can't

go wrong."
"O yay?" holla 4 twins simontane-

"Now I should adore to see some annimle moveys!" peruse my

"Lissen, ladyship," I holla. "Since I been chased & bit by 1/2 the lions, apes, bambooms & turkeys in that Zoo Murder rehussel, please don't less do it."
"We wish see annimmles," cheer up

4 twins.
"Tell you, then," I snork, wishing they go back Japan and stop, "over in Lott there are a opera singer name of Nozzle Durante. He got a traned kangarool name of Carnara because he can hitt you with such a large number of gloves."
"How splandid!" holla all.

fore we elope over to Lott, and surely enough, there were Hon. Nozzle stooding up & holding his box-gloves befront of the place where his face is most famus. & there were Carnara, with 2 box-gloves on hands & 2 on

"O Sir Nozzle, if please!" I holla. "Would you be so kind to let Hon. Carnara nock out 4 Japanese twins what come here for pleasure."
"My life are D Voted to giving pleasure," collapse Hon. Nozzle. "4 Twins

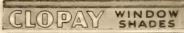
will now stand in row while my petty kangarool work from left to right. All reddy? Gong! Sick them, Carnara."

THEN O what amazement! Air were suddenly full of up-cuts, box-gloves, smashes & drops. Nextly I knew those 4 twins weer nocked to grass, by golly. Yes, that were pretty flat you could not tell them from the nice way to get ridd of my relation-ship. But what nextly? Hon. Carnara, looking like a very swollen kind of rabbit, hop-jump at Ant Suzi Obi, who could hop-jump quicker as he could, by gracious. When he lep she lep first, (Please turn to page 106)



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those GRAY streaks Seeing Sights in Skreenland

(Continued from page 105)

making Olympiac game all over Lott. All of a suddenly, with tense rapidity, she croll through hole in fence & disappear in Gen. Direction of Japan. Hon. Carnara stopped there, feeling unhappy because he missed such a sweet

HE stood ½ moment, thinking maybe he would kick down fence, just to be extra, when I see his maddish eyes stroll around & look at me in such a way! When I see that, Mr. Editor, I just could not wait for him. My feet was like roller skats, they go so quick. I could hear a lot of shoes behind me, and when I look around there were Cousin Nogi, Ant Suzi_Obi & 4 twins, eloping in same Gen. Direction like I was. I find a very to-high telgram pole and skinned to upside of it; with similar ackrobaticks come Nogi, my Ant & 4 twins where we all hanged together, looking calm but nervus.

"We are saved away from dangerous death," say Cousin Nogi.

"Perhapsly one thing, perhapsly another," I chiddle, and look downside

O SHOCKS! What a spectacular I saw. There were Hon. Geo F. Ogre in his ride-pants & no boots. Rages fill his hair, and when he threw his hands he look just like a kettle full of hot poison. Too bad he step on

his hands he look just like a kettle full of hot poison. Too bad he step on cacti-bush with bare sox.

"Togo," he holla, "what you do with my Rev. Boots when you run away with that disgustly yellow pick-Nick?"

"O Sire," I devuldge, "they were quite contented when I drop them in backyard behind garbage-pale."

"I promus you something if you come down," he decrop.

"What you offer?" I require ambly.

down," he decrop.
"What you offer?" I require ambly.
"To kill you," he negotiate, then
hubble away over cacti-bush to find
Hon. Boots where I put them so careful away.

"Cousin Togo," require 4 twins together, "are he also one of those Sights of Hollywood you so kind to show us?" For reply I merely screw down my

teeth and remane on top of Pole, feeling very stuck up.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly-HASHIMURA TOGO.

New Films in the Making (Continued from page 17)

and makes her his prisoner. Which isn't too hard to take, any way you at it.

This gives Marion a chance to go into her "black face" act and fool everybody but you and me again.
But what of the stalwart Gary, who has come to love our little Nell? It's

the old question of Love versus Duty. While Gary's agonizing over the futility of it all, author Robert W. Chambers has it all figured out, 'way ahead of him.

Richard Boleslavsky directs this romance of the Civil War.

UNCERTAIN LADY

Universal

Getting back to 1934 and the good old eternal triangle, Universal presents the strange phe-nomenon of a wife (Genevieve Tobin)

who resents the fact that her husband (Edward Everett Horton) is making goo-goo eyes, and meaning 'em, at an-

whether it is Genevieve or Renee who fits the title role, "Uncertain Lady" is one of those things you're going to have to figure out for your-

The play, by Harry Segall, is followed with more or less attention to detail, and Karl Freund directs the Manhattan cocktail of light infidelity, wifely intrigue and comedy relief.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

20th Century

More breathless moments in this, with Ronald Colman home again and everybody

happy. It starts out the way all good mysteries should, with our hero, an intrepid explorer,

being visited at midnight, by a beautiful girl in distress, Loretta Young. Of course the author, H. C. McNeile, is more or less responsible for the untangling of the plot, but, it is nice to believe that the handsome Rongie forward it all out by himself. nie figured it all out by himself.

DOCTOR MONICA Warners

Kay Francis is deeply in love with her hus-band, Warren William, who is doing some serious side-stepping with Jean Muir. The story is

based on the Polish play of the same name, by Marja Morozowicz Szczepkowska.

Director William Keighley handles the delicate business of clandestine love and "little accidents" with a smoothness that should slip nicely by Mr. Hays.

HAPPY FAMILY

Aline Mac-Mahon has a Mane-highly deve-"moth-

Warners er complex.

The family comes first in everything. And if you think those kids don't take advantage of her unselfishness, well, you don't know kids.

Hugh Herbert, as Pop, is the biggest kid in the lot. Allan Jenkins, the elder son, is a good-for-nothing lawyer who doesn't make enough to buy his own smokes

lawyer who doesn't make enough to buy his own smokes.

When Uncle Newt (Guy Kibbee) moves in on them, eats the family out of house and home, and finally dies of indigestion right in the middle of everything, it is quite the last straw for poor Mom.

From there on, it's some fun. We bet Al Green had a grand time directing this one.

recting this one.

New Films in the Making

This is another romantic triangle, taken the play from

R. Gore-Browne and J. L. Hardy.

It's all about the British Secret Service and, with Edna Best and Colin Clive playing Mister and Missus, you'll be combing broad a's out of your top hair for days to come. William Pervall in the third of the training of the service and Missus, you'll be the third of the training pervall in the third of the training of the service and the service of the service liam Powell is the third of the triangle.

Warners

CIRCUS CLOWN Son of an old circus man, Joe E. Brown longs for life under the Big Top.

In his father's back yard, he practices trapeze and aerial acrobatics, determined that if he gets half a chance the circus world will be startled at his

At last, a circus comes to town and Joe follows it out perfectly satisfied to play Papa to gorillas and lions until his Big Chance shall arrive. He finally comes into his own, with the back-yard aerial practice standing him in good stead.

Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, erstwhile composers of the songs you like a lot, collaborated on the story.
Ray Enright directs a colossal cast,

including Patricia Elis, Dorothy Burgess, Gordon Westcott, Donald Dilloway, Poodles Hanneford, Alfredo Cordona, and others.

20TH CENTURY

Columbia

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur got together on this story of passe producer, and, unless something slips, it should be a honey.

The action takes places on the "20th Century," leaving Chicago, and thereby

hangs the tale.

John Barrymore is the producer who has seen better days and, on the same train, Carole Lombard, famous theatrical star and John's erstwhile mistress, travels toward New York, accompanied by Ralph Forbes, her b.f. of the moment.

John needs a big name to indorse his forthcoming play and to gain his end, he resorts to strategy.

Howard Hawks directs Barrymore's return to light comedy and, as we said before, it should be a honey.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

The story, Lincoln by Quarberg and Lieutenant Commander

Universal Frank Wead, was obviously built for the irrepressible Lee Tracy, and has to do with the exciting adventures of a news hound, bent on beating his con-temporaries to any "scoop," no mat-ter how far flung.

It is beautiful hokum, with one ex-

citing sequence after another, and, in spite of annoying interference, you just know that Tracy beats his rival to the scoop and gets the girl for a

final close-up.

Edward Sedgewick directs the production punches of this fast-moving,

laughable vehicle.

RKO

STRICTLY
DYNAMITE

With Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez working in the same picture, the result is bound to be "Strictly Dynamite."

In this, Jimmy is a low-brow, bigshot radio comedian looking for new gags with which to clutter up the de-fenseless ether. William Gargan, his agent, induces him to proposition Norman Foster, be-spectacled, middle-west boy who has come to New York to write the great American poem. Lupe, the Schnozzola's fire-cracker

girl friend, goes on the make for our literary hero, and, with success swelling the head as well as the bank roll, Norman is just a push-over.

Elliott Nugent directs this story of life in a radio station, by Robert Col-

well and Bob Simon.

RKO

Richard Dix and STINGAREE Irene Dunne are together again in this tale of a dashing bandit and a beau-

tiful lady with a beautiful voice, written by E. W. Hornung.
When Dix, a big, bad bandit, enters an Australian home to rob it, he sees Irene Dunne and, right away, his heart does a nip-up that can mean but one

thing . . . lahve.
Stingaree, as they call him, kidnaps Irene and carries her off to his

hide-out.

She learns to love him and, inspired

by this love, becomes a great concert and opera singer. In trying to help her, Dix is captured and imprisoned. But you can't keep a movie hero down for long and Director William Wellman knows it.

So, making his escape, Dix kidnaps the Governor of Australia, steps into the official boots for a final peek at Irene, and then, just to be original, kidnaps her all over again!

Mary Boland, Henry Stephenson, Conway Tearle and others contribute

nobly to the cause.

DOVER ROAD . BKO

This story is a frothy bit of nonsense, all about a man (Clive Brook)

who, having come out the little end of two unhappy marriages, decides to appoint himself ambassador and general straightener-outer of other peoples matrimonial brainstorms.

Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Regi-nald Owen and Alan Mowbray are four the matrimonially inclined with whom our hero meddles.

J. Walter Ruben directs with the light touch that is so necessary to a picture of this calibre.

Warners

OF HUMAN
BONDAGE

Warners

Returning to heavy drama, W. Somerset Maugham's story of Human Bondage, gives John dage," gives John Cromwell something to get his directorial teeth into.

Leslie Howard, lame, sensitive young artist-medical student, loves a no-good trollop, Bette Davis . . . why, he knows not.

He realizes that this unrequited love is absurd . . knows that she laughs at his suffering . . . comes from other men's arms to his . . . and still, he is powerless to escape from this cruel, inexplainable bondage.

Kay Johnson, who loves and under-stands him, waits quietly, hoping against hope that he will awake from this tragic nightmare and come to her

(Please turn to page 108)



You can make yourself more enchanting with Betty Lou because it's so extraordinarily fine in texture. Even the most delicate, transparent skins become more ravishing with this subtle, seductive face powder.

Use it, as so many motion picture stars do, and make yourself as bewitching as they. In Canada 15c

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 --- 10- STORE EYE LASH DEVELOPER



Now Possible For Everyone!

Remarkable new invention from Rochester, Minn., gives every woman the opportunity to possess a lithe, smart figure, without harmful dieting or drugs.

HOLLYWOOD SLIMNESS

WHEN the Hemp Massager is rolled over the body, the soft rubber sphericals pick up and actually knead the flesh with the same action as a professional masseur's hands. Reduce hips, thighs, abdomen, or any part of the body, quickly, safely, this scientific way. "I reduced my hirs four inches in four weeks, writes Mrs. R. R. of New York. Non electrical, simple to use. Not a roller, "patter," vibrator, Developed in Rochester,

THE CONLEY COMPANY, I.e., Respector, Minn.

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Minn , the Hemp Massager is

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Vime

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BettyLou Cushioned Powder Puffs They apply face powder more becomingly because they are cushioned Ten million sold annually exclusively at W. WOOLWORTH 5 & 10c stores



But TUMS Kept My Stomach Sweet"

ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that has off indissolved and insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.

Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar.
Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR-Just
send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H.
LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. HAAS, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR THE TUMMY NOTALAXATIVE HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.





It is so easy now to have a lovely skin of satin-like texture; to have smooth, white, flawless new

beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream; it never fails; no massaging, no rubsing. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to whiten, smooth and clear your skin. Tan and freekles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Soon your skin is all you long for-creamy-white, satin-smooth. No long waiting; no disappointments. Money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola at toilet counters or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box T-14, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 107)

But, when Leslie takes Bette back after she has had a child out of wedlock by his best friend, Reginald Denny, Kay gives up and marries an-other man who loves her as she loves

Nor does this strange man find peace and escape from his human bondage until Bette is dead and irrevocably lost to him.

TOO MANY WOMEN

Vera Caspary must have written this with Warner Baxter in mind, for the handsome Warner slips easily into the role of a rather devastating author

of romantic novels. Pursued by sentimental females of all ages, Baxter finds it a bit difficult

to keep them all happy.

James Flood handles the direction.

Fox

THE WORLD IS Latest story to be screened is another case of misplaced affections, with dozens

complications before things are squared around and everybody smiling happily into the fade-out.

The foursome of Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell, Ginger Rogers, and Jimmy Dunn is directed by John Blystone.

FREE GOLD



Lester Cole and Henry Johnson wrote this story in which John Boles

happy-go-lucky young engineer, fired from his job for spreeing in Reno. Getting quite that-a-way about Claire Trevor, an entertainer at the

Reno thirst-quenching palace, John pursues the lady ardently. But, because she is married to Monroe Owsley, just a bummer who steals money from defenseless wimmen, Claire repulses our handsome hero.

Monroe goes a little too far with his crooked work and she tells him that's all there is, there isn't any more, and, taking their car, she heads in the direction of Red Rock.

John fixes her car so that she'll do very little traveling for a week or so and, within a short time, Claire wakes up to a realization of the sterling qualities of this handsome gentleman.

There is a cloudburst which very

conveniently drowns the excess hus-

band, and, after some exciting flood scenes, director George Marshall eases John and Claire into the part we've been waiting for, where the hero takes the beautiful gal into his strong arms for a clinch against the fading sun.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY

Warners

Charlie Rug-gles is drunk again in this story by Elmer Davis.

As a spine-less reporter on the staff of a nearly defunct highbrow weekly, Charlie allows himself to be brow-beaten daily by the over-bearing owner of the rag.

Eugene Pallette, an old school friend, gets into town, tells Charlie to get a couple of girls and they'll go out and paint the town several shades of lavender.

Timidly, Charlie asks Ann Dvorak to go along and when (loving him all the time) she accepts, poor Charlie is startled nearly out of his wits. Crashing an exclusive cafe and

gambling club, the boys get hilariously tight and break the bank, under the impression that they're playing for

Director Edward Ludwig gives the comical Charlie his head for what will be probably the giggliest production we've seen in months.

BLACK CAT

Universal

Shades of Frankenstein and Drac-ula! Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are at it again, this time combining their evil efforts to

frighten little children and send strong men diving under beds. Karloff heads a crazy cult of Satan-

ism, capturing beautiful girls for his unwilling, unwed brides and putting them to death in a blood-curdling manner when their period of usefulness is

The gloomy castle is fairly crawling with black cats, slinking figures, and "hants" of 57 varieties.

David Manners and his new bride,

Jacqueline Wells, are thrown, by force of circumstances, into these terrifying surroundings, and Karloff gruesomely prepares to sacrifice the girl to the fiendish demon he worships. But wait and see this gruesome picture for yourself!

I don't have to tell you that Edgar Allen Poe concocted this weird tale. And Edgar Ulmer directed the goose-

pimply proceedings.

DELICIOUS FRUIT DISHES

This month's food circulars are devoted to the various kinds of fruit most popular in this country. They give recipes for making delicious deserts, salads, appetizers and other dishes as well as suggestions for using the fruits, and important facts to remember about them. Here are the circulars.

- I. Oronges
- 2. Pineapples
- 3. Bananas 4. Apples and other core fruit
- 5. Peaches, plums and other stone fruit
- 6. Berries
- 7. Melons 8. Grapes

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Food Editor, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Leave Them Laughing

finances c hi ind he those fellows to part with that bill.

Marlene Dietrich, Bill Powell and Kay Francis are three stars who never vary the habit of giving gold pieces to the crew when the last scene is shot. They'll have to change this now, I guest but sometime ease just as acceptable will take its place.

Jean Harlow and Jack Gilbert always give ments to the men and perfume to

Jean Harlow and Jack Gilbert always give money to the men, and perfume to the women, who assist on their productions. Jack is especially kind in remembering any small favor which one does for him. He has given dozens of bottles of expensive perfume to women working in various departments of the studio who have performed some slight kindness for him. kindness for him.

CLARA BOW and Joan Crawford are two stars who get more actual, per-sonal joy out of giving to people than almost any other act they perform.

Reams could be written about Clara's headstrong generosity. In her earlier days of stardom, she tried to get individual presents for every member of her company at the finish of every picture. All sorts of gorgeous things were selected by Clara herself. Gold watches, cigarette cases and holders, beaded bags! And when her imagi-nation failed her, she slipped in a \$20 gold piece.

When the gift was presented, Clara stood by like a small child and waited for it to be opened, then and there. She couldn't bear the suspense of wondering whether they would like it or not. Unless they were enthusiastic, her day was spoiled.

Rex tries to watch their finances a little now. Clara does not have the opportunity to be quite so extravagant as formerly. When "Call Her Savage" was completed, she invited every member of the crew to her home for dinner and a party. And what a party! Every member of the union felt he was just as welcome there as the director.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S thoughtfulness and generosity toward everyone working with her makes her an idoi around the M-G-M studio.

Joan has known poverty, plenty of it. It has made her sympathetic and understanding. She makes gifts of money only to those who, she feels, would prefer it above all else. Otherwise, she goes to great lengths to learn individual needs, or preferences.

At various times, she has distribute gold pencils, gold pens, cigarette case and bags, always initialed. She ha given a wrist watch to everyone working with her, at some time or another if they did not already possess one. The same cutter has worked c Joan's pictures for years, and Joan's pictures for preferency and do something nice for him but was a loss to make a selection. She ask him pointblank if he had a preferen His answer pleased Joan. He sa "An autographed photograph of yo Joan bought a heautiful silver fra

"An autographed photograph of yo Joan bought a beautiful silver fra and the picture inside it reads, Bill Levanway, the best cutter in business. With appreciation — Crawford."

Her hairdresser on that picture ceived a lovely satin bed comfort.

learned that the girl kept house and thought the comfort would be a serviceable thing for her.
To her director, Clarence Brown, she

invented something he cherishes greatly and uses daily. It is a tiny watch set in a twenty dollar gold piece. He can drop it into his pocket and does not have to bother with a wrist watch.

ONSTANCE BENNETT and Richand Dix are two stars who do not metribute gifts at the finish of a picture. They reserve their presents for the holiday season, but both are lavish the holiday season, but both are lavish the holiday season, but both are lavish the holiday season but both are lavish the season with the season and the season are season as the season are season in their expenditures for company giftat that time.

As an example, Constance finished "Our Betters" about two weeks before last Christmas. She had measurements taken of every member of her crew, and each one received a beautiful leather coat on Christmas Day, tailored

to his individual size.

The tailor who turned them out is still talking about it.

Marion Davies knows no limit when Marion Dayles knows no limit which it comes to helping people in need, but Marion is sensitive, and exceedingly thoughtful of other people's feelings. In order that no one will be slighted, she follows an invariable rule with her working staff.

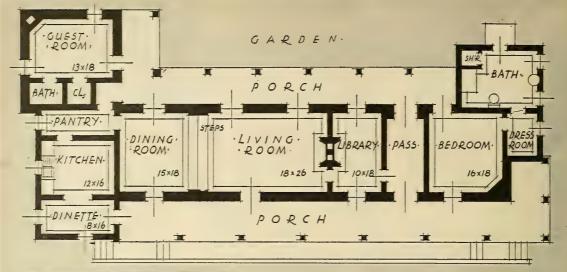
At the completion of every picture, each member of the crew receives a check for \$50 and a personal note of appreciation from Marion for his cooperation on the production.

-- . www.ck is very shy



PUZZLED About Food? We'll be glad to help you out. Send your question, with a stamped envelope, to Food Editor, Tower Magazines. Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.







Robert Armstrong's

ly Hills home of Robert Armstar, is a reproduction of an Spanish ranch house. It is low and almost completely surble-looking verandas.

ble-looking verandas.
s of the interior of the house
com with steps leading up to
small, cosy library and the
its connecting dressing-room
room and bath are in a sepaend of the house.

end of the house.

ich as this seems made for the is, it would adapt itself to It is not a large house, but a laid out gives it an appearness



Aovie Magazine, June, 1934

WHAT AGE WOMEN ARE WEARING

the New Bright Cutex Nails?

SUB-DEBUTANTE

Miss Nathalie Brown

who will make her debut next season, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Rhinelander Brown. She says: 'When mother saw that all the guls in my set were tinting their nails, she let me do it, too.'

coral nails are lovely with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.

GARNET is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.



Mrs. Tilton Holmsen

who divides her time gaily between Paris and Newport, asys: "There is a Cutex shade suitable for every color gown and every age.1 am particularly fond of black for town wear with bright Cardinal nail polish."

CARDINAL contrasts excitingly with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

ROSE is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.

GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Courtlandt Richardson

one of New York's charming older matrons, noted for her chic, says: "My daughters and I wear the same colors and adore working out clever combinations of gown and nail tint. I like to wear white in the evening with deep Ruby Cutex Polish."

RUBY is such a real red red, you can wear it with any frock.

NATURAL is best with bright costumes—red, green, purple, orange.

Costumes from Jay-Thorpe









"CORAL, CARDINAL, RUBY -WE WEAR THEM ALL"

Prominent Grandmothers to Sub-Débutantes say

If you have a prim mother who thinks you're too young to wear tinted nails... or a snooty daughter who thinks you're too old!...

—just make her take a good look at the next 10 "nice people" you meet.

16 or 60—you're almost as conspicuous in plain nails today as if you had on one of the short skirts of 1927!

And honestly—variety in finger nails does suit every age. You can be daring at the Junior Prom in white satin and red Ruby nails. Or preside with dignity at the next Woman's Party meeting in brown velvet with delicate Rose finger nails!

7 PERFECT SHADES

Cutex has 7 authentic shades—developed by the World's Manicure Authority. Each one has lasting lustre—never fades or streaks.

So step right up to the counter you don't need to give your age—and stock up on all the lovely Cutex shades to give every gown in your wardrobe its right color accent.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York • Montreal • London • Paris

Generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish and new Color B heel giving correct shade of polish for every gown, only 10¢

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In Canada, P. O. Box 2520, Montreal
CUTE Case Disc. Lendose Die for new Catex Color Wheel
and generous bottle of Catex Liquid Polish
in shade I have the ked:
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